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A FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOLUME XV.
JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1884.

BOSTON:
E. H. HAMES & COMPANY,
1884.
THE LITERARY WORLD.
KIND WORDS FOR THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The Literary World.

You are the family favorite. Yours truly,

Toledo, O., Jan. 2, 1888.

W. G. FARRAR.

I am glad to have an opportunity of expressing my complete and cordial approval of your paper, which I believe to be the best of the class in the country. I am not sufficiently familiar with foreign reviews of a purely literary character to compare it with those of our own domain, but I do seem to me to possess every necessary qualification for a publication of its character. It is refreshing to find an editor who can be bold as well as just, and the value of such a guide cannot be calculated.

When to fair dealing and high excitation are added such clearness of vision and such intelligent analysis as characterize the reviews and articles which appear in the Literary World, the result cannot fail to meet the highest expectation. Condemned by my doctor to lead a most sedentary life, I am finding reading and thinking a paper which gathers the best from all quarters and places it within easy reach of a boon indeed. Allow me, then, for you ever increasing growth and success, and congratulate you upon the selection and purchase of such a paper, that some have found.

Respectfully yours,

Norton, Va., Dec. 21, 1887.

ELYTHA SHAW.

In handing you my subscription for another year, permit me to express my admiration of the fearless yet fair and impartial criticism which makes it so much a pleasure to read, and to assure you that to see the critic, new year should be a prosperous one for the Literary World.

Yours truly,

New York, Dec. 29, 1887.

K. H. STRoud.

I have the honor of bringing you the Literary World from its commencement (except No. 1, Vol. i, and I find them among the most valuable books in my library. The book criticisms are always fresh and vigorous, imbued with common sense, and without any apparent effort at display for the mere sake of showing the editor's smartness. They need not be read over and over by the millions, everywhere is unnecessary circulation, which, to my mind, is much better than a more formal review. I have no suggestion to add or improvements. I am conservative enough to be satisfied.

The Literary World.

DANIEL HOLLERS.

Your December number came safely laden to the scrappers with rich notices of the literature of 1884. You are always a welcome reprimand. Your notices seem wonderfully far. I was a little sorry, however, in the notice of Julius Hawthorne's recent book, to find no rebuke of that blotted on a good book. It did disgrace its pages. It shows more than lack of good taste; it is lack of sensibility. There is no excuse for such a parcel of snap judgments from his father's note-book against a worthy, though eccentric, woman. I did not know her; but I know such an attempt to throw discredit on a woman's virtues is contemptible and should be rebuked. I gladly send the $5.00 for another year. This last copy is worth more than the annual subscription.

Yours truly,

McAdenville, Pa., Dec. 30, 1884.

W. P. Tilden.

The paper usually reaches me on Saturday, but when occasionally delays, I do not feel in the least bit of anxiety and absolute disappointment. Wishing you increasing financial success, I am


F. A. GARRILL.

As the best and most practical expression of my opinion of the merits of the Literary World, I beg to hand you the enclosed draft for $25.00, to renew my subscription for 1885. I might presume to offer a criticism on a journal which approaches so near perfection to the Literary World, it would be, in this case, that it is not issued often enough, and contains too little regular editorial, apart from book reviews, et cetera, and consideration of dealing with a criticism and author's books. With best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year to you all. Yours very truly,

Y. A. PERCY.

I know of no better commentary on, or expression of, the esteem in which I hold the Literary World, in these days of prolix and cut-rate journalism, than a renewal of one's subscription; feeling that it is in some respects of the nature of a duty, yet at the same time so reasonable and saving to certain faculties that it must be the last to be cut off or dispensed with. Very truly, etc.,


R. J. CARP.

My appreciation of the journal grows with time and acquaintance. Yours very truly,

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1885.

Geo. W. F. Preece.

I have been debating whether I should renew my subscription or not. I have about fifteen magazines and papers, and I cannot get time to read all. However, I have sent a card to W. H. Moore to renew my subscription to the Literary World. I cannot get along without it. With best wishes for a happy New Year; I am yours truly,

Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 16, 1884.

W. H. Tizdale.

The Literary World is to me as much like a personal friend that is required for an expression of opinion in regard to its value can be made a subscriber from its beginning, which is an evidence of the estimate I place upon the paper. At no time has it been better than this year, during the last few years. As a record of current literary news, it is invaluable. Its criticisms are generally discriminating, always impartial, and such notes as Queen and Shakespeare column solve many questions. If I may suggest any change, it would be in regard to the criticisms upon novels. The reviewers that appear in the paper may feel the need of greater purity and loftiness of tone. I consider Miss Woolson's "Anne" a bad book. It is to be regretted that writers for the young male make their stories indulfent novels. Miss Alcott and Mrs. Whittier are both guilty of this. The day for such mediocrities as Mady Howitt's work for the young sexes has passed. As a result of this, the young people of today crave exciting literature. They yearn from story to story for the peak of those of the many trashy writers of the day. It is too important a subject to discuss in such a letter as this, but my wish is to exalt the book and leave the fiction more than has been done. Thank you for what you said about E. R. Roe. I wish that the New Year may bring you many new subscribers, for your paper deserves the best.

Sincerely yours,

Sarah E. Dody.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 31, 1884.

DEAR LITERARY WORLD: It is seldom a great journal, especially one of a purely literary character, grants its patrons an opportunity of giving their opinion of its merits. The conception which the masses of the people form of the approachability of a great journal is not unlike the idea which they entertain in regard to some distinguished personage, he be king, emperor, the president of a great republic, a railway magnate, or princely merchant. It is one thing for the king to be royally treated by the people. It is something more perplexing for the people to be made to feel that the king is desirous of royally treating them. To have the privilege of dining the king is high honor; to have the king dine you and permit you to sit at his table is a higher honor. While a great journal may make its periodical visit to the city, yet turn the tables and entertain any thought of your making a visit to headquarters and your mind would be filled with a natural wish of if you are invited to come. Suppose the king sends you a message stamped with the royal seal and signed with his own hand, that paragraph would be the summons that would cause you to fly open the palace doors and admit you to the presence of the great monarch. Now, dear Literary World, you are not asked to come and see you exactly, but you have sent us word that we might write to you and inform you what we think of your royal highness. It was during the summer of 1877 that I first saw in a bookstore a copy of the Literary World, then issued in a monthly edition. I purchased it, read it, ordered the previous numbers, and have been delighted ever since. From that day to this I have read and studied carefully, every number as it was made to appear. I have every number complete, clean, and in print of the fortnightly edition since it began, in January, 1879, down to the issue bearing date Dec. 15, 1884, which contains your royal message informing us of your desire to hear from your patrons. Nearly all writers on "Books and Reading" caution those who come to them for advice against the practice of hurrying rapidly through volumes to the neglect of the earnest study of a few. This advice is worthy of attention, and it is not without a criticism of it. It is not deterrable, however, to a farmer to inform himself about other localities as well as his own. While he will naturally bend all his resources in improving and beautifying that which is legally his own, yet it will be to him a matter of the greatest interest to gain all possible knowledge in regard to other places, the sight of which may be a source of delight in the days that are to come. It is not within the limits of any one man's power to own all the land, or buy up all the railroads in the country. Nevertheless, he can develop his land and high success. Neither is it within the limits of any one's pangs to purchase all the books that issue from the press yearly, yet many are restrained only by such limitations. Getting down to bed rock, what every literary man needs is some guide, some index, that will indicate the books that are in every department of knowledge. Such an index has often been attempted, and considerable assistance has been granted by such volumes as given classified lists of volumes with the prefix of some arbitrary characters indicating their relative values in the department of history or otherwise that they propose to treat. More lists are, however, descriptively, and the only real assistance is granted when we can be informed as to which volumes to the choice of the contents, the drift of the argument, in brief, as to whether the book was ever worth of being written, let alone price, the birth and history of each title, and most rarely are you accomplishing it. I feel my indebtedness to you greatly, and many volumes that grace my library have been purchased only with your approval.

Trusting that you have had a Merry Christmas, I wish you a Happy New Year.

Albion, Iowa, Dec. 2, 1884.

Andrew Hebb.

I think I could find time to read a number every week, and hope you will continue to prosper so as to feel a necessity for giving us a weekly in as successful a year as you deserve and I wish you no more, for I wish only the best. This is the best. I think you have done so well, and your message be gentle to the weak "guisers" and a little merciful to the "naughty" boys and girls, who will be very sorry they were so bad some day. In a few years, then, you have done so well and long, and we, your audience, will arise and praise you. Yours very truly,

Richard Waterman.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 3, 1885.

In a recent issue of your paper, you called for an expression of the sentiments of your readers as to their opinion of the merits of the Literary World. In reply I will say I have been highly pleased with it, though my short acquaintance excludes me from attempting to criticise or commend its course. But this much I will say that I believe it to hold the real sentiments of its editors. It has been a custom with reviewers of late to publish favorable accounts of books without regard to their merit, which leaves the public in the lurch of the publishers, and the result is we are often disappointed, and some claim that there are none that have the courage to condemn and where condemnation is deserved. Since I have been a subscriber, in ordering books I have been guided solely by your criticisms, and I have not been disappointed in a single instance. Your criticism of Mr. E. B. Rod's A Young Girl's Woolie, I feel to be the best, and at the same time I allow your arguments in attacking an author so popular with all classes of people. Wishing you much success in your work,

Yours respectfully,

Elizabethown, Tenn., Dec. 11, 1884.

D. L. Hyde.

Gladly do I remit $25.00 in renewal of subscription to the Literary World. Like cheery weather, last year, the better we know them the more we prize them—the Literary World becomes an increasingly welcome visitor.

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FIRST NOTICE.

T he Earl of Lytton, known to literature as Owen Meredith, has placed a wide circle of readers and students under obligations by beginning to publish The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. The first volume of this biography stops short of "Pelham," and the chief part of the book is autobiographical, having been written when the elder Bulwer was closely approaching his fiftieth year. The younger Lord Lytton has inserted a few letters, none of them specially important, and some manuscripts which originated during his father's early days. The value of these manuscripts is not great, except that they illustrate the growth and the rising ambition of the remarkable man who wrote fiction and romance for the English readers between the time of Scott and the Victorian novelists proper. Nor has this first volume been done with critical care. Instead of settling the many questions which surround the literary life and fame of the elder Bulwer, they open new ones which bid fair to give satisfaction to the many critics of Owen Meredith's father, while the admirers of the novelist, poet, politician, gentleman, and translator may find new material, perhaps, for the admiration in which they hold the author of Eugene Aram.

But it has always been the fate of the Bulwers to bear the admiration of those for whom they did not care very much, and to be criticised or disliked by those whose good opinion a Bulwer would have prized. Father and son betray this in the present volume, which is by no means sure of unqualified praise in all quarters. Yet it is not necessary to go into partisanship over the points in issue, when it is comparatively easy to interpret the facts, to appreciate them, and to leave all further conclusions, theoretical and practical, to individual taste or personal preference. It was the misfortune of the elder Bulwer to fill the brief interval between Scott and Thackeray, who overshadowed him, and to live at a time of which few men of exceptional merit can be heartily proud. To this must be added the fact that, however remarkable Bulwer was, he did not reach that perfection which is independent of time. It is certain, also, that he had very many discouragements, among them the opposition of nearly all the critical journals.

On the other hand, Bulwer not only continued the great literary traditions of his country, but he enlarged them, and he achieved triumphs of which Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot could not boast. Thackeray wanted the peerage, Bulwer sat in both houses of Parliament. At the very time when the Victorian Age began, and the decline of Bulwer was expected, he wrote those plays which, despite many imperfections in manner and matter, still hold the stage. Thackeray did not like the Germans, because he did not go to the trouble of understanding them, while Bulwer did as good work as dld Coleridge, Carlyle, and Theodore Martin in making England acquainted with some good things German. Surely, then, he made the most of his remarkable talents, and had he been favored with as much moral insight and taste as he had ambitious industry and literary capacity, he might well be placed in every respect by the side of Scott, Thackeray, and George Eliot. It was Bulwer’s misfortune to live mainly through the thirty years’ peace and philistinism which Harriet Martineau has tried to make interesting; it was worse that Bulwer lacked that ethos without which even literary immortality is impossible among the English-speaking nations.

There is good reason to think that Bulwer was born in 1803, not in the year which most books mention. He traces the name Bulwer (i.e., bulwark) to the era of the Danish Conquest, since when the family has lived in Norfolk. But Bulwer’s father was not immaculate in temper or conduct. The author’s mother had ancestors as well, and would have preferred another match, but was obliged to marry General Bulwer, who died when his son was four years old. The latter then went through an irregular course of learning, conduct, and writing, but was determined to succeed, and to make illustrious the names which he had inherited. Yet in a very wide sense he was a self-made man, and like all such he exaggerates the experiences and dreams of his youth, which are substantially like those of other boys possessed of spirit, talent, and sensibility. His début in literature, too, betrays the self-made man. When he was seventeen years old, he published poems, “written between the age of thirteen and fifteen,” and fondly thought that “a British public” and the “public critics are very favorable to early writers.” But hundreds of young men pass through just such illusions, and also through Bulwer’s “I longed for some one to love; I cared not whom.” Only there are those who outlive these errors and blunders better than did young Bulwer, whose autobiography ends when he is twenty-two years old, and ready for literary successes.

O UR F R E N C H A L L I E S.*

T he conglomerate and somewhat wandering title of this work very faintly expresses the vagrancy of it as a literary performance. If the book had been either much better or much worse, criticism could be more curst and less irritable. As the book stands, it is a medley, a heap, a mass, and one hardly knows whether to attack it with a shovcl or a knife. It is profusely illustrated with portraits, autographs, and views of old houses; it is printed on good paper with generous margins; it abounds in quotations from original and sometimes rare documents; it has a general air of industry and good humor; yet in method it transgresses sequence and chronology in a most perplexing fashion; much of its material is not new, except to a novice; and as to its portraits, many of which we are unable to verify, those of Queen Victoria and Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, with whose features the public are tolerably familiar, awaken skepticism as to the value of the others, and tempt us to quote from Hamlet:

*See more of my father
Two or three days

After perusing most of these six hundred and odd pages, which put us on terms with the gallant gentlemen of France a hundred years ago, we experience a mental shock, very like that when one takes two steps down stairs at once in the dark, as we come without warning upon the portraits of Robert C. Winthrop and President Arthur, and a picture of the high school building of Providence; and we wonder what in this world or the next these subjects have to do with "Our French Allies." It turns out, however, that the gentlemen assisted to the late Centennial Commemoration at Yorktown, while some of our French guests afterwards visited the aforesaid high school. To show...
the value of much of the historical information which Mr. Stone imparted about these same "Allies," we may quote one piece of it (p. 586, viz.: that "The works of the American Screw Company were next visited, and the complicated machinery for the manufacture of screws carefully examined." Undoubtedly they were, and the Screw Company was pleased to note the fact.

This imposing book has cost somebody a deal of money, but for what purpose? There is an unmistakable air of Jenkins in most of the personal descriptions. On the title-page the events run from "1778 to 1782," but on the book's back from "1778-1801." On every left-hand page of the text we have the running title, "Rhode Island in the Revolution," while the outside title is "Our French Allies." In Mr. Stone's attempted pictures there is very little attempt at drawing, and the perspective is all awry. His figures are too often puppets in a box, instead of the great and generous men and women that they were. Whatever else this book is, it is not a story.

"Our French Allies" did lend to our great struggle a romantic and picturesque element, as well as an important one, politically. French elegance and chivalry lighted up the otherwise somber colors of our Continental army, and gave cheer to our patriots in ballroom and battlefield. They followed colors indeed which the colonists hardly a generation before had watched through the battle-smoke at Ticonderoga and Quebec, when England and France struggled together for a continent. In the French and English struggle, and later in our Civil War, aided by France, still lies an unworked mine of romance and poetry.

Mr. Stone’s theme threw in his way many pleasant facts, and some of them he has used fairly well. Perhaps the most valuable parts of his story are those which tell us of the social life at Providence and Newport when the French forces camped there. The ladies must have been truly beautiful, and the susceptible young Frenchmen confessed that American women were not second to the belles of Paris. There were international marriages—a few—and many were love affairs. When Miss Betsy Ellery of Newport was married in 1784, one of her old admirers, a French surgeon, sent her from Paris an envelope containing only two leaves, a withered one and an evergreen. The Duke De Lauzun, it is said, on the night before he left Rhode Island for France, rode from Providence to Newport that he might pass the last hours with Miss Kate Lawton, Polly Lawton, a young Quakeress, who charmed the Frenchmen with her "Thou" and "Thee," bore off perhaps the palm. The Prince De Broglie writes of her:

Her costume was a species of English gown, pretty close to the figure, white as milk, an apron of the same whiteness, a fichu very full and firmly fastened. Her head-dress was a little cap of very fine muslin, plaited and passed around the head, which allowed only half an inch of hair to be visible, but which had the effect of giving to Polly the air of a Holy Virgin.

In the documents submitted by Mr. Stone we catch occasional glimpses of the more evanescent and silent elements of our Revolution. When the French army at Newport needed grain, they petitioned the General Assembly to order the farmers to thresh it out for them; but it appears there was no State power strong enough to make a Rhode Island farmer thresh his grain before he got ready. Nobleness and meanness dwelt side by side, as they do now. A French officer paying an exorbitant bill out of a bag of gold said to his Shylock:

You may as well take the whole. You charge for de handle of de broom; den you charge for de brush; den you charge for de horse that pull it; and, den, by gar, you charge for de broom.

Yet when the French officers went to Hartford to consult with Washington, their bills while there were all paid by the gentlemen of that town. The Marquis De Chastellux tells the story of a Mrs. Hill who kept a tavern near Windham, Connecticut, that when his party asked for lodgings she said she could only spare one bed, as she had a sick traveler in the house whom she would not disturb. The traveler turned out to be a soldier going home, with not a cent of money in his pocket, and yet his hostess had kept him there four days. The count tells us with a manly pride in the woman’s nobility:

We arranged matters the best way we could; the soldier kept his bed. I gave him some money to help him on his journey, and Mrs. Hill appears to me much more affected with this charity than with the good hard money I gave her to pay her bill.

Rest and grace to Mrs. Hill’s kind heart and all her sisters!

The history of Our French Allies is a gracious and noble one; but it has not yet been written. This attempt at it is pains-taking, but does not fulfill its promise, work of twenty years though it be. It is sold by subscription only at $5 a copy, the postage being 32 cents; and one hundred rubricated copies, with four additional plates, are offered at $6.00 each.

THE DOCTRINE OF SACREDSCRIPT-URE.*

The appearance of this work is occasion for profound and general congratulation. Within the lines of purely theological literature we recall no single book of our own land and times which deserves comparison with it for breadth, strength, and thoroughness. Beyond the narrow circle of specialists also, so noble an achievement of American thought and scholarship demands a wide recognition in the field of letters, and even makes appeal to our patriotic interest and pride.

The two stately volumes are not intended as a mere treatise on inspiration. Their scope and design are both broader and deeper by far than such a treatise would involve. As the title indicates, the author brings before his readers the more inclusive question, What is the Bible? And to meet this larger question, he considers the many grounds, exegetical, critical, historical, and dogmatic, on which a full and satisfactory answer must rest. The method he follows is that of thorough, comprehensive, and historical induction. The postulate with which he begins is the constant inspiration and guidance of the historic church by the Eternal Spirit. The claims of the Bible itself, and the classes of phenomena it presents, with the authorship, style, and language of the several books, and the formation of text and canon, must all be subjected to this treatment; and the final answer is not to be reached until the voice and verdict of the church have been heard, and other conclusions have been tested by the spiritual experience of men. The doctrine falls thus into four broad divisions: the first, the exegetical, investigates the claims of the Bible; the second, the critical, analyzes its contents and phenomena; the third, the historical, traces the teaching of the church; while the fourth, the synthetic, gathers these results into unity of form, and constructs anew a doctrine of Sacred Scripture.

As chief results of an examination of the claims of both Testaments we have the following summary: the relation of the Scriptures to the person and work of Christ constitutes their first, highest, and surest claim; we cannot on this basis ascribe an equal origin, authority, and value to all parts of the Bible, but the general nature of its contents is a sufficient justification of the distinctive title Sacred Writings; the primary subject of inspiration as of revelation, in the old dispensation as in the new, is the community of believers, from whom prophets and apostles were separated by a higher measure of insight and a special call; but of any form of inspiration in the mere matter of writing the Bible has not a word to say.

The first duty of criticism is shown to be to analyze the various contents of the Bible, scientific, miraculous, historical, prophetic, and ethical-religious, and it must be studied phenomenum which each class presents. The ethical-religious contents are the special sphere of revelation and inspiration, but these are not all upon one level of importance, nor can they be separated in extenso from the history, miracles, and predictions of Scripture, but must be viewed in mutual relationship to these. In all these classes the results and the hypotheses of modern criticism are carefully weighed, and an even course is held between a supposed adhesion to tradition and an over-confidence in individual vagaries. Composite works like the Pentateuch must be treated differently from a work of formal unity like the *The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture. By George T. Ladd. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.00.
Fourth Gospel, and if the former are regarded as a growth rather than a single work, the growth may be still the result of inspiration. The languages of the Bible, the individuality and authorial peculiarities of the writers, the formation of the canon and the character of the texts, all come under the scrutiny of criticism, and are examined in this second division of the work.

The synthetic or constructive portion of Prof. Ladd's work is, as may be gathered from the previous outline, Christocentric in all its parts. In the light of this fundamental principle, he considers the relation of the doctrine of Scripture to the Biblical idea of God, to the revelation of God in Christ, and to the work of the Spirit, discusses the media of revelation and the modes and elements of inspiration, discriminates between the Bible in extenso and the Word of God which it contains, examines the authority of the Bible and its relation to the church, and touches upon the practical effects it has produced in the individual and in the race. As fitted by its presentation of moral and religious truth to "stimulate, guide, and satisfy the entire intellectual, emotional, and voluntary nature of man," he regards the Bible as "destined to become the book of the world."

In conclusion, we need only say that the style of these volumes is in keeping with the demands of their subject and contents. At all times lucid and strong in movement, they remind us in certain passages of the stately eloquence and simple majesty of Hooker.

**JUDITH.**

**THIS** is the most charming book that Marion Harland has ever written. It begins delightfully, the interest never flags, and one is not willing to lay it down till the last word is read. Rightly or wrongly, we take the liberty of believing that it is autobiographical; there is no mistaking the local color, and the personality is too positive to be unreal. The staid old Virginia family, whose doings and ways that astonished child, Judith, watched (an impossible child, but that does not matter), occupies the foreground, and each member is thrown out in a strong central light. The picture is a fine one; there is a patriarchal simplicity, an old-time courtliness, a magnificent hospitality that can never come again. It is the pleasing side of Virginia life among the aristocratic class, about the period when Henry Clay was the soul of one political party, though the narrative begins a little sooner, and the last chapter takes one over many subsequent years. Overflowing with anecdote, it also rehearses the story of some early and later insurrections among the negroes, and touches in a moderate spirit upon the slavery question. Plantation life has no part in it; but the fidelity of the household "servants," their excellent qualities, and their position in the family are kept constantly in view:

The affectionate intercourse between the white family and their negroes was a matter of course—a perfect state of affair—in the estimation of all parties concerned. "The children" included those of all complexities. "Mammy" Peggy, the cook for forty years in the Summerfield kitchen, swept me out of her domain when she was cross or busy, as emphatically as she did her grandchildren. My grandmother and aunts sat up at night with the sick at the "Quarter," tending them as animadversion for invalids of their own blood and name. The oldest colored person on the plantation had been born there and his parents before him.

The family was a Presbyterian one, and some of the best passages are those where the leisurely worship and singing of old-fashioned tunes is described. "There was time," she says, "for thirty-seven verse Bible readings and stately-phrased petitions, and well-grounded beliefs in that age when sewing, spinning, reaping, and threshing were done by hand." There was a theological atmosphere about the house, and it flavored even some of the anecdotes like this concerning a connection:

Young men preparing for the ministry were wont to apply to Dr. Withnell for instruction in Hebrew, in which tongue he was proficient. One was a resident for some months in his house, learned enough Hebrew to enable him to pass examination for licensure, and married the tutor's daughter. Another succeeded him, went through his paces, and carried off a second daughter. A third did likewise, and a fourth wedded the sole remaining girl of the household. When the fifth aspirant for initiation into the recondite lore of the Pentateuch presented himself, the oft-robbed parent dryly informed him that his "stock of Hebrew specimens was exhausted."

She says that character was expressed opinion and faith, as strong and as sound as conscientious research could make them. It was a study, every woman an entity. This is not a sentiment, she said, but a matter of self-mauldering over the fancied "grace of a day that is dead," and a respite from it, which makes all men in all, may have been better than these, yet were fraught with a wholesome vitality, a description of original elements now ignored or vitiated. The humor throughout the book is delicious; and absurd and grotesque phases and characters have their place as well as the decorous and dignified ones; from "Brother Dudley" who excused his "unbecoming levity of speech" to the State association before which he was cited, one to Ronald Craig, who made the stew for the barbecue:

I spent a month in Brunswick County once on purpose to get the exact knack of the thing. . . . I told Mr. Archer when he asked me to oversee the Brunswick stew today that by George I wasn't a man for overeating, but for work and brains. Brains, sir! That's the secret of such a stew as this will be! Why, sir, I've worked like a dog, mentally and physically, for three weeks to get the materials together. . . . There ain't another pot in a hundred miles that would hold it all. This is an heirloom in the family, and the stew that comes out of it today will be something to be remembered when people have forgotten who was elected president of the United States.

There are several lovers in the story, who make a confidant of the precocious and extraordinary child Judith, but the thread does not run smoothly. There is a veritable family ghost story, and there is a case of second sight, and of bad happening through a dream. This happening, to bewitching Harry Macon, is a blemish in the book; the kind of thing has been told too many times already. Could not Marion Harland have invented something different?

**MINOR NOTICES.**

**Maria Edgeworth.** By Helen Zimmer. [Famous Women Series.] (Roberts Brothers, Boston. $1.00.)

There is no longer any danger that the present generation will be in ignorance about Miss Edgeworth. Whether there is to be a sudden revival of interest in her books or not, there will not be much left to find out about the author herself. The lady who prepared this volume has made good use of material which was at first written, presenting it in attractive form; and having had access to the unpublished memoir by Maria's stepmother, has freshened the narrative by many little incidents new to most readers. She has a good faculty at crystallizing her facts, and the history of the Edgeworths is made quite clear, from the ancestors who founded the family in Ireland, down to Maria's death, which occurred May 22, 1849. They appear to have been a gay and extravagant race, "living in alternate affluence and distress;" and some of her characters of Irish squires are derived from her ancestors. Miss Zimmer devotes a chapter to Richard Lovel, her father, writing the "gay philosopher," and "at the age of sixteen contracted a mock marriage, which his father found needful to have annulled by a process of law," that being the first (but usually ignored) of five marriages.

"I am not a man of prejudices," he complacently wrote in later life; "I have had four wives. The second and third were as much in love with the second in the life-time of the first."

Maria, if she had been left to herself, would have been far more entertaining in her books, less didactic, and free from the limitations of a set "purpose." She must have had naturally some of the mischievous instincts belonging to childhood, and we are glad to know that one day, when no one heeded her, she amused herself with cutting out the squares in a checked sofa-cover. Another day she tramped through a number of hot-bed frames that had just been glazed and laid on the grass. She could recall her delight at the crashing of the glass; but most immorally, and in direct opposition to her later doctrines, did not remember either when cutting her feet or being punished for this freak.

This is the real Maria Edgeworth about whom we cannot know too much; and, to the credit of Miss Zimmer's tact and literary sagacity, be it said, that she has anticipated just that interest in the "eminent" woman's personality, and done her justice, by incorporating into the book gay, gossipy letters, and adding littlebrightening touches all through. Besides this, a suitable portion is devoted to an account of Miss Edgeworth's methods of literary work; with a slight outline of her stories, and a criticism upon them, usually commendatory to a degree with which taken as a whole the modern reader, accustomed to a morbid vivacious and imaginative kind of literature, will
not readily sympathetic; though, undoubtedly, children would be benefited by a "judicious admixture" of her "high-minded stories, incalculating self-sacrifice, unselfishness, obedience, and other neglected virtues."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

When Cowper's poetry first appeared, it was read "for godliness," as Emerson said of Milton, and the immediate admiration it won was adventitious rather than intelligent. He was hailed as the mouth-piece of a widespread and fervent, but essentially prosaic type of piety, and when the precise phase of religious feeling reflected in his verse had passed away, the poet lost his praise and prominence. In fact, however, as Mrs. Ollivant suggests in her charming introduction to some Selections from Cowper's Poems, his chief merits have never been fully appreciated; unfelt in the days of his popularity, they have been neglected so long by a later age. And today, when the spiritual spirit, as if tones down the excessive brightness of certain brilliant reputations, is restoring in fair light so many forgotten names, it is just that attention should be turned to the especial excellence of Cowper. In two directions, as Mrs. Ollivant clearly shows, he has claims upon our interest. First, as the poet of nature, writing before Wordsworth, and with none of Wordsworth's self-conscious effort and bondage to a philosophical theory, he has surpassed even Wordsworth in the accuracy and life-like freshness of his delineation. And second, with a position yet more unique, "he is the apostle of domestic life," and thus of a peculiarly English type of happiness and character. His humorous poems deserve mention also, but in these two qualities his genius is most clearly shown: "Those descriptions of nature in which nobody has surpassed the gentle poet of Olney, and those delightful domestic scenes in which nobody has equalled him, can never cease to charm the candid reader." The comparisons which Mrs. Ollivant draws with Keble, with Wordsworth, and with Gray, are just and discriminating, and the general estimate of Cowper's powers and achievement is faithful and fair, although we should still ascribe greater merit than she allows to his religious verse. The first series of selections illustrate his personal history with its melancholy and sad vicissitude, while other selections follow, political and religious, descriptive and playful, with a goodly number of portraits and characters from his pen. [Macmillan & Co. $1.25.]

In his poem entitled The Aegiotic, Bishop Pierce, of Arkansas, recounts a philosophic reverie in which, after losing one by one the five senses, with the mind turned back upon itself, he comes to realize the famous thesis of Descartes, "Cogito ergo sum," and thence by easy inference of a single step finds a firm basis for faith in a God both knowable and known. Like its companion pieces in this little volume, the poem gives evidence of thoughtfulness and insight, but its cast is metaphysical rather than poetic. The Death-Chant of Orpheus" is touched with more of rhythmic gauze and color than any other piece we have noticed. But what shall we say, in spite of its scientific exactness and clearness, of such lines as these from the "Sonnets on Nature, God, and Man?"

In the primordial maze, the cosmic might
Did form; all nature's stately might
The elemental atoms to create;
Then birth and growth, and round forms unite.
Anon the plants and animals began
To rise from fountains, swamps, and springs,
Through rivers, meadows, reeds, to stately trees;
Through moss-haunted, fish, bird, reptile, beast to man.

[T. Whitaker. $1.00.]

Dr. Peterson's collection of his Poems and Swedish Translations is a genuine and creditable addition to literature. Chief among the contents is a version of Tegnér's famous "Azel," which Prof. Anderson pronounces "very spirited and faithful." It is a story of a girl, Marie, beloved by Azel and forsaken in fulfillment of a vow, who disguises herself as a soldier and follows her lover to the Muscovite wars, where, as she dies upon the battle-field, she is recognized by him, and he is driven to insanity by her fate. The other translations are from Bellman, von Braun, Böttiger, Franzen, Geijer, Grafström, Malmström, and Runeberg, with a single piece from the Norwegian of Ibsen. Runeberg's "Christmas Eve," describing the entertainment of an angel unaware, is perhaps the prettiest and most attractive of all the versions. The original poems deserve notice also, for their freedom and sureness of touch. Dr. Peterson has a fine sense of rhythm, and his finest fancies are worthy of the charming setting in which they are placed. Ballad, love-song, nature-poem, all are composed with a simple grace and a pensive sweetness that remind us of Heine. Take these verses "In the Haze," for an illustration:

Across the mountain and the valley
The goat-bell tinkles, tinkles, tinkles;
The waving, waving, waving, waving,
The heather bloom and perfume;
The fir-trees change their gloom for smiling;
The long sounds from the distant churches
Float up enchanting and beguiling,
And blend with singing the birches;
The red-roofed hamlets seem like roses,\nWhich drowsily the eyes may number,\nAnd fast asleep the blighted clove,\nO'er those who dream and those who slumber.

[Buffalo: Peter Paul & Co. $1.50.]

In The Poetry of Other Lands, Mr. N. Clemens Hunt has made a collection of English translations out of sixteen languages and from more than two hundred authors. The selections are usually short and chiefly lyrical, and are arranged as poems of nature and of place, poems of love and of sentiment, personal, patriotic, and historical poems, didactic, moral and religious poems. In such a work the compiler's choice must depend less upon the comparative merit of the poets quoted than upon those incidental circumstances that have made one more frequently or more fully to stand out. Considering his limitations, Mr. Hunt is entitled to praise for his selection, and for the variety and interest his book affords. We regret that the excellent index of authors was not supplemented by an index of subjects, if not of first lines. [Porter & Coates. $2.00.]

Captain Pierce, of the United States Army, who published a version of Virgil in rhythmic prose some years ago, has now completed a more satisfactory translation of Horace in a confessedly poetical form. Beside the Odes, of which all four books are given, we find two of the Satires, A. Dodges Carmen. The measure and moods vary from rhyme to blank verse, now following the original in form, and now departing more widely from that model. As Prof. Frieze happily remarks in an introductory letter, it is noteworthy that the first American translation of Horace should come from the profession of arms, and praise is due to an officer who amid the routine of the camp still cherishes a feeling for the love of classic letters. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $2.25.]

In a dainty little volume entitled Music in Song, as charming in appearance as in contents, Carmela Koelle has gathered a garland of the tributes of poetry to her sister art. Each phase and form of music comes in for its share of remembrance, the grace and beauty, the solemn, Doric moods and Lydian airs; and the varied effects produced by song, its power to soothe and comfort, as well as to stir and to inspire, in all the diverse circumstances in which the human lot may fall, receive a fitting recognition. The selections are generally short, and in the case of longer pieces are confined to such lines as have immediate pertinence, but the number is large and the collection covers the wide field from Chaucer to Tennyson. Beside extracts from the poets proper, the compiler has wisely included the praises of our prose poets, from Burke to Ruskin. Several selections from the "Ode of Life" and the "Songs from Two Worlds," both by Mr. Edwin Morris, are inserted as anonymous. A few notes from Mendelssohn and a nocturne by Chopin are fitly chosen to open and close the book. [E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.]

Mr. Ruskin's four Oxford Lectures on the Art of England, are substantially his opinions of Rossetti and Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones and Watts, Leighton and Alma Tadema, Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway. Of the latter he is a great admirer, but desires her to give her attention to something more important than pinafores. [John Wiley & Sons. $1.00.]

Kate Greenaway's illustrations of a volume of poems by Jane and Ann, called Little Ann, are very lovely, and show that there is no end to her genius for depicting the quaintly sweet life of children. The book was perhaps the most fascinating of the lesser Christmas books of 1873, but came too late for timely notice. [Geo. Routledge & Sons. $2.00.] Miss Greenaway has also made an Almanac for 1874, the calendar for each month being a pretty vignette in color. [Do. Do. 50 cents.] Mr. Caldecott's picture-books, The Fox Jumps over the Parson's Gate, and A Frog He Would A Woof Go, are meant to be funny but are rather silly. [Do. Do.; each 50 cents.]

Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, is more than forty years old, having been published in 1837. It took place at a season as a standard representation of ancient Egyptian manners and customs, though its chronology has been stoutly contested. A new edition of the work, revised and corrected by Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, appeared in 1858, showing marked improvements. Dr. Birch's work appears as an appendix to a second edition of A. Dodge's Egypt and Our Civil War, is truthfully what its title offers, a clear, comprehendable, logical, panoramic review of the war, in a single volume, from the standpoint attired of a soldier, who cares nothing
about the philosophy and reason of a great conflict, but is interested only in the course of campaigns, the topography of battle-fields, the marches of armies, the strategy of generals, and the conditions of victory and defeat. A glossary, an index, four large maps folded, and some forty maps and charts inserted in the text, conveniently equip the book for the reader. [J. R. Os- good & Co. $3.50.]

The Diplomatic History of the War for the Union is in fact and substance a fifth and concluding volume of the works of Secretary Seward. It comprises a slight memoir, selections from his diplomatic correspondence and two collections of his miscellaneous papers and speeches. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.]

Marcus and Robert P. Wilson's Mosaic of Greek History presents a narrative of the history of Greece, interspersed with illustrative extracts from all literatures, modern and classic, after the plan of the compiler's previous Master of Biblical History. These books, we think, would be useful for reading in schools. [Harper & Brothers.]

John Ashton's Humor, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century is a collection of scraps in prose and verse, printed in old-fashioned type, with many fac-similes of old-fashioned woodcuts. The contents are curious rather than edifying, though the editor has been discreet in keeping out a coarser grade of matter with which he might have illustrated his pages. The book belongs on a side shelf in the library. [J. W. Bostock & Co. $3.50.]

The physiology of the voice and the science of vocalism are presented in two recent volumes, Von Meyer's on The Organs of Speech, forming volume XLVI in the International Scientific Series, and Browne and Brehm's on Voice, Song, and Speech, which stands by itself. The first-named author is a German of Zurich, the latter two are Englishmen. The first work is anatomic and physiological, proceeding no further than the structure of the vocal organs and the formation of audible sounds; the latter laps over upon the former so far as vocal structure is concerned, and then proceeds with instructions on voice culture and addresses to the needs of singers and public speakers. Both works are illustrated. [D. Appleton & Co. $1.75; G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.]

Mr. William Blaikie's Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls is a text-book for parlor and school gymnastics, with exercises for drill and figure illustrations. [Harper & Brothers.]

Professor J. H. Allen's Christian history in its three great periods has reached its third and concluding volume On Modern Phases. There are eleven chapters, unconnected save by historical affinity, on the Reformation, Calvinism, Rationalism, French Infidelity, German Criticism, Theological Speculation, and so on, with a chronological outline and a list of eminent names, which has no room for Jonathan Edwards or Channing. [Roberts Brothers. $1.45.]

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The holiday time has brought for the delight of the children two books by favorite authors. A Round Down of charming stories by Susan Coolidge never fail in that good English which is simple enough for the youngest, and attractive to everybody. Several of these stories are of the kind where friendly elves on Midsummer Eve, or at other propitious times, are abroad to do good turns for children, helping them to mend their oversights and overcome their faults. A few have reminiscences of foreign travel, in the shape of a little story; others are nearer home and equally good; while all are of a spirit sunny as sunshine and as captivating as those by the same hand which have been among the gifts at Christmas for these half-a-dozen years. [Roberts Brothers. $1.50.]

All of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's Firelight Stories have some lesson of good that is not far to find, but the teaching mostly comes through suffering and great self-sacrifice—something too much of both for one small book. Over nine out of the eleven there falls the shadow of death. Six of the noble little women are perfectly heroic in their helpfulness to others, their patience and fortitude, and the lesson of their lives is praiseworthy, but, though success and happiness crown their undertakings, there are those who like to have children happy will wish she had substituted for a part of them some such denial of self and hard times were not necessary. [Roberts Brothers. $1.25.]

In Getting to be Women George Kriple chronicles in a delightful manner some of the more important events and incidents of the history of a Dutch family by the name of Von Tietzel. The style is droll and amusing, but the lessons taught are earnest and impressive. Grand-Uncle Cas-tine, Grand-Auntie Von Tietzel, and others of the family relatives have peculiar methods of instructing their grandchild; but the little girls are quick to learn, and find themselves rapidly getting to be women of the real helpful, self-de-nying sort. [Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.]

Start and His Bear, by A. G. Riddle, is a story of backwoods adventure, and describes many methods of hunting and trapping. There is little plot, and the scene is laid in Northern Ohio at the time when that State was thinly settled and was considered the far West. It may prove interesting to children, but is not sufficiently well told to interest more mature minds. [Sherman & Co., Philadelphia.]

Elise's New Relations, by Martha Finley, is a sequel to Grandmother Elise, and will be welcomed by the class of readers that have enjoyed the Elise Series. [Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.]

Speech and Manners, by Miss E. S. Kirkland, aims to correct the most prevalent errors of speech and manner by means of a story, in order to impress right examples upon the minds of children. The purpose is an excellent one, but the methods suggested are not such as would be likely to make the subject attractive to children, either in practice or in the story. [Jansen, McClure & Co.]

Fore and Aft, by Robert B. Dixon, as its title indicates, is a story of sailor life, and purports to recount the actual experience of the writer. It is in some measure an imitation of Mr. Dana's Three Years before the Mast. The reader's cre-dulity is taxed somewhat at the rapid advance of the male boy's career and the details of barbarous cruelty on shipboard, such as we had not supposed to exist in the American Navy of late years. The incidents are stirring, but some of them are of an unhonorable character, such as the descriptions of bull-fights and obscene dances. [Lee & Shepard. $1.25.]

Martin the Skipper, by James F. Cobb, like The Watchers on the Longship, by the same author, is a most thrilling tale of life at sea, and holds the reader's interest and sympathy from beginning to end. There are of course the inevitable mutiny and shipwreck, but there is little of the coarseness and brutality which usually characterize such stories, and the whole is pervaded by a quiet, unobtrusive religious influence, making it a thoroughly commendable book. [T. V. Crowell & Co. $1.50.]

Among the Lakes, by W. O. Stoddard, is an account of the sayings and doings of a merry set of boys and girls, and is evidently intended to be very funny and entertaining. Probably many boys and girls will consider it a success in these particulars. [Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.00.]

Under the title, The Twin Heroes, Rev. Frederick H. Reed has written a story of the Separatists of the time of Queen Elizabeth. It contains a great deal of historical matter, stringed together by a slender thread of fiction. There are vivid and interesting pictures of the personal feel- ings of the Separatists, among whom are the twin heroes, Frank and Mary Drayton, whose mutual affection, and bravery in clinging to their belief through cruel persecutions wins the admir-a tion of the reader. [Cong. Pub. Society.]

The Boy Lollard, by the same writer, deals with the time of Henry VIII and the introduction of the translation of the Bible into England by William Tindale, and is marked by the same excellences as the former story. As this is the last work of the author, who did not live to see it in print, we hesitate to speak of it other than in terms of commendation, but a little less generosity would make the book more attractive to adults and more desirable reading for the young. [Cong. Pub. Society. $1.50.]

These Dreadful Mouse Boys, who, by the way, are as precious a pair of scapegraces as ever wore tails, is, we believe, a first venture. For the present the author prefers to remain in the background, but we may say without being indis- creet that she is a Boston lady whose individu- ality appears on every page that she has written. Miss Perry's delicately comical little pencil sketches are exceedingly clever, and we wish that the publisher had given them larger expression. Miss Perry is not, however, the author of the book. These Dreadful Mouse Boys are so much like some other boys we have known—that everybody has known—that we are glad to see them doubled up in the pangs of a colic caused by eating unmanned fruit; and could we feel sure that every foolishly indulgent parent would read this book—for to them it is its moral addressed—we should rejoice that true missionary work was being done. Indeed, the author has recognized the fact that "the heathen are at our doors" in those of the ungoverned, mischievous and cruel small boys whose parents turn them into the streets to get rid of them; and the better to delineate a reality she has imagined a fable, capably worked out, and enlivened by some ex- quisite little descriptive touches. Such characters as "Lost in a Strange City" are really the author's real work, although the boy's adventures and the details of barbarous cruelty on shipboard, such as we had not supposed to exist in the American Navy of late years. The incidents are stirring, but some of them are of an unhonorable character, such as the descriptions of bull-fights and obscene dances. [Lee & Shepard. $1.25.]

The Whalers on the Longship, by the same author, is an }

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The Andover Review.

The Bibliotheca Sacra has done its duty; the Bibliotheca Sacra must go; it has gone to Oberlin, Ohio, and Andover now offers a review edited by five theological professors, who favor what they style "progressive orthodoxy," its new periodical proposes to be a critical organ, and to do "constructive work in the sphere of opinion and belief." It will go even into sociology. And so one would like to know how the revered editors and professors establish harmony between adequate revelation, orthodoxy, and the iron laws of science on the one hand, and progress, liberalism, and development on the other. They announce a genuine break in the traditions of Andover; they proclaim progress to pastures new, and the abandonment of narrowness, pettiness, and insufficient statements. By all means let us have the "better statements of Christian doctrine," which Professor Smith promises. But better than what? What would

the Andover theologians say of a man who told them that epical poetry, the drama, and the practical use of the English language need recasting, and that he will undertake the work as a matter of conviction? In literature, at any rate, liberal and regalism need not consist in an unwise and false objective but subjective development. These points are not raised for the purpose of fault-finding so much as with a view to interesting questions which this monthly theological review may well excite in the hearts of dispassionate observers who become advocates only in matters of manliness. The Andover Review begins with a mixture of old-fashioned New England "orthodoxy" and an honest endeavor to do better. Whether the old New England can dwell together in peace remains to be seen. The main point is, of course, that men and women become finer and intellectually as well as spiritually richer; in that case they should not be ashamed of the humble estate from which they have risen. The Andover Review begins somewhat vaguely and tentatively. Perhaps it will learn to speak firmly, specifically, joyously, and profitably, not only to progressive and orthodox churches, but also to the liberal and the orthodox, and to all causes of letters and learning in New England. By far the most important number of the Review, of course, is Professor Egbert C. Smyth's. A kindred essay is Dr. George B. Jewett's on the Norris gifts to the Andover Seminary. Professor George Harris reviews with approval Professor Ladd's orthodox compromise between modern Bible criticism and the older dogmatic defence of literal inspiration and universal authority. Dr. Augustus F. Beard surveys the Protestant churches of modern France in a particularly sensible manner, and while Miss Caroline Hazard contributes a few simple verses, there is also a whole department given over to notes, notices, and minor matters. The Andover Review proposes to be as liberal as orthodoxy permits, and to displace the learned, forcible, and venerable Bibliotheca Sacra. The Andover Review covers 120 royal-octavo pages, it is well printed by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and will appear monthly at the price of three dollars a year.

[From a special Correspondent.]

Literary Edinburgh: Old and New.

To the man of letters and student of history Edinburgh is one of the most interesting cities in Europe. At every turn, one is reminded of some literary or historical association. At Holyrood we see the stately halls, once graced by the presence of Queen Mary, and the apartments which were disregarded by the brutal and cowardly murder of the poor unoffending Rizzio. In Edinburgh Castle, we see the little room where Robert Burns was born, the library given to James VII, who after his death united the crowns of England and Scotland under the name of James I. Not far from the Castle, the literary visitor views with interest the handsome house which Allan Ramsay, the author of the Gentle Shepherd, built out of the sale of his books, and which still has the initials of the poet above its door. It was the first ever established. Not often in the last century was a poet so comfortably lodged. Further down the High Street is the celebrated Cathedral of St. Giles, one of the oldest and most interesting churches in Scotland. It was restored, at an expense of £20,000, by the munificence of the late Robert Chambers, the eminent Edinburgh publisher and author, who died just three days before the reopening took place, on the 23d of May, 1853. Just back of the Cathedral once stood the Old Tolbooth prison, or "Heart of Mid Lothian," where Jenny Deans was confined, and which gave the name to one of the most interesting of the Walter Scott novels. The prison has long disappeared, but the spot is marked by the figure of a heart on the pavement. Not far from Holyrood is still standing the White Horse tavern, where Dr. Johnson is said to have stopped during his famous journey to Scotland in 1773. This was the principal residence of the chief of the Pretenders' officers in 1745. It is a very shabby place, and I could not help contrasting it with the elegant hotels which now form so conspicuous a portion of the attraction of Princes Street. When Robert Burns visited Edinburgh he was a frequent guest of Lord Monboddo, at No. 13 St. John Street. It was this eccentric nobleman who anticipated the philosophers of this century in propounding the theory that the human family is descended from the monkey tribe. Like all "advanced thinkers," he had to suffer for his temerity, being frequently sentenced to imprisonment. But to the local jurat, "Show us your tail, Monboddo!"

I made a pilgrimage to No. 39 North Castle Street, the city residence of Sir Walter Scott from 1820 to 1835. Here some of his best literary work was done, and many of the happiest years of his life were passed. It was in this house that the incident occurred of the snow falling down the chimney, which Scott utilizes so happily in the Bride of Lammermoor. When the failure of James Ballantine took place in 1826, by which Sir Walter was financially ruined, he had to give up his town house, and he wrote the following touching farewell to his old home in his diary:

March 15, 1826. This morning, I leave No. 39 Castle Street for the last time. "The cabin was convenient," and habit made it agreeable to me. So farewell, poor 39! A large portion of my life has been spent there! It sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline, and now I must be sorry to part with it. Edinburgh has not forgotten what she owes to Sir Walter Scott, and one of the most venerable monuments ever erected to literary genius is the gothic temple to the memory of the author of Waverley, situated in the most conspicuous part of the city. It is 200 feet high; in the center is a colossal statue of Scott in a sitting position, with his favorite hound, Maida, at his feet, and surrounded by the most famous characters in his poems and novels.

Edinburgh has always delighted to honor its literary men, and in the vicinity of the Scott monument are statues to Christopher North, Allan Ramsay, Dr. Livingstone, and Allan Black, while in other parts of the city are monuments or statues to Burns, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, Dugald Stewart, Watt, Dr. Chalmers, etc.

The Advocates' Library contains one of the most valuable collections of books in Great Britain, and some of the rarest and most valuable books in the world were once the property of the Advocates. It is particularly rich in ancient manuscripts and illuminated works. Among the former are a large collection of original papers, relating to the affairs of Scotland, and the Registrars of the ancient Scotch monasteries. It also contains a copy of the Solemn League and Covenant, and the regulations of the old schoolmasters. The manuscript of Waverley is one of
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the most precious possessions of this library. It is kept in a glass case, opened at the passagie: "If Mr. Edward, "if Mr. Waverley should like his ancestor, Mr. Nigel." David Hume was once the keeper of the Advocates' Library.

The most glorious period of the literary annals of Edinburgh was the first quarter of the present century, when Lockhart, Jeffrey, Lockpoth North, Mackenzie, Brougham, Cockburn, and others less distinguished won for the city the name of the "Athens of the North." Among the more recent literary men who have lived in Edinburgh may be mentioned the late Hill Burton, the "Book Hunter," James Grant, the novelist, Prof. Blackie, and Monsignor Smith, the learned Orientalist, whose work on the Pentateuch is a masterpiece of erudition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION TO THIS DEPARTMENT OF THE LITERARY WORLD ARE, SOMETHING TO SAY, ABILITY TO SAY IT, BREVITY, AND THE WRITER'S FULL NAME AND ADDRESS.

"Cunningham Geikie as a Plagiarist."

[From a number of communications all bearing on the same point we select the following as representative.]

To the Editor of the Literary World:

On looking at your issue of December 15th this evening, the first thing that attracted my attention was a letter headed "Cunningham Geikie as a Plagiarist," and signed "Hugh O. Pentecost." Now as I am a daughter of Dr. Geikie and have seen the Life of Christ and all his other books from their first line to the last, I was naturally amazed at such a statement (as I know him to be most particular on this point), and instantly looked up the passage in question in my copy, which is one of the first English editions. There I found it plainly and distinctly credited in the marginal note to Robertson, both sermon and page being given thus: "Robertson's Sermons, I, 120." Your correspondent states, "that this is but one of many such examples in the same work." The only explanation I can imagine for such an assertion is, that he has read nothing but a few short, and incorrect reproductions of the original work. In justice to my father I would ask him to look at a copy of the edition published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., the only authorized one for this country, and I feel sure that after so doing he will find his statement to be totally unfounded both as regards this and the "many such examples" which he mentions, and I hope will not fail to apologize in your columns for having said what is as unjust as it is incorrect.

Yours truly.

Isabel Geikie Treadwell.

New York City, December 17th.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

In a recent number of the Literary World I furnished an example of what bore a striking resemblance to plagiarism on the part of Cunningham Geikie, D.D., in his Life of Christ. I hasten to say that this morning the original edition of Dr. Geikie's work was shown me in which full credit is given, in a marginal reference, to the Rev. F. W. Robertson for the passage which I quoted. This, of course, fully explains the matter, and makes me very sorry that attention was called to it as it was. The edition of Geikie's work which I have is but one, and I did not suspect a quotation, as Robertson's language was not transferred but considerably rearranged. To a casual reader it must be seen that the mistake which I made, and I hope you will not deny space for this correction.

Very respectfully,

Hugh O. Pentecost.

New York, January 7, 1884.

The Rewards of Authorship.

(A Chapter of Literary Gossip.)

Anthony Trollope in his entertaining autobiograph y sums up the pecuniary result of his thirty years of literary work at seventy thousand pounds, and speaks of it as "comfortable, but not splendid." Perhaps not, for an author at once so prolific and popular, or as compared with the great sums realized by a few of his contemporaries; but there are few authors, probably, who would not regard £350,000 as a much more than "comfortable" result of thirty years of work. The fact is, literature is very much of a lottery, and thanks and prizes are distributed in a queer and not altogether satisfactory manner. And moreover, the prizes have not often been so large that the recipients have become, like one of our modern plutocrats, so rich that the further acquisition of wealth ceased to be an object. One of the prize-drawers was Mr. Trollope's mother—to which indefatigable blue-stocking her son seems to do but scant justice. She sold her Factory Boy for eighteen hundred pounds, and received correspondingly large sums for her other long since forgotten books. She was an heroic little lady, as sufficiently appears from Mr. Trollope's autobiography, and she well earned her money by the difficulties she conquered. Another authoress who made authorship pay handsomely was Fanny Burney. To be sure she sold her Evelina—which can hardly be called forgotten, for it turned up in one of the popular libraries the other day—for twenty pounds, but when she received three thousand pounds for her Camilla, which will have no resurrection, and half as much for her equally defunct Wanderer, a bookseller bought Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey for ten pounds, and had so poor an opinion of its merits, or at least so little of its success, that he kept the manuscript for several years, not daring to risk its publication. Mrs. Radcliffe received no very large sums for her blood-curdling tales. The Italian she sold for eight hundred pounds, and for the famous Udolpho she received but five hundred fielding's pen was always commanded large pay. He received a thousand pounds for his Amelia—which enjoys the distinction of being the first book published in England of which a second edition was called for on the day of publication—and twenty-two hundred pounds for Tom Jones. By way of contrast, it may be noted that for his Sir Charles Grandison was not called for until twenty years after the publication of the first. Swift received but three hundred pounds for his immortal Gulliver. Sterne did better with Tristram Shandy, selling it for seven hundred pounds. Goodwin received but shown four hundred pounds for Caleb Williams, though his forgotten St. Leon was sold for four hundred. The Lambs sold their Tales from Shakespeare for the pittance of sixty-three pounds.

With the poets, fortune and the publishers have been fickle indeed. Burns received but twenty pounds for the 1786 edition of his poems, and only seven hundred for that of the succeeding year. Dryden was not highly remunerated. He received more than four thousand pounds for Childe Harold, three thousand for Don Juan, and sums ranging from three hundred to one thousand pounds for his dramas and shorter poems. Thomas Campbell's Pleasures of Hope brought him only twenty pounds, but his later literary work was well paid, he receiving, for instance, twelve hundred pounds for his Specimens of the British Poets. George Crabbe realised the handsome sum of three thousand pounds from his Tales of the Hall. Tom Moore is credited with fifteen thousand for his Irish Melodies, and all his works—except the unfortunate Thomas Little poems—were sold for large sums. Southery was not only an industrious but also a generally well-paid author, though he received but fifty pounds for his Joan of Arc, and only one hundred and fifteen for the first edition of Thalaba.

To go back to an earlier time, Dryden received two hundred and fifty pounds for his Fables and twelve hundred for his Virgil. The fortunate John Gay derived sixteen hundred and fifty pounds from his Beggar's Opera and a thousand from his poems. A few years before, Prior realised four thousand pounds from a subscription edition of his poems. Goldsmith sold his Traveller for twenty pounds. He received three times as much for the Vicar, five times as much for the Deserted Village, and five hundred pounds for his Goodnatured Man. Johnson received but ten pounds for his London and fifteen for his Fanny of Human Wishes. From Irene he realized nearly three hundred pounds; three hundred from his lives of the poets, and one hundred and twenty-five from Rasselas. For his life of the great Doctor, Boswell received a thousand pounds. A generation before, Elizabeth Carter had received an equal sum for her translation of Epictetus; and a generation later Reginald Heber received the almost incredibly large sum for his Journey through India.

The fallibility of publishers is rather strikingly shown in the case of Kingslake's Ethnik, one of the most brilliant literary successes of the last fifty years. Not a reputable London would have anything to do with the book, and at last, in despair, the author placed it with one of the most obscure of the brotherhood, bearing the expense of publication himself. John Murray refused the brothers Smith the paltry twenty pounds which was their modest price for their Rejected Addresses. Another publisher brought it out, and after it had run through sixteen editions Mr. Murray paid one hundred and thirty pounds for the privilege of issuing a seventh. George Eliot's experience with the publishers was a decidedly pleasant one. She is said to have received not less than eight thousand pounds for any of her novels, and for one of them she was paid nearly double e that amount. Wilkie Collins was paid five thousand pounds for Armadale, and has received correspondingly large sums for his other novels. What is believed to be the highest price ever paid for poetry, was paid on this side of the water, when Mr. Longfellow received from the proprietor of a weekly journal four thousand dollars, or about twenty dollars a line, for his Hymning of the Crane. Tennyson received from an English magazine one hundred pounds, or about seven dollars a
line for Tithonus, and did still better with his Revenge, receiving for it three hundred pounds, or about twelve dollars a line.

The times have changed marvelously since the Grub Street days of a century ago. To be sure, the multitude of writers has become so great that a production which a hundred years ago would have given its author a great reputation now fails from the press comparatively unnoticed; but on the other hand, the great increase in the number of readers and the growth of the periodical press give authors such an opportunity as they have never had before, and render at least a reasonable pecuniary return for their labor almost certain. In these respects the old time can hardly be called "good," and it is not to be regretted that it had "wings to fly away."

EDWARD JOHNSON.

Burlington, Vermont.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

530. Tonquin. Please give a list of the best works on Tonquin and the Franco-Chinese difficulty. F. G. Pieria, Ill.

Tonquin is too recent a topic to have received special and independent treatment, and can be studied only in the pages of standard works on China, and in current journals.

531. Musical Terms. Please give the names and prices, and by whom published, of several good dictionaries of "musical terms." L. M. Springfield, Ill.


Ludden, W. Pronouncing Dictionary of Music. T. Putnam. 1.35.


532. Rutledge. Some years ago a novel was written which I wish to find. The author was Rev. (?) Henry Hilliard, of Alabama, who was a senator in ante-bellum days. The title was "Rutledge," if I remember aright. The tale brings in a young friend of his who graduated at the same college, and moved to Okalonna. It brings in a Methodist bishop, and much of the State history.

W. L. Shewood.

Newark, N. J.

The only novel entitled "Rutledge" of which we know anything is a somewhat famous one by M. C. Harris, published by Carleton. There is a Henry W. Hilliard, who has written a novel called De Pauze, "a story of Plebeians and Patricians," 2 vols., 1865, but we have never read it.

533. The Novel. Will you be kind enough to state in your columns what books it would be advisable for one to read who desires to get a fair acquaintance with the principles of social science? C. F. Saunders.

Philadelphia.

"Social Science" is a pretty broad term, and covers a multitude of "principles." The following works are within limits:

Henry, C. S. Considerations on Social Welfare and Human Progress. Appleton. $1.25.
Neyes, J. H. History of American Socialism. Lipper & Lipper. $3.00.
Sanborn, F. B. Work of Social Science in the United States. Cupples. 50 cents.

535. Cyndyland's Son. (See No. 572.) In reply to the question Who was Cyndyland? the following facts may be of interest: Cyndyland was one of the ancient Britons, or Cymric chieftains, who, some time during the latter half of the sixth century, united in heroic resistance against the invading Angles. He was Prince of Powys Land, and his capital where Shrewsbury now stands. After the death of Urian, the great North of England chieftain who led the battles of the Cymry in defence of their altars and their homes, he was joined here by Llywarch Hen, Prince of Argold, the first in genius of the Cymric bards. Cyndyland fell in a battle at Tarn, near the Urekin. This event is commemorated in the dirge sung by his sorrowing friend, Llywarch:

The hall of Cyndyland is gloomy this night, without fire, without songs; tears afflict the cheeks! The hall of Cyndyland is gloomy this night, without fire, without family; my overflow- ing tears gush out! The hall of Cyndyland pierces me to the heart, cry out, cry out! My chief is dead, and I alone am alive!

Mr. Morley, in his Sketches of English Literature, says that this bard and hero is stated in twelfth-century tradition to have been for a time one of King Arthur's counsellors. Taliesin, and Myrthlin or Merlin, who became afterwards one of the chief figures in Arthurian romance, were contemporary, and each sang the prowess of these heroes. Of Urian there is frequent reference in all Arthurian legends. Of Cyndy- lan, I find rare mention. A recent issue of the Bibliotheca Sacra, and Mr. Morley's First Sketch of English Literature, are the principal sources from which I have derived these facts, though ancient Welsh literature is rich in tradition of Cyndyland and his compatriots.

MRS. F. D. JERMAIN.

Toldeo, O.

536. German Histories of Germany. Will you please name the leading German histories of Germany, and indicate which of them are available in English translations. A. B. Show.

Anvers, Maa.

Messel, Wolfgang. From the earliest period to the present time, devoting 3d of them to 18th and 19th centuries. Protestant, readable, trustworthy. Translated by Mrs. G. Horrockes. London. 1849.


Dreyfus, Prof. F. Do., Do. 7 vols. Breslau. 1873. Both are very satisfactory general histories. Neither tr.


537. An Address by Mark Twain. I am very desirous of obtaining a copy of an address delivered by Mark Twain about two years ago. The only clue I have to it is that the whole address was a clever apology for not making what in reality was being made. He tells of a trip upon the cars where he is mistaken for some one else.

W. H. G. BELL.

Baltimore, Md.

538. Gladstone's Eulogy on Bishop Wilson. (See No. 549.) May be found in Vol. III of the Life of Wilberforce.

539. Goethe, Arnold, Ruskin, and the "Princess." (1) A good translation of Passat: what shall I get? I mention The Congregationalist for Nov. 8, by Dr. Hedge and Miss Swannwick, but do not understand whether it is a translation or has the original text; that I do not want, for I cannot read German. I do not wish for an erudite and expensive translation of Passat, but such a one as will fairly enable me to understand the tragedy. (2) One or two of the better works (prose) of Matthew Arnold which will enable a simple-minded man like me to get some idea of his thoughts and style. (3) Some of Ruskin.

(4) Prof. Dawes's study of The Princess: can it be obtained at your bookstore? I think the professor lives in Montreal. I sent for the work to New York, but did not get it. I tried once to read the poem, and verified it was a medley to me, and if any one has written an explanation of it, I should like to see it. (5) Who has written a life of Goethe — the best one for a man of my small calibre?

G. H. A. Woodbury, Conn.

I and V. Our correspondent will find on page 573, Vol. XLII, a bibliography of important translations of Passat. The Hedge-Swanwick edition of Goethe is in five volumes. Dr. Hedge's part is slight. The first part of Passat is presented in two versions: prose, by Hayward, metrical,
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by Miss Swawick; the second part in Miss Swawick’s version alone, and here Dr. Hodge pronounces the best of the metrical versions. The five best translations of *Hamlet* are probably these two, and Bayard Taylor’s, Rev. C. T. Brooke’s, Sir Theodore Martine’s, and Prof. Blackie’s. There is a life of Goethe with a commentary by Boyesen, but it is too indolent in its treatment of Goethe’s relation with women. Goethe and his *Faust* are also the subject of an exceedingly clear, compact, and useful biographical essay by Hayward. If we were to name only two books, they would be this essay of Hayward’s or Brooke’s translation of the poem. The *Faust* is certainly more interesting.

11. Matthew Arnold’s works have just been published complete by Macmillan in seven volumes, of which the first, *The Scholar’s Love Song*, and the fifth, *Literature and Dogma*, are representative.

12. Mr. Ruskin’s latest work is his *Modern Lectures on Art* in England, which are critical of living painters. His more famous writings are *Modern Painters*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *Sixty Years in Venice*, and *Sesame and Lilies*.

13. Prof. Dawson’s study of *The Princess* is a pamphlet, and was published in Montreal by Dawson Brothers. If the publisher will send us the proe we shall be happy to state it.

50. The Duchess of Marlborough. Was a book called the *Reminiscences of the Duchess of Marlborough*, or some similar title, ever written—of course treating of the times of Queen Anne? If so, who published it? Can it be had now? and at what price? Is the work perfectly unobjectionable for a book club?

S. L. E.

Burlington, Iowa.

A Life of the Duchess of Marlborough was written by Mrs. Thompson, London, 1830, and by Miss Coote, Vol. IV of *Lives of English Women*, 1844. Her Opinion were published from her original manuscript, Edinburgh, 1838. Prices we cannot give. Her *Private Correspondence* was edited by Mrs. Thompson in two volumes, London, 1850. There is a variety of other publications upon her; we do not know with certainty which of these works may meet the wants of our enquirer. He knows, of course, that the Duchess was eccentric for her station in a loose age, and that the love between her and her husband was sincere and charming.

591. Quotations Wanted.

(a) *Siris the deep thorn*, O Heavenly Vine, Without an earthly root.

Most human, and yet most divine, 799.

(b) Two cherubs reached this world of ours. The locomotives’ powers were slow to their agility. In haste they move apace.

Enjoying, without mist or fog, entire invisibility.

(c) Old wood to burn I old wine to drink! Old friends to trust; old books to read.

(d) Somewhere in desolate windswepth space, In twilights land in no-man’s-land— The luminous shapes met face to face And bade each other stand.

(And who are you?) cried one agape,

Shuddering in the gloating light.

I know not,” said the second shape,

“Only dead last night.”

(e) List to the Sabbath bell 5.

On the wings stealing—pealing,

Mark, mark, they seem to say

Bid earth’s cares away,

Hallow the Sabbath day,

Furthest in feeling.

It is sometimes written “convent bell.”

SHAKESPEARIAN.

EDITED BY WM. J. BOLSFIELD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A Shakespeare Bullesque. We have received *The Shakespeare Water-Cure*, “An original comedy in three Acts, for amateur representa- tion,” published by Roebach & Co., New York (15 cents). The characters are Lady Macbeth and her lord, Romeo and Juliet, Shylock, Portia, Hamlet, Ophelia and Othello. The thing may possibly be amusing on the stage, but we find it very dull reading.

Paton’s “Compositions from Shakespeare’s ‘Tempest’ and Shelley’s ‘Prometheus Unbound.’” Nimmo & Co. of Edinburgh publish in one volume fifteen outline engravings by Sir J. Noel Paton illustrating the *Tempest*, and twelve illustrating Shelley’s *Prometheus Unbound* (£3.00). The frontispiece and dedication are dated 1843. There is graceful in the composition, and the free lines on the blank verse, opinion do they no justice to the finer art of either Shakespeare or Shelley. Prospero, Miranda, and Ferdinand alike fail to give satisfactory shape to the ideals of our imagination. Caliban is ugly, but he is not Caliban; and Ariel, for all his winged loveliness, is not the rickety spirit of the the *Tempest*. The Shelley sketches seem on the whole better in their way, but perhaps only because one is naturally less exacting there than in the Shakespeare.

“The Merchant of Venice” for Child- ren. Messrs. Ginn, Heath & Co. are publishing a series of “Classics for Children,” the first volume of which was an abridged *Robinson Crusoe* (said to be well done), while the second is *The Merchant of Venice*, made up of the greater portion of Hudson’s “school edition” prefixed by the story of the play from Lambs’s *Tales*. The latter is excellent for the purpose; but the former seems to us wholly unsuitable for children “from nine to fifteen” without thorough reconstruction. The notes of the “school edition” are identical with those of the “Hast- ard” edition intended for grown people; and this is well enough, for the average adult reader needs about the same help in Shakespeare as the average boy or girl in high school or academy who has had some preliminary training in literary study to put these same notes into the hands of children is going a step too far; and even the text of the play for these juvenile readers would better be worked over in some such way as Professor Raymond has done it in his admirable *Shakespeare for the Young Folks*.

The “Rugby” edition of “King John.” The latest issue in the “Rugby” school edition of the plays, published by the Rivingtons (London), is *King John*, edited, like most of the preceding volumes, by Rev. C. E. Moberly. The notes as in the *Henry V* and other recent plays in the series, are at the end of the book, not under the text as in the early volumes. The editors have evidently found by experience in the class-room that the former is the better way.

“Ann Hathaway’s Second Husband.” Mr. F. Furnivall, in a recent note which we are sure will pass us for quoting here, says: “You seem surprised that no one has commented on this *carnal* which was invented in the United States. It was sent me long ago with its origi- nator’s name, and then re-imported into the States by Mtr. M. D. Conway. But the thing was so evidently a practical joke that I never supposed that any one who had seen an old regis- ter could take it as anything else. However, as some of your editors have understood it seriously, let me say at once that the explanation which oc- curred at first sight to you is of course the true one; namely, that Mrs. Shakespare and Mrs. James were buried on the same day, August 8. To roll the two women into one is only a bit of ‘States’ humour.”

MINOR NOTICES.

*Instinct in Animals and Men.* By P. A. Chad- bourne, LL.D. [F. P. Putnam’s Sons. $2.50.]

The late President Chadbourn was a scientist as well as a theologian, a man who understood nature as well as philosophy, who knew how to investigate facts as well as to reason from them. Such men take vastly broader views than the mere specialist, and unfortunately usually have a smaller following than the mere dogmatist. As early as 1859 Dr. Chadbourn’s lectures on the “Relations of Natural History,” before the Smithsonian Institution, attracted wide attention, and marked him as one of the powerful men of the times. His “Natural Theology,” originally given as the Lowell Lectures of 1856, has passed through seven or eight editions, and still remains one of the ablest of our late treatises on that subject. The work before us was first given in the Lowell Lectures of 1871, and is one of the ablest of the following year. The pressure of a busy life prevented the revision which the author promised himself, and this second edition is essentially the same as the first. The work is too well known to require formal notice here. It is one of the ablest presentations of the sub- ject from a conservative standpoint. The definition of instinct is much broader than the ordi- nary theological one, and perhaps it may be said, also, more philosophical and scientific, going so far as to embrace even obligation and the idea of Deliy. And it is proof of the ad- vanced thought of Dr. Chadbourn fifteen or twenty years ago, that our ablest writers just now are putting the theistic argument upon the same basis of instinct and intuition. On the other hand, the book falls as much short of the development idea, holding instinct to be a primal impulsive implantation of species at its origin, modified somewhat, it may be, but entirely unaccounted for on any principles of heredity, natural selection, or survival of the fittest. It is with a sorrowful feeling of loss that we read in the last preface that “the mate- rial, constantly increasing and giving rise to many important questions, demands separate treatment which the writer hopes soon to give.” As we stand before the honored dead and the revered living, it is both curious and pleas- ant to note the profound philosophy, and often the very phraseology, of President Hopkins dropping out on almost every page of President Chadbourn’s.

FICTION.

An Ambitious Woman. By Edgar P. Wackett. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.]

*The Main of the Daylight.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.]

*Rossmoor.* By the author of *Molly Brown.* [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00.]

*June.* By Blanche W. Howard. [J. R. Osgo- de & Co. $1.75.]

*June.* By Mrs. Forrester. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00.]

An Ambitious Woman. This novel is an exceedingly well intentioned one, and as such deserves of respect. The les- son it plainly teaches is of none the less worth
for being a very old one. If the book does not
rouse profound interest, it is yet by no means
dull. The main personages are very well drawn,
Holliester being the most subtly conceived, for
the ambitious woman who is his wife is not a
different character difficult to imagine or to paint.
We must say that she comes off in the end much
better than she deserves—as perhaps such per-
sions are apt to do. To make her final conver-
sion credible the author should have given
stronger indication of that in her nature which
could alone make possible so radical a change.
Twice or thrice we are made to see Claire Hol-
liester undergoing brief reactions against the
tyranny of baser desire, but these experiences
might easily be, without implying any real ca-
pacity for a nobler way of life. Doubtless the
author means it to be understood that Claire had
this capacity latent in her, but he fails to convey
that impression to the reader. What he does is
to show a cold, self-centered nature in which is
scarcely a trace of the qualities that make a
woman spiritually lovely. Of physical lovel-
ness and of intellectual capacity there is no
luck, but Mrs. Holliester is in our view a bad
woman—bad, that is, to the degree which any
person must be whose instincts and desires are
not wholly bad, but who is totally without any
governing principle of right action. There is a
positive quality in purity as in all virtue, and
granting that Claire was negatively pure, she was
also utterly without the motive that would have
kept her from contemplating the desertion of a
husband against whom she had no ground of com-
plaint, except his inability to continue her sup-
ply of luxuries. That she felt no touch of
passion or sentiment for Goldwin makes the act
she meditated not better nor worse. Mrs. Hol-
liaester's love for her dead father is her one redeem-
ing trait. In construction the book is very good,
the story progressing rapidly, without hindrance
from the intrusion of irrelevant matter. The
earlier chapters, in which the obscure and sordid
surroundings of Claire's youth are described, are
excellent. In the matter of style the book has the
adropper of simplicity. In spite of many admirable passages, the general effect is
that of labored effort not to be commonplace,
not to write as do the general herd. So intelli-
gent a writer as Mr. Fawcett ought to perceive
the bad taste of superfluous diction. Fitness is an
element of beauty in literary style, as elsewhere,
and to make use of recondite phrases and poetic
epitets in ordinary narrative where the simpler
word answers equally, is a mistake. As a sin-
gle instance of what is here meant, take the sen-
tence in which it is written that Slocombe's
"length of limb accommodated its free stride to
Claire's more represented motions." Now Claire
was hurrying to escape from the man, and there-
fore did not herself "repress" her motions, but
Mr. Fawcett felt unable to write simply "Claire's
shorter steps." Instead of "a little while," the
expressions "a slight while," "a slight time,"
occur controllably; his people never do a thing
for a "long time" or for a "protracted time," but "a
trifle longer." Their smiles or words are never quick, but al-
ways " fleet " or " swift. " These are small things
not, it is true, but we do so because literary
expression is manifestly a matter of importance,
or of "import," as he would say, to Mr. Fawcett,
as it right. There is an economy of language, in which certain words are reserved
for higher uses, while all words used are refined
and expressive. Our author coins some words
which may possibly be accepted as worthy acquisi-
tions to the language, but are noticeable from
their novelty. Such are "offendedly," "remest," etc.
Bunting ofpats not in chance breeze, but in
"chance waftures of breeze."

The Mate of the Daylight.

Eight of Miss Jewett's recent sketches make up
this small volume, dedicated to " A. E. 
(Arnie Fields.) Besides the pretty idyl which
gives the title, there are other two of her best
pieces, delineating country ways and character,
the men and women who figure in them being so
true to life that one can almost point out their like
in any rural neighborhood. Could anything be
more real than the incidents and human nature
in these two, "A Landless Farmer," and "An
Only Son?" In these, as in "Andrew's For-
tune" in a former collection, the author is at her
best. Equally good in its way is "Miss Deby's
Neighbors," a capital sketch, full of the genuine
New England village actuality talked, not made to
order. The others are "a New Parisheian," "Tom's
Husband," "The Confes-
sions of a House-Breaker," and "A Little Trav-
eller." Miss Jewett says:

Heaven only knows the story of the lives that
the gray old New England farm-houses have
sheltered and hidden away from curious eyes as
best they might. Stranger dramas than have
ever been written belong as to the dull-looking,
quiet homes, that have seen generation after
generation live and die.

This leads us to ask why, as Miss Jewett knows
New England common life so thoroughly, and has
such an insight into motives and character,
will not she try her hand at a long story, taking
in the material of some provincial town, widen-
ing her horizon; and so in her strong and grace-
ful way develop life-histories instead of incidents.
She is always sure of a friendly public.

Rousseyme.

The scene of Rousseyme is laid in the south of
Ireland, where live two spinster ladies, to whom
come home the three orphan children of their half
sister. Monica, the eldest of the three, is of a
captivating creature, as all the heroines of this
author are; and in spite of her general family
likeness, every reader is just as ready to fall in
love with the lady and never see her like before.
In the very first chapter the mischievous is done of her being seen by young Des-
mond, heir of Coole Castle, whom she is expected to
look upon as an enemy because his uncle "jilted " her mother. What follows is a fore-
gone conclusion, so to speak—passionate love,
stolen meetings, coquetish ways, little quarrels,
on through one-and-thirty chapters, varied by
the love passages of several other couples, and
the introduction of a personage friendly to
Monica and Desmond, Madam O'Connor, a de-
scentand of an Irish king, with " an eye like a
lance and a man's figure," and a " rich, strong,
Irish bosom." The little heroine is irresistible,
and carries all before her; the lover is hotheaded,
and will not listen to a " nay; " the
" jilting " turns out to have been exactly the other
way; the aunts are propitiated; or the lover
lovers marry as the reader hopes they will, so that all's well that ends well. The story is called
Rousseyme is not altogether clear.

Guenn.

Guenn is worth more serious notice than the
two earlier works of its author. A hasty exami-
nation might tempt one to class it with those
ficti a, so numerous of late, in which the writers
have sought to compensate by "local color,"
strongly laid on, for the deficiency of other
qualities that give a novel a claim to considera-
tion. A good deal of honest pains, however,
has gone into the making of Guenn, and the result
is a tale of genuine literary merit. The local
character of the Breton landscape, custom, costume,
etc., is there, but all this is subordinate, as
it should be, to the action of the story; and in the
picture of Breton life the interest is concentrated
on the characters, not on the mere accessories.
Miss Howard has shown real power in the drawing
of her little heroine, certainly the most diffi-
cult task she set herself; for distinct and life-like
as the other personages are, to sketch them was
comparatively easy. Even the rector, Thymert,
impressive figure as he is, cost less to put
before the reader. One speech of his is not quite
in character. The artists busy in painting Plovenance scenes noted, without doubt,
that the sails on the bay were red, and the voices
of the sailors hoarse as they came on the night
wind, but surely Guenn was not consciously
impressed with the aesthetic charm of color in
the book she saw every day in her irror, where
all the voices she heard were hoarse, would it have occurred to her to signalize so
common a fact. It seems a pity that even this
slight flaw is to be observed in what is otherwise
so successful a bit of literary workmanship.
It is easy to fancy that the author has made her-
selves tolerably familiar with those modern French
novelists who, so far as literary method goes,
may well serve as models for English and
American writers. The rector, Thymert, recalls
to our mind the curé of Grand-Fort in Dora's
tale Auteur d'une Source, and Guenn's sudden
derangement of mind, a similar scene in Cherbui-
liez's latest novel, Le Ferme du Chaudard.
The tale reminds us in certain main features of the
really touching little story of Béle, which is the
distinguished Ouida's one aberration into the
region of good taste, common sense, and literary
self-respect. We do not imply by these remarks that Miss Howard has necessarily
imitated all or any of the above-mentioned
works. Having freely expressed our opinion as
to the merits of Guenn, we may be allowed
to add that, so far as our private taste is concerned,
we should be better pleased if so painful a book
ever had been written. Indeed, we will venture
further to question if books of this sort have a
right to be. Readers of a certain age and
temper of mind delight in them; and yet with years and growing judgment they may come
to look on fictions, like Béle and Guenn, as
literary mistakes, artistic failures, hopeless grace-
ful and finished. Tragedy, to be permissible,
must do something more than rouse pity or
excite our imagination of the terrible. Macbeth
and Othello do this, and much more than this.
Where any great spiritual truth is conveyed,
tragedy has its undisputed raison d'être. Even
of such a book as Miss Howard's, to argue again by illustration, we feel that in
spite of the wrong done, the cruel pain and suf-
fearing that follow, and the mournful end, the
novel is artistically fine. Compensation is made
to the reader for the strain upon his sensibilities,
and the final impression is one of compassion and
unmitigated pain. As an art work, if it does not
bring us simple delight, must raise us above the
common level of feeling to a region where in our entire lives, or in the thrill accompanying the vision of new spirit, we are willing to forego the lower satisfaction. Miss Howard attempts to diminish the piteousness of poor little Guen's fate by making the girl somewhere express a wish to enjoy life while she may and then go out of it "like a sailor, without any fuss" when she should be called on to quit the earthly scene, it by no means follows that she wished to depart prematurely and as the best way out of her intolerable anguish, and we remain, therefore, with the pang of pity in our heart for her untimely end. We have left ourselves no space for comment on special excellences of execution in the book.

June.

June may be a reasonably faithful description of certain phases of English life, but it is by no means the sort of book that a wholesome appetite for fiction could find much pleasure in. Wholly sentimentally, or offensively vulgar, it is flatly commonplace, and although the heroine, June, is a sweet sort of creature, an angel with rather bewitching faults, the saccharine elements are not very harmoniously combined, and she grows in time to be rather tiresome. Surely, never was woman more elegantly won, more foolishly jealous, more tenderly susceptible to male blandishments. The other characters include an honest young squire, whose obstinate amiability is a pretty constant quantity; a hypochondriac young woman whom Mrs. Forrester "shows up," with somewhat comical enthusiasm, a gay Lobelio of a guardian, who is alternately in love with and beloved by all the beautiful women in the select coteries of London, and a madcap, yealt Madge, whose average style of speech is after this manner (the young guardian being the subject of her playful discourse):

"Well, between you and me, said Madge, lowering her voice, "I lay in wait for him... I was drivin' old Sally, and he always let her walk the last little bit, so I met him, quiedy accidient, at that particular spot, and had a perfect view of La-dida. I took my eye quite full of him, and he pulled off his billy-cock in the most polite manner, not in the gardian style, but rather abruptly, if anything. And I say, Juny, darling, don't think me a sneak and a turn-coat—of the very worst sort, but I make my thousands of him, but really and truly in looks he does rather take the shine out of him."

Mrs. Forrester, contrary to the received rules of the school of writers to which she belongs, does not gush very much over the beauties of nature. Perhaps past criticism has not been altogether in vain. But at times the desire to be "precious" cannot be resisted, and we get poetical wisdom and a pre-Raphaelite attention to details:

"Fashionable people, people who lie in bed, have no idea of the heavenly freshness and beauty of the early morning in summer [1]. The flowers are offering their first breath of incense to heaven. The waves are sparkling under the warm, with tempered worth, not with the meridional fierceness that later parches them and makes their beauty hideous. He is a young and different lover at this time of day. June has been twice round the garden, has gathered a bunch of roses, an armful of sweet violets and a cabbage leaf for her mother's breakfast, and, having carried them in-doors, has come out again and sat by a little way down the lane. And, besides, there is Tom on his big bay horse riding towards her."

As for the moral tone of the story, it has none. The semi-angelic June, being jealous of the scheming arch-hypocrite, sets the gay but faithful Madge to watch over her husband while she is engaged in a platonic flirtation with the young guardian in London. All sorts of domestic complications arise out of the situation, and news of the guardian's untimely taking off in Egypt brings upon the remorseful June an attack of fever. But in the end every one is reconciled to every one else, except the arch-hypocrite, who is married to the bishop of the Caninval Islands. Rarely have we found so much arrant nonsense within the pages of one small book as we have been surfeited with in Mrs. Forrester's June.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A new journal has appeared in Boston. To casual inspection its title is Every Saturday, but a closer examination discloses the word "Other" in a dim state of detachment from the two leading words, marking it as not a weekly but as an every-other-week-ly, like the Literary World. It is a 16 page paper of about the size of the London Saturday Review, and is handsomely printed. The contents are to be chiefly selected, comprising fiction, poetry, and general good reading, but will include in each issue a fresh sermon by some live preacher, and original comments on men and things by the editor, Horace P. Chandler, who is a Boston man of business with a thorough regard for the literary life. Success to the new venture.

D. Lothrop & Co., whose house on Franklin Street, Boston, has long been a much frequented resort of book-buyers, are about relinquishing the sales part of their business, and in a new building to be erected for them on Purchase Street, will confine their attention to manufacture and publication. We are happy to chronicle the success of this firm, and to speak in terms of praise only of the steadily improving standard of their work. Their juvenile periodicals certainly are not surpassed in this country, or in England, by Mr. Henry, the head of the firm. Randall Waite, formerly editor of the International Review, is now connected with D. Lothrop & Co. in a literary capacity.

Lee & Shepard have just published Life at Puget Sound, by Caroline C. Leighton. The author during the years from 1865 to 1881 traveled with her husband, an official of the United States Treasury Department, whose duties required him to visit every point occupied by the government in the Northwest, however remote from civilization. Her object in this book is to give her own experience, and to indicate something of the characteristic features of this little-known country. The same firm also have just published Twelve Months in an English Prison, by Mrs. S. B. Fletcher.

D. Lothrop & Co. have just issued a Life of St. Paul, by Mr. Taylor. This is written for young people, and will be helpful to teachers using the 884 Sunday School Lessons from the Ecumenical and White House, gives the experiences of Miss Pomery as a nurse in the war, written from her journal. They will also publish in January Recollections of an Otagonian, by Mr. Hill, a gentleman connected with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and a volume on American Arctic discoveries, by Prof. J. E. B. Elliott.

Three thousand dollars in prizes is offered by the Youth's Companion for the best short stories either for boys, for girls, humorous stories, or stories of adventure, to be sent before May 20, 1884. The terms and conditions of the competition are issued in a circular—for which all who desire to compete are invited to send to the Assistant Editors of the Youth's Companion, Boston.

James R. Ogden & Co. have published Raphael's Madonnas and Holy Families, by Mrs. Julia A. Shedd, illustrated with twenty full-page heliotypes of Raphael's most famous and popular paintings; also the first volume of The World as Will and Idea, by Schopenhauer, translated from the German by R. B. Haldane and John Kemp.

In the new series of Mr. Ruskin's Lectures at Oxford, there is not a more pleasant one than the last (the fifth), which has just been published in England by the author's agent, Mr. George Allen, and will be reprinted here by Messrs. John Wiley & Sons. It belongs to the "Art of England" series, and is entitled The Fireside—John Leech and John Tenniel. Before speaking of the text we must say a word about the fine mechanical execution displayed by the printer of the English edition. We know of no book of the year so thoroughly well printed or possessing so beautiful a page as this little pamphlet. It is doubtless safe to say that there is no a font of type like it in this country. Although Mr. Ruskin takes the works of Leech and Tenniel as his text he has quite as much to say of Du Maurier whom he greatly admires, and he also gives us a discussion of the illustrator's art in England, past and present, with some side references to the condition of the art in America. "Recently," he says, "very remarkable and admirable efforts have been made by American artists to represent by fine textures of crossed white lines and spots. But all such attempts are futile." And he further reminds us that "it is an optical law that transparencies in shadows can only be obtained by dark lines with white spaces." On the whole we cannot discover a more charming book of artistic, or a more charming book of artists, and his dissertations upon this art of the fireside are eminently readable and worthy of study.

We are indebted to B. & J. F. Meehan of Bath, England, for copies of their occasional catalogues of "Rare, Valuable, and Useful Books," the contents of which are always interesting as enumerating many books not often found in book shops. One recent item reads as follows:

"Phil" (Hablot K. Browne) A Valuable and Illustrated Collection of Drawings, Sketches, and Designs in Sepia, Pencil, and Chalk, by "Phil" (Hablot K. Browne), nearly mounted in a folio by the artist himself. Together with the original amusing autograph letter presenting the collection, signed and dated, "Feb 10th 1800," these colored sketches are of an exceedingly clever character, being finished in a masterly and absolutely finished style. The most famous of these sketches, having been hitherto unpublished, are the greatest interest and value. Though "Phil" is well known for his more refined and finished work, in contrast with the other grotesque and unfinished style of some of his brother artists, yet this collection would prove still more than ever the right of "Phil" to stand as one of the first of modern artists in the partic-
THE LITERARY WORLD.

 Newport, G. P. Lathrop's new novel, which has been published in the Atlantic, will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. They also have in press My House: An Ideal, by Mr. O. B. Bum. 6.

The Life of Frederick Denizet Maurice, which was first announced some months ago, is complete, and the American edition will probably be published in a few weeks by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The second portion of the Finke Library will be sold in Providence, R. L., this spring. It will comprise many books never before offered at auction in this country.

A new edition of John Bull and His Island has been called for. The first edition of 5,000 copies was exhausted within two weeks of its publication.

The Life of Lord Lyndhurst, by Sir Theodore Martin, the Author of "The Life of the Prince Consort," has been published by Scribner & Welford.

The Wiles have put Mr. Ruskin's last two "For Clavigens" letters into two well-printed little pamphlets bound in plates. The two pamphlets are different, selling for 25 cents each.


A new volume of Bancroft's revised History of the United States will be published in a few days by the Appletons.

Mr. Matthew Arnold in Philadelphia.

The dinner given to Mr. Matthew Arnold, at the Bellevue last evening, by Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Coates, was a notable greeting to the distinguished English philosopher and poet, particularly by reason of the high social standing of the people who were selected to meet him, and he could not but have been exceedingly gratified at the generous amount of kindly and appreciative attention bestowed upon him by all present.

The dinner began at 7 o'clock. The guests, headed by Mr. Arnold with Mrs. Coates and members of his family, met at a mahogany table, and in a circle, in the arrangement of which Mr. Arnold had almost perfectly surrounded himself. In the centre sat the host himself, with his more intimate circle. The guests sat around the outer edge. In the center of the large open space within the circle stood a table, covered with flowers, and adorned with quails cunningly half-concealed within its branches. A mass of acacia, sunflowers, and poppies extended from the inner edge of the table to the floor, and then rose by steps to the tree, around the base of which was a dense bed of beautiful ferns and exotic plants. The effect was novel and beautiful. Instead of being lighted with gas, the illumination, soft and brilliant, was derived altogether from wax candles, tempered by many colored shades, set in bronze candlesticks, arranged at intervals around the table. At the plate of each guest was a corsage bouquet for the ladies, and a bonbonniere for the gentlemen. The board was further adorned with beautiful bouquets of rare cut flowers, choices roses and delphiniums and lilies and rare Spanish plants and flowers and ferns also graced every window. The entire room was trimmed in such a way as to combine the effect of the candles and the wonderful profusion of flowers was charming in the extreme. The dinner was entirely informal, and lasted for three hours.

Philadelphia Press, December 26, 1883.

Springfield, Mass., December 26, 1883.

Literary World: Enclosed post-office note for one year from January, 1884. My congratulations upon the uniform excellence of this year's work. Many youth in our academies and colleges, who can have little time for current reading, ought to subscribe for this journal and thus gain general knowledge into careful criticisms of the monthly publications of the world.

Yours truly,

J. E. MCIINTRE.

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Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1884.

Paid-up Cash Capital, $900,000.00.

Assets.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>Real estate</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cash on hand and in bank</td>
<td>350,642.79</td>
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<tr>
<td>Loans on land and mortgage bonds</td>
<td>19,075.16</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interest on loans, accrued, but not due</td>
<td>69,970.58</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leases on railroad property</td>
<td>12,156.27</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deferred Life premiums</td>
<td>16,065.81</td>
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<tr>
<td>Premiums due and uncollected on Life policies</td>
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<tr>
<td>United States government bonds</td>
<td>8,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>State, county, and municipal bonds</td>
<td>5,450.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Railroad stocks and bonds</td>
<td>1,867,500.00</td>
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<td>Bank stocks</td>
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<td>Miscellaneous stocks and bonds</td>
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<td><strong>Total Assets</strong></td>
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Liabilities.

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<td>Reserve, four per cent, Life Department</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reserve for re-insurance, Accident Department</td>
<td>741,857.64</td>
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<tr>
<td>Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities</td>
<td>254,715.00</td>
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<td><strong>Total Liabilities</strong></td>
<td>$841,497.07</td>
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<tr>
<td>Surplus as regards policyholders</td>
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Statistics for the Year 1883.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

<table>
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<th>Description</th>
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<td>Number of Life Policies written in 1883</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whole number of Life Policies in force</td>
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<td>Amount Life Insurance in force</td>
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<td>Gains in amount of force in 1883</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paid policy-holders in Life Department</td>
<td>63,159,107.00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total Life Business</strong></td>
<td>$65,159,107.00</td>
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ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

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<td>Number of Accident Policies written in 1883</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whole amount Accident Claims paid in 1883</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Accident Business</strong></td>
<td>$2,000,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total Losses paid, both Departments</strong></td>
<td>$8,410,577.12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<tr>
<th>Magazine</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>Harper's Magazine</td>
<td>$5.45</td>
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<td>Atlantic Monthly</td>
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<tr>
<td>Revue des Deux Mondes</td>
<td>2.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scribner's Monthly</td>
<td>7.00</td>
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<td>Cleveland Magazne</td>
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<td>American Journal</td>
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<tr>
<td>London Magazine</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Punch and Alocamer</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday Review and Spectator</td>
<td>7.50</td>
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A country may fairly lay claim to being considered a gamelands, where elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, giraffes, and ostriches are all seen on the same day, and where, in addition, are found seven or eight species of antelopes, wild boars (or rather wart-hogs), to say nothing of lions and panthers, which, though scarce in that particular part at the time of our visit, were, nevertheless, to be occasionally found. As for birds, there were swarms of guinea-fowl, partridges, pigeons, and doves, and many birds of brilliant plumage, if any one cared to collect them.

But our friends did not seem so to care. The naturalist's passion was none of theirs. They camped and cooked and tramped and palavered with the blacks, and lurked in the jungles, and banged away with their rifles, and got through it all safely. When they reached Cairo, the party separated, two going thence to India, and the others back to England, all but two meeting eight months later in the City of Mexico. So does the Englishman make himself at home, with his hands in his pockets, in any one of the four quarters of the globe.

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Kadesh-Barnea is the lost spot in the Arabian Desert, between Egypt and Canaan, around which center the geography and the history of the wanderings of the Children of Israel. Here Miriam died and was buried; here the people murmured for water; here Moses struck the rock; from Kadesh-Barnea went the spies to explore the Promised Land. Kadesh-Barnea is the key to the Wanderings in the Wilderness, and hitherto no one with certainty has held the key.

Dr. Edward Robinson did indeed fix on a site for Kadesh-Barnea, at the head of a tract known as the Arabah, running north from the Gulf of Akabah to the Dead Sea; and his identification was for a time generally accepted. In 1845, however, Rev. John Rowlands, an English clergyman, discovered a preferred site further to the westward, but his claim was disputed, and the failures of later travelers to reach the spot threw it into further disrepute. Dr. Trumbull, in the course of the pleasure trip in 1881 which this volume describes, recovered the lost 'Ayn Qades, which Mr. Rowlands was the first to discover, and now furnishes an exhaustive argument confirmatory of its identification with Kadesh-Barnea of the Exodus.

The work is in six chapters, with a supplementary study of some length on the route of the Exodus. The first chapter furnishes an estimate of the archaeological importance of Kadesh-Barnea; the second and third collect the Biblical indications of its site and the later references thereto in other Hebrew and early Christian writings; the fourth reviews the attempts of travelers to determine its location. In the fifth chapter, at about the middle of the book, the interest culminates in Mr. Trumbull's narrative of his own expedition. It was a picturesque and adventurous diversion into the haunts of hostile or at least suspicious Bed'een. The point of departure was the ancient Castle Nakhl, an Egyptian military station at the point where the great Haij route from Mecca crosses the main route from Sinai to Gaza and Hebron. Dr. Trumbull's traveling companions were Mr. George H. Wattles, a Pennsylvania medical student, and the Rev. A. M. Dulles, a post-graduate student from Leipzig. The caravan, including draman, guides, and servants, comprised some fifteen persons, and as many camels or dromedaries. The dragoman, Muhammad Ahmad Hedayah, was a notable personage, the owner of a handsome property in Alexandria, who had previously escorted Canon Farrar, Lady Cartwright, General McClellan, and Charles Dudley Warner, and who had great sensibility on the point of appearing well in the books of
travelers. At the Wady Jeroor, sixty miles north from Castle Nakli, Dr. Trumbull, with a small detachment of the party, divided from the main route directly eastward and plunged into the territory of the hostile, plundering 'Azizmeh, hoping by a day’s divergence to re-discover the long lost and greatly coveted site of Kadesh-Barna — 'Ayn Qades. The way led through an uninhabited and inhospitable region, over camel-trodden wadis, or valleys, and gravelly ridges, around the shoulders of mountain ranges, along the slopes of low foot hills, in silence and solitariness, always with the desert stretching away on every hand, always with the sense of uncertainty and peril filling the mind, always under the suppressed excitement of the hope of sudden achievement. At various points the party passed fertile fields of wheat and barley, huge grain magazines dug into the ground like the Egyptian granaries pictured in the tombs of the Pharaohs, dried cisterns, remains of fires, cairns and circles of stone, ruined walls and terraces, and other dumm but startling tokens of past or present occupations. The adventurers were in the midst of the Wady Qades. The heat of the mid-day hour was intense. The water bottle had been emptied, and no signs of water were to be seen. In front gnared the chalk-hills, and all around grew deeper and deeper the desolation. Suddenly there was a sharp turn to the right around a low angle of the limestone hills, “and almost immediately the long-sought walls of Qades were before our eyes.”

It was a marvelous sight! Out from the barren and desolate stretch of the burning desert, and as it had come with magical suddenness into an oasis of verdure and beauty, unlooked for and hardly conceivable in such a region — a spread of grass covered the ground. Fig-trees, laden with fruit nearly ripe enough for eating, were along the shelter of the southern hills. Terraces and flowers showed themselves in variety and profusion. Running water gurgled under the waving grass. Standing out from the earth like a huge hill of solid rock, which Rowlands looked at as the cliff (Shei), smitten by Moses, to cause it to “give forth his water,” when its flowing stream had been turned into blood, and the floods under which the pious fathers of Egypt had passed under the enormous spur of the northeasterly mountain range, issued the now abundant stream. A circular well, stoned up from the bottom with time-worn limestone blocks, was the first receptacle of the water. A marble watering-trough was near this well — better finished than the troughs at Beersheba, but of like primitive workmanship. The mouth of this well was only about three feet across it [sic], and the water came to within three or four feet of the top. A little distance westward from this well, and down the slope, was a second well, like the first, but of greater diameter; and here again was a marble watering trough. A basin or pool of water larger than stillling, but not stoned-up like them, was seemingly the principal watering place... Around the margin of this pool, as also around the stoned wells, camel and goat-dung — as if of floods of centuries — was trodden down and commingled with the limestone dust so as to form a solid plaster bed. Another and yet larger pool, lower down the slope, was supplied with water by a stream which rippled and cascaded along its narrow bed from the upper pool. And yet beyond this, westward, the water gurgled away under the earth as it measured the view when we came in, and finally lost itself in the parching wady from which this oasis opened. The water itself was as tender and sweet; wild fruits were equaled by any we had found after leaving the Nile. There was a New England look to the oasis, especially in the flowers and grass and weeds; quite unlike anything we had seen in the peninsula of Sinai. Bees were humming there and birds flitting from tree to tree. Enormous ant hills made of green grass seed, instead of sand, were numerous. As we came into the wady we had seen a rabbit, and had seen larks and quails... The delicious repose of the spot, after our journey over the arid gravel waste under a blazing sun, was most refreshing... Our Arabs seemed to feel the soothing influences of the place; and to have lost all fear of the 'Azizmeh, even when the danger from them was probably the greatest... One thing was sure: all that Rowlands had said of this oasis was abundantly justified by the facts... The snares which other travelers had indulged in over the creation of his beaten path, were the result of lack of knowledge and charity. And as to the name of the oasis, about which Robinson and others were so incredulous, it was written for me in Arabic by my intelligent Arab dragoon, a similar name to that of Jerusalem, El-Quds, the Holy; the equivalent of the Hebrew Kadesh.

We have not space to detail the remaining incidents of this adventurous day, save to say that they included one or two lesser but interesting discoveries, a bloodless encounter with the dreaded 'Azizmeh, a losing of the way, and a ride in the darkness, until at last the main party and the main route were regained in safety.

The chapter which we have quoted above is itself an oasis of picturesque and entertaining description amidst an expanse of geographical studies and historical speculations, divided between the true site of Kadesh-Barna and the true route of the Exodus. The volume is closed with an elaborate list of authorities cited, and with indexes of persons named, of foreign words cited, of Bible texts referred to, and of topics in alphabetical order. There are two maps, one large one inserted in a pocket, which does not show as it ought to, by means of a line, the exact path of the author. There are two wood-cuts and three heliotypes. The foot-notes are abundant almost to excess, some of them being supererogatory; and the list of “Contents” is made out with such an eye to thoroughness as to include even the title-page. The certificate of copyright is however omitted — an oversight which might be corrected in later editions.

KOSTLIN’S LUTHER.

PROF. JULIUS KOSTLIN may be called without injustice the biographer by eminence of Martin Luther. It is now twenty years since his two volumes upon Luther’s theology appeared, a study noteworthy for system and thoroughness, for broad comprehension and depth of insight. Eight years ago he published two other volumes upon the reformer’s life and writings, an exhaustive summary of available materials and references, recognized by his countrymen as of quite incommensurable value and authority. This work was followed, after six years, by a shorter and more popular, but still thorough and careful little book, addressed to the wide circle of educated Germans. “For such a biography,” says Mr. Froude, speaking of this later book, “Europe has waited till the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth.” Within the last year, a number of sketches of the reformer have appeared in English based upon Prof. Köstlin’s Life, and among them one professed translation, imperfect in rendering and defective in illustration. At last, however, we have a full, accurate, and intelligible version, which reproduces the characteristic and helpful Illustrations of the original, and which, if inferior to the original in excellence of execution and beauty of appearance, is yet unequalled in interest and authority by anything upon the subject in our tongue.

Prof. Köstlin gives but few pages comparatively to the childhood and youth of Luther and to the life he led as monk and professor up to the time of the breach with Rome. But even here we find a clear unfolding not merely of his outer circumstances, but also of his inmost life, of the teachings he received and the ideas he formed regarding spiritual truth, and of the effect these earlier influences had upon his character and work. From the publication of the Ninety-five Theses, the current of the narrative grows wider and deeper. The nature of the conflict, the questions at issue, and the forces arrayed upon either side, are plainly set forth; the Heathenism and the Humanism of the times are well described; the personal characters of Luther’s opponents, of Melitzl and Caletian and Duke George, as well as of Tettau and Eck, are drawn with singular fidelity; and the alliances among the laity as well as among the clergy, such knights as Sickingen and Schaeben and Hutten, and such counsellors and friends as the three Electors, receive their just meed of praise. And while the biographer writes with hearty appreciation, his hero’s faults are not extenuated nor is his glory enforced. His roughness and violence, his growing dogmatism in opinion and spirit, his bitterness toward Zwingli and the Sacramentarians, and above all his base and cowardly concession to Philipp of Hesse, all find their place in the impartial record. But his faults, although grave and prominent, were far fewer and far rarer than his virtues. And nowhere can we find so bright a picture of his home-life, of his relations to his friends and subordinates, to his wife and children, as crowns the closing chapters of this work. And the whole story of his life, in solitude, in the family, and in public, impresses the reader anew with a love that
is better than admiration for the generous
tenderness: no less than for the massive,
rugged strength of this the first of reformers
and the greatest of Germans. His tone
was not always delicate or refined, but his
heart was sound and true. "Not even a
religious revolution can be made with
orange blossom," says Heine; and his
other remark may apply as well to the
German nation as to the fortunes of Protest-
antism, "Neither the subtility of Erasmus,
or the benignity of Melanchthon, would ever
have brought us so far as the divine brutality
of Brother Martin."

In a brief sketch of Martin Luther, the
Reformer,* Prof. Köstlin treats with fresh
and graphic touches the general outline of
Luther's call and work, and the version
before us will be found useful to those
who have neither time nor opportunity to read
the larger work.


THE ELDER LORD LYTTON.\n
SECOND NOTICE.

WHERE the autobiography of the elder
Bulwer ends, his biography, by Owen
Meredith, his son, begins, and it comes down
to 1829, when the author of Kenelm Chillingly
was twenty-six years old. If the whole work is
continued at this rate, it will make ten vol-
umes; but the prospect is that five volumes
will be found sufficient. If there were no
padding, and no publishing of useless old
manuscripts, the biography of Edward Bul-
wer might well have been condensed into
two good-sized volumes. And what lover of
good literature cares to read more than two
volumes even on so distinguished an author
as was the elder Lord Lytton? On the other
hand, after a little judicious skipping one
cannot help being pleased with the de-
tailed account of Bulwer's entrance into lit-
erature. This account will delight the old
readers of the multifarious novelist, and may
be recommended to the studious attention of
all persons who have a taste for writing
novels or romances, and still more to those
who study what might be called the pathology
of literary life. It will be found that suc-
cess in literature, like success in the accumu-
lation of wealth, is usually a slow process.
The foundation of success is labor, talent,
perseverance, and more labor.

The present volume of the Bulwer biogra-
phy covers the publication of Pelham and
the author's unfortunate marriage. The
less this latter subject is discussed the better
it will be. Bulwer always believed that his
heart belonged to an earlier love; yet he
married Rosina Wheeler, a pretty Irish girl,
in the face of his mother's violent and un-
reasonable opposition. Bulwer depended
somewhat upon the wealth of his mother;
but being proud and self-reliant he married
Miss Wheeler, as if to defy all opposition.
The result was an indifferent sort of happi-
ness in wedded life, and a most unfortunate
separation soon after the birth of Owen
Meredith. For Mrs. Bulwer devoted her
prosperous pen in the main to the prodding and
annoying of her husband. As usual, the
fault lay on both sides, although Bulwer
seems to have imagined, as have many men of
literary or similar talents, that his case
was exceptional, and that he had a right
to expect in marriage those beatitudes of which
busy poets dream more vividly than the reali-
ties of marriage justify. One need not ex-
cuse Rosina Wheeler; neither need one
pity Bulwer. Both were guilty of shirking
hard and proxy duties without the discharge
of which no marriage can last in this sub-
natural world of tough work and stern realities.

Bulwer continued his hard work mainly
to his literary enterprises; his leisure he con-
secrated largely to the luxury of building and
ornamentation. It illustrates the man that
one of his earliest and latest friends was Al-
exander Cockburn, of whom it has been said
that he was refused admission to Queen Vic-
toria, because the marriage of the chief-just-
tice was not above reproach. This may be
an exaggeration; but Sir Alexander Cock-
burn was certainly not a model man, as he
showed in the Geneva arbitration and in his
management of the Tichborne trial. Bul-
wer gave up gambling rather early in life,
but he improved his income by playing whist
more effectually than modern taste justifies.
He was a confirmed smoker, and generally
indulged in tobacco while he wrote. We
learn also that Bulwer addressed his novels
in the main to the upper middle classes—
that class which forms the majority in the
House of Commons. Bulwer thought him-
selves above these people; but he was willing
to amuse them, and in order not to corrupt
them he suppressed Falkland.

Pelham appeared in 1826, when Bulwer
was twenty-five years old, and lifted him at
once into favor with the upper and lower
middle class all over Europe; though the
critics opposed him bitterly, and Thackeray
made an attack both anonymous and "scur-
rilous," as the two Lyttons call it. Later in
life Thackeray regretted this mistake sin-
cerely, as well he might. Pelham was a
novel half ordered on a promise of £500, the
Disowned paid £600, Devious £1,500.

Writers, publishers, and critics will find the
chapter on the origin and first appearance of
Pelham very interesting, though Bulwer is
clearly mistaken in thinking that critics write
favorable notices as a proper introduction
of authors. Critics write as well as they
know how, and if they misjudge a new au-
tor, they do precisely what publishers and
the authors themselves do every day. None
the less, all critics who have taste will enjoy
Bulwer's mock-critique of Dr. Goldsmith; it
is a fragment, but a veritable jeu d'esprit.
The biography breaks off at Bulwer's elec-
tion to the House of Commons and the be-
inning of his friendship with Benjamin
Disraeli. This relation characterizes Bulwer
almost as much as does his studious neglect
of men whose friendship would have been no
less honorable than helpful and inspiring—
a point which will receive further light in
the volumes yet to be given to an expectant
world of readers.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.\n
ON the whole we prefer history to lect-
ures on history. To the lecturer, who
is always seeking for the impressive points
in history, the temptation is greater than to
the historian to make what he cannot find in
the way of heroes, and epochs, and crises,
and historic drifts and movements. Professor
Seeley's volume, however, is above the
plane of ordinary lectures. Of heroes he
has nothing to say. He deals with events,
their causes, consequences, foretakings,
and lessons. The philosophy of the expan-
sion of Great Britain into "Greater Britain."
is the author's great theme, and this
amounts to the philosophy of all modern
English history.

The first half of the book is on the expan-
sion of England by colonization. The
second half is devoted to expansion by the
acquisition of India. The former topic will
naturally most interest Americans. The
key to the main course of English history
since the time of Elizabeth the author finds in
the New World. Rivalry with other
European Powers, especially France (pp.
24–50), for its possession produced the wars
of the eighteenth century; the "seven great
wars" ending with Waterloo. The dis-
covery of the New World made England
a maritime nation; set her face towards the
ocean instead of towards the continent, and
gave commercial and industrial preemi-
nence. But across this expansion there
opens a great schism—the American Rev-
olution. What were its causes? What are
its lessons? Whatever Greater Britain
might have been but for this, it still has
more than ten millions of English subjects
outside of the Island, besides the vast
"dependency" of India.

This course of argument the author elabor-
ates with true eloquence, the eloquence
of clear and weighty thought.

Let us select a few specimen fragments:

"What then is the true test of the historical
importance of events? I say it is their preg-
ancy, and, in other words, the presentness of
the consequences likely to follow from them.
On this principle I have argued that in the
eighteenth century the expansion of England is historically
far more important than all domestic questions
and movements. Look at the great personage

By J. R. Seeley. Roberts Brothers. 1874.
who dominates English politics through the whole middle period of that century, the elder Pitt. It is not so with us. The whole is identified with the expansion of England; he is a statesman of Greater Britain. It is in the buccaneering spirit that he sowed his political wild oats; his glory is won in the great colonial duel with France; his old age is spent in striving to avert schism in Greater Britain.

There is no topic so pregnant as this of the mutual influence of the branches of the English race. What are we to think of the treatment which the American Revolution receives from our historians? They dispatch it very summarily. They have nothing to do with a constitutional discussion of the right of taxation and to some glowing descriptions of Chatham's oratory; in old time they describe the war, apologize for our defeats, make the most of our successes, tell some anecdotes of Franklin, estimate the merits of Washington, and then dismiss the whole subject as if it were tedious and did not interest them. . . . Is it not evident that we have yet to learn what history is, that what we have hitherto called history is only history at all,ought to be called by some other name, perhaps biography, perhaps party politics?

Professor Seeley argues strongly and we think soundly, that the ascension of the American colonies does not prove that the present colonies of England will succeed.

"Any general inference from the conduct of these [early] colonies is open to objection, because they were not normal. The peculiar colonies." We cannot, however, agree with the author that America does not in any considerable degree owe her prosperity to her Independence. It would not be hard to show that our own "expansion" has been due, at more than one critical time, to motives which could not have operated so powerfully in colonial politics.

Take, for example, the annexation of Texas, with its momentous results.

We must demur also to the author's interpretation of Napoleon's wars with England. "Competition for the New World" did wonders, and did a world of mischief, but let us not make a hobby of it. Prof. Seeley admits that the war of 1803-1815 "does not seem to be a war for the New World." Indeed it does not. Certainly the sale of Louisiana to the United States looks very little like it. But a few points of disagreement do not prevent us from seeing in this discussion a noteworthy contribution to the philosophy of English history, and to the true method of historical philosophy.

The lectures on India we have greatly enjoyed, but we need not remark upon them at length. They clear up not a few points which have puzzled superficial readers of late English history. After reading them one can no longer regard the presence and power of England in India as a mystery, though it is a wonder. Let a few of the author's sentences tell the whole story:

"There is then no Indian nationality, though there are some germs out of which we can conceive an Indian nationality developing itself. It is this fact and not some enormous superiority on the part of the English race that makes our empire. If there were a case in India a nationality-movement similar to that which we witnessed in Italy, the English power could not even make the resistance that was made in Italy by Austria, but must succumb at once. For what means can England have, which is not even a military state, of resisting the rebellions of millions of subjects? Do you say, as we conquered them before, we could conquer them again? But I explained that we did not conquer them: you showed me that of the army which won our victories four fifths consisted of native troops (p. 247)."

"Shall we add a few gleanings of terse and pithy statements?"

"Some countries, such as Holland and Sweden, might pardonsly regard their history as in a manner wound up. The only practical lesson of their history is a lesson of resignation (p. 1)."

"We are no longer conquerors; yet we conquered half the world in a fit of absence of mind (p. 8)."

"Science has given to the political organism a new circulation, which is steam, and a new nervous system, which is electricity. These new conditions make it necessary to reconsider the whole colonial problem (p. 74)."

"All of heroes Washington is the least dramatic (p. 143)."

"If we are disposed to doubt whether any system can be devised capable of holding together communications from each other, then it is the time to recollect the history of the United States of America. For they have such a system, they have solved this problem (p. 159)."

MRS. OLIPHANT'S SHERIDAN.*

That Mrs. Oliphant's book on Sheridan is vastly entertaining goes without saying. The clever and facile novelist could hardly fail to be inspired by the brilliant career of the most brilliant of Englishmen, and she has told the story of his life with a vigor and spirit that cannot fail to fascinate all her readers.

The love affair with the beautiful Miss Linley, its attendant dramatic episodes, and its pleasant consummation are made as fresh and charming as if they had been newly conjured from the author's brain:

"The genteelest of comedy, in fine eighteenth century style; the villain intriguing, the ardent young lover stealing the lady out of his clothes, and Lydia Languish herself not without a certain delight in the romance, notwithstanding all her flirtations; a passage through the night, the alarms of the voyage, the curious innocent delusion of the marriage, compliant parent and gossipping guardian-bridegroom, with a soul above every ungenuous advantage."

All this, and the tavern duel, and the hundred and one thrilling incidents in Sheridan's outer life, Mrs. Oliphant bests in the telling. But when we come to her estimate of Sheridan as a writer of plays, it is a far different matter. In her criticism, dextrous and often suggestive as that criticism is, she labors under two distinct disadvantages. She pins her faith to the vulgar tradition that Sheridan's literary work was the spontaneous product of untrained genius; and seems to be constantly lamenting that Sheridan was not a Shakespeare. She praises fervently when she gets about it, but begins with depreciation and ends with an apology, as who should say, "I know it fine, but really, you know, according to my literary creed, I ought not to like it." It is perhaps natural that the maker of forty novels should express contempt for the critical zeal which would "trace the lineage" of a literary production "to previous works and well-defined impulses and influences," and "confess a leaning to the primitive method, and a preference for the Minerva springing full-armed from the brain of Jove to the goddesses more gradually developed of scientific investigation." Nevertheless, it is an unromantic fact that no one but a professional spinner of society stories would think at this day of advancing any other theory. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant is, on the whole, not to be blamed for regarding the gleaming epigrams of The School for Scandal and The Rivals as mere inspirations of the moment, since her own works, calculated first of all to please the average intelligence, show no such striking evidences of laborious thought. Truly, Mrs. Oliphant, if any one, may be said to be "believed on for believing". The well-favored . . . is the gift of fortune, but to write . . . comes by nature.

Yet criticism based on such philosophy is not the criticism that those to whom nature has been churlish can profit by. It is easy to say anything brilliantly, if you are not obliged to give a reason for it; or, on the other hand, you can complain that a thing is not something else. Thus Mrs. Oliphant argues that Sheridan's art was "theatrical," rather than "dramatic," and that "there is nothing to be discovered in it by the student, as in those loftier dramas which deal with the higher qualities and developments of the human spirit." It "hides no depths under its brilliant surface." The character of Lydia, when well played, is delightful, "but there is nothing further to find out about her." This last idea is a source of great discontent to Mrs. Oliphant. She recites to us again:

"Sheridan's view of life was not a profound one. It was but a vulgar sort of drama, a problem without any depths—to be solved by plenty of money and wine and pleasure, by youth and high spirits, and an easy lavishness which was called liberality, or even generosity, as occasion served. But to Sheridan there was nothing to find out in it, any more than there is anything to find out in the characters of his plays."

Is it worth while enlarging upon the futility of such criticism? That Sheridan's principal purpose was to amuse we should think would be the necessary preconception in an estimate of his art. And who else has lashed the fashionable vices and follies of his time with so keen a whip? Does Mrs. Oliphant mean to say that the jewels in The School for Scandal and The Rivals are all paste? If Sheridan's characters had not been in a great degree true to nature, the world would have found them before this, and would have had none of them.

on their own ground as studies of society. But this Mrs. Oliphant has not made, and she did not there show the powers in giving any just idea of Sheridan's genius.

ORVILLE DEWEY.*

O RVILLE DEWEY, born 1794, and dying in 1883, is a name second only to that of Channing in the estimation of American Unitarians. His Autobiography and Letters form a modest volume which has been edited with great reserve and absence of editorial intrusion by his daughter, Miss Mary E. Dewey, who once edited the Life of Miss Catherine Sedgwick. The lack of an index is the one fault of the editing. The Autobiography occupies but one hundred and fifteen pages; it is distinguished for its simplicity, elevation, and freedom from nearly all if not all the usual weaknesses. It is the record of a life extraordinary for its honesty, devotion, and faith. The first few pages contain amusing recollections of country living in Sheffield, Massachusetts, in the first part of this century.

In taking leave of my childhood, I must say [this is his characteristic remark] that so far as my experience goes, the ordinary poetic representations of the happiness of that period as compared with after life are not true, and I must declare that whether they were once true, I am as happy, I suppose, as most children... but instead of looking back to childhood as the blissful period of my life, I find that I have been growing happier every year, up to this very time. At last, art, religion... have constantly risen clearer and brighter before me; my family bonds have grown stronger, friends dearer, the world and nature fuller of goodness and beauty, and I have every day grown a happier man.

Mr. Dewey was brought up under a weakening Calvinism, passed through the Andover Seminary, and after preaching a year in the Congregational church at Gloucester, Massachusetts, went up to Boston to assist Dr. Channing for about two years. His reminiscences of the great Doctor are especially intimate. He was settled at New Bedford in 1823, and by overwork brought on a brain difficulty which drove him away to Europe several times, obliged him to leave New Bedford in 1835, and finally brought the cruel necessity of complete retirement from the pulpit in 1849. Previous to this he had been, though in a much interrupted way, the minister of the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Church in New York for fourteen years. His ministry was thus confined to these two places and these few years, but it was enough to give him standing as one of the greatest preachers of his age. Impressively to the last degree by the weight of his thought, the profound earnestness of his manner, and a dramatic power which fell short of sensationalism, he was heard by crowded houses of the most earnest people of his time, and left his mark upon them for the rest of their days. He

was the pioneer in this country of the best preaching it has ever had, the kind which applies the vital principle to the whole instant life of modern man. "The Ideality of Religion with Goodness of Heart" is the title of one of his noblest sermons; it is not a striking title for today, but such preaching was almost unique in his day. His discourses are still among the very best for private reading, a rare quality in sermons which produced such a profound impression when delivered.

For over thirty years Dr. Dewey lived a serene and beautiful life of thought and study at his old home in Sheffield. His tract on the Problem of Human Destiny, and his letters show him, through all this time, occupied with the highest reflections on the great absorbing questions of speculation, happy in his family, happy in his correspondence with such men as Bryant and Bellows and other less renowned but not less worthy souls, happy most of all in a high and cheerful faith, which could write thus in his last years:

The world is a school; men are pupils in this school; God is its builder and orderer... This school of life is regard as the infant school of eternity. The pupil, I believe, will go on forever learning. There is no more the change of schools. There is no change in the discipline. There is no rise of the school, but the pupil, as it were, grows in the school... There is help divined offered to me, there is encouragement, wise, and gracious. I welcome them. There is a blessed hereafter open to prayer and patience and faith; I lift my hope to that immortal life.

Few lives of men of religion are better worth reading by the earnest and thoughtful than this simple record, and these charming letters, which reveal one of the largest minds and one of the greatest hearts of the last generation of the church.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Theory of Morals. (La Morale) By Paul Janet. Tr. by Mary Chapman. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.]

This is a substantial volume of five hundred pages octavo. The translation is well done; we have marked but few places where it would seem to be in error, as on p. 404, where conscience and consciousness, both the equivalents of the same French word, are not properly distinguished; on page 55, where "this life [of the senses] ordinarily consists entirely in folly and idleness" where it should be "perpetually entirely." Mr. Janet is an eclectic in morals, recognizing his indebtedness to every prominent school, and endeavoring to do justice to idealism and utilitarianism alike. "The true principle of all moral science... is the idea of perfection and happiness." Later in the book he says, "It is not happiness, but happiness should be the end of action. But the effort after perfection, resulting in greater intensity of being and increasing coordination of power will inevitably produce happiness. For happiness is not, as Bentham claims, the greatest possible sum of pleasure; it is the highest possible state of excellence, from whence results the most excellent happiness."

The 1884 edition of that invaluable book, Men of the Time, revised to the end of December, 1883, will appear late in the present month from Routledge's press.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, JAN. 26, 1884.

EDISON.
A daily service doth thou render me, Lifting my thoughts. For though the mist will rise From common things, till before mine eyes No mountain looms, yet well enough I see "Tis but a mist the sunlight presently Will burn away. With what a half-sorrows Again and yet again into the skies I see thee tower, the white far off I be. And now and then, too seldom, comes a day When I have leave to take the path and climb — Until, the woodslands passed, I stand at length Upon the ridge, above the world and time. From such a height, though all too brief the stay, The soul brings back an endless joy and strength.

BRADFORD TORREY.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

The Boston Advertiser of January 17 contained the following paragraph:

The Longfellow Memorial.

A number of Boston gentlemen interested in the Longfellow memorial fund held a meeting yesterday afternoon, at the St. Botolph Clubrooms. A statement was made of the present condition of the fund, showing that it amounted to about $11,500. Letters were read from a number of gentlemen, expressing sympathy with the movement. It was shown that there was interest of the subscribers throughout the country, but the expense of collecting small amounts was large, and it seemed proper that the responsibility for raising the balance should rest upon Boston. Accordingly it was decided to suspend further attempts to raise small sums, and to make the fund up by larger contributions. A committee of six gentlemen was appointed to raise them. Contributions can be sent to Mr. Henry P. Kidder, of the firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co., 113 Devonshire Street.

No public notice was given of this meeting, and the above report it bears no official signatures; but the report reads like a virtual abandonment of the original effort. Boston is now to be asked to do what the country has failed in doing.

Mr. Longfellow died on the 24th of March, 1882. Soon after his death a letter appeared in the public press proposing the purchase of his house and grounds, including the open field toward the river opposite, and the erection in the latter of a statue to the poet. In May the formation of a Longfellow Memorial Association was announced, with this for its scheme, and national subscriptions of one dollar each were invited. The plans of the committee were large, the enthusiasm of its leaders considerable, and immediate and ample response was expected.

In June there followed an invitation for ten-cent contributions from the children of America, and in the autumn the certificates proposed to be issued to subscribers of every degree were fairly in circulation. On November 9 an unsigned and irresponsible but apparently official statement appeared in the Boston Advertiser, to the effect that the subscriptions so far had been small and the expenses large, but showing that responses had been received from some thirty of the States and Territories, and from England, Germany, and the British Provinces in America. Upon this an exact and explicit financial statement was called for in some quarters, but it was not granted. In December it was given out that the number of contributing children in sums of ten cents had reached 21,000 and upwards, and the formation of auxiliary associations in various parts of the country was announced.

The next step of the Association was to call for a general national subscription on the 27th of February, the anniversary of the poet's birth; but it never appeared that any notice of this appeal whatever was taken. Then came the annual meeting in March at which a first financial statement was made, showing that the total receipts to date had been $7,528.51, and the expenses $2,613.73; and a sweeping reorganization of the Association was effected in the supposed interests of simplicity and directness of management. The feature of this meeting was a formal communication from the children of Mr. Longfellow offering as a gift for the purposes of the Association a strip of the vacant field opposite the poet's house, as the most important element toward the achievement of the undertaking. Under these improved auspices the Association took a new departure, with hopes of success renewed. In April it was announced that money enough was in hand to lay out the proposed park; and in December last that the work had been begun by the erection of an enclosure. The enclosure is in its place, a fence with gates. And now comes the not very encouraging statement which we have placed at the head of this article.

If at the outset the Longfellow Memorial Association had fixed upon some form of memorial which met with general and hearty approval; or if, before fixing on any form, it had endeavored to sound the feelings of the public whose contributions were to be solicited, as to what sort of memorial would be preferred; or if it had at once disarmed the objection that this was to be a mere local adornment by selecting some object for enrichment or endowment in which the people of the country at large had an interest; and if it had not attempted to dictate the measure of individual interest by limiting contributions to a single dollar; and if it had opened a general popular subscription instead of inventing, constructing, and setting into operation a ponderous and expensive system of auxiliary agencies; and if it had frankly kept the public informed as its work proceeded as to the amount of collections and the ratio of expenses; then we think a different result might have been expected. As it is we hope it is not too late to amend a seeming failure, or at least what a halting success, and to place a certainly desirable and pleasant scheme in the way of assured accomplishment. As our readers know we have never had the slightest sympathy with the proposition to erect a statue of Longfellow in the open field fronting his house. The grotesqueness of that idea grows upon us the longer it is entertained. But better that, than to allow the whole plan to lapse by default, or to dwindle down to a "Longfellow Park," which is at best a disproportionately small strip of ground, separated from two other disproportionately strips of ground, by a fence.

ALMANACS AND REGISTERS.

Among the many almanacs issued for the year 1884 a few are so important as to deserve special attention, for even the literary student will find them useful, while the man of affairs will think some of them indispensable. It is to be observed, also, that very many almanacs contain literary information, either directly or indirectly. The Tribune Almanac, not yet issued, will be purely American, with its special feature lies in the election returns, and its price is 25 cents. Spofford's American Almanac for 1884 will appear some weeks hence, and is a general reference-book for American politics, trade, commerce, finance, State information, and education. It is compiled chiefly from government documents, and is generally issued in two editions, costing 25 cents and $1.50 each. Whitaker's Almanack for 1884 covers 376 pages for the shilling edition in boards, and 436 pages for the bound edition, which costs two shillings. Whitaker's is the best popular almanac on all English topics, including the aristocracy, Parliament, government offices, the army and navy, schools, banks, and trade. It is entirely trustworthy, and presents a large amount of highly condensed information, down to salaries, subordinate officials, university degrees, and brief summaries for 1885. Its lists of foreign, English colleges and public schools, and the churches will be found sufficient by most American readers. A similar publication is the British Almanac (56 pages, one shilling), the supplement of which (336 pages, 4d. ed.) contains brief essays, and fair reviews of last year's progress in science, architecture, art, music, and philanthropy. It publishes the English bankruptcy, corrupt practice, and agricultural holdings, acts, and kindred information drawn from Parliamentary papers. The best statistical and economic almanac in French is M. Maurice Block's Annuaire de l'Économie Politique, published in Paris at 9 francs a copy. It covers the bibliography of its subject, is specially good on Paris and France, and occupies about a thousand small pages. The Almanach de Gotha for 1884 costs about $3.50 a copy, contains 1,120 pages, and is final authority on the genealogy of all reigning families of sovereigns and the higher aristocracy. It gives a full list of all consuls, envoys, and ambassadors, enumerates the heads of departments, gives full statistics as to population, commerce, and national expenditure, and is extremely well edited, being the trusted companion of all gentlemen in the diplomatic service. It treats all countries alike.

A new English enterprise is the History of the
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.]

Year, a pleasant duodecimo volume of about 350 pages, bound in red cloth, and published at six shillings by Cassell & Co., limited. The volume is to cover each year from October 1 to September 30, and two volumes are out. They enumerate in a pleasing manner the principal events in Great Britain, the English colonies, and foreign countries, and devote special chapters to trade, religion, science, literature, art, sports, and fashion. The quarterly list of new books, and an appendix given in each number, containing a variety of illustratory information. The History of the Year bids fair to displace the more solid Annual Register which Edmund Burke started. At any rate most readers will find the History of the Year a sufficient record of the world's history. The Statesman's Year-Book is published annually, and explains the public institutions of every country, giving elaborate statistics, and fair bibliographies, but very little information as to persons. It will be found specially useful by persons not having the Almanach de Gotha, which is French. The Statesman's Year-Book is a fine thing, and is published in a large type, and enjoys the reputation of being a standard publication. It costs about $3 a volume. Some of the almanacs just named ought to be found in every educated family.

* * * The London Athenæum has been drawing a remarkable pen-picture of Boston in 1850—this Boston into which Margaret Fuller was born. These are a few lines and points in the picture:

Those were the years when Prescott and, later on, Motley wrote their Spanish histories, and George Ticknor his great work on Spanish literature. Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, and other less known poets were showing us that America could produce song of varied power and beauty. At Concord Hawthorne was writing his weird stories, and Emerson promulgating his mystic philosophy. Agassiz had come over from Switzerland, and, with an arduous scarcely surpassed by Darwin, was exploring the secrets of the world of nature. Webster and Everett and Charles Sumner were stirring the hearts of their hearers by their casual speeches or sermons. Dr. Channing exerting an influence over religious thought which his admirers fondly believed would extend far beyond his own day and its circle, and other divines of the same school were justifying the new theology on the ground of its Scriptural basis. Lastly, Theodore Parker was breaking loose from his early teaching, and resting belief on the somewhat shifting dictates of man's conscience. And these were only the leaders of that remarkable society.

The Athenæum has the names all right, but is a little wild as to dates. In 1850 Sumner, Motley, Lowell, and Norton were not yet born, Theodore Parker had only just opened his eyes, Darwin and Holmes were infants in arms, Longfellow and Agassiz were running about in petti-coats in Switzerland, Hawthorne and Emerson had scarcely learned their A B Cs, Everett was in college, Ticknor was a student in Europe, Webster had just entered Congress, Channing alone was fairly embarked on his career. The words "later on" in the Athenæum's account of the saving clause but it ought to calculate the literary latitude and longitude of Margaret Fuller's birth with a little more accuracy. However, anything will do in an English paper for America.

* * * A catalogue has been printed of the Works of Art Belonging to Wellesley College, which will furnish a surprise even to those who know something of that remarkable institution. It makes a pamphlet of 186 pages, and is the careful work of Miss Denio, the Professor of German. The catalogue fulfills the function of an intelligent and obliging guide, meeting the visitor at the front door of the immense building, and taking him through all its rooms, pointing out each picture and piece of statuary, and ending with an examination of the art treasures in the library. The collection comprises over two thousand different works of art, including the illustrated books, and each piece is not only named and described, but a good deal of information is given, by means of elaborate notes, respecting the artists whose works are represented. Besides paintings in oil, both originals and copies of masterpieces, there are bas-reliefs, water-colors, pen-and-ink sketches, choice engravings, panels in brass, casts, bronzes, and cabinets. The treasures of the Brownian Room are minutely described. There are valuable series of engraved portraits; of photographs of the original plates of Thorwaldsen's works at Copenhagen; of drawings by Rembrandt, and copies of original drawings by Hammbert in India ink illustrating the Apocalypse; a collection of thirty of the most beautiful of Dürer's wood-cuts; one set of over two hundred casts for studies; a display of thirty-two pieces of armor from the collection of Count Stolberg, etc., etc. Few schools have anything to compare with this store of art treasures, and they place the department of art study at a great advantage.

* * * One of our national government's most needless extravagances is the public printing. A certain amount of public printing is of course unavoidable, but it is carried to an excess which has no excuse whatever. The government printing office at Washington cost last year the round sum of $5,861,741; which does not include the expense of the treasury bureau of engraving and printing, or the department printing establishments of which there are several. The cost of the government printing has doubled since 1853, although the price of labor has fallen, and a saving of nearly half a million of dollars has been effected in paper, ink, books, pamphlets, reports, and engravings, and money is manufactured and distributed on the most lavish scale. A large proportion of the public documents simply go into the waste baskets and feed the paper mills. The wasteful report of the Bureau of Education alone costs above $25,000; General Hazen's pedantic weather bureau, fifty as much; Mr. Blaine's eloquence on Garfield half as much; Hayden's twelfth annual report a round $500,000, or about $10 a copy; Commissioner Loring's Agricultural report more than $200,000; and other works that few persons read and fewer ever hear of in proportion. If the government would sell its publications to those who want them, furnishing only libraries free, the case would be different; as it is its printing office is simply a ponderous and dexterous machine for throwing away the people's money.

* * * In looking over the New Departure in the Common Schools of Quincy, the well-known pamphlet published by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in 1859, we were somewhat surprised to meet with the following maxim: "The child by means of what we call a common-school course, had, as it were, learned to walk, etc." The italics are ours; but the blunder which they mark is one of which few boys and girls in the schools of Quincy or any other New England town would be guilty.

The "Critic" and "Good Literature." The New York Critic has been consolidated with the periodical known as Good Literature, and is hereafter to appear as a critic-cum-eclectic literary newspaper under the management of the Literary Publishing Co. This leaves the Literary World of this city as the only exclusive literary journal in the United States, a journal whose constantly increasing prosperity is due to a wise and liberal management, which has paved equally the national and the international. The history of the Critic makes a curious chapter in contemporary journalism. It began with a great flourish as an illustrative form of Critic, and published good criticism and bad portraits for six months. Descending into the depths of sensationalism, it was called a "holiday number" with a pretty engraving — gratis. It then came out with a great flourish of trumpets as the "only weekly literary journal in America." In six months more it was announced that the Critic would appear during the quarter of a year as a fortnightly and during the rest of the year as a weekly. It added a "Lounger" department of "chippier" comment on all manner of topics from new books, to new opera singers and Christmas cards. It started a series of "Chippier" comment on all manner of topics from new books, to new opera singers and Christmas cards. It started a series of "epoch-making" reviews. The "epoch-making" review was published in the first number, where it would now store up the good will of the editor in a very fat book. It was given to the Boston Traveller, January 11.

Miss Cate.

Miss ELIZA JANE CATE, who died at Pough-keepsie, N. Y., on the 8th inst., was a writer well known in the literary world of this generation as "The Author of Susy L.—Her Diary." This serial had a wide and deserved popularity because of its purity of style and delicate delineation of character. The scene was laid in a New Hampshire village, and the story embodied much of what was best and truest in New England country life half a century since. The author followed this venture with other stories, but none of these attracted the same notice.

As a writer Miss Cate was distinguished less for strength and dramatic power than for refinement of manner and elevation of tone.

From the age of sixteen, extreme deafness restricted her enjoyment of society, but out of the still life that was lived through all these years there had come to this rare soul an insight, a rapture at times, which seemed to her friends as little short of a divine inspiration. To her all sad things were sanctified, all common things beautiful, and there were not in the whole circle of her chosen ones, those for whom to remember her will ever be to realize a higher and holier possibility in human life and living.

Wellesley, Mass., January 10, 1859.

J. A. E.

— A New York Tribune reporter has had an interview with the librarian of the Mercantile Library, in which he elicited among other information the following facts: that Thackeray's popularity is increasing while Dickens's is declin-
THE LITERARY WORLD.

In: that Charles Reade, Mrs. Southworth, "Ouida," and "Woolf" are not so read as formerly; and that the novels of Trollope and Hawthorne are gaining in circulation.

[From a special Correspondent.]
Old Literary London.

II.

Could Dr. Johnson rise from the grave, where he has been sleeping for a hundred years, and walk down Fleet Street, he would not recognize his favorite promenade; and, in the rush of the busy throng that fills the thoroughfare, day and night, he would have no opportunity to indulge in his eccentric habit of touching all the posts which he passed in his walk. To the lover of English literature, there is no city in the world so full of interesting associations as London — old London. Whitehall, from whose banqueting hall Charles I half redeemed a weak and tyrannical reign by his eloquence and dignity; and St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, containing the tomb of Milton; Eastcheap, where Mistress Quickly served Falstaff and his roysterer companions with their favorite sack; St. Saviour's Church, where Master Bacon and Fletcher occupy the same grave; the coffee houses of Covent Garden, where Dryden once smoked and talked and Pope listened; the Temple Gardens, where Chaucer walked and mused; the Temple, where Goldsmith lived in his prosperous days after the Traveller and Deserted Village had made him famous, and where he gave that extravagant supper for which Johnson reproved him; Cornhill, where Defoe sold gloves and stockings; Paternoster Row, where literature still holds its own, in spite of the tendency of publishers to "go West!" Kensington, where Addison lived in stately misery at Holland House; Leicester Square, where Reynolds and Hogarth painted and Newton mediated; Drury Lane, where Siddons and Kemble thrilled vast audiences, and Byron nursed his wrath while examining the damnable plays that were submitted to him for approval — these are a few, only a few, of the literary associations which old London recalls.

This vast Capital has been watered with the tears of struggling geniuses. Think of Dr. Johnson walking the streets all night with his vagabond companion, Richard Savage, because he had no home and no money to buy himself a night's lodging — so poor that he sometimes went three days without food; think of Orway, the author of Venice Preserved, choking to death from too eagerly devouring a roll when famished with hunger; think of Goldsmith, living among beggars and thieves in Green Arbor Court, in a rat-ridden garret, his only furniture a broken-down chair and a pile of rags for a bed; think of the "marvellous boy" thatShoton, perishing in his pride and despair at the age of seventeen, because he could not make a living by his pen. These sad recollections might be multiplied by referring to the literary history of that period between the brilliant days of Pope and Addison and the later years of Johnson and Goldsmith, when literature was recognized as a profession. The strong and aggressive character of Johnson did much to make literature respectable and literary men respected. Since his time the rewards of literary merit have been generally liberal, sometimes splendid, and always sufficient for a living to the regular and industrious worker.

Thackeray was a hard-working professional author, making a very good living at his pen, long before the publication of Vanity Fair placed him in the front rank of the writers of his age. The peculiar genius of Dickens was early recognized, and richly rewarded by a public, which, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, is always willing and anxious to recognize literary merit. Bulwer was not a professional author, but his writings doubled the income which he derived from his paternal estate, while his son and successor to the title of Lord Lytton, although far better known as a sentimental poet than as a statesman, was rewarded by the magnificent office of Governor General of India with a salary of £7,000 a year.

While the streets, squares, and gardens of London are adorned with statues and monuments to the heroes, statesmen, and princes of England — Nelson, Wellington, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Charles II, Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and others, more or less worthy, I have seen no literary man thus honored; but Dryden, Addison, Shakespeare, Pope, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Southey, Bulwer, Thackeray, and many others, are as worthy of honor as the heroes and statesmen of Great Britain. It is true that the "monumental busts" of many of the English authors are in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey, but they are seen only by the hundreds who visit the Abbey, whereas they would be seen by hundreds of thousands in the streets of this vast metropolis. One advantage, however, the poets have over the others: in the Abbey, the marble retains its original purity; whereas, the statues in the streets in a few years become as black as the beaver which is asso- ciated with the personel of Lord Palmerston. This same universal smoke has destroyed all the architectural beauty of London — St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, St. James', its fact every building, public and private, is covered by this sooty pall.

In recent years, London has not been the permanent dwelling-place of the great English authoress. Tennyson has not lived here for any length of time for the last quarter of a century. He does not find in its bustling crowds the tender grace and "the thoughts that tie too deep for tears" that charm us in his sweet, pathetic verse. The "regal English" of Cardinal Newman does not derive its inspiration in this modern Babylon. The most subtle and scholarly poet of his age, Browning, has lived very little in London. Freeman would be more at home in New York than in the English Capital. And Matthew Arnold, the supreme of living literary artists, knows little about London from actual acquaintance. But I must reserve for a future letter a sketch of literary life in modern London.

STYLiS.
December.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.)

"Palo Alto." "Rio Bravo!"

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Mrs. Spofford, in an entertaining essay, "The Quaker Poet," in the current Harper's Magazine, states that several poems written by Mr. Whit- ter are not included in any collection of his po- ems. "Palo Alto," assuming to be a Mexican lament, beginning with: "Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!" is instanced as one that "never did ap- pear under his name."

In a volume of poems by Charles Fenno Hoff- man, collected and edited by his nephew [Porter & Coates, 1853], appears "Rio Bravo!" as a Mex- ican lament. It is commented with: "Rio Bravo! I saw man ever such a sight."

It would be interesting to know whether the above are titles of a single poem.

Very respectfully,

ARTHUR MARTIN.
Washington, D. C., January 5, 1864.

George Eliot.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Some weeks ago there appeared in a foot-note in the Literary World a paragraph taken from the Boston Transcript, and signed by Mr. E. C. Townsend, concerning the relations be- tween George Eliot and Mr. Lewes. Thinking that others might be interested as well as myself, I sent the paragraph to a gentleman in England who had the best opportunities of knowing both the parties, and whose name, if I were free to give it, would be full authority for the statements he has just sent me in reply, which I copy from a letter dated December 7.

Your obedient servant,

J. H. ALLEN.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 18, 1864.

Of one thing I am quite confident, viz., that it is entirely misleading to describe Miss Evans as having been "cheated out of her connection" with Lewes, and as having become a miserable woman through that connection, though making the best of it. She knew perfectly well that it would lead to odium and estrangement, and she was prepared to endure them, doing her utmost to bear them all herself, and not to let any of her former friends suffer in reputation on her ac- count. It was evident that she and Mr. Lewes were de- votedly attached to one another. He had in her a companion who could sympathize with him in his philosophical pursuits, and he, on his part, brought out her genius as a novelist. She was not at all so indifferent as to forget that without his persuasion and constant encouragement her novels would not, in all probability, have existed. She could doubtless have been recognised by a writer of ability from her review articles and her translations; but it is not too much to say that without George Henry Lewes there would have been no "George Eliot." The idea that she was referring to herself in the passage quoted is preposterous to any one who knows that she read over all her works piece by piece to Mr. Lewes, and that it was only by his assurance of their merits she was induced to go on with them and give them to the public. The MSS. of her novels are preserved, and they are praised by unprejudiced publications to him, expressed in the strongest terms of obligation and the tenderness of affection. To his children she was as a mother, and was so regarded by them. When she married Mr. Cross, it was, as he told me, on condition that the mar- riage should not be to their disadvantage.

From Florence.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

I have read the Literary World for the past year, with much interest, and wish to renew the subscription for the ensuing year. Will you kindly communicate with me, stating the exact price, including foreign postage, when I will transmit the amount by post office order?

The American reading public is to be con- gratulated on a review of such excellence. I like to learn the sentiments of a great and varied population through the channel of correspond-
enforce in your columns, and have to thank you, in addition, for so much valuable information about books in general.
Believe me to be,
Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.
18 Corso Vittorio Emanuele.
Florence, January 3, 1884.

FICTION.

Hand and Ring. By the author of The Leavenworth Case. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.]
The Diethas; or, A Far Look Ahead. By Ismar Thüsen. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.]
The Bread-Winners. A Social Study. [Harper & Brothers. $1.00.]
Diane Coryval. No Name Series. [Roberts Brothers. $1.00.]

Miss Anna Katharine Green's latest detective story, Hand and Ring, is clumsy and tedious, and falls below The Leavenworth Case, which gave her name. She is is geniusous as a plot, but in working it out falls into a strain of unnaturalness which becomes very tiresome. The central incident of this book is a murder, the elucidation of the mystery of which turns upon the fitting of a ring to a hand. A plan of the village and the house lends an air of verisimilitude to the story, but the characters talk and act in a most unlife-like style, and the startling distinctness of Galvioria's pages, for example, is wholly wanting. If Miss Green would furnish her plots for somebody else to do the writing, the result might be more satisfactory.

There have been several attempts in the past few years to build romances out of the amazing scientific possibilities of the future; of which the book called The Diethas is the latest, and in some respects the cleverest and best. The author has taken the existing facts of light, electricity, etc., and projected them on from the 19th to the 20th century, and gives us the results. His book, which is in story form, shows in what wondrous ways the world is then to warm itself, eat, move about, manufacture, and play. The telephones, phonographs, electric lights, of today, are nothing compared with the labor-saving space-reducing time-annulling contrivances of the future. This is a curiously thoughtful book, and we do not know that its pictures are any more amazing, than would the pictures of today, could they have been shown to the ancients.

The Bread-Winners.

How this disagreeable story ever got first access to the public through the fastidious pages of the Century Magazine we are at a loss to imagine, and the question as to what induced the Harpers to confirm with their creditable impression in book form only adds one mystery to another. The authorship is anonymous, and well it may be. No author of today with any care for his reputation would choose to put his name to a piece of work grounded on so low a level. Some weeks since, struck with a familiar note in the opening chapter, but ignorant of the book as a whole, we playfully asked if that lover of anonymity, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, might not be charged with the authorship. We did not know what we were saying, and we now ask Mr. Scudder's pardon. To lay this greezy, slangy, malodorous book at the door of a refined and gentlemanly writer would be like bringing home a dime novel to the charge of Miss Phelps or Mr. Arthur Hardy. Who wrote The Bread-Winners we do not know and do not wish to know; and the next book written by the same hand we shall pass over to some one else to read. But because the story has "attracted attention," as the newspaper terms it, do we feel bound to describe it somewhat fully and give the reasons for our very decidedly unpleasant impression of it. Its scene is apparently laid in some lake city, and the background of it is the great railroad strike of a few years since. The "Bread-Winners" are a gang composed of noble, kind-hearted, remarking, and intimate, two or three of whom are in competition for the affections of Miss Maud Matchin, a carpenter's daughter. Miss Matchin is a girl of the period of the cheap jewelry order, who has "set her cap"—not for Sam Sleevey, or Andy Oldf, or Mr. Oldf's "twinnies." Above mentioned—but for Mr. Arthur Farnham, a young millionaire, who views life from a library luxuriously fitted up in oak on Alcoquin Avenue. Mr. Farnham, in turn, becomes the lover of Miss Alice Beilens, who, with her mother, is his near-door neighbor. Mr. Farnham and the Beilens are not to represent wealth, intelligence, and culture, but do it in a very artificial manner, and by means of effects which are simply stagy. All the other people in the book are "ladies fellows of the baser sort," with an unlimited knowledge of slang for their chief accomplishment, and a delight in iniquity, profligacy, robbery, and avarice. The author seems to have had it for his object to see how many disagreeable characters he could get together and how many disagreeable things he could get them to say and do. The reader is led along an avenue with a high sounding name, it is true, but with one foot in the gutter all the way. We do not object to descending in fiction to study the underground strata of society; but this expedition is not well conducted, and is repulsive from the very first step. There is none of the social evil in the book, but there is plenty of the baser sort. There are people like to rise from a novel with a feeling that they have been in pleasant company and have received some pleasant sensations to leave it alone. We have no patience with a book like The Bread-Winners, put forth as it has been with a profession of having literary authority and merit. Of the virtues that have their home among the lower classes it gives no glimpse; it is simply, openly, offensively vulgar.

Diane Coryval.

Between such a story as The Bread-Winners and the latest No Name Novel, Diane Coryval, there is a contrast little short of which with mark we cannot exactly tell, and perhaps in the minds of many readers it will fully reach it. It is pure and sweet and picturesque; it is written with familiarity of the locals; without having novelty it has interest; and its motive, that of loyalty to conscience and fidelity to trust, is effectively displayed. It is a variation in French colors of the Encoch Arden theme, with which more hands than one have played. Diane is the charming daughter of a Parisian widow. Her father was an artist. His mantle has fallen on Diane. She has a lover, René St. Avon, whom we have found ourselves always just on the point of losing, without ever quite doing so. When René has declared his love to Diane, much to his father's dissatisfaction—for both are poor—Diane is strategically sent away through the father's means, and to her retreat came in turn the reports of René's forgetfulness, absence, and marriage. This apparent desertion lessens and estrangement adhesion to the lot in which she is placed. They agree that it is best for René to go away, though not without Rupert's being an unexpected spectator of their tender but innocent parting interview. From his outlook on the cliff down on the beach where they are saying their good-bye, he can see only their evident love for each other; he does not know the struggle they have fought and the victory they have won. And when Diane comes home it is to find herself an outcast. Rupert will listen to no explanation, and it is only after long entanglement, during which she serves him in most fidelity, and at the end of which he dies, that he gets beyond his prejudice, and passion, and once more honors Diane as she deserves. Then, when Rupert has died, René reappears, and the true lovers, long and miserably separated by a cruel misunderstanding, are fondly united.

The tone of the book is often, and with just the right amount of simplicity and naturalness. Its pictures of French life in the capital and on the Channel coast are delightful. Its figures are life-like, quaint, and aptly drawn; there is meaning in their outlines and expression in their countenances. Diane is a superior woman, and her story a superior story; we cannot quite feel that she does not just get her deserts in René St. Avon.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Like George Grote, or, to take a still nearer instance, like his own maternal uncle, Samuel Rogers, Samuel Sharpe was a fine illustration of the successful union of the man of letters with the man of business. From sixteen to sixty, first as clerk and then as partner, he was connected with a large banking-house. With the beginning of his clerkship, he began to cultivate his literary tastes, and during a sixty years' period of recreation in patient study, usually at last a specialist of note in Egyptology and Bible translation. Five brothers and one sister also attained distinction, and find place in Mr. Clayden's memoirs. The Life of Samuel Sharpe and his sister covers nearly a century, and their interesting achievements, along with connection with various movements in English
politics, scholarship, and religion, so that these pages give a large amount of detail in regard to modern English life and thought. [Kegan Paul, Trubner & Co. $1.50.]

In his Journeys, which after ten years has reached a second and revised edition, the Rev. Dr. John Fulton has rendered a service that will be appreciated beyond the bounds of his own communion. In his introduction, the learned author traces the development of church government to the provincial synods of the Roman Empire, explains clearly and concisely the several offices and orders in the church, with the relations of parishes, provinces, and dioceses, and follows briefly the history of the general councils. The body of the book is then given to the Apostolic Canons, with the letters, creeds, and canons of the four great councils of Nicea, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon, and the canons and letters of five provincial councils, which were ratified at Chalcedon. A careful and comprehensive index renders this mass of information serviceable, while the Greek text, which stands side by side with the English throughout, makes the reader of what he wants simple and easy. Upon many points, such as the prohibition of asceticism among the clergy, and the relation of the bishops to one another, these pages will be a revelation to many readers, while in all directions, in life and conduct no less than in faith and rule, the study of the book will lend new vividness and reality to the history of the church. [E. & J. B. Young & Co. $2.00.]

The Hon. A. P. Russell, compiler of a new volume of "Sketches and Essays," entitled Characteristics, would appear to be one of those who believe that life is too short for originality. But apart quotation is of itself an art, and this entertaining alla-podrida shows taste and discrimination. Under a dozen titles, such as "The Converse of Coleridge," "Dr. Johnson," "Lord Macaulay," "John Randolph and John Brown," "Habit," "The Art of Living," are grouped characteristics of celebrated men and anecdotes of personal portraiture, fragments of wit, wisdom, and useful knowledge, the whole forming a sort of book to be taken up in little intervals of leisure between one's toils and cares. It ought to act at once as a mental stimulant and a means of beneficial nourishment. Sometimes, it is true, Mr. Russell repeats himself, or rather his materials, but he probably has in mind the Greek saying, Give us a good thing three times over. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.]

Contrary Winds, the discourse that gives name to the Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor's latest collection of sermons, illustrates the union of the practical with the allegorical interpretation of the Bible. And whatever may be said against the latter method in general, the instance before us, like one or two other sermons in the same volume, is of the better sort, and translates the language into a higher and spiritual meaning, without doing away with the natural sense of the narrative. The other discourses are in the preacher's wonted vein, and are uniformly plain, earnest, and practical, although less finished, and perhaps less interesting than the expository volumes by which the author is best and most widely known. "Christ before Pilate—Pilate before Christ," written under the inspiration of Mr. Munkacsy's famous painting, is the most striking sermon of all, but "The Inductive Study of the Scriptures," and "Personal Independence the Result of Divine Redemption" are perhaps the most thoughtful. [Harper & Brothers.]

Charles Dudley Warner's Roundabout Journey collects twenty sketches of European travel, chiefly in France, Italy, Spain, and the Moorish coast. If Mr. Warner would not try to be funny he would be more amusing. Unfortunately, he has a reputation of being a humorist and feels obliged to support it. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.]

Mrs. Clara Erskine Clements has written an Outline History of Painting for Young People and Students, in seven chapters, touching respectively on ancient, mediaeval, and modern art; but she gets no nearer home than England, leaving the young reader in entire ignorance of what has been done in painting in this country. There are many illustrations and an index. [White, Stokes & Allen. $2.50.]

Dr. Susanna Dodd's Health in the Household is a cookery book, professedly based on hygienic principles, the first hundred pages being devoted to the science of food and feeding; the next fifty pages are occupied with bread, which is space well spent. [Fowler & Wells. $2.00.]

World Diaries.

Will Carleton. Mr. William Carleton, the author of Farm Ballads and other poems of a popular cast, was born near Hudson, Lenawee Co., Michigan, October 21, 1845. His parents were early English settlers of the State. His father was a man of affairs, a devoted hotelier and held places of trust. His boyhood was passed on the farm and in study. He walked five miles a day to attend school, and in algebra and geometry he was self-taught. At sixteen he began to teach others. He entered Hillsdale College in 1865, with an ambition toward journalism, and graduated in 1869, receiving thereupon the honorary degree of M. A. He was in turn connected editorially with the Western Rural, Chicago, the Hillsdale Standard, and the Detroit Weekly Tribune. His first literary success was the political poem, "Fax," written during a college vacation in 1866. It was first read to a crowd of students and afterwards frequently repeated. Printed copies received a wide circulation. His graduation poem was "Rifts in the Cloud." The first of his "Farm Ballads" was what brought him into prominent notice; the collection of them in book form was published by the Ilippers in 1873. His succeeding volumes are Farm Legends (1875), and Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes (1876). He is now proprietor of the news depot and circulating library in Hillsdale; and diversifies his life with lectures and readings. A sketch of him appeared in Representative Men of Michigan (1876), and another, by J. T. Trowbridge, with a portrait, is promised for the March number of Harper's Monthly. We subjoin a list of Mr. Carleton's poems, now for the first time published, giving their titles, dates, and as far as possible their original vehicle to the public:

WILL CARLETON'S POEMS.

The Fading Flower. 1855.
To Lake Huron. 1864.
Dead. 1865.
Dawn. 1866.
The Snowing. 1862.
Applies Growing. 1869.
Up the Line. 1869.
John Chinaman is Coming. 1869.
Lost and Reclaimed. 1869.
To the Westward. 1869.
Forward. 1869.
Gone Before. 1869.
The Little Sleeper. 1869.
Our Army of the Dead. 1869.
A Tribute to Dicken's. 1869.
The Cable. Detroit Tribune. 1870.
Ship "City of Boston." 1870.
The Abiding Man. 1870.
Cover Them Over. Read at Hillsdale, Mich., 1870.
Over the Hill from the Poor House. 1872.
The New Church Organ. Our Fireside Friend, Chicago, 1872.
The Editor's Guest. Michigan Editorial Association, Bay City, 1872.
The Burning of Chicago. 1871.
The Railroad Holocaust. Toledo Blade. 1871.
The Good of the Future. 1872.
Tom was Gold for a Post. Detroit Tribune. 1872.
Going Home To-Day. Detroit Tribune. 1872.
Out of the First. Detroit Tribune. 1872.
The House where we were Wed. 1872.
The Three Lowers. 1872.
The Doctor's Story. Detroit Tribune. 1872.
The Joys that are Left. 1873.
We Kept the Day. 1873.
The Key to Thomas's Heart. Harper's Weekly, March 28, 1874.
Pamela off with the Show. 1875.
Koh, the Peauper. 1875.
The Song of Homes. 1875.
The Little Black-Ryed Rebel. 1876.
The Boston Boys. 1876.
The Faithful Sister. 1876.
Three Scenes of a Hero's Life. 1876.
The Parent's Farewell. 1876.
How Israel was Whipped. 1876.
Little Golden Hail. 1876.
The Prize of the Margarites. 1876.
The Printer-Boy Tramp. 1876.
Nate. 1876.
Dicy Langston. 1876.
The Festival of Reunion; or, The Golden Wedding. 1876.
The Festival of Memory; or, Converse with the Dead. Delivered at National Cemetery, Arlington Heights, Washington, May 30, 1876.
The Dirge of the Lake. 1876.
The Longest Rod Disputers. Chicago, 1879.
The Song of the Ape. 1876.
Eliphat Chapin's Wedding. 1876.
The Second Sitter's Story. 1880.
The Death Bridge of the Tay. 1880.
The Tramp's Story. Western Farmer's Almanac. Louis- ville, 1880.
The Festival of Good Cheer; or, Christmas Monologues. 1880.
Sleep, Old Phantom. 1880.
The Festival of Praise; or, Thanksgiving day. 1881.
The Festival of Cancer; or, The Town Meeting. 1881.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE Festival of Mal early; or, The Singing School. 1881.
The Festival of Injustice; or, The Lawful. 1881.
The Boy-Courier's Story. 1881.
The Festival of Disreverence. C. The Debate. 1881.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY WM. J. DOLPH, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

The Six-Volume "Riverside Shakespeare." Mr. Grant White's new Shakespeare has already been noticed by another hand in the World of Oct. 20 (p. 351). The edition has been issued in six volumes printed from the same plates on larger and heavier paper (the page measuring 8½ by 11⅞ inches), at double the price; or about 750 dollars the set in cloth binding.

The editor's plan was to furnish a carefully revised text, with a concise historical introduction to each play and the fewest and briefest foot-notes that would "enable the reader of general intelligence to understand what Shakespeare wrote." The plan was a good one, and has been in the main well carried out; but it is a pity that Mr. White could not have been content to give us the results of his labors without the irrelevant and rather ill-natured sneers in his preface at the work of other editors. It ought to be clear enough by this time that there is room in the literature for a great variety of Shakespeare. To say nothing of the student and the critic, the "reader of general intelligence" is a multifarious personage, with a wider diversity of culture and tastes and habits of thought than are covered by even the "washed-woman and proof-reader" test. Sometimes he would have no notes at all, choosing to "talk the difficulties of the text in his own way without officious help from any editor or commentator. Sometimes he is glad to have a good many notes that he does not need for the mere understanding of the text, being really interested in a thousand little matters pertaining to Shakespeare's language, the history and everyday life of his times, and so on. He is interested even in "various readings," preferring, though he is no critic and has no itch to set himself up as one, to make his own choice among the emendations of the editors instead of accepting any one of them with the same privileges of comparing it with others. This type of reader is by no means so rare as certain critics suppose — as, indeed, we supposed until our own modest work as an editor had brought us into acquaintance with him; and what he writes and says is ample proof that his interest in the varied lore that has gathered about the works of Shakespeare is genuine and healthy, and not inconsistent with a hearty appreciation and enjoyment of these works as poetry. Not unfrequently he tells us that he would never have come to appreciate and enjoy the poetry if he had not been drawn to it by this interest in what had been written to illustrate rather than merely elucidate it. We have found here a common experience in the school reading of Shakespeare, and men are but children of a larger growth in this respect as in others.

Between these extremes of the reader who wants no notes at all and the one who will make good use of all that he can get, are a hundred grades or types who find their varied tastes met in the variety of editions, or who are satisfied to call what they need from an edition annotated with special reference to such varied tastes.

There being room for these many editions of Shakespeare, the main question concerning any given edition is not what the plan is, but whether it is well carried out; and in this "Riverside Shakespeare," as we have already said, it is in the main carried out with the ability and skill that we have a right to expect in Mr. White.

What is the best that any American editor has given us, perhaps the best that any editor has given us; at least, taking it all in all, we cannot now name any that we should place above it. We have not examined it minutely, but we have dipped into it here and there, noting the treatment of crucial passages sufficiently to get a general idea of the changes the editor has made in his former text. He has lost something of his old reverence for the folio — as he himself admits — but he is still wisely conservative, generally adhering to the original reading when it can be plausibly explained, or when, though inexplicable, it does not appear to be bettered by any of the proposed emendations.

In this respect he differs essentially from Mr. Hudson, who, though claiming to be "conservative" in his recent "Harvard" edition, has "tinkered" the old text with more freedom than any other reputable editor of the last half-century.

The notes, while they are in general consistent with the editor's plan as stated in his preface, seem to us occasionally defective even from that point of view. They are mostly limited to the explanation of archaic or otherwise peculiar words and phrases, and are often missing in the case of obscure or perplexing passages, some of which have been stumbling-blocks to the majority of critics and commentators. Many a famous whose is passed by as if it were no crus at all; and very likely it did not appear such to the editor's washed-woman, and possibly not to the "proof-reader." We are "verbal" people, and the critic and seldom troubles himself about the exact sense of a passage in which he suspects no misreading.

But even on single words we are sometimes surprised at the washer-woman's failure to demand a note. In the prologue of T. and C., for instance, we have defined classicus to be "classicus," and orgullosus ("The princes orgullosus"), on which she allows Mr. White to be silent. In T. N. (p. 753), she evidently favored an explanation of galliard, but why did she pass by corunus in the same sentence? Of course she knew what was meant by "corunus catcher" in the same play (p. 765), and "guiliano into a mynord" (p. 766); but we doubt whether she recognized the play on angels in K. John, p. 24 ("When his fair angels would salute my palm") and p. 33 ("imprison'd angels"), though on p. 56 ("an angel spoke") she makes the editor call attention to the "proving reference to the gold piece called an angel." On p. 28 she appears to have overlooked the pun in "I have a room with Rome to curse awhile," but she saw the similar one in J. C. (p. 388), "Now is it Rome indeed and room enough," where we find a note on the old pronunciation of Rome. Many like instances might be pointed out in which the good woman seems to have been nodding; but we may pardon her for this when we sometimes catch the editor himself at it. He is now and then apparently inconsistent; as when in referring to the rhyme of daughter and after in Lear (p. 635) he tells us that after is pronounced arter, while in T. W. (p. 546), where the very same rhyme occurs, daughter is said to be "pronounced arter, like laughter." So in matters of orthography we find inconsistencies like misconstrued in M. of T. (p. 494) and misconstrues in A. Y. L. (p. 552 of same volume), in both cases with a note referring to the old spelling and pronunciation; also in 1 Hen. VI. (p. 202) misconstrud (no note) and in H. VI. (p. 391) and H. VI. (note). In K. John (p. 58) the monosyllabic needles is printed needis, but in M. N. D. (p. 451) needles and in K. of L. (p. 807) needis, while in Per. (p. 107) we find needi — the old form which some editors adopt in all these cases. On p. 50 of K. John we find murder once and murderer twice; on the next page murderer once and murderer twice (the folio having the th form in all six places).

Misprints are more frequent than in any other standard edition with which we are acquainted, excepting Mr. White's former edition, in which they are by no means rare. For many, if not most of these the proof-reader is clearly responsible at least, he should not have overlooked slips like "two Frenchman" (preface, p. xxiii), "hymthia" [sic] (1 Hen. VI. p. 439), "Troilus" (All's Well, p. 699), "Ephesians" for Ephesians (1 Hen. IV. p. 234), and the like. We have found our way into the text by careful reading here and there (chiefly in noting the crucial readings mentioned above), but we light on these misprints everywhere. Looking over a few pages of K. John's in a rapid way, we see on p. 12 "Excuse it is a beat usurping down" (commas wanted after Excuse), on p. 15 "Which trust accordingly kind citizens" (ditto after accordingly), on p. 16 "old-faced" for "old-fac'd," on p. 22 "solemnized" for "solemniz'd," on p. 96 "canonized" for "canoni- z'd," also on p. 449 of same volume), and on p. 65 "these dead views" — a strange perversion of "these dead news." On p. 38 we have scope for scope; and we see "the" instead of "a" after the latter verb, but in other instances (compare T. of S. p. 667 with T. W. p. 844 and Oth. p. 714) we find both scope and scopes for the noun. The early editions have scope uniformly, the word being common in prose as well as in verse.

Again, in a hurried glance at the notes on Vol. VI. we find "Julius" in place of 1 Hen. VI., "belived" for "believed" (p. 401), "lodynamic" (p. 412), and "Saved" for "Save I (p. 419); and on p. 454 of the same volume "monosyllable." Errors of statement or interpretation in the notes are few and far between, as might be expected.

The Rival of the M. of T. (p. 64) was not the "bridge used as an exchange," but as...
we have before mentioned in the World, the island to which the bridge leads, the exchange being held in a small square on this island. As to this point all the historical and topographical authorities, as well as the Shakespearian commentators, are agreed.

In the *Hem. VIII.* (p. 741) on the passage

"This was most prudently: ever witness for him

Those veins of learning that he read in, Ipswich and Oxford!"

we find this note: "S. here forgets the scene, and unconsciously addresses the audience, as the representatives of England." It never occurred to that "Ipswich and Oxford" could be taken in any other sense than as satirists, with the you referring to them; and we are inclined to think that Mr. White will accept this simple explanation as soon as he sees it, in place of the awkward egress he has given.

Certain other notes of which we wanted to speak must be taken upon hereafter, if at all, as this notice has already run to unreasonable length.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the *Literary World*, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to library topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

59a. Old wood to burn! old wine to drink!

Old friends to trust! old books to read.

— *Alone of Aragon.*

Among a lot of quotations on books I have the above. Who *Alone of Aragon* was I do not know — perhaps some of your witsacres can tell us. The above may give a clue to work on.

*New York.*

J. E. ATKINS.

59b. The Marble Faun.

Can any one give any information as to who were the originals of any or all of the characters in Hawthorne’s *Marble Faun*?

D. C. H.

Boston.

59c. The Stage. Where can I get a copy of Colley Cibber’s *Apology*? What are some of the best books on the English drama, and more especially the stage, both in this country and England?

H. W. K.

San Francisco.

(1) Colley Cibber’s *Apology* for his Own Life was first published in 1700; a fourth edition in 1716; a new edition with notes in 1812. J. W. Boston of New York could probably supply a copy in some edition.

(2) *History of the American Stage.* Brown. (Dick & Fitzgerald. $3.00.)

*Annals of the [English] Stage.* Dr. Duran, 9 vols. (Weinman. 8.00.)

*Lectures on Dramatic Literature of Age of Richelieu.* Hazlitt. (Little, B. & Co. $1.25.)

*The Stage. Recollections of 50 Years.* Murdoch. (J. M. Stoddart & Co. $2.50.)

*Romances of English Stage.* Fitzgerald. (N. Y. 3 vols.)

59d. No Name and Round Robin Novels. We have an inquiry, the source of which we have lost, for the authorship of the No Name and Round Robin series of novels. These novels were all published anonymously, and the public has been left to guess the secret. The following key is as nearly complete as we can make it, and may be accepted as probably accurate so far as it goes:

No Name Novels.

First Series.

1. Mrs. Philbrick’s Choice. Mrs. Helen Jackson (Helen Hunt).


3. Deloia. Dr. Richard Dreyer, Jr.

4. Hetty’s Strange History. Mrs. Helen Jackson (Helen Hunt).

5. Is That All? Miss Harriet Watson Preston.


8. The Wolf at the Door. Mrs. Emily Fox.


Second Series.

1. Signor Mondalnic’s Niece. Miss A. Tischler.

2. The Colosseum’s Opera Clock. Mrs. Charlotte C. Brush.


4. Miss Beauchamp Brown, Mrs. Jane Goodwin Austin.

5. Salvation. Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper.


8. My Wife and My Wife’s Sister, Mrs. Hamerton.


10. Aschenbrodel.

Third Series.


5. Diana Coryell.

Round Robin Series.


2. The Desert Hundred. Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

3. A Tallahassee Girl. Maurice Thompson.


7. Rachel’s Road of the Road, Miss Ellen O’Kerk.


9. Dr. Ben.


12. Rosemary and Rue.


15. Vacherette.

16. Leona.

— *NEWS AND NOTES. —*

The new edition of *Hodson of Hodson’s Horse,* that highly interesting narrative of the life of Major W. S. R. Hodson, who made a great name for him as a valiant and bow-and-arrow soldier during his service in India, has just found its way to this country. The distinctive feature of the book is an "Introducing containing a Vindication from the charges made by Mr. Bosworth Smith in his Life of Lord Lawson," which is written by his brother, the Rev. George H. Hodson. The vindication of Hodson from Mr. Smith’s charges the writer must have found a most difficult one, the chief of which, the shooting of the three princes by Hodson’s own hand, after the fight at Delhi, and which Mr. Smith called, as it seems to us not improperly, a cold-blooded murder, he defends somewhat violently by abusing Lord Lawson’s biographer. Whether his arguments are or are not tenable we must leave the reader to judge. They occupy fifty pages and the subject is too wide to be discussed here. At all events the English publishers have felt constrained to remove the passages referring to Hodson in the new edition of *Lord Lawson* of the *Literary World.*

— For their first instalment of new books for the year D. Appleton & Co. announce Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself, a collection of characteristic passages from the naturalist’s writings selected and arranged by Prof. Nathaniel Sheppard; in the Parchment Series *English Comic Dramatics,* edited by George Du Maurier; an edition of Goldsmith’s *Vicar of Wakefield,* edited with notes by Austin Dobson; and the book of *Psalms,* a literal translation by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne; in the Appleton *Home Book* a volume on Health at Home; a new revised edition of Dr. Geikie’s *Life of Christ; Pictures of English Society,* edited by George Du Maurier; from Punch; and an edition of Grant Allen’s *Flowers and their Pedigrees.*

— The Critic and Good Literature, New York, have joined names and forces. Good Literature, it will be remembered, started some few years ago by the Ill-fated American Book Exchange, and was edited by Mr. Charles F. Richardson. It was afterwards issued by a company formed for the purpose. Within a year or two it lost its editor, Mr. Richardson, who accepted the professorship of English literature at Dartmouth College, and passed into the hands of Talmor Bros., Merrill & Co., the New York school-book publishers, who have now become the publishers of *The Critic and Good Literature.* The new journal is expected to combine the best features of both papers.

— Mr. Frank C. Cloughy of Washington, D. C. has issued a small pamphlet of Selections from his translations of Goethe’s *Faust.* Here is a sample from the "Prologue":

— *Raphael.*

The son, in ancient manner chiseling

With broader spheres to rival seen

Rolls, his projected journey climbing,

With undeviating steps to heaven.

This sight to angels power lendeth,

Though none may ken his mystic way.

The lofty work in beauty blendeth

Unfashioned, as on earliest day.

— Mr. Townsend MacCown of New York and Chicago has adopted a new system of graded discounts to the trade, which he believes to be a true basis of sales, and to which he invites the attention of his fellow publishers. It is substantially as follows:

After publication 1 volume or more, and less than 5, 25 per cent; 5 volumes or more, and less than 10, 33 1-3 per cent; 10 volumes or more, and less than 25, 40 per cent; 25 volumes or more, and less than 50, 45 per cent; 50 volumes or more, and less than 100, 40 per cent; 100 volumes or more, and less than 100, 35 per cent.

The New York Evening Post has apparently thought better of the change which it was proposed should be made in its form on the first of the year. The only change in its office has been the retirement of Carl Schurz, one of the best of its editors, and the reduction of its capital stock one half—from $200,000 to *$100,000.* The newspaper war is apparently rendered unnecessary, nobody connected with metropolitan journalism. The general result has been to lower the pay of contributors, if not of staff editors.

— Mr. George W. Cable is back, and has been giving the first of his series of readings from his own books at Chickerling Hall, New York. Upon Monday, the 14th, he was greeted by an audience of nearly a thousand people, representing largely the literary professions and the best circles of the city. The house was inclined to be critical rather than enthusiastic, and perhaps a little cold towards the reader, but nearer the evening he was more generously applauded.

— On the first of February Charles Scribner’s Sons will begin the publication of *The Book Buyer,* a monthly summary of American and
Brilliant

Historical Romances.

The Surgeon's Stories.

By Prof. Topelius. Comprising, so far as issued:

Times of Gustav Adolph,

Times of Battle and of Rest,

Times of Charles XII.

Price of each volume, $1.25.

Each book is complete and independent in itself, but a historical sequence and unity connects the series. Three other volumes will follow. Few Romances of recent years have been more warmly welcomed.

The N. Y. Tribune calls them

"A vivid, romantic presentation of one of the most fascinating periods of human history."

The New York Journal says:

"The literary work is as perfect as the subject matter."

The Philadelphia Press:

"It is safe to say that no one could possibly fail to be carried along by the narrative, and a story which marks these wonderful tales."

The Graphic (N. Y.):

"He is evidently thoroughly imbued with the loftiest ideas, and his men and women whom he draws with the novelist's facility and art are as much as he is manner of representing their life with their country's battles and achievements."

Round About Rio.

By Frank D. Y. Carpenter. Price $2.00.

A new book of Brazilian Travels, written by a scientific gentleman who held for several years the position of Geographer of the Geological Survey of Brazil.

The Buffalo Express says:

"In some respects it is the cleverest book of travels that has appeared since Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad.'"

The N. Y. Mail and Express calls it

"A bright and interesting book, which may be read a record of travel, and read at the same time as a realistic novel."

The Saturday Evening Post says:

"There is not a dry or a dull page in the work, and the author's framework of fiction in which the author has set his narrative adds to it a marked psychology and subtle observation."

The N. Y. Christian Advocate calls it

"A book which the thoughtful will read for information, and the young for its genuine fun."

Speech and Manners.

For Home and School. By Miss E. B. Kirkland, author of "Six Little Cooks," "Short History of France," etc. Price $1.00. Miss Kirkland's new volume will be found quite as useful and acceptable as her former works. Although intended for children, it will interest older folks as well.

The N. Y. Herald calls it

"An admirable book for mothers to read aloud to their children."

The New York Presbyterian says:

"Young people need not be required to read this volume, give it to them, and they will read it for their own enjoyment and be rich gainers by repeated perusal."

The Chicago Tribune says:

"No lover of English undehithed who will take the trouble to examine this manual will fail instantly to recognize its transcendent merit."

* The above books may be had of booksellers generally; or either or all will be mailed at any address on receipt of the price by the publishers.

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### ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.*

FREDERIC GAILLARDET was the founder and for a number of years the chief of the *Concert des États-Unis*, a successful French journal published in New York. His position and experience may be supposed to have given him unusual facilities for observing the characteristics and tendencies of the American people.

The result of his impressions is a suggestive little book on *Aristocracy in America*. M. Gaillardet takes at once the ground that the Republic of the United States is not a democracy, as the word is understood on the other side of the Atlantic;

that the aristocratic ideas and distributed power of the French aristocracy are embodied in the American constitution; that liberty and equality are merely counter-weights whose action and influence are unknown to European republicans; that America is in fact no more democratic than England, and that these two countries, united by origin, language, and morals, owe their unrivaled greatness to the same political principles, the same social austerities, and the same religious Puritanism.

In support of this interesting and perhaps not wholly novel theory, M. Gaillardet goes back to the beginnings and points out the monarchical influences which contributed to the establishment of the American government.

We are inclined to go with the author in nearly all that he says on this part of his subject, and it seems to us that his view is philosophical and just. The social aristocracy of the North in the early years of the republic yielded to the supremacy of the social aristocracy of the South, which in turn went down with the abolition of slavery.

But the conservative principles thus established were, according to M. Gaillardet, only transformed, not destroyed. What M. Gaillardet styles the "double empire of oligarchic and theocratic ideas" is displayed, in his opinion, in various ways. The success of the Mormon sect, for instance, he thinks is due to the irresistible attraction which every contrast and novelty exercises upon the minds of Americans, who regard with favor the most unheard-of doctrine and practices; and, secondly, to the innate facility with which the American character adapts itself to all circumstances and conditions.

Further indications of aristocratic tendencies are found in the sympathy shown by Americans for absolute governments. The general love for honorary titles is severely commented upon:

He who has been a general, colonel or major of militia for a year or so retains the title for life, so that with a standing army of 20,000 men, the republic of the United States is represented throughout the world by more officers of all grades than could be supplied by the armies of France, Russia, or Prussia. . . . A governor or judge, elected for three or four years, remains governor or judge after the expiration of his term of office. A retired professor is eternally saluted as professor or doctor. The benefits of this little cabalistic aristocracy are extended even to the fair sex, and one hears announced in drawing-rooms, Mrs. Judge, Mrs. General, Mrs. Commodore, Monsignor Bishop, and Mme. Archbishop.[1]

Society is classified by the wealth of its members. "Between the Bowery shopkeeper and the tradesman whose family lives in Union Square the social line is as sharply drawn as between the merchant of the rue Saint-Denis and the noble dweller in the Faubourg Saint-Germain." Social pride and ambition pervade all ranks. "Whereas in France with the establishment of the Republic the first thought was to substitute the title of Citizen for Monsieur and to glorify the blouse at the expense of the coat, in the United States every one dons the coat and calls himself a gentleman. The meanest Yankee is dressed as well as an English lord. "The working-women wear silk dresses and arrogate to themselves the title of ladies." "Americans have adopted the principal of majorities for the solution of most questions, political and social, because there are only two ways of settlement, to fight or be counted, and of the two the latter has manifest advantages. But mere numbers are blind and brutal: hence the limitations of the suffrage." One or two further quotations will serve to indicate the author's attitude still more clearly:

If in this country of much discussion political liberty is unlimited, social liberty is subjected to many restrictions . . . . To have the right to found a journal at will or to vote on any and all occasions is wise and virtuous. To go to church, to the theater, or to stay away, and the right to drink what one pleases is better. As a matter of fact, one is less free in Boston or New York than in Paris or Vienna. There, despotism is tempered by morals, while in the United States the republic is a moral desert.

It is a remarkable fact that there is no bourgeoisie, no intermediate class in American society. Properly speaking, there are only workers, penniless workers and workers with millions, but always working. This is to be regretted because a bourgeoisie is a middle term, a bond of union, between two extremes. It is necessary to create a love for the arts and to turn the mind from material preoccupations. A taste for the arts is general and for painting in particular has, however, developed rapidly among the new generation of Americans during the last few years. This renaissance is due to the enormous museums of Tiffany, Stevengraph and Van Derlip[sic] for the canvases of Gérôme and Meissonier. Painting, prints, then and painting as an art has been revived. Artists are now as highly esteemed in America as any other class of tradesmen.

M. Gaillardet's satire is to a certain extent justifiable, but it is rather ponderous. In the remaining portion of his book he dwells upon the corruption of the public service, the popular love for processions and parades, the thirst for empire, and the influences of American civilization on the French. Of these topics, M. Gaillardet writes with discrimination, yet he offers very little that is original. He has touched the external and less attractive characteristics of the American people with Gallic facility, but the true sources of their power he has failed to apprehend.

### JULIAN HAWTHORNE AGAIN.*

We cannot think of a single reason to justify the production of this book, except the ambition of an author to keep his reputation moving, and the necessity of a publisher to keep his presses going. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, we fear, is touched with that fatal disease, the casuethes scribendi; a malady which has carried off many an unfortunate celebrity in his prime, and which even now threatens more than one promising debutant in the field of fiction.

Last year Mr. Hawthorne gave us two novels, which is one too many for any novelist to attempt, unless it be from the bread-and-butter point of view; and here, in this very first month of January, 1884, comes still another. Any good reason for it, we repeat, we fail to see.

Certainly a novel should have a good reason. If it is dull, it should be brief, and if it is long, it should be bright. It should either have a fresh and striking plot, or treat an old plot in a fresh and striking way. Or it should introduce us to some new and agreeable people. Or if its people are old acquaintances, they should have something new to talk about. Or if they talk about the old things, they should do it in a piquant and impressive manner. If the book fail in all these respects, it might at least edify us with a few wholesome reflections. Certainly it should not offend us with slang, coarseness, and vulgarity.

The first pages of Beatrice Randolph gained more than our mere attention. They are descriptive, and at once suggested the manner of the elder Hawthorne. Their object is to present the heroine, whose

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name gives title to the book. She is a lovely young woman, living with her father and her brother within three hours' ride of New York by rail. She was a fresh, sweet, buoyant creature, symmetrically proportioned both in body and soul, a "type of the most charming and intelligent womanhood in the world."

She could not read a story or watch the sun rise without engendering in her mind thousands of fresh ideas of the possibilities of existence; and her body was in such fine harmony with her spirit that she could see a stirring thought turn to roses in her cheeks, or conjure diamonds to her lovely eyes. When she came forth in the morning from her maiden chamber, having put on, let us say, a fresh, white gown, just crisp enough to whisper as she stepped, and a pink or a blue ribbon (as fancy might dictate) at her throat and on her hair, and her figure elastic and alert with the wholesome vigor of nineteen years, and a mouth that laughed fragrance and music, and large brown eyes, which, besides being as beautiful as possible in themselves, were rendered yet more beautiful, by a few shiny curls, "than her rippled hair... it did seem as if the Golden Age were now about to begin, and as if nothing false or impure were henceforward possible.

This is good, very good, and very Hawthornesque; so is the following touch in the description of the Randolph's house, and of the brother's and sister's ways therein:

The staircase, before reaching the first floor, indulged in a preliminary landing; for no other reason than that there was a broad glass door upon the top of the front porch, thus forming a pleasant little balcony. Once a trelis-work, which threw the sun's rays, who was a handsome youth, had put some time subse-
vsequent to the period of the initials, and which was now overgrown with two climbing roses that he and Beatrix had planted. These roses, white and red, began to bloom with the first warm days of the year, and kept on till late in the season; and every day, while they lasted, Beatrix would pluck one from each vine, as she went down stairs in the morning, and wear them in her bosom. Here was the red rose, her brother's rose was the white; and their father, in those early days, used to declare, that the red rose symbolized his little daughter's warm and generous heart, and the white rose, the stainless honor which should characterize a son of Randolph. During the last year or so, however, the old gentleman had made no more fanciful allusions to the white rose, and once, when he saw it on his daughter's breast, he had frowned, and said that it was not becoming. Thereafter, Beatrix forebore to wear it openly, but kept it near her heart, unseen.

Either of the foregoing passages—and they are types—would match in well with almost any one of the elder Hawthorne's romances. But when we move out of the quaint precincts of Beatrix's domestic life, to follow her fortunes in the world, we are struck full in the face by a current of bad air—air so different as nearly to provoke the question from the reader whether two hands might not have been concerned in the writing of the story. Beatrix is possessed of a marvelous voice, which has been cultivated to perfection by a teacher named Dorimar, and her talent being known to a rather worthless admirer, Hamilton Jocelyn, is put to use in the following artificial manner.

Moses Inigo is a swearing, swaggering, odious impresario, who, just as he is to open a magnificent new opera house in New York with Mademoiselle Marana, a Russian prima donna, for his chief star, receives a telegram from her breaking her contract. Inigo is wild over the disappointment.

Through Jocelyn's instrumentality, and in order to help her father out of a financial corner, Beatrix is induced to come to the manager's rescue in the disguise of the Russian prima donna's name and fame; goes to New York with a discarded mistress of Jocelyn for her chaperone, and appears on the stage of the grand new opera house as Mad. Marana. The deception is a success. Inigo is radiant, and the dollars flow into the pockets of Beatrix's father. And here is a taste of Inigo and Jocelyn:

"Are you aware, Moses," inquired his friend, "that Waltie Dinsmore has seen the real woman in Vienna, and knows this one to be a fraud?"

The general set down the cocktail with which he was about to fortify his fortune. "Are you lying, or what's the matter?" he demanded, brusquely. "I had it from the man himself, you old blockhead, man, complete."

"Does he know who this one is?" "If he doesn't, he probably will before long." The general reflected. At last he said, "Well, I ain't scared. What should he make a row for? It ain't going to hurt him, and, what's more, he's taken up the girl himself. It may tickle him to find out the facts, but he ain't a fellow to talk. If it was you, now, I might want to buy you off; but he's another sort." And General Inigo tossed off his cocktail thereof in one swallow, and, chuckling sarcastically, said, "I'll bet you you're mistaken," said Jocelyn. "I don't bet with you, my good friend," replied the impresario, "you're a lost cause."

"I'll tell you what I will do, though," he added, after a moment. He took from his pockets a check-book and a Mackintosh pen, and wrote a check, which he showed to Jocelyn. It was for ten thousand dollars, and was drawn to Jocelyn's order. "You can have that check," said Inigo, "and be fingerling the bank-notes in half an hour from now, on one condition." "Go on," said Jocelyn. "That is, you take yourself out of the whole business, and leave me to deal with the girl direct. It's a damned shame, by Jupiter, that thirty per cent of her money into your pocket every time she sings, and making her think I pay her that much less than she ought out for thirty thousand dollars, cash down, today, and take the risk of her bursting up, and everything else. I'm talking money—that's what I'm doing; and there it is! Will you do it?" "You may go to the devil!" said Jocelyn, pushing back the check-book, though not without an effort. "I'll have you to know that money's the only thing I'm after. I've got my own views about the girl, and I'm going to manage the business my own way."

This is choice company to be introduced to by an author of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's gentlemanly breeding!

Meanwhile, Mr. Hamilton Jocelyn, failing to obtain acceptance with Beatrix as a lawful suitor, beseeches to be made by her for a little while only the happiest of human beings—"not asking for an irre-vocable compact," Beatrix is otherwise insulted by low-lived souls behind scenes; the real Marana turns up abroad in company with Beatrix's renegade brother Ed, and comes over to New York to displace the usurper of her name and fame; and Beatrix finally finds a worthy lover in the person of Geoffrey Bellingham, the high-minded architect of the magnificent opera house. The attentions of the Cadwallader family to the famous cantatrice offer a not very agreeable side picture of New York society before the footlights.

Altogether this is a decidedly unpleasing novel. Its descriptive passages alone redeem it from coarse commonplace. The name of its author may secure for it a patient reading from refined and cultivated persons. But we doubt if even that brilliant name will save it from early oblivion. The portrait of Beatrice Randolph is almost its single trait of merit; but even then it is a picture set in a very cheap frame.

ARCHITECTURE IN OHALDEA AND ASYRIA.*

W ITHIN its sphere it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this work. It is the only comprehensive field of Mesopotamian art, and if the same philosophic breadth, acuteness of vision, and coolness of judgment be applied to Meso- perrot and Chipiez's future book on the art of Greece, art students will be fortunate indeed.

The keen eyes of our authors, in surveying the vast masses of rubbish of crumbling sun-dried brick upturned by French and English explorers, have penetrated the nature of Mesopotamian architecture at more than one point. Of especial importance are the results of their discussion of the arch. It has long been known that this architectural element was in use on the Tigirs and Euphrates, and while French explorers had correctly divined, in opposition to Layard, one important application, the extent and limits of its use had not been authoritatively divined. Perrot and Chipiez show that the arch was not linked in long arcades, springing from column to column, thus opening a wall to light and air, and yet supporting it; it was used only in the form of single vaults, nowhere in deep passages leading from without into the interior of the building, now supporting the roofs of the long narrow rooms. This limitation of its use was the effect of the construction of the walls. The palaces can hardly be said to have had walls in one sense, of inner partitions separating, and outer cases enclosing, interior spaces. Assyrian palaces were masses of brick with cavities hollowed out at intervals. The brick masses separating the rooms were of prodigious thickness, often equaling, sometimes surpassing, the spaces that interrupted their solidity. Arcades, the incursion of airiness in construction, would have been impossible to walls like these.

The view is accepted and confirmed that was advanced by the explorer Félix Thomas,
the colleague of Place, that the dome was used by the Assyrians. Two rooms were found in the palace of Sargon, forty-eight feet square, too great a span, according to Thomas, for roofing with the tunnel vault. He then had recourse to the dome and was enabled to confirm his conjecture by the discovery of an Assyrian slab displaying houses, some with flat roofs, but others with domes both semi-circular and elliptical. Furthermore, there are still standing in this very region, erected by Parthian and Sasanid monarchs, palaces with well preserved domes—of brick, be it observed. Roman armies more than once penetrated to these countries, and as Perrot suggests may well have brought home with them the idea of their own arch and dome. The mosques of our day are the latest bearers of the tradition.

The column was not unknown to the Assyrian, but the position it held was inferior. The judge by the reliefs, it seems to have been only in small porticos before gateways and in small outer buildings, like tents, summer-houses, and garden chapels; also in a decorative, though not a structural way, it was applied in rows to the façades of palaces like pilasters. Our authors, we think, have thrown the column too much into the shade; as they themselves state, the temples were towers rising in lessening stages, their dizzy top crowned by a chapel—the temple proper to which the tower was a pedestal. In plan, the chapel was very different from the palace, a vast building that expanded itself over the summit of a wide mound. Its walls of prodigious mass had no columns thrown out free in front. The crowning chapel was of light structure, and if the column was a feature of little buildings like tents, summer-houses, and the buildings on the reliefs taken for garden chapels, what more natural to suppose than that the chapels of the great temples were provided with the same feature of the free column? It is these chapels and not the palaces that were the prototype of the Greek temple.

The evidence of remains leads to the conjecture that only base and capital of the column were of stone, while the shaft was of wood sheathed in bronze. The capitals vary much in shape, just as the roofs of the chapels on the reliefs are sometimes flat, sometimes gabled—an absence of the fixity of form conspicuous in Greek architecture. There were no orders of the column as in Greece. The capitals, in spite of the variation, spring from one type, that of two volutes turned outwards. We cannot agree with Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez in tracing the monument of the hour-glass of the wild goat. Are they not rather vegetal in origin? An examination of the plates of Layard and other explorers will draw the student to the conclusion that the flowers are in the cup in which the flower is set. sometimes the corolla itself. The capital is the flower in section. The ovary is very frequently inserted. In a capital from Cyprus in the Cesnola collection, stamens and pistil even rise out of the corolla. The lily is the source out of which the Ionic capital has grown. And it is significant that it bears the name of Ionia, which was in Asia.

AN AMERICAN GIRL?*

THERE are novels which, considered merely as literary productions, are almost unworthy of a reviewer's notice, and yet, because of the ideas which they present of contemporary society, are themes of curious interest. It is with novels of this sort that the Laura of Mrs. or Miss Elizabeth Evans is to be classed. As we struggle from page to page through the dust-heap of infinite detail which overlies the main course of the story we cannot, although at times perilously near being a victim to mental asphyxia, lose sight of the fact that the characters are, generally speaking, quite new. If they are not true they are at least creditable to Miss or Mrs. Evans's powers of invention. In summing up the first part of the tedious chronicle we must needs be brief. It seems that Miss Laura Preble of Boston ("a fair-haired, fair-faced girl, apparently about twenty years old, with a serene and sincere expression of countenance, suggesting good natural dispositions developed in a home atmosphere of love and peace") has invited her cousin, Miss Lilian Horne, a fashionable young woman of High-Church proclivities, with a country relative (who represents the Orthodox element), to pass the summer with her at an obscure sea-side resort. The attractive particulars concerning the "roast chicken" which the thoughtful Prebles, who "never ate meat," provided for their guests; the details of the journey; and the vicissitudes of Miss Lilian Thorne's trunk—all these must be passed over.

The author's happy gift for combing the minutiae of travel with the discussion of religious topics, is, however, worthy of note. It soon becomes evident that Miss Laura Preble is not only a vegetarian, but is also extremely positive in her religious opinions. A pleasant Sunday affords an opportunity for a remark on the sacred origin of the day, whereupon the heroine "comes down" on her interlocutor in this fashion:

"If there was any make about it, it was Saturday and not Sunday that was made. The Jews and the Seventh-Day Baptists are ahead of you there."

"But, Laura dear, surely you know it was changed?" is the reply.

"No, I don't. But the terrible Laura declines to be pacified:

"Yes, I know why the Christian Church keeps Sunday instead of Saturday. . . . But I know, too, that Sunday was first appointed by Constantine, and he was a worshipper of the sun for forty years before he became a Christian. There is no command in the New Testament to keep the first day of the week holy. For that matter,

the Jewish Sabbath is only a modification of an Assyrian feast in honor of Saturn, because Saturn was the 'Most Holy Planet' to the ancients. The Assyrians were great astronomers, you know."

"Perhaps the Assyrians took it from the Jews," objected Sarah.

"No," replied Laura triumphantly, "you don't catch me there. The Assyrian story is found in cuneiform inscriptions and they are much older than any writings in the world. You can't deny that."

At another time this Macaulay in petticoats is walking in a grave-yard with a companion, who quotes a familiar Biblical phrase:

"Job didn't say that, and didn't mean it, either," retorted Laura. "That is what makes me mad!" she exclaimed, with energy, stamping her foot in the hard dirt, and going on saying the same thing over and over, after it has been proved all wrong. If you choose to believe the New Testament story of the Resurrection, you have a perfect right to do so; but you have no right to drag up Job as a witness to the truth of immortality, when the best Hebrew scholars agree that the Christian translation of the passage is false."

Toward the close of the book she is still more out-spoken. Is it a typical "American girl" who speaks?

"I hate churches," began Laura, with her usual condensation of expression. "But it must be confessed that they make an agreeable feature in the landscape. They would look just as well, though, if they were libraries or art-galleries, as they will be some day. But here, in this quiet little village, I can see and am ready to acknowledge that religious worship has a good influence. It stands in the place of the theater and the concert-hall and the lecture-room. In large cities, where those other means of amusement and improvement are to be found, the church is either an undignified, insincere imitation of all three, or it is a dead letter to most of its members."

We must not forget that there are other "American girls" in the story. Among them is a "Miss Hartwell" from Chicago. She "looks like a "sun, or a Madonna," she talks in this wise:

"I saw a right nice-looking fellow on the wharf the day I came. He had a head like a poet. I'm bound I'll find out who he is. He looked like a student, but just as like as not he's only a clerk in a store."

"How are you going to find out?" asked Lilian.

"Oh, in the first place, I shall go round the stores and ask for wide blue silk fringes. That's a supper you can never find, and so you're not obliged to buy. I can see in a minute if he is there. If he is, I can soon scrape acquaintance with him."

"And if he isn't?" suggested Lilian.

"Then I shall probably come across him in the street or on the wharf. Then I'll drop my handkerchief, and he picks it up, and the thing is done. That's the way we girls do in Chicago when we want to get acquainted with a student."

"Chicago is a very gay city, isn't it?" asked Laura, perhaps.

"I guess you'd think so," replied the little beauty, with a toss of her angelic head. "St. Louis is pretty gay, but Chicago is ever so much nicer. We have dancing-clubs, and minstrel shows and sleigh-rides, and surprise parties, and everything you can think of. Do you have surprise parties in Boston?"

A Mr. Cleveland now appears upon the scene. He is a handsome, well-behaved young fellow with no nonsense about him. Both Miss Lilian Thorne and the Chicago..."
beauty make a dead set at him. It must be admitted that the Westerner goes at the business with what, to a morbid New England taste, seems like rather startling originality:

They chatted a few moments about the weather, and then, taking advantage of the first pause, she looked up into his face with all the pathos which she well knew how to throw into her delicate features, and said, in a low voice:

"What if I should ask the same question now in earnest that I asked yesterday in fun? would your answer be the same?"

"Of course!" he answered, in a frollicksome tone; but, perceiving she was serious, he became so too, and continued:

"I know you would not ask such a question in earnest."

"Yes, I would!" she exclaimed with a gasp. She fancied she heard a door shut upstairs. Somebody would be sure to come in and spoil it all.

"Take me!" turning towards him and holding out her little hands.

There was only a moment of silence between her appeal and his reply, and yet the thoughts of each ran wide range. She was saying to herself, "Oh, if I can only carry back such a splendid fellow as this with me, won't Fannie Malher be ready to die with envy?"

"Child, you don't know what you are saying! If you leave us to each other, you are more likely than ever to get married."

"Why?" she asked. "Don't you like me? Don't you think me pretty enough?"

We will spare the reader the account of Miss Thorne's wooing; it is a little more ardent if not so outspoken, and to the author's credit, be it said, that it is equally unsuccessful.

We have thought proper to quote at some length from this novel, that its quality might be fairly appreciated. Whoever Mrs. or Miss Evans may be, she has undertaken to present a picture of three American girls, and it is well that the world should know the results. It is possible, of course, that such subjects are not in any sense "types" and only exist in the writer's imagination. In that case, for so clever a libel on American womanhood, Miss or Mrs. Evans will doubtless achieve all the fame she deserves. In any event, those who have at heart the purity and healthfulness of contemporary fiction cannot look with indifference upon so bold an attempt as we have in Laura to naturalize here the worst methods of a debased school of fifth-rate English novelists to whom vulgarity, ultra-sentimentalism, and cheap adventuriness are never failing sources of twain renown.

The new scheme towards a settlement of the present copyright difficulties, introduced in the House a few weeks ago by Mr. Dorshheimer, is meeting with approval from the New York publishers, particularly so since the amendment has been offered extending the term of copyright to twenty-eight years, with the right of renewal for fourteen years. By this amendment the objection features of the bill will be removed. Such a treaty as Mr. Dorshheimer has proposed already exists between many European countries, and its adoption would immediately establish a copyright law between the most important of our foreign cousins, Great Britain among the first.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.*

LOUIS PHILLIPPE ALBERT, Comte de Paris, sometime aide-de-camp of General McClellan, is now, by the recent death of the Comte de Chambord (Henry V as his followers knew him), sole royal claimant to the throne of France. It is greatly to be desired that no revolution, by placing him upon that throne, may delay the completion of this great literary work, which, despite its many defects in matter of arrangement, is and undoubtedly will remain for many years the standard history of our late Civil War. Indeed it is doubtful whether any future historian will have the courage to explore the dreary wastes of the minor operations of that war with the conscientious thoroughness of our author.

And, apart from this, it is seldom that literary ability and habits of study are combined with such an entire absence of prejudice as they are in the Comte de Paris. The present volume, comprising volumes V and VI of the French original, is admirably edited by Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Nicholson, and brings the history of the War for the Union down to the beginning of 1864. It is divided into four books, the first of which, entitled "The War on the Rapidan," describes the operations of the Army of the Potomac from the elevation of General Hooker to the chief command to the retreat of the Union army after the miserable failure at Chancellorville. It was wise, no doubt, to divide the account of this campaign into two chapters; but, why should the first chapter, occupied mainly with a description of Jackson's flank march and his attack on Howard's corps, be labelled "Dowdall's Tavern?" No one associates Jackson's tragic end, or Keenan's gallant charge with any name but that of Chancellorville.

It is pleasant to turn from this disgraceful fight, in which a general commanding 75,000 men was so completely out-witted and cowed by 45,000 men under Lee, to the patience, perseverance, and skill displayed by General Grant in the campaign that, after many failures, ended in the surrender by Pemberton of thirty-two thousand men and the citadel of Vicksburg. This is described in the second book.

The third book narrates the failure of Lee's invasion of the North, which, with the fall of Vicksburg, left the Confederates blocked by sea and by land — "stew in their own juice" — as it has been expressed; deprived of all hope of foreign intervention and almost certain to succumb, sooner or later, under the incessant blows of the Union armies.

In the fourth book the retreat of Lee after the Gettysburg days, and the campaign of Averell in Western Virginia are served up at length.

Besides these grand divisions, so to speak, there are two chapters of an episodical nature which deserve mention, one of these — the third of the first book — under the puzzling title of "Suffolk," describes the operations "along the coasts of the Southern States during the first three months of the year 1863," and "combats fought in Virginia by bodies of men acting independent of Hooker's and Lee's armies."

The other — the first chapter of the third book — is devoted to the financial legislation of 1863-1864, to the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham, to the growth and services of the Sanitary Commission, and to a very inadequate account of the economic situation in the Southern States in the early part of 1863.

As to the translation it has not merely been well and accurately done, but the spirit and vivacity of the original, to a great extent, have been preserved.

There are few books without defects, and the one before us is no exception to the general rule. There is no index, and the table of contents is well-nigh useless. Take, for example, the second chapter of the second book, which occupies pages 226-297. The enumeration of its contents requires nearly a page and a half of fine print, and it describes military operations from Kentucky to Louisiana, yet the number of the first page only of the chapter is given. It is extremely difficult to form any idea as to the exact place in its seventy pages where a particular event is treated. The searcher is given no assistance in the way of page-headings, side-notes, or dates. There are page-headings, to be sure, but what information is conveyed by the words "Port Gibson" (the name of a combat described in the opening pages), or the words "The Civil War in America," which greet the anxious eyes on alternate pages? This is no small matter, for this work is, to a great extent, a book of reference.

The great and crowning defect is the entire absence of good maps. For instance: one is left entirely in the dark as to how Lee got to Gettysburg. The map of Gettysburg itself is not what it should be. The count has labelled the first day's battle near that place "Oak Hill," but no Oak Hill is on the map. The "Cashtown road" and the "Heidlersburg road" of the text are the "Chambersburg" and "Harrisburg" road on the map. It is also often very difficult to reconcile the author's contradictory statements with regard to men and events. George A. Archbold has made a few slips, though unimportant in themselves, and not impairing the accuracy of the translation.
The appendix contains the usual statistics of the strength of the opposing forces, which are supplemented by "addenda" furnished by Colonel Robert N. Scott, who has charge of the publication of the official records of the Union and Confederate armies. It also contains a very characteristic letter from Lincoln to Hooker; a bibliographical note; and a number of additions and corrections to the first and second volumes. Among these there is a note on the "Fite John Porter case," in which the Comte de Paris gives the result of a perusal of the evidence given before the "Schoefield Board," and makes the following manly statement: "Far from endorsing the reproaches Pope has lavished upon Porter, we have been led, while writing this new account, to modify the judgment, far too severe, that we had ourselves passed upon the latter general."

DR. GREEN'S GROTON.*

This is a collection of documents out of which history is made, arranged with that good sense and accuracy which Dr. Green has before displayed. Six wars are enumerated in chronological order: King Philip's, King William's, Queen Anne's, Dummer's, King George's, and the French and Indian. While this ground has been often gone over by historians, the present book by its new material gives a concrete picture of these old colonial struggles in which our fathers showed the pluck of a dominant race. For us, of modern and peaceful days, who know the steam trains freighted with happy populations, and thriving and teeming towns and cities with all adjuncts of modern civilization, it is hard to realize how two hundred and fifty years ago, a Massachusetts town like Groton, some thirty miles westward of Boston, was then on the very frontier of the colony; that everywhere north and west stretched an almost unbroken forest, in which the tracks of the wolf often confused the trail of Indian marauders, when the armed scouts of the watchful Indians hunted the wilds, and how often their frail villages withered in ashes under the Indian torch, and precious blood flowed under the scalping knife and the tomahawk. Yet such is the story of early Groton among others. Its inhabitants, once at least, deserted the spot as a very churlish house where the Indians would dig no graves and yet slay their best and bravest. Such monographs as this by Dr. Green are useful to accentuate the supreme saving power and heroism of our ancestry.

The details of the old colonial life of Groton have a narrow limit, but run to tragedy. A father shot at his own gate by an Indian, who is immediately slain by the son through the chinks of their log cabin; the whole population gathered in blockhouses, while Indians skulked in the cornfields, or killed cattle, or fired with savage taunts at the garrisons; houses burned and their inmates murdered or led away captive; scouting parties of whites going out to battle and coming back with sad stories of the fallen; petitions to the General Court, of the wounded or the maimed, for pensions or money grants to aid their poverty in old age; town petitions for aid in calamity, or for more soldiers to ward off threatened attack; lists of the town soldiers and the record of their pay and officers—these furnish high colors for the history of a rural town in the primitive New England age.

Groton history also touches wider problems. Whatever one may say of the colonial treatment of the Indians, it is plain that after King Philip's War the Indians were regarded everywhere as wolves. Their scalps were more valuable than beaver or cornfields, and a grim temper shows in the records of the payments made for such ghastly trophies. Many Groton people were in Lovell's famous fight with Paugus, and of them, Chamberlain, knew him. Several of its citizens, including women and children, were made prisoners by the savages and carried to Canada, and some of them, by a curious freak, assumed the savage life of their captors, while others abjured their religion and were baptized in the Roman Church. On page 77 Dr. Green gives a record of one of these baptisms, which he was able to secure in 1877 through the kindness of the Mother Superior of Notre Dame:

On Tuesday, April 24, 1696, the ceremony of baptism was performed on an English girl named Lydia Longley, who was born April 14, 1674, at Groton, a few miles from New England. She was the daughter of William Longley and Deliverance Crisp, both Protestants. She was captured in the month of July, 1680, by the Abenaki Indians, and has lived for the past month in the house of the sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The guardian was M. Jacques Lebar, merchant, the godmother was Madame Marie Madeleine Dupont, wife of M. de Maricourt Ey佃er, captain of a company of marines; she named this English girl Lydia Madeleine.

The capture of the three Tarbell children is one of the most romantic episodes in Groton history. They are caught early one evening in 1739, while picking cherries, and were carried to Canada, where they became converts, and the two boys were adopted into an Indian tribe. In the winter of 1739 they returned to visit their kinsfolk, but went back, probably preferring their new home. They married Indian wives and were afterward made chiefs. Their descendants have long lived as some of the most respectable citizens of St. Regis, and curiously enough, after all the admixture of savage blood, are said to still retain the features of the Tarbell family.

When one remembers that in these savage wars France was able to stretch its red hand to within thirty miles of Boston and waste by its Indian allies Massachusetts villages, one sees the danger there once was that our whole English civilization would be driven into the sea. It was either a New France or a New England. Only English blood could have endured the stress.

Dr. Green's training as a member of the Historical Society has led him to give us an admirable index.

MINOR NOTICES.

Music in England. By Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter [Charles Scribner's Sons. 6s. 6d.]

Music in America. [Da. Do. $2.00.]


Dr. Ritter's two volumes on Music in England and in America are companionable, their relation being that of the order in which we have placed them. They are far from being complete histories, though the second is the more thorough of the two. But it leaves out much that belongs to any full account of Music in America. In English music the author's starting points are the ballad and the Gregorian chant, in each of which he has the seed of a distinct harvest of song. After an historical survey down to the Revolution, the music remains that of the Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Genevan Churches, as represented in England, and of the English Church proper, with a chapter on English Psalmody. Short biographies of noted composers and performers are scattered through the pages. The work is rather a series of essays on points in English musical history. The same is true of the second work; only here, instead of ballad and chant, we have New York and New Orleans as gathering lines for the author's facts, with side glances at Boston and Philadelphia. There is a pleasant account of the early colonial composers, the Boston Handel and Haydn Society has its work related in justly appreciative terms, and Justice is done to Lowell Mason and his instructive life; but what may be called the county convention system, which has done a great deal for popular musical instruction, is rather sneered at, and Groce is given his due in the great Peace Jubilee, which, however much we may smile at them, have a place in such a history, do not appear to be even mentioned. The development of Italian Opera in America is generously treated. But what shall be said of a history of music in America which has no place for the name of Geo. F. Root? Of many other composers and instructors some information is given. Both volumes are enriched with pages of musical examples, and fitted with indexes. They belong to the useful order of literature.

Mr. Fillmore's history of Pianoforte Music begins biographically with Bach and Handel, to whom, with Beethoven, Von Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann, its pages are chiefly devoted. The work is intelligent, independent, critical. It shows knowledge of the instrument, familiarity with schools, an understanding of styles, and judgment, though with the latter we can hardly agree, as, for example, where the author pronounces Thalberg the "culmination of the 'Philatine' school of shallow players." Thalberg was hardly that. Piano students will find much that is instructive and interesting in Mr. Fillmore's book, which has learning without pedantry and earnestness without dullness, and is well printed, with topical notes in the margin, and an index.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, FEB. 9, 1884.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The first eminent name to place upon the death-roll of 1884 is that of Wendell Phillips. Mr. Phillips died on Saturday evening last, of angina pectoris, after a painful illness of only a few days' duration. He was in his 73d year, having been born on the 29th of November, 1811. His birthplace was Boston, and he was always a Bostonian. He graduated at Harvard College in 1831.

Mr. Phillips' name belongs in a brilliant list. Educated for the bar, but never a lawyer; attracted to politics but rising above them; less than a statesman but more than an orator; a voice; a great-heart; a fire-brand; a silver trumpet; an intellectual iah-maelite; a man who stood apart from men in order that he might be free to strike them if he thought they deserved blows; a foe to his friends and a friend to his foes; Mr. Phillips was at once the most consistent and the most contradictory of Americans. He was an exclamation point, a finger of scorn, a standing protest, a public appeal, a factious minority, a thorn in the flesh; he was—Wendell Phillips; and as there was none like him before him, so will there be none like him after him. The mold in which he was cast is broken. He was forged in fiery times. He belonged to an era. No man's place in the history of the republic was more designate.

It is the custom to rank Mr. Phillips with the great orators of all time. The greatness of his oratory was not on the surface of it, though his art was consummate. In power of sustained, severe, fluent, precise, lucid expression no speaker in modern times certainly was his master. Edward Everett's oratory was the glitter of an iceberg; Wendell Phillips's that of the sunshine. It is idle for us who have heard Phillips only to attempt to compare him with other great orators whom we have not heard—Burke, Pitt, Demosthenes. The true power of oratory is to be felt only in the presence of it, and it was not hard in the presence of Mr. Phillips's oratory to think that no other orator could have compared with it. It was enough.

Mr. Phillips the man was one of the gentlest, tenderest, most considerate, most generous, most forgiving of men. His domestic attachments were strong; his devotion to an invalid wife was a poem. He had no children. The poor, the outcast, the oppressed, the friendless, were his wards. With him a cause despised was a cause espoused. He cared nothing for popularity. What he believed he said. He had no patience with the Christian Church, the good in which he could not appreciate, and the evil in which he exaggerated. He lived without the camp, asked odds of no one, and left us as he had lived amongst us, self-contained, self-completed, and self-satisfied. Franklin, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Everett, Sumner—certainly to these names is to be added that of Wendell Phillips. With less than Franklin's sagacity, with more than Jefferson's scholarship, with all of Patrick Henry's courage, with a patriotism which Calhoun never possessed and a disinterestedness which has never been claimed for Clay, with all of Webster's dignity, with all of Everett's suavity, and with all of Sumner's honesty, he had in himself some of the best elements of intellectual leadership, weakened always however by certain distortions of vision which led him sometimes to see things out of relation and proportion, and caused men to hesitate before they followed him even while they admired him beyond words. Wendell Phillips illustrated anew the fact that the path of genius is not always the path of safety.

Mr. Phillips was among the most pronounced of anti-slavery agitators before the Civil War, and it was as truly his hand as that of any man which held the torch that lighted the flames of that dire but wholesome conflict. He was a conspicuous temperance advocate and labor reformer, a friend of Ireland and a champion of woman's rights. He was widely known as a public lecturer, his discourse on "The Lost Arts" being perhaps the most popular of his platform discourses. Collections of his letters, speeches, and addresses were published in 1863 and 1869, and it is understood that he was engaged upon a third volume at the time of his death. The last great event of his life was his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard College in 1881.

A gentleman, a scholar, a Christian in spirit and fact though not in name, the peer of the noblest and the helper of the humblest, a Bostonian of Bostonians, stately in appearance, polished in manner, courteous to all, Mr. Phillips was emphatically a man of the people, the great popular tribune of modern times, a standard-bearer ahead of the age. The sum of his qualities, tastes, principles, and habits had no more striking emblem than his plain, common, unornished house in a plebeian quarter of the city he loved and adored. No Back Bay mansion for Wendell Phillips. His last residence was on Common Street. The name of the street and its character were typical of his place and work in history.

England is distinguished by the poverty of its contributions to literature. The table, summarized, is as follows:

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<th>Fiction</th>
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<td>Art</td>
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<td>Mental and Moral Philosophy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Books of Reference</td>
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<td>57</td>
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<td>Music Books</td>
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It will be seen that the total number of titles has not fallen off. The decrease in fiction is very striking, and even of these 670 titles a very large proportion are the so-called "library" reprints. It would be interesting to know what proportion represent the work of American authors.

* * *

Contrary to all expectation the statistics which come to us from England show a large increase in the number of books published. During the past twelve months the publishers have been complaining of the dullness of trade, yet this prolonged depression has had apparently no effect on the number of books published. The list contains 4,732 new titles, or 754 in excess of those of 1882. The newspapers deplore, however, the scarcity of notable works. It is merely, one comes to believe, a matter of chance, and there is no reason that 1884 will not stand out as a period of great and original literary activity. In the English catalogues heads the list (as it would in America, were it not for the reprints of foreign novels) following in this order are: Juvenile publications, educational works, arts and sciences (including illustrated holiday volumes), fiction, belles-lettres, and records of travel and adventure. The advance in the number of novels published is inconspicuous—numbering only 43 yet we are told that novels are in London a drug on the publishing market.

* * *

Prof. A. Graham Bell lately read a paper before the Philosophical Society of Washington on "Fallacies Concerning the Dead," in which he led the way to the following conclusion: "Let us teach our children to think in English, by using English in their presence in a clearly visible form.

1. Let us teach them to speak by giving them instruction in the use of their vocal organs.
2. Let us teach them the use of the eye as a substitute for the ear in understanding the utterances of their friends.
3. Let us give them instruction in the ordinary branches of education by means of the English language.
4. And lastly, but not least, let us banish the sign language from our schools.

* * *

It is extremely unfortunate for our publishers that just now English fiction-writers are so prolific and in America the supply should be so
1884.]

THE LITERARY WORLD.

iscant; thus the cheap reprint clogs up the market. Never has there been a need of good novels been more seriously felt. It is unquestionably a fact that the "library" system of printing books for nominal prices is nearing its end; novel readers will no longer purchase the quartet paper pamphlets and 600,000 and in the making books of this character there is no money to be made by the publisher. What are most needed, it seems to us, are good American stories sold at a reasonable price, bound in cloth, say fifty cents per volume. For this sum handsome books may be made with profit, when large editions are printed, to the publisher and to the bookseller.

Literary Topics in the Foreign Periodicals.


The Author of "Sanford and Merton." Bibliographer. January.


CORRESPONDENCE.

We very much regret that the author of the first communication following, firmly refuses to put his name to it. He is personally known to us however as a gentleman whose opinions are entitled to the highest respect, and we cheerfully publish his rejoinder.

The Longfellow Memorial.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

I am somewhat puzzled by an editorial in the Literary World of this date upon the Longfellow Memorial. It does not seem to me that your attitude is quite fair toward them. If you sympathize with the general object of the Association it is difficult to see how you help it by such depreciatory criticism. Your readers might reasonably conclude from your article that the project is likely to fail and not entitled to their assistance.

Finding fault with the management you say "if it had opened a general popular subscription." This is precisely what they did do. Ask yourself how a popular general subscription can be opened. The Association advertised in the public press and sent circulars over the entire country, to editors, teachers, literary men, official prominent persons of all descriptions, asking them to arrange for local popular subscriptions. No "panderous and expensive auxiliary agencies" were established at all, as you intimate the work. As a token and proper receipt for any given, a certificate was signed and in order that small contributors might possess it, it was given to all whose contributions amounted to one dollar. The Association never "attempted to dictate the measure of individual interest by limiting contributions to a single dollar." Why should it do so? Who supposes that the Association would decline to receive a subscription larger than one dollar or that it ever did decline any sum that was offered? Such a mistaken idea may have become current and lessened the receipts. Probably some persons took refuge in it and excused themselves from giving more. Dollar subscriptions were called for, and dimes also, in order to make the subscription "popular and general." But the actual response was not large. If the Association made a mistake it was in this, that they did not first raise all that could be obtained by large subscriptions and then throw it open to the public for any sum however small. The truth is however that a national popular subscription cannot be taken without the aid of wide-spread organizations, as through churches, government officials, or societies with many branches. These means were not available in this case, and inasmuch as one hundred thousand people could not make the journey to Cambridge in person to pay their dollars, the "general popular" subscription failed.

You object that a statue would be a mere local adornment. Any fine monument must be a local adornment, and should not be blamed for that. If the contrary were true what would you say of the unlucky Association that erected it? But why do you think that Longfellow would not have been a mere local adornment? would you say the same of the number of years of Burns and Scott in Edinburgh? Surely you cannot mean that a statue of the poet Longfellow would have no interest for anybody outside of Cambridge. With regard to a statue in front of the Longfellow home you say "the idea grows more grotesque the longer it is entertained." That is a curious statement. Why should a portrait statue of Longfellow be "grotesque." Why is it "grotesque" to erect such a statue in Cambridge? Why grotesque to place it on the lawn before the old mansion, on land given by the poet's own children for the purpose? This gift of land you say "is a most important element toward the achievement of the undertaking," and then you proceed to ridicule it as a "disproportioned strip of ground separated from two other disproportionate strips and say the idea of a monument upon it is grotesque. You do not want a statue upon the land, and you do not want the land kept as a Park without a statue. It is a puzzle to know why you consider the land an "important" gift, or what you expect the Association to do with it. Really, Mr. Editor, you are hardly fair. Ourselves.

Cambridge, Mass., February 1, 1884.

"Palo Alto!" "Rio Bravo!"

To the Editor of the Literary World:

The poem to which Mrs. Spofford referred, was, I presume, one written by myself at the outbreak of the Mexican War. I have no copy of it, and remember only one verse:

Ghostsly bands in Tenochtitlan
Strike the old Aztec battle-drum;
Sharp steel, King of the Nameless
Lo! nests a eagle come!)

The poem was excerpted by a Washington correspondent, by Hoffman, may have been written nearly at the same time.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Demurrers, 1st mo., 1884.

What is Plagiarism?

To the Editor of the Literary World:

The subject of plagiarism has drawn out several communications, recently, in your excellent journal, and appears to be receiving special attention in other quarters. Not unnaturally there is a difference of opinion, some inclining to genly cover with the mantle of charity what may, or may not, be a literary crime; others, perhaps the majority, will be found censorious. Is it not then pertinent to ask, "What is Plagiarism?"

Every thinking man will concede that every other thinking man is largely a mental mosaic. That his views on life, business, religion, and art are mainly reminiscences of old impressions—conversations, books, lectures. Modern philosophy is found in Plato. The choice of words and reflections of today entertained the ancients. Religious thought is gray. The secrets of industrial science were known to the Egyptians and Phoenicians. There is then a great deal of public property in thought and literature—the stage properties of the world. What is then laudable and what culpable plagiarism?

The exact canon of literary law on this subject seem a little mildewed. Plagiarism, by common acceptance, means literary grand larceny. Petty larcenies, of words and phrases, constitute the bulk of the world's mental stock in trade, and usually, even in an author, go unrehealed, unless developed into confirmed habit. The largest vial of wrath of piled writers, and of the fraternity of letters, have always been expended on the greater freebooters, for whom verbal castigation, conscience, and pride are about the only deterring punishment. Perhaps, as in murder, malice aforethought, or consciousness of the act, is the damning quality which brands genuine plagiarism. Unconscious thefts, even of magnitude, are usually condoned, just as we smile at the respectable citizen who puts napkin and ring in his pocket, by mistake, when out to dinner, and do not think of shouting after him—"Stop thief!" This manifestly is also the limitation governing pardonable parallelism.

An element of contention lies in the free use made by writers of analogous plots. Plots must be regarded as public property—the raw material of literature and the duplication of a haphazard of social relations liable to be duplicated again at any moment in life or fancy. It would hardly be possible for an author to get a patent on a plot—"as difficult as for a painter to copyright the use of the crucifixion. An artist would only be charged with copying who copied, while a hundred might treat a subject in as many original ways. It is the superstructure, not the foundation that marks originality in an architect.

Plagiarism, then, is consciously appropriating the writing of others, without credit, and independent of plot. Does this not substantially express the crystallization of critical opinion?

Now if, for instance, Charles Reade knowingly translates a short tale of the Grimms into a brief English story, without substantially altering it in expression or thought, are we not justified in suggesting "plagiarism?" But if, on the other hand, Mr. Charles Reade, or any other honora ble writer, similarly "borrowed" should be unacquainted with knowledge of the similarity, I think the world would generously accept the "parallelism." As far as I know this instance is the only one of the kind alleged against the distinguished writer.

Mr. Tennyson has recently been charged with the same misappropriation of literary work. Is his not a case of identity of plot? The poet shows such distinctive originality in his style that
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more than this does not seem probable. Enoch Arden is recorded in the daily papers several times each year, and are not unknown, I believe, to the romance of China and Arabia.

Of course it is quite true that an author's good name, as that of every individual, is his brightest jewel. So it behooves him to keep it free from a suspicion of soil.

Sincerely yours,

W. O. STILLMAN.

Vienna, Austria, January 23, 1884.

A Legacy.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Ruskin, in his preface to The Story of Ida, says that for some ten or twelve years he has been asking every good writer whom he knew to write some part of what was exactly true in the greatest of the sciences, that of humanity. Mrs. Dinah M. Craik's Legacy belongs unmistakably to this class. John Martin, a young man of obscure origin, very poor, and entirely self-educated, but a genuine Kirke White in the precociousness of his youthful genius, takes his work to this authoress, and she becomes thenceforth his foster-mother in the poetic school. She leads him on by judicious care, but keeps a strong, firm hand upon the reins when he desires to leap into print, and advises him to wait, and "still to wait," until she yields consent. The consent comes too late. Consumption sings the feeble body, and, like "Ida," he fades away in the very bloom of youth. Mrs. Craik now edits his work with careful hand, and with a regretful feeling that she did not sooner release him from the bonds of silence. She does ample justice to his memory, and the touching story of his young life, his struggle with poverty, his lamented death, will give him a surer fame than his own works could have gained for him in this rushing age, had they been published earlier. The selections which she has made from his writings, particularly his prose work, are many of them gems, and show him to have been an unskilled pen-bearer, but one to whom the world might have given honor had he lived to fulfill the promise of his youth.

A LEGACY.

[On the works of John Martin, Poet, compiled by D. J. M.]

From stores of wealth within thy heart and mind,
Most gifted friend, the world has richer grown;
But few among the lettered are known
Whose name is from the fountain pure as thine.
The world gave credence to the simple truth
Of thy first tender, tear-impelling page;
The record of a life from youth to age,
A royal life wrought from thine own heart's ruth.

But still more touching here, and tenderly,
Are shown the author's skill, the woman's heart,
'Twixt no imagined hero which thine art
Has robed at will, in colors fair to see.
But plainest, poorest of his human kind,
In all that a regardless world might view,
"John Martin, poet," found a friend most true,
Who saw through low estate the priceless mind.

Look not regretful on the kind restraint,
Which held the reins of his impetuous steed,
For the proudest of all horses beast,
Now his rare thoughts are worthy renowned,
And Fame, no longer shy, has given him place.
His fame shall live, enshrined with tenderest grace,
And crowning him thou hast thyself crowned.

JohnsStow, N. Y.

Jennie Oliver Smith.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

The late J. R. Green's Conquest of England is out from Macmillan's press, the last and the unfinished work of its distinguished author. It is materially a continuation of his Making of England, and carries on the subject down to the end of the Norman Conquest. A touching preface by his widow tells the tale of the sufferings of his last two years.

—Sir James Caird, who was a member of the late Famine Commission for India, has published an account of his service in that capacity with notes on agriculture, revenue, and class conditions in India. [Cassell.] He gives pleasant pictures of the landscape, as, e.g., the following:

The country is richly cultivated, with many temples and tombs among the gardens and potato fields. The land is beautifully managed, in fine fields of tobacco, linden, and the small squares of poppy for opium. The trees are now seen overtopping every woodland, many single, some in avenues. Vast sweeps of verdure stretch away from the railway in the rice districts, rank and other late corn crops now in many places covering the ground from which the rice has been carried. The peepal with its broad shining leaves throws its cooling shade over the workers at the wells. Parrots and other birds of gay plumage perch on the banana trees. Verify it is a good country, from Mooltan to Calcutta a splendid plain of good land for 1,000 miles.

—Our theological readers have an interest in a new work on The Book of Job, by G. H. B. Wright, which gives a critical revised translation, a sketch of Job as a man and author, notes on the text, and a glossary. The Athenæum says Mr. Wright has done more for the poem than any other English writer of modern times.

—Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, who has published at some length her Records of a Girlhood, now follows that entertaining story with a collection of her Poetical Works. [Bentley.] They are mostly occasional poems of respectable quality, varied with sonnets and songs of which the following is a sample:

Loud wind, strong wind, where art thou blowing?
Into the air, the viewless air,
To be seen there.
There am I blowing.

Clear waves, swift waves, where art thou flowing?
Upon the sea, the boundless sea,
To be whelmed there,
There am I flowing.

Young life, swift life, where art thou going?
Down to the grave, the last home,
To mourning there,
There am I going.

—One of the latest additions to biographies of living men is a memoir of General Sir Frederick Roberts, the hero of the Afghan War, by C. R. Low. [Allen.] General Roberts began his career in the Indian mutiny, and perhaps stands next below General Wolseley among English soldiers.

—Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist, has collected two volumes of her essays on social subjects under the title of The Girl of the Period. They furnish more sensible reading than might be expected, and if sometimes severe are generally satirical. [Bentley.]


FOREIGN NOTES.

—The Italian paper which corresponds to the London Illustrated News in the Illustrazione Italiana, now in its 11th year, appearing weekly at Milan in 16 large-sized pages with pictures by native artists.

—The 30th anniversary of the introduction of printing into Russia was celebrated in December. Russia's first printer was Ivan Fedorof, who died Dec. 17, 1585. His one object was the diffusion of the Scriptures.

—Blackwood & Sons will shortly issue a new volume of essays by George Eliot, containing all that she was willing to have reprinted of her contributions to periodicals, and some short essays not otherwise published.

—The authorship of Mrs. Larrimer, one of the more notable novels of last year, is ascribed to Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of Charles Kingsley.

—Mr. Henry George has a new work ready in London, entitled Social Problems.

—A bust of Victor Hugo by Rodin has made its appearance in a painting gallery in Piccadilly, London. It is spoken of as unfinchingly realistic.

—Mrs. Oliphant has a powerful ghost story, "Old Lady Mary," in the January Blackwood, and in the Contempary Review for the same month the Bishop of Carlisle offers some interesting "Thoughts about Apparitions." Mrs. Oliphant's theme is the return to the earth of an old lady to repair a piece of wrong-doing, and the Carlisle Bishop thinks that it is evidence enough of such returns of departed spirits to establish them as facts.

MINOR NOTICES.


Miss Cobbe's essays have already attracted wide attention, and there can be no doubt that they have such permanent elements of value as to make their collection into a volume desirable. The first essay begins with the well-known sentence, "It is a singular fact that whenever we find out how anything is done, our first conclusion seems to be that God did not do it," and is a very vigorous defence of theism. The essays are all written from a liberal Unitarian point of view, and the "orthodox" reader will find many of the weak points in his system of belief mercifully assailed, yet with such skill and good-humor that he can easily forgive the assailant. Miss Cobbe thinks that if Galton had drawn his inferences from Unitarians he would not have described piety as unsuited to a robust constitution, nor have pictured it as "a gentily complaining and flattering spirit." We may add that the narrowness of Mr. Galton's inductions leading to such a conclusion is even more evident when we reflect upon the hardships endured by the pioneer home missionaries in America, or when we glance at a table of ministerial mortality statistics, which will be sure to show that clergymen as a class exceed the average age of professional men.

Tennyson's In Memoriam. A Study. By John T. Genung. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.]

Mr. Genung's study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is a thoughtful and worthy piece of work. The introductory chapters trace the relation of the poem to the spirit of the age that saw its birth and to the growth of the poet's mind. It gives voice to that "higher mood of faith, and
even of doubt," which Martinelli hailed in 1836 as the product of the past and recent changes in religion, ideas and spirit. It stands in clear connection with such poems as "Locksley Hall," "Two Voices," "Love and Duty," which broke the poet's long silence of nearly a decade. As an elegy, "In Memoriam" invites comparison with Milton's "Lycidas" and with Shelley's "Adonais," but the latter, with all its excellences, act a part and are framed after a conventional type, while the former, grappling more earnestly with the problem and mystery of life, "Speaks in its own character and calls things by real instead of poetical names." As a tribute of friendship, "In Memoriam" finds its most notable parallel in Shakespeare's sonnets. In both cases, the friendship celebrated is praised as "wonderful, passing the love of woman," but in Tennyson the passion is higher and purer and hence better worthy of idealization and immortality. But "In Memoriam" is more than an elegy or a memorial of friendship; it is a clear vision and prophecy of the larger future of humanity, an interpretation of the best hope and effort of the poet's age. In this lies its highest value, and this is its especial claim to distinction. Following upon this study of the general purpose of the poet, we find a careful analysis of its structure as a whole and in its several parts, the entire series of lyrics, except the prologue and the epilogue, being resolved into three cycles of gradual but progressive movement. A larger amount of biographical and explanatory material would have been welcome, but the scope of the work is that of an exposition rather than a commentary.

**History of the Pacific States of North America.** By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. II. Central America. Vol. II. 1830-1880. [A. L. Bancroft & Co. $5.00.]

The first of these two disconnected but companion volumes opens with an account of the re-building of the City of Mexico, and of the subjugation and various portions of the old Aztec Empire. Then, after an excellent account of the administration of Cortez, and of the early attempts at converting the natives to Christianity, Mr. Bancroft narrates at considerable length the intrigues against the conqueror, and the misgovernment of Estrada and of the "First Audience." Chapters fifteen to twenty-two relate the adventures of Cortez in Spain, the conquest of Nueva Galicia, Yucatan, and Michoacán, and routine events from the year 1530 to 1547, which latter year is memorable for the death of Cortez, whose character is truthfully memorized in chapter twenty-three. The rest of the book is occupied with a detailed account of the colonization and organization of the province during the years 1547-1600. This part, which has the great merit of novelty, will be read with interest by any one familiar with the early history of our own country. We cannot follow the learned author in his researches into the early organization of New Spain, but a few words as to the difference in treatment of the natives by the English and Spanish colonists may not be out of place. Every English colony, sooner or later, entered on a war of extermination with the Indian tribes in its vicinity. In Mexico, after the first conquest, peace was the rule, war the exception. The Spaniard and the native lived not side by side, but together. It is probable that the condition of the mass of the natives was better under Spanish rule than before the conquest. It is unlikely that the vast majority of the natives understood any of the truths of Christianity, but the ceremonies of the Romish form were pleasing to them; indeed, they had been radically different from those of his former belief — and from the moment of his baptism he was on a kind of equality with his masters. Torture was not used in Mexico as a means of conversion, but only for the purpose of extorting information as to the locality of hidden treasure, or as to treason, and it was inflicted on Spaniard and native with great impartiality. When the "Inquisition" was introduced into New Spain, "Indians were made exempt, except in extreme cases, on the ground that they, as a race, were insufficiently instructed in the tenets of the faith, and therefore liable to fall, without mistake, into error."

Perhaps the good qualities of the conquerors of Mexico can be seen in no clearer light than when contrasted with the entire absence of any thing good in the Pizarros or Almagro, whose conquest of Peru is related in a clear and concise manner in the first chapter of the second of the volumes now at hand. As this episode does not properly belong to the subject under consideration, the account given is very condensed. The whereabouts of further information is sufficiently well indicated by Mr. Bancroft in the following sentence (p. 42, note 36):

"It is scarcely necessary for me to say that the best history of the Peruvian conquest, indeed the only one that can lay claim to fairness and completeness, is Mr. Prescott's."

The twenty-one chapters following are occupied with the routine events in Castilla del Oro, Veragaz, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, with life, past and present, and with episcopal attention to the revolts of Gonzalo, Pizarro, and of the Contreras brothers. After eight more chapters, devoted principally to the piracies of Drake, Oenohenme, François L'Olonomois, Parker, Morgan and others, we reach chapter thirty-one, wherein the story of the Scotch colony sent out by William Paterson is well told; and in this and the succeeding pages the history of Central America is brought down to the beginning of the present century. One point of interest brought out is the fact of a survey for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama as early as 1554; another is the history of Mosquita or the "Mosquito Coast." It seems that the "Mosquitoes" or "Sanvobes" were not aborigines, but were the "offspring probably of cinarores and native women," the cinarores or "Ma-roons," as they were called in Jamaica, being escaped negro slaves, who at one time had infested the island, and had not caused considerable assistance to the buccaneers. The Mosquitoes were "ruled by a hereditary king," and it is on a treaty with one of these "kings" in the time of Charles II, that the British found their claim — which the United States recognized in the Clay-ton-Bulwer treaty — to partners to any guar-antee of any treaty or other communication be- between the Atlantic and Pacific across Central America, and especially if such should be by the San Juan River which forms the northern boundary of Mosquitia.

These volumes, as a whole, are rather more readable than their predecessors, as there is much less straining after effect here than in the descriptions of Cortez, etc., but there is still room for great improvement in this respect.

**Where Did Life Begin? A Brief Enquiry, etc.** By G. Hilton Scriber. [Charles Scribner's Sons. 1875.]

A rather startling question is proposed in the title of this handsomely printed little book. From a scientific standpoint, one would hardly expect much answer in sixty-four small pages of large, double-leaded type. And yet it must be confessed that the writer has made a well-written monog-raph, and advanced some good arguments in favor of his theory. He holds that by reason of the sun's heat, the equatorial regions have always been hotter than the polar; hence the latter cooled first, the earth-crust was first formed there, and all life began there. The polar regions have been through every phase of life from the lowest first-forms to the gigantic animals and luxuriant vegetation of the tropics and the present frozen and dead sterility. As this cooling went on, this life was partly pushed towards the equator, and part remained to be slowly modified by the change. Thus by variation of climate, habitat, and surrounding, all the multiform varieties of life and past and present, of land and sea, have come about. The closing paragraph of the book will give a good idea of the whole:

Thus the Arctic zone, which was earliest in cooling down to the first and highest heat degree in the great life-gazant, was also first to become fertile, first to bear life, and first to send forth her progeny over the earth. So, too, in obedience to the universal order of things, she was first to reach sterility, first to pass all the subdivisions of life-bearing climate, and finally the lowest heat degree in the great life-range, and so the first to reach sterility, old age, degeneration; and death. And now, cold and lifeless, wrapped in her snowy winding-sheets, the once fair mother of all, in the frozen embrace of an ice-bound and everlasting sepulcher.

**Christian History.** By J. H. Allen. 3 vols: Early Christianity, The Middle Age, Modern Phases. [Roberts Brothers. $3.75.]

The successive volumes of Rev. J. H. Allen's *Christian History in its Three Great Periods* have been noticed by us as each appeared. The far too modest title of the first volume, "Fragments of Christian History," has been dropped, and the three volumes are now issued in uniform style, under the above general title, with the special titles, First Period, Early Christianity; Second Period, The Middle Age; Third Period, Modern Phases. Mr. Allen's work is not an ecclesiastical history after the pattern of Gieseler or Schaff. It is a series of connected essays on the great men, the great movements, the great ideas of Christianity, from St. Paul down to the Schilhaleh; and the Biblical student will find student of the original sources in every age he traverses. Mr. Allen unites qualifications seldom seen in church historians, extreme cador, judicial appreciation of thoughts most alien to his own mind, and a thorough acquaintance with philosophy, general history, and the logic of natural science. His volumes have a notable contribution yet made in America from his quarter to the history of Christianity as a spiritual and moral force in the ancient and modern worlds. They will bear comparison with the best work of any country in this direction. The finish of the style and the earnestness of Mr.
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Allen's "ethical passion" (this is his happy name for the secret of Christianity) should attract many beside professional students to his pages.

POETRY.

Mr. Richard E. Day's Lyrics and Satires are neither lyrical nor satirical to any great degree, but they are unpretentious and comparatively devoid of artificiality or straining after effect. Sometimes, as in "The Fire-Song," "My Maple," and "Hampden's Dream," a note of true poetry is struck, and two or three of the sonnets show signs of talent. The author rhymes about the "nave" with a fervor that does more credit to his canon than to the critical value of his taste. It will perhaps interest Mr. Day to know that "Eloise" does not properly rhyme with "annoy" or "joy" or "voice." [John T. Roberts, Syracuse, N. Y.]

Mr. George H. Calvert of Newport, R. I., continues with unflagging industry his contributions to the shelf of worthless poetry. Scarcely have we recovered the effects of the former (a tragedy) when we are confronted by The Naus- rene; and thus the procession of his dull commonplaceesses of versification opens bravely for the new year. Brangnoner is unquestionably a masterpiece of chaotic ideas and distorted blank verse, which we should imagine might leave the same impression on the mind of a conscientious reader as would a dull, vague, oppressive nightmare, not vivid enough to be terrible and too palpably existent to be pleasant. We quote consecutive lines like these:

For despoils each moment from the heart,
        Sternly predetermining the daily life.
That men cease burdening towards the coming day,
        But struggle in their pre-doomed nothingness.
When I am near to thee I have two strengths.
Yarps, with the dear self smiles, scented soft,
That in dim incense steep the unshattered eye.
Would hideously themselves demonstrate bear.

The Nausrene is obviously written with the same dull-pointed pen and muddy ink. In it the poet declaims the story of the Incarnation in terms like these:

This imaginative delusion
Of our friends, holy brother
Porrhates friends for M.'s elevation
Of priests, who'd make the Church our mother,
And on themselves, as sole interpreters
Of man-made deity, confers
The most grandiose, abominable
Factualities, claiming power to curse or bless.

Whatever else such lines as these may be, they are not poetry. We suggest to the author that he adopt as the standing motto for the title-pages of his volumes of the future these words from the mouth of one of the incomparable dramatic personae of Brangnoner:

O! what a pity that men are not witty.
But will be so silly and dull.

These volumes are published at $1.00 each, but a discount should be offered to those who purchase in large quantities. [Lee & Shepard]

Mary Sparkes Wheeler's Poems for the Fireside is a little book of original and selected poems, mixed in about equal proportions, with a few pictures, the whole inspired by a love of home and domestic experience, and a sympathy with what is true and good and beautiful. The selection furnishes the better part of the poetry, the author's original verse occasionally dropping into such absurdities of prosody as this:

Circling round the twines that twisted it,
Climbed the convolvulus high.

The italics are our own. [Walden & Stowe. $1.00]

The valuable part of P. W. Norris's The Carriers of the Colossus is not its 170 pages of "Poetic Legends of the Border," but its 50 pages of notes on historical, biographical, and antiquarian points in the poems, its 12 pages of "Glossary of Indian Names, Words, and Western Provincialisms," and its 40 pages of "Guide Book to the Yellowstone National Park," with a folded map of the latter. There are also eleven illustrations. The book evidently represents the entire literary assets of the author, who has been for five years Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.50.]

The latest addition to the Parchment Series is a collection of English Lyrics, the editorship of which is not stated, but the contents of which are one hundred and eighty-five lyrical poems by English poets, from Sir Thomas Wyatt and Nicholas Breton, down through Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and the singers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and others. According to the editor, it is "a short poem dealing with one thought, essentially melodic in rhythm and structure... A simple air, without preoccupation, variation, or accompaniment." The true lyric stands alone. The charm of this book consists not only in the exquisite verse which it assembles, but in the exactness of the form and manner its manner in which the assemblage is arrayed. [Appleton & Co. $1.25.]

Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics was one of the earliest, as it has been one of the most popular, of collections of English verse; its plan and form admirably adapting it to the popular taste and convenience. It gave its name to a series, which has become a classic of current literature; and the name has passed into use as descriptive of a very elegant and beautiful type of books. This original Golden Treasury collection of English Songs and Lyrics has now appeared in a new American edition, under the editorship of John Foster Kirk, the dainty tomo being enlarged into a crown 8vo, and Mr. Palgrave's four books of selections being supplemented by Mr. Kirk with a fifth book. The Golden Treasury is one of the choicest of English anthologies, and while the American enlargement of it loses the chaste delicacy of the English original, it is consider- ably the richer. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $3.50.]

The Flowers from Hill and Dale which Susie Barstow Skeolding has arranged and illustrated are between forty and fifty short English poems, chiefly from well-known poets, dedicated to the praise of flowers, collectively and individually, and the illustrations are full-page lithographs of designs in water-colors—pretty pictures as such pictures go. But flower pictures are not, in our judgment, the most pleasing form of art. The volume is richly bound in accord with holiday tastes, though late in reaching us. [White, Stokes & Allen. $3.50.]

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Mr. Kingston's From Prader Monkey to Admiral relates the adventures of three English boys who were impressed into the naval service in time of war. T be best one of the lot was a boy out of the streets. He is captured twice by the French, undergoes all sorts of adventures, and rises to be Admiral. The story is exciting but not sensational. [A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.]

In The Forged Letter we have a collection of seven stories by Sarah P. Brigham, all yielding a moral, making the book suitable for Sunday-school libraries. [Cong. Pub. Soc. $1.00.]

Muddy and Ensign is one of G. Manville Fenn's naval romances; the heroes of which are two English boys, who are good friends, but inconveniently fall in love with the same young lady. Their adventures center in and about the Malay Peninsula, and are interesting. [Griffith & Farran. $2.00.]

Santa Claus Stories, again, is a collection of tales—fifteen or thereabouts in all, and all by Mrs. O. W. Scott, many of them relating to Christmas, others to everyday life. They are not especially religious, and not particularly interesting for children above ten. [Walden & Stowe. $1.00.]

Donald and Dorothy is a story by Mary Mapes Dodge of a brother and sister, twins and orphans, whose parents were slain from a wreck in which both their parents were drowned. There is some doubt as to the identity of Dorothy. Donald goes abroad in search of facts to settle the question whether she is really Dorothy, or only Delia. The story is very entertaining and pleasant, and the book a handsome one. [Roberts Brothers. $1.00.]

A Loving Sister is a story for big girls, that is to say girls of fifteen or sixteen, like the heroine of it, Lil Langdon, whose aunt died and left her a fortune of $2,500 a year, with which she does a great deal of good. She marries a minister and goes West. [T. Whitaker. $1.00.]

The Three Chums are three English boys, one rich, one poor, one sickly, and all very intimate with each other at a large school. The poor boy had to leave school and go to work, and finds work with the father of the rich chum. The rich chum commits a theft under circum- stances which throw suspicion on the poor chum, but he is cleared and the guilty one runs away to sea, and falls sick, and is supposed to have been lost in a wreck, but comes home, and astonishes his family, and good fortune falls to the poor boy at last. M. L. Ridley is the author. [T. Whi- taker. $1.00.]

In The Boys of Thirty-Five we have a story of seaport life fifty years ago on the Atlantic coast; school, vacations, adventures on the ice and in the bay, etc., etc., all of which is moderately interesting. [Lee & Shepard. $1.25.]

The Crown Jewels describes a mother's training of a family of children—her teachings and prayers and anxieties and hopes and fears, all in a way to encourage good home efforts at the management of the young. An excellent book. [Walden & Stowe. $1.00.]

Grey Hawk relates the adventures of a Ken- nedy boy who is carried off by the Indians, grows up with them, becomes one of them, marries an Indian, and finally recovers his white- manhood. It gives a good picture of Indian life in the early days of Kentucky. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.50.]

The Little Wolves is a little English boy and girl, whose mother is dead, and whose father is an officer in the Indian service. At first they are living in England with an old friend of their father. Then they are sent out to their father, and get left in Paris by their way, and
only reach their father after a series of surprising adventures. It is a nice little story. [Macmillan & Co. $1.15.]

The Miseries of Fo Hi concerns the fortunes and misfortunes of a Chinese boy whose father puts him in a course of training to be a mandarin. He has two sisters who marry rich husbands, and have a better time than he does. The book does not amount to much; it is translated from the French. [Jansen, McClurg & Co. $1.00.]

The Boy Knight won his spurs fighting under King Richard in Palestine, and so his story is a story of the Crusades. He is a fair-haired Saxon. His master quarrels with a French barber, but the French king will not allow a combat. The two pages fight instead, and our hero wins. Afterward he is captured by the Saracens, and condemned to be beheaded, but is spared because he is so young. Finally he saves Queen Berengaria from being carried off, is wrecked on the French coast, gets back to England, and marries his master's daughter. A stirring, good, and interesting tale. [Roberts Brothers. $1.50.]

The Queen's Body-Guard is not an English story but an American, the "queen" being a mother, and her "body-guard" her seven children. The family go to Virginia and settle there, where life runs on in a helpful, pleasant sort of way. [Porter & Coates. $1.50.]

Edward Eggleston's Hoosier Schoolboy is a story of poor-boy life in the Western Reserve, without anything interesting about it, but good and interesting in a quiet way. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.]

Pickle and his Page Boy is by Miss Yonge. Pickle is a little dog, the page-boy is little, and the book is little. There are two girls, one of the page-boy's hatters. Pickle helps his young master to do right, and proves anew the sagacity and fidelity of dogs. [E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.60.]

Mr. Trowbridge's Phil and his Friends tells the story of a boy whose father is a rascal. The father leaves his son in pawn with an innkeeper. The boy makes his way on in the world as well as he can, finds friends, lives down all sorts of trials, and comes out into happy days at the last. [Lee & Shepard. $1.45.]

World Biographies.

Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks. This English author is a native of Lancashire, a county that has given to the world many notable men and women. She was born in Oldham Street, Manchester, March 25th, 1821. Her father was distinguished for his literary, artistic, and scientific proclivities. Her grandfather, Mr. James Varley, was a man of mark, as a linguist, a scientific chemist, and the discoverer of the value of chloride of lime for the purpose of bleaching. He spent ten thousand pounds in a chancy suit in defence of his right to use it in his own bleach inks. He also discovered in England the fine clay for biscuit china, previously obtained in Stafford. Mr. Banks received his education under a Miss Spray and the Rev. John Wheeler, largely supplemented by home influences, a good library, and intelligent, literary, theatrical, and artistic friends. At the age of eleven, she wrote a song, and delighted her younger sister and little friends with stories of her own invention. Her first contribution to the press, in the Manchester Guardian, April 12th, 1837, was a poem entitled, "The Dying Girl." It was followed at intervals by others. Later, at the request of Mr. Rogerson, editor of the Odd Fellow's Quarterly Magazine, she sent him a poem called the "Neglected Wife," and gained by it a prize of one hundred guineas being her first earnings. In 1844 was issued her Joy Leaves; a Collection of Poems. Two years later, viz., December 24th, 1846, she was married at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, to George Linnaeus Banks of Birmingham, a many-sided man, poet, orator, and journalist. He is the founder and promoter of many Mechanic's Institutes, and other literary societies, and author of the Blooms of Poetry (1841), Spring Gatherings and Lay(s of the Times (1845), Staves for the Human Ladder (1850), Poesis for the Belfry (1853), Life of Blondin (1856), Finger Post Guide to London, All about Shakespear (1864); and 1865 conjointly with Mr. Banks, publishedly received a volume of poems under the title of Daisies in the Grass. Many of their songs have been set to music, and are extremely popular. Mr. Banks wrote for the African Roscius, IRA Aldridge, a tragedy entitled IRA, the Slave King, with several other stage pieces. From about 1848 to 1856 he successively edited the following newspapers: the Harrowgate Advertiser, the Birmingham Mercury, the Dublin Daily Express, the Durham Chronicle, and the Windsor Royal Standard. He died after a protracted and painful illness, May 30th, 1881, and was buried at Abney Park Cemetery, London. Mr. Banks left his husband in his literary labors. Her first publication after marriage was a Lace Knitter's Guide, followed after a long interval by Light Work for Leisure Hours, a quarterly brochure still in progress with the practical aid of a daughter. It was not until June, 1865, that she published her first novel, God's Providence (1866). It established a reputation for her. Next in turn appeared a North Country story, Sung to the Quick (1867); The Manchester Man (1876); a Wiltshire story entitled Glory (1877); a Lancashire novel entitled Caleb Booth's Clerk (1878); Wovers and Winners (1880). A collection of her novels was commenced in 1881 by Abel Heywood & Son, Manchester, and Simpkin Marshall & Co., London. In addition to the foregoing novels, excepting God's Providence House, the series includes the story, More than Coronets, a number of stories entitled Through the Night, and another volume of short tales under the title of The Watchmaker's Daughter, and Other Stories. In October, 1883, appeared in three volumes, Forbidden to Marry. In 1878, a collection of Mrs. Banks's later poems was published under the title of Riddles and Breakers. Mrs. Banks has written much for the leading magazines, including the following, Argosy, Blue Mountain Annual, Cassell's Family Magazine, Quiver, Girls' Own Paper, The Scotsman, Odd Fellows' Quarterly, Once a Week, Country Words, Excelsior, etc., etc. During her residence at Harrowgate she lectured on "Woman as she was, as she is, and as she may be," with such success but her preference for privacy has been the means of keeping from the platform one who might have done a good work. She, however, baptized the Shakespeare Oak, planted by Mr. Phelps, the tragedian, on Primrose Hill, at Shakespeare's tercentenary, and delivered "an eloquent address" on the occasion. Several of her books have been illustrated in part by her son, George Collingwood Banks, a gentleman also of literary gifts as well as artistic skill. Two daughters are living out of a family of eight children. Her life has had its sorrow and its sunshine, her writings are always encouraging, and her actions kind.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROGERS, CAMBRIDGEPORT, Conn.

Misprint a Misspelt. No doubt our readers have wondered what fault it was we found with "par excellence," which appears among the misprints quoted in our last number from the "River-side Shakespeare." It is printed in the book "par excellence," and so we wrote it, but did not see a proof of it as we usually do.

Apropos of this familiar French phrase, we saw a comical misuse of it some time ago in a suburban playbill, in which it was announced that Mr. So-and-So, "the great comedian, universally acknowledged to be par excellence, will appear," etc.

George Sand on the Bohemian Seacoast of the "Winter's Tale." A correspondent in Hornellsville, N. Y., quoting the statement in our edition of the Winter's Tale (p. 179) that "the author of Consuelo has attempted to save the poet's credit by showing that Ottokar II. possessed in addition to his Bohemian and other territories a seaport (possibly the little port of Naam) which he purchased on the Adriatic, in order to justify the boast that his dominions extended to the sea," wants to know "what chapter of Consuelo contains the reference," as he has hunted for it in vain. We are unable at present to say where the reference occurs, and it may not be in Consuelo at all, but in some other of George Sand's books. Possibly some one of our readers can settle the question.

Shakespeare, as we have said in the same note, took his maritime Bohemia directly from Greene's novel of Pandosto, to which he was indebted for the story of the play. Greene is also responsible for making Delphos an island. Imagine Bacon letting such blunders pass uncorrected!

Shakespeare in the Magazines. Mr. Black's novel of Judith Shakespeare opens well in the last two numbers of Harper's. One gets interested in the story at once, and the critic reader can see that every detail of scene, time, and character has been carefully and skilfully worked up. The illustrations are among the best that have appeared in the magazine—which is saying a good deal for them.

In the February Century Salvini has another paper on the great characters in Shakespeare that he personates, taking this time Lear as his theme. It is able and interesting, but we find it hard to agree with the opinion that Lear is not insane from the first, as the professional "experts" are, we believe, unanimously in considering him. We cannot discuss the question here; but we must at least express our amazement at the remark of Salvini that, if Lear is insane when he divides his kingdom, "the baseness of the elder daughters is thereby palliated, since the thwarting of an insane will carries no injustice with it."
We should take the ground that their baseness was only the deeper, that they recognized the beginnings of that alienation of mind which their fiendish cruelty excites to raving madness. An insane will may indeed be thwarted for the good of all concerned, but surely not in that way.

The Monthly Magazine has an article by Junius Henri Browne with the title, "Shakespeare's Sonnets in a New Light." It is not a very new a light, however, being that with which Gerald Massey darkens the obscure problem in his octavo of 603 pages first published in 1856, and (as if that were not big enough) issued in an "enlarged" edition in 1872. Mr. Browne's abstraction is a strain more tolerable than the book as it is brief. It is really very well done, and we commend it to those who are interested in Massey's theory and want to get all there is in it without having to wade through his weary six hundred pages. We may add that good criticisms of the theory are to be found in the Athenæum for March 10, 1866, and the Fortnightly Review for August 1, 1866.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Ginn, Heath & Co. propose to publish from standard authors a number of works, as nearly complete as possible, adapting them to children between the ages of nine and fifteen in grammar schools; printed in large type, on good paper, substantially bound, and sold at a low price. In this series Robinson Crusoe and Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice have been issued. They are to be followed by Stories of the Old World, by Alfred J. Church; and Scott's Quentin Durward, edited with an historical introduction by Charlotte M. Yonge.

Ginn, Heath & Co. have just published Essentials of Latin Grammar, by L. A. Blackburn, principal of the Boys' High School, in San Francisco, Cal.; and Exercitiori Preparatory to Caesar's Gallic War, whose object is to "furnish the means for a systematic study of Latin grammar, and to bring the beginner by easy stages to the point where he can take up the study of Caesar;" also Methods of Teaching and Studying History, edited by G. Stanley Hall. Part I is a translation of the monograph of Diesterweg on Historiography.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish this month an Historical Sketch of Sacred Celibacy in the Christian Church, by Henry C. Lea; Due West; or, Round the World in Ten Months, by M. M. Balloé; in the "Modern Classics Series" a volume of selections from the "Breakfast Table Series," and sketches from life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the second volume of the Life of Thurlow Weed.

Dr. William Everett, the Master of the Adams School at Quincy, Mass., has presented to Harvard College, for hanging in Memorial Hall, a portrait of Samuel Rogers, the English banker-poet. It is the work of Chester Harding in 1847, and originally belonged to the donor's father, Edward Everett.

Rand, Avery & Co. of Boston, the well-known printers, are going to take the field as public printers, and, to this extent, being a step neither the same nor the authorship of which are yet announced.

A statue of Miss Martineau, by Miss Whitney, has been temporarily placed in the Old South Church, Boston. Its ultimate destination is not yet fixed.

Roberts Bros. publish early in February, Vestaia, a novel, by Emma Julia Constance Fletcher, the title being a part of the Latin proverb Vestigia nulla retrorsum—"no steps backward"—which is the motto of the story; also Treasure Island, a story of pirates and the Spanish main, by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by F. T. Merrill; and Old Lady Mary, Mrs. Oliphant's new "story of the seen and the unseen," uniform in size and style with A Little Pilgrim.

S. E. Cassino & Co. will issue soon A Complete Guide to the Use of the Microscope in Botanical Research, by Dr. Julius Wilhelm Behrens; translated and edited by Rev. H. B. Hervey, A.M.

John Wiley & Son have just reprinted in a neat little volume the last two lectures in the Slade course now being delivered by Mr. Ruskin at Oxford. The discourse on John Leach and John Teneriel has already been spoken of in the Literary World. The sixth lecture, for some reason known only to Mr. Ruskin himself, is entitled "The Hiddleside," and is devoted to the art works of George Robson and Copley Fielding. After speaking of the field the earlier lectures have covered, Mr. Ruskin remarks: "There remains yet to be defined one, far away and in a manner, outcast school which belongs as yet wholly to the present century," and this peculiar school of painting which was not known before the century began and will not be known after it is gone is represented by Robson and Fielding. The lecture is vigorous and earnest and may well be carefully read. At the same time the Mears, Wiley send our new and cheap edition of Ruskin's books.

The Modern Painters, for example, are compressed into two volumes, which are sold for a dollar each, containing all the drawings which appear in the more expensive forms. A Ruskin Birthday Book is about to be published by the same house. For people who admire this new method of taking the writings of great authors in homeopathic doses, it may be said that Mr. Ruskin cuts up very well.

It is perhaps a little premature to announce a book to be issued next May, but we are informed that A. D. F. Randolph & Co. will soon publish a novel of Todd's life, called The Penalæa of 1350, now for the first time reprinted in separate form, collated from the edition of 1534 in the Baptist College, Bristol, England, with Matthew's Bible of 1537, the Biblia of Stephanus of 1528, and Luther's Penälae of 1529. The edition to come from this American press will also be enriched by the marginal notes of Luther and John Rogers as a contemporary commentary, and with prolegomena by Dr. Mombert. The copy from which the reproduction is taken has been furnished by the librarian of the Lenox Library, New York, which we believe is about the first public benefit ever known to have emanated from this institution.

Among the new books not yet announced, to come from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, are Creators of the Age of Steel, a series of short memoirs of Sir W. Siemens, Robert Hadfield, John F. Whitchurch, Sir J. H. Bentham, Sir J. Brown, and other inventors, by William T. Jeans; The Question of Ships, which takes up the discussion of the development of American commerce, by Lijeet. J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. N.; Creation; or, The Biblical Cosmogony in the Light of Modern Science, by Prof. Arnold Guyot; and a new edition of the works of Dean Stanley for new paper, and published by arrangement with Mr. John Murray, London; a new number of Dr. McCosh's Philosophical Series entitled Lects, with Notice of Berkeley; and two volumes of Donald G. Mitchell's books in the new edition.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have become the publishers of Jenkins's First Pocket Dictionary and Handy Dictionary, heretofore published in Philadelphia. They contain only such words as are not too common to be universally understood. All important words in all branches of science, art, and literature, as well as in common use, are given in full with interesting notes and biographical. These books have been for a long time in the market, but kept in the background to a considerable extent because of other larger interests in the dictionary line. A. S. Barnes & Co. are also about to publish The Life of Ezra Cornell, by Governor A. B. Cornell. Price, $2.00. The edition will be limited.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published the first number of the new series of their Book Buyer. It contains reviews of new books, notes from London, American and foreign literary news, some comments upon the new Dreiser copyright bill and the discussion of other matters interesting to book-lovers. In the next issue is to begin a series of letters from Mr. Charles Welford, who has lived among London book-makers and book-sellers all his life. We are glad to learn from the publishers that the Book Buyer is meeting with renewed success. It is certainly worth its subscription price—fifty cents a year.

Henry Holt & Co. have in preparation a Guide to the Civil Service of the United States, giving information regarding examinations for admission, and a list of all non-elective offices and subordinate positions under government, the salary of each, the text of the national and State Civil Service Acts, and rules and regulations issued in accordance therewith, etc., etc., compiled by John M. Comstock, Chairman of the Board of Examiners for Customs, New York.

A Perilous Secret is the title of the novel by Charles Reade which is about to be published by Messrs. Harper. Why the Harper's should have changed their plans so as to print Mr. Reade's story in the Beaver instead of the Weekly—in a paper written for women—we do not comprehend. Reade has never been a favorite with the ladies, a fact which will be borne out by the experience of any book- clerk or library attendant, if circumstantial evidence is wanted.

Porter & Coates of Philadelphia announce Luther and the Reformation, by Dr. Seiss; A True History of the Charge of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancellorsville, by Fennok Scott; Red and Gray, by Henry Castleman; Not in the Woods, by Edward S. Ellis; Amateur Photograpby, by Eustelline Wallace, Jr., and an édition de luxe of the Ingoldsby Legends, by Barham, 450 copies.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have in preparation a Cyclopaedia of German Poetry, ballad and prose, by Karl Verrilli; and will represent twice as many authors as any similar collection yet made, and will be amply provided with indices and notes, biographical and bibliographical. Each selection will be given in German and in a carefully selected English translation.

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MRS. FLETCHER'S STORY.*

This is a disreputable book, and we cannot understand how a reputable firm of publishers should care to put their imprint on it. They have done more than put their imprint on it; they have gone so far as to commend it in a prefatory "Publishers' Notice"—a very unusual thing for publishers to do, declaring that the reader "will soon find his feelings drawn into sympathy with the tender, faithful, and courageous spirit of the writer;" and that "the heart of the book is the heart of a noble woman." Such is the "publishers' notice." The gist of the present editorial notice is that every reader who is at all particular about the company he keeps will be disgusted with the story whose recital is the main object of the author.

By its very title the book is open to a charge of soliciting the money of book-buyers under false pretenses. Of its 478 pages only 150 or thereabouts relate to the author's "twelve months in an English prison." The remaining 320 or more, constituting the bulk of the book, and the foremost part of it, are occupied with the particulars of a scandalous quarrel between Mrs. Fletcher and her husband on the one side and a Mrs. Hart-Davies and a Dr. Mack on the other, and with the disgraceful details of a trial growing out of this quarrel, in which Mrs. Fletcher was prosecuted for fraudulently dispossessing Mrs. Hart-Davies of valuable jewels and clothing. Whatever the merits of the case, the character of it was bad, the parties to it on one side or the other were no better than they should be, and this public repetition of it in detail, after the courts have closed it up, has no excuse except in the desire of a woman convicted of felony to obtain a revision of sentence, or in the more largely questionable purpose of feeding the common appetite for literature of the police gazette order.

Mrs. Fletcher and her husband are spiritualists and mediums. Though Americans they have spent much of their time abroad. About 1876 they settled in London and went into the business of spiritual manifestations on a large and profitable scale. While there they fell in with a Mrs. Hart-Davies, a woman of very dubious quality according to this record, who took a great fancy to Mrs. Fletcher, and in course of time gave expression to her fondness for her American friend by deedling her some precious family jew- els. By and by Mrs. Hart-Davies underwent a change of heart towards Mrs. Fletcher, turned about, and accused her of spiritising her out of her valuables. During this time there were all sorts of shady goings-on, in London and out of it, voyages back and forth across the Atlantic, camp-meeting scenes in the States, stances among the British aristocracy, and a various mingling in the play of people who had an incidental part. There was a Captain Lindmark, with whom Mrs. Hart-Davies confessed to having improper relations, and there was a Mr. Morton, a Boston lawyer, who was mixed up with the case. Half of the book is taken up with an account of a medium's career, and of the brewing of trouble between Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Hart-Davies. It is an unsavoury story which we should be very sorry to find anybody inclined to read. Then followed Mrs. Fletcher's arrest, and her trial at Bow Street, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, and all the dirty details and double entendres of a cause célèbre. Mrs. Fletcher was convicted, against the evidence, she claims, through prejudice against her as a medium, and was sentenced to twelve months in Her Majesty's Prison, Westminster. And this is the book the "heart" of which is commended to us as "the heart of a noble woman." From the hearts of all such noble women, then, Good Lord deliver us, and from all books which delineate them.

The Fletcher-Hart-Davies scandal being exhausted, then remain, we have said above, a dozen chapters describing the author's prison life. These have some interest. Mrs. Fletcher's situation did not dis- may the spirits, who continued to visit her, though her husband could not, and brought her flowers and other tokens of favor, and accommodated her by the instantaneous conveyance of letters to Calcutta. That there are mysteries in what is known in spiritualism is not to be denied, and of these mysteries some things recorded in this book are good examples; but of the disagreeable things that seem to go with the mysteries it gives us as telling an illustration as any book we know. We repeat that we condemn its publication, and we trust that its innately sounding title will not veil its true character and carry it where it ought not to go.

MR. STEVENSON'S NEW BOOKS.

Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, Englishman, though his books get copyright in America, has been previously known to us by his really humorous Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes and by his profoundly humorous Inland Voyage by canoe along the rivers of France. He now comes before us, simultaneously, with two more books, one of which is an unpretend- ing, natural, pleasant sketch of family camp life in the Sierra Nevadas, the other a more extraordinary story of pirates and piracy as ever was written—a book which in its way is almost as good as anything would be that Defoe, Capt. Maryatt, and Clark Russell could write if they were to put their heads and hands together.

First, a few words about The Silverado Squatters. The reader may imagine Mr. Stevenson and his wife setting out from San Francisco, and making their way through the vineyards in the valley toward Mount St. Helena; visiting a petrified forest and the vine vats on the way, falling in with a picturesque family of Hebrew settlers, and finally finding in an old deserted mill, in a red cañon up the mountain side, a shelter for the term of their adventure. The strange, solitary, wild, romantic life that goes on here is well described; the majesty and loneliness of the forest, the grandeur of the mountains, the might of the tempest, the traditions of the mining camp, the fortunes of the hunter, the varying experiences happy and unhappy of the passing days, hunts for firewood, visits from fogs, glimpses of eagles soaring high, high overlooks upon the smiling valley, porridge and coffee in the kettle, friendly rattlesnakes among the rocks, keeping house without a servant, vegetating with the leaves and flowers. There is no effort at humor in the book, no effort at anything; it is a simple, effective piece of descriptive writing; no dialogue, no action, no particular incident, no excitement, now and then an anecdote, a still, hazy, dreamy picture of a lazy man's life out of doors. The book is altogether a pleasant one.

A greater contrast to the foregoing than is afforded by Treasure Island could hardly be imagined. Here all is action—intense exciting action. A chart of the island appears as a frontispiece, but its whereabouts in the seas is not given. The story of it begins somewhere along in the last century with the arrival at the Admiral Benbow inn


1 The Silverado Squatters. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Roberts Brothers. $1.00.
on the Bristol coast, England, of a grim old sea-dog with a sea-chest and a tarry pig-tail.

There was the wound of an ugly sabre-cut across his face, and the refrain of his favorite song was:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Being in search of a quiet place, he settled down at the Admiral Benbow, ruled the house, drank no end of grog, and told dreadful stories of storms, and fights, and tragedies in the Spanish Main. A Capt. Flint he proved to be, and after one or two mysterious visits in the night, there was a man aboard who was an old pirate. Then came his death, by applegrey and rum, and the opening of his sea-chest, and the discovery of the chart of the island, where he had killed his six ships, one by one, and buried his gold—seven hundred thousand pounds of it—with no one but himself and the chart to tell the tale.

Of course with this discovery an expedition is fitted out to recover the treasure. Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey are at the head of it; Jim Hawkins, cabin boy, tells the story, and among the crew there is a ship, unknown to the Captain and the owners, some of the dead pirate's old gang. Secretly they are after the treasure too! The hero of them is Long John Silver, the cook, a man of prodigious mental force and physical power, who has lost his left leg close to the hip, but can do as much with his right leg and his crutch as most men who are not crippled, and who becomes a foremost figure in the adventures which follow. Here are a few touches of the description of him as he appears on board ship:

He carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was something to see him wade the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and, propped against it, with the weight of his whole movement of the ship, get on with his cooking like some one safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of work, on the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces—Long John's earrings, they were called; and he would frown at himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailling it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's a common man, Barbecue," said the cowxawain to me. "He had good schoolin' in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded; and brute—a lion's nothing alike, side of Long John! I seen him gyp the jumps and knock their heads together—him unARMED." All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everything some particular service. To me he was unweaunched kind; and always glad to see me in his galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin, the dishes hanging up burnished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner. "Come away, Hawkeye," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Capt' Flint—" I call my parrot Capt' Flint, after the famous buccaneer—here's Capt' Flint predicting success to our voyage. Wasn't you pleased the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage. "Now, that bird," he would say, "is may be, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they lives forever mostly; and if anybody's so mean and wicked, it must be the devil himself. She sailed with England, the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobelo. She was at the fighting of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins. She was at the boarding of the Viceroy of the Indies out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a baby. But you smell powder—didn't you, cap'n?" "Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream. "Ah, a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight at "There." John would touch his forehead with a solemn way, he had, that made me think he was the best of men.

By the time Treasure Island is sighted, mutiny is on foot among the crew of the 'Walrus,' the knowing ones among the crew being in the possession of Captain Flint's money themselves. Long John is at the head of the plot. Battle, murder, and sudden death ensue on ship and on island; the air is full of the lingo of the pirates and the smoke of fire-arms, a temporary truce ends in a dire tragedy, the buried treasure is found and recovered, and Jim Hawkins lives to tell as exciting and dramatic a story as often finds its way into print.

Considering the coarseness and brutality of some of the characters, the shocking nature of some of the incidents, and the horrible colors of the whole business, Mr. Stevenson has succeeded in avoiding what is objectionable. He gets along without any profaneness to speak of, of which we may be sure is more than his pirates could do; the delineation of character and Incident is remarkable for verisimilitude and vividness; the eighteenth century flavor is effectually imparted; and as a dramatic romance of bloody adventure on the high seas we must give the book high praise. Not everybody, to be sure, cares to read such romances, and not everybody ought to; but those who are at liberty so to do will find this one admirable in form. Though there is rough talk in it, and rum, and murder, and assassinations in cold blood, and suggestions of horrors untold, yet the materials are so subordinated to the treatment, and the art of the writer is so perfect, that the effect does not become shocking. It would seem heartless to say of such a book that it is capital, for that would imply a relish for one of the blackest chapters of events in human history; but piracy is a fact, and this picture of it is graphic and obviously true. At any rate, we would rather it were read twice than of some of the current novels we have.

Nobody can be much the worse for such a book, even though there are places in it which may make one shudder. As for ourselves, we will confess that, though with a head full of Hesiodic Legends, and Addison, and Wendell Phillips, and a dozen other far weightier matters, having read the first few pages of this book, we did not lay it down till we had finished it. So easy is it on the slightest provocation to be "a boy again."

ADDISON.*

The latest contribution to John Morley's English Men of Letters, which now comprises thirty-four volumes, is Mr. W. J. Courthope's pleasant volume on Joseph Addison. It may be due to the want of dramatic and touching incidents in the life of Addison, that Mr. Courthope's volume is somewhat meager, both in itself, and when compared with other works in the Morley series, for instance Froude's Bunyan or Saintsbury's Dryden. But it is not an unfair presumption, perhaps, to think that the life and literary labors of Addison invited closer attention than Mr. Courthope has bestowed upon them. It is true that Addison's life was quiet and uneventful when compared with that of his great contemporaries; at the same time, Addison was tossed about by the stirring events of his age to a degree which would have justified Mr. Courthope in characterizing him both as the fine fruit of the times, and as the honorable model of English taste and deportment during the reign of Queen Anne. Defoe's influence became international after the appearance of Robinson Crusoe, Addison's always remained national. But later on it became very powerful also in the United States, and in England it has remained great up to the present time. It is not difficult to trace so marked and, let it be added, so beneficent an effect to its proper cause.

Yet Mr. Courthope has given a discriminating, just, and comprehensive study of the life of Addison and the conditions under which he performed his work. The book, as might be supposed, contains nothing new in the way of biographical details. But all the available material the author has made use of to excellent purpose. The real value and interest of the volume, however, lies in the admirable analysis of public taste and public morals at the time when the Spectator first appeared, and of the transformation wrought through its instrumentality. Mr. Courthope depicts very vividly the social and political anarchy, the class antagonism, the conflicting religious creeds, the woful corruption of the drama, and the debased position of woman during that memorable era, and then briefly but suggestively indicates the manner in which the great essayist took up each of these themes and wrought from them a synthesis of judgments which the better part of the nation at once accepted as its ideal. As Mr. Courthope well says, "the work of Addison consisted in building

up a public opinion which, in spite of its durable solidity, seems, like the great Gothic cathedrals, to absorb into itself the individuality of the architect." The strength of the individuality which could accomplish such a task must not be ignored; but is it not true that Addison's genius was in fact a keen perception of the wants of the times and a felicitous method of meeting them? As in some chemical experiment, the most insignificant re-agent will bring about the combination of diverse and otherwise inharmonious elements, so in the world of men a single mind will sometimes produce stupendous results. It is not the reformer who makes the age, but the age which works through the reformer. He is the oracle of that aspiration for loftier ideals which in the most corrupt periods exists in the hearts of a chosen few and needs only fitting expression to become at once the inspiration of a whole people. We have spoken of the absence of debit-able points in Addison's career as compared with that of most other famous men of let-
ers. Yet there are two or three matters in the story of his life concerning which every biographer reserves the right of forming an individual opinion. The relations between Steele and Addison are a fruitful source of controversy. How much did Addison really owe to his coadjutor? Mr. Courthope would have it that whatever was affected by Addison was begun by Steele; if the one has forever associated his name with the Spectator, the other may justly appropriate the credit of the Tatler, a work which bears to its successor the same kind of relation that the frescoes of Masaccio bear in point of dramatic feeling and style, to those of Raphael; the latter productions deserving honour for finish of execution, the earlier for priority of invention.

Mr. Courthope is, we think, in the right in dissenting from the opinion of Macaulay and others, crediting Steele with the invention of the Spectator as well as of the Tatler, and a careful reading bears out the assertion that the opening numbers of the Spectator show almost conclusively the "design and execution" of the project to have been Addison's. Mr. Courthope also makes a good argument against the popular tradi-
tion that Addison was unhAPPY in his mar-
rriage. The tradition, such as it is, is based on no other evidence than a random phrase in Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot and an indefinite remark in one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters. The intimation that Addison's unhappiness was to some extent based on a truthful conception of Addison's character is rather weakly supported by the general observation that it is "a very extraordinary picture of human nature; and there is no reason to suppose that Addison was superior to the weaknesses of his kind."

Nor does Mr. Courthope vouchsafe the "independent evidence" which he asserts exists to show that Addison "was strongly influenced by that literary jealousy which makes the groundwork of the ideal charac-
ter." The sentence is vague, and we imagine that the "independent evidence" is still more uncertain.

THE HESIODIC LEGENDS.*

THAT the Hesiodic legends are more or less intimately connected with the early history of the peoples from which was de-
veloped the race known to us as the Greeks, is a theory that has to some extent oc-
cupied the attention of students of compara-
tive mythology; but Mr. Wlastoff is, we believe, the first to make a direct applica-
tion of this theory in formulating anything like an exhaustive interpretation. His essay presents many interesting and suggestive points for consideration, and whatever may be the ultimate judgment of scholars con-
cerning the value of his conclusion, the care-
ful manner in which the whole subject is outlined is worthy of praise. With little or no attractiveness as a literary production, for it is wanting in all artificial graces of style, the book is yet exceedingly fascinating for the novelty of its hypotheses and the wide field for investigation which it opens.

The author's statement of the origin of the Greeks is perhaps rather dogmatic, and the question often arises whether he would interpret the legends of Hesiod by race tradi-
tion, or vice versa; a fair conclusion would seem to be compounded of both al-
teratives. According to Mr. Wlastoff the Grecian peninsula was first occupied by a primitive population made up of an agglom-
eration of tribes of Turanian descent. Then came a slow and irregular invasion of Pelas-
gian peoples which spread over Greece and Italy and at some points, as on the shores of the Peloponnesus, came under the in-
fluences of colonists from Syria, Phoenicia, and Egypt. Long after this Asiatic oc-
cupation followed another and much more momentous migration—that of "a vast, compact mass" of Aryans bearing all the fruits of Vedic culture, proud of their an-
cestry, possessing an immense reactive power on their environment and capable of resisting all aggression, material or intel-
lectual. They brought with them a settled religious faith, a strongly organized social and family life, a knowledge of agriculture, and last but not by no means least from the point of view of Mr. Wlastoff, the capacity for brewing an intoxicating beverage, which was later discarded for wine, both these pro-
ducts of civilization meeting with formidable opposition from the autochthonous popula-
tions. Upon the race antipathies and inter-
relations generated by these successive migrations, Mr. Wlastoff bases his theory for the interpretation of the Hesiodic legends.

A brief statement of conclusions is all that we can attempt. Taking first the legend of Prometheus, Mr. Wlastoff argues that the Titan who was chained to the rocks of frosty Caucasus was the personification of the races, or the genius of the races, that preceded the Greeks upon Grecian soil. For the Greeks may be supposed to have found among their fore-
runners vague traditions of a past in which a life of barbarism was transformed by the discovery of fire, and the idea was incarnated in the Promethean myth. Mr. Wlastoff thinks it is a strong point for his theory that Aeschylus, in causing Prometheus to enu-
merate the benefits he had conferred upon humanity, says nothing of agriculture or the culture of the vine. He says:

But Prometheus is neither Fire nor the god of Fire. He is the product of the misty recol-
lections of a long-distant era when humanity had neither legends nor stories—recollec-
tions only kept within the domain of consciousness by the arts and inventions which a people must possess when it turns back to ask what was the origin of its instruments of culture to which it owes its advancement, and of the customs which regulate its life. A people may thus sum up and incar-
nate its collective force, material and moral, in a single personality, when it strives to account for a forgotten past. Then as a people begins to realize its own identity, its heroes become more numerous and symbolize the most remarkable of its conquests over its surroundings. With the historical period, the period which takes account of its own doings, the heroes are real men, kings and chiefs who are given something of the quali-
ties of their mythical predecessors. But the first period, that expressed by the Greeks in Pro-
metheus, remains in solitary and mysterious grandeur.

Having once adopted this method of inter-
pretation it is easy for Mr. Wlastoff, or any person of average powers of imagina-
tion, to explain any and all myths upon what we may call the naturalistic basis. How easy to suppose that the legend of Cadmus — the dragon slain at the fountain, the armed men springing from the monster's teeth, the exile of Cadmus and his trans-
formation into a serpent—how easy to re-
solve this into a race-tradition; the Pheni-
cians driven out by the aborigines; the Cad-
mians founding a new colony; the serpen-
tine metamorphosis signifying assimilation with the barbarians. After the same man-
ner we may regard the Erinna as repre-
senting the ancient criminal law of the half-savage populations. This law was cruel and implacable; it included the right of vengeance and authorized what Mr. Wlas-
toff happily designates as "a hereditary vendetta," but it was not a mere expression of mob law, it was regarded as a sacred privilege, and we may reasonably believe that the later Arvians occupying the coun-
ty were obliged to adopt it and transform it into a definite cult.

But Mr. Wlastoff's method achieves its most impressive results when applied to the myths of Epimetheus and Pandora. Epime-
theus is the aborigine who takes to wife Pandora, the typical Greek woman, and is un-
happy because all his cherished customs are
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violated, his religion abrogated, his children alienated from the beliefs and manners of his ancestors. And the fateful jar—let the enemies of strong drink rejoice, for according to Mr. Wlastoff it was nothing more nor less than a pot of wine, which the Greeks introduced among the native tribes, thus bringing upon them all the miseries of drunkenness. It is true that Mr. Wlastoff asserts that (contrary to all received knowledge of barbarians) these early children of the soil resisted the use of intoxicating beverages with all their strength. And he adds, naively, "I confess that I do not understand how in later traditions the jar became a Lux, thus changing completely the meaning of the story by giving it a rational and philosophical coloring wholly foreign to the primitive legend." But one who has brought himself to look upon the myth of Hercules as "a reminiscence of the syncretic fusion of two cults" may easily reconcile small discrepancies.

On the whole, we are of the opinion that Mr. Wlastoff's interpretations deserve serious attention, for the very fact that he has made good faith in which they are recorded. There is moreover a foundation of scientific knowledge to support the somewhat airy superstructure which the comparative mythologist has built up. What we know of the development of myths goes more and more to show that they have their origin either in man's conceptions of the great phenomena of nature, or in racial conflict and assimilation. And to the special literature of this vast subject Mr. Wlastoff's work is an interesting contribution.

LEFT OVER.

The table of a crowded journal like the Literary World is its despair. The impulse of an editorial hand is always to dive to the bottom of the heap, pick out the gems, and neglect the mass. The consequence is a gradual accumulation of current literature, of too much account to be passed over in silence, but not of enough account to be written of item by item at length. As a solution of the present problem we propose in the following article a critical clearance, which so far as possible shall close up editorial accounts with authors and publishers to date.

The most considerable of those long-suffering candidates for notice is an illustrated quarto volume of distinguished aspect on The Remains of Art in Italy, an illustrated history, as well as for 

Leader Scott, an English art writer, who dates his preface from Florence as far back as 1882. Mr. Scott divides his subject into four eras, the Rise, Development, Culmination, and Decline, treating them in twenty chapters, giving accounts of painters and sculptors, of their schools and styles and works, of architecture, metal-working, printing, and engraving, of needlework, tapistry, and gem-cutting. Italy, from the middle of the 14th to the 17th century, was a focal point of human history, and Mr. Scott's picture is vivid, instructive, and interesting. Side lights are thrown on literature. The engravings number some two hundred, and range from excellent wood-cuts to blocks of inferior quality. The former however are in the majority. They almost exclusively depict famous or characteristic works of art. The work is handsomely printed and bound. [Scribner & Welford $10.50.]—Another work of import to art students is Mr. Edward Armitage's Lectures on Painting. Mr. Martin and Noble's Handbook of Veristic and Descriptive Dissection, showing by means of directions and diagrams how to dissect a bird [Macmillan & Co. $0.60]; Ten Thousand Questions Answered, which is a nicely named alphabetical index to the names of great artists of all ages, one line to each, with rather deep and metaphysical distance, and a list of principal art works and a glossary of terms [Detroit: H. A. Ford]; and, finally, a Handbook of English Authors, by O. F. Adams, which, as a succinct index to prominent names, and their works, means well, but is inadequate and unsatisfactory at the points where you most need its help. [Houghton. $2.50.]

Under the head of theology and religion comes a large octavo called Biblical Side Lights, an arrangement of passages of Scripture according to an alphabetical list of topics, but an ingenious and laborious piece of work, rather than a useful one, by Rev. C. E. Lindwall. [Rev. C. E. Lindwall. A new American edition of Oehler's Old Testament Theology, edited by Dr. Geo. E. Day, a work already used as a text-book in Yale, Princeton, and New Brunswick theological seminaries, Oehler being a late professor at Tübingen (DO: $3.50); an exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, by Prof. Riddle of Hartford, which takes its place in Dr. Schaff's International Revision Commentary [Scribner. $1.00]; an expository Companion to the Prayer Book Pller, profitable for Episcopalians, who like to look below the surface of the psalms they read in divine service, by Canon Dart of Halifax [Whittaker. $1.00]; and a small book of Suggestions on the Law of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Hon. J. W. Andrews, an eminent layman of Ohio, who should be on the reference shelf of every Episcopal clergyman [Columbus: A. H. Smythe. $1.00]. Of sermons and discourses we have a collection of five by Prof. Harris now of Andover, Mass., printed as a souvenir for his former people at Providence, R. I. [Shaw. $0.50]; another volume of Dr. Joseph Cross's Old Wine and New, short, plain parish exhortations [Whittaker. $1.50]; the Rev. M. J. Savage's Beliefs about the Bible, which would better have been entitled Unbeliefs [Ellis. $1.00]; Dr. George F. Cushman's Doctrine and Duty, an Episcopalian's notes of his Church and the Christian life [Whittaker. $1.25]; Dr. John Bascum's consideration of The Words of Christ, viewed as principles of personal and social growth—a rather deep and metaphysical discussion, growing out of pulpits discourses, perhaps, but not wholly in that form [Putnam. $1.50]; the Rev. Dr. Giddens's Things New and Old, in discourses of Christian truth and life, as preached to his Congregational congregation in Columbus, Ohio [Whittaker]; and the Reader's Lamps and Paths, the address of which is to the children of his similar congregation at North Adams, Mass. [Barlett.]

The Leonard Scott Co. of New York now reissue the British Quarterly, the Quarterly, the Edinburgh Review, and the Westminster Review, in pages corresponding to the English editions at
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§3 each a year; *Blackwood's* for the same; the five for $13. They have also assumed the reissue of the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, and *Nineteenth Century* reviews, hitherto announced by the English Publishing Co., at $12 for the three.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The late Amos Dean, LL.D., of the Albany Law School, left a brief essay on *The British Constitution*, which has been published as a small book of a hundred pages. Britain has no Constitution, of course, in the American sense, that is to say in the sense of a written document; the British Constitution lies between the lines of charters, rights, statutes, precedents, and parliamentary proceedings. Mr. Dean’s essay, accordingly, is in four chapters, “Anglo-Saxon Institutions,” “Charters of Rights,” “Origin and Growth of Parliament,” and “Its Present Working.” It is a simple historical exposition, not a scientific analysis. [Townsend MacCoun. $1.00.]

In his easy going, garrulous preface to *Old Year Leaves*, Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell divides “minor poets” into diverse kinds, and, while modestly denying any share in the humble title for himself, indicates to which class he would have chosen to belong, if, as Lord Dunraven might say, he had been a minor poet. A critic, his discernment may be measured by his mention of Hartford Coleridge and Eliza Cook in a single breath; but as a singer he touches, not without a certain skill, “the simple loves and hopes, and aims and creed,” with which his heart is well content. His poems of travel come from many places that have rarely been sung by English poets, but we miss in them that descriptive touch which alone gives distinctiveness to verse of this kind. His historical pieces are of better character and one, “The Keeping of the Vow,” deserves especial mention. The songs, lyrics, and sonnets rarely rise above the commonplace in thought or reach the level of grace in style. [London: Elliot Stock.]

The Poems of Matthew Arnold have been brought out in two handsome volumes, uniform in style with the new edition of his prose works recently noticed in these columns. The order and arrangement are the same as in the American edition of 1878, which we owed to the same publishers, but a few additions have been made to the list. Among the Early Poems, in the first volume, there is inserted a charming bit of Alpine description, or recollection, entitled “A Dream,” and in the second volume we find five satirical stanzas upon “New Rome,” and a worthy echo of Rugby Chapel called “The Lord’s Messengers.” But the most noteworthy additions are two pieces in a vein which Mr. Arnold has not before worked, the study and sympathetic treatment of animal life. “Poor Mathias,” the closing poem of all, is a plaintive elegy over his daughter’s dead canary; and “Geist’s Grave,” a farewell to the poet’s favorite hound, read by the author before the college students at Cambridge, during his present visit, has more of pathos and tenderness than anything of the kind which we can recall. [Boston: Houghton & Co. $2.50.]

Bryce’s *Pearl English Dictionary* is about three inches long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick; can be held between the thumb and finger, or carried in a watch pocket; yet contains about fifteen thousand words defined, one line to each, and a portrait of Dr. Johnson. [T. Y. Crowell & Co.]

The Bijou Gazetteer of the World exceeds the size of the former only in being twice as thick, and so has room for about thirty thousand references to localities all over the globe, one line to each, giving name, situation, and in case of towns and counties, population, the facts being taken from the last census. W. H. Rosser is the editor, and this is a new edition. A handy little book this for the busy man’s table, the counting-room, the office, the drawing-room, or any other room. [Cincinnati: 75c.]

Berty’s *Electrical Directory* is an English work adopted by American publishers, giving in 604 octavo pages full particulars of what may be called the business of electricity all over the world. The testimony of the volume to the growth and importance of the industry is very striking, and to all electricians, whether theoretical or practical, it must make itself simply indispensable. The industries are classified by countries; and their ramifications are almost innumerable. The advertisements are copious. The work is to be presented in annual revisions. [New York: Cumming & Brinkerhoff. $2.50.]

Mistress Melusina Faye Peirce believes that the solution of what is known as the servant-girl problem lies in *Cooperative Housekeeping*, as pointed out in detail in her little quarto essay under that title. She believes so, notwithstanding the failure of a practical experiment of her theory in Cambridge a few years ago, an account of which is incidentally given. The volume of the essay is a discussion of women’s place and work from an eclectic point of view as opposed to either extreme. The ideas are good; of their practicality at present there is a doubt. Perhaps we shall come up with them in the next century. [J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.00.]

We have seen no more thorough, intelligent, intelligible, and convincing discussion of the important subject of house drainage than Mr. Wm. Paul Gerhard’s *Hints on the Drainage and Sewerage of Dwellings*. The book is not large, and its price is large; but the profuse illustrations make it costly; and it will pay for itself over and over in the hands of any one who has a house to build for himself or anybody else. Mr. Gerhard is a civil engineer, and writes with clearness and decision. After reading this book one will better understand the mystery of plumbers’ bills and the reason for them. [New York: W. T. Comstock. $2.50.]

Medical science is gradually shifting its ground in a measure, and while still occupied with its curative functions is paying more and more attention to its preventive powers. Dr. B. W. Richardson’s *Weighty Treatise on the Field of Disease* is a contribution from this latter quarter, the author being an English authority of distinction. The work is not for the profession, but for the intelligent public, and deals with the principles rather than the practice of preventive medicine. Diseases are described, their origin and causes are searched into, and the preventive courses are indicated. Seven hundred octavo pages on this subject are a large dose except for students, to whom exclusively we should commend the book. Practitioners have gone beyond it, general readers will not care for it; a missionary, for example, who may well be a master of medical science, would find it extremely valuable in his seclusion from schools and libraries. [Henry C. Lea’s Sons & Co. $4.00.]

MINOR NOTICES.

*Songs Unsung,* By Lewis Morris. [Roberts Brothers. $1.50.]

Mr. Lewis Morris, whose anonymous works, *The Epic of Hadès, Gwen,* and *The Ode of Life,* have charmed a choice circle of readers both in this country and in England, now publishes his first volume over his own name with the title, *Songs Unsung.* More varied in subject and in style than any of its predecessors, this collection not only reminds us of the excellence of his earlier books, but brings to light new pre-Юofs of the gifts and powers of the poet. No passage in *The Epic of Hadès,* with its long succession of striking scenes and subtly-changing sympathies, is more nobly conceived or more finely wrought than the “Niobe” of this volume, with its intense realization of human feeling across the distance of classic circumstance and under the shadow of a vanished myth. The lyric sweetness of *Gwen* recurs in the graceful yet thoughtful strains of “One Day” and “Ceulum Non Animum,” and “The New Creed” and “A Great Gift” reveal again the final outline of the painter that distinguished *The Ode of Life.* But the stories of Odatis and Saint Christopher are essays in a new direction; the three series of quatrains upon “Pictures” — each quatrain putting vividly before the eye the glow as well as the outline of the painting — disclose a new gift of description in miniature; and “Vendredi Saint” and, above all, “Cyzicenestra in Paris,” unlike anything in Mr. Morris’s earlier works, are subtle studies of modern life and character such as only Robert Browning has thus far given us. As a whole, this volume, while charming anew the poet’s former admirers, should win for his genius a wider acquaintance and appreciation.

*George Washington,* By John Habberton. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.]

We had hopes that we had seen the last of that silly series, “Lives of American Worthies.” But here is another volume in it, on *George Washington,* by Mr. John Habberton, whose place in literature and title to fame are fixed by his authorship of *Helen’s Babies.* Mr. Habberton has endeavored to write a life of Washington in a tone of banter, and we do not deny that he has succeeded. The real question is concerning the worthiness of the endeavor. To us it seems belittling to the subject, belittling to the writer, and belittling to the publisher; and that this whole series is a decided error in taste. What is to be said of the general trust-worthiness of a book whose first words are the following: “George Washington is now a cold statue enshrouded in Fourth of July smoke; he is a trashy chromo and a character that seldom is derived from unused histories except to be belittled by comparison with some smaller man of later days.” The book is studded with gems of smartness like these:

About this time Washington became the great American letter-writer.

No allusion to Plymouth Rock can be found in Washington’s writings. $3.00.

Had Augustine Washington not married a second time, there would have been no immortal George.

We think these books are feeble, flat, and foolish.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, FEB. 23, 1849.

GAPE COD FOLKS IN COURT.

The Cape Cod Folks Libel Suit is settled; settled, that is, unless the Supreme Court reverse or modify the verdict obtained last week at Plymouth. The plaintiff is awarded $1,093 from the defendants, A. Williams and others. Cape Cod Folks was an amusing novel by Miss Sarah Pratt McLean, published by the defendants a year or two ago. The novel introduced certain characters from real life under their real names. The publishers did not know of this circumstance when they published the book. Their attention being called to it, they caused the real names to be changed for fictitious ones in a second edition. The plaintiff appeared under his real name in the first edition, as he believes to his disadvantage; hence his suit for damages, which were laid at $10,000. The jury cuts his claim down to $1,093 and then allows it. But the case goes up to the Supreme Court on exceptions.

Ours is not a legal journal, but a common sense view of the case would include, we should think, the following points:

1. It was a literary blunder on the part of Miss McLean to introduce living characters into her book under their real names. It was an unfeeling thing to do and an unwise thing to do. It was doubtless done in professional ignorance, at least in thoughtlessness.

2. The publishers were not responsible for any libel in the first edition of the book, for they did not know of the libellous element in it. Their responsibility began with the second edition, which they issued supposing that the libellous element had been cut out. If the second edition had been the first with living characters appearing under fictitious names, it is not probable that it could have been held libellous. The first edition contained the libel, and the second edition created the responsibility.

3. It was a very foolish thing in the plaintiff to bring his suit, or say anything about the matter at all. If he had kept silent, nobody outside of a limited circle would ever have known the facts, and the local sensation produced by the portraiture would soon have passed away. By coming forward as he has, he has given a hundred times the publicity to himself and to Miss McLean's use of him. We think he has paid more for his thousand and ninety-five dollars than they are worth.

4. We doubt very much if it would occur to any reader of Cape Cod Folks that its matter was libellous. A libel is a malicious publication designed to bring the object into contempt. It is a public and intentional and evil-minded defamation of character. We do not know what sort of eyes they have in Plymouth County, but in this part of the world we do not see how anybody can find ingredients of this color in Miss McLean's pages. That there was satire in them, and ridicule, we do not deny; so was there in the cartoons of Nast; but Nast's cartoons were not libellous; and to brand Miss McLean's publishers as malicious defamers of character seems to us a parody of justice. She was indiscreet, and she perhaps was improvident; but at that point, we think, it is well to stop. We do not defend Miss McLean, but we have no sympathy with the suit and no approbation for the verdict. Perhaps next week we will take another look at the subject from the legal point of view.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

The literary event of the present year is the appearance of the new English dictionary due to the members of the Philological Society in London. The first part of this peerless work ends with the word Ant, on page 352. If the work is continued at this rate, we may expect nearly ten thousand pages in all, or nearly thirty parts like the one now published. If Dr. Murray could publish two parts a year, it would take him nearly fifteen years to complete his work. But it is almost impossible for him to do so much. Webster's dictionary, leaving out the supplement and the special vocabulary, covers 1,356 pages, and the word Ant stands on page 76. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and joy over the appearance of this beginning should outweigh all other considerations, for at last—after decades of toil and trouble, after analitys innumerable, and after one period of despair—the English-speaking world has the first example of what its dictionary should be.

The history of modern lexicography begins with the brothers Grimm, whose German dictionary, on strictly historical principles, is not yet finished, although the first complete volume appeared in 1854. Littre's French dictionary, the immediate model of the new English work, was published from 1863 to 1872, and covers 5,566 quarto pages, without the supplements. The new English dictionary has had, to the present time, a history even stranger than Littre's and Grimm's. On June 18, 1837, the Philological Society of London appointed Dean Trench (now the archbishop), F. J. Furnivall, and Herbert Coleridge, a committee "to collect unregistered words in English." At the next meeting of the society, Dean Trench began to read his famous essay "On Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries." He published his essay in the report of the committee on his dismission, in which all the words was dissolved, and on December 3, 1837, the scheme for a completely new English dictionary was mentioned. The principles on which this new work was to be constructed, were submitted to the society on December 13, 1859, and a committee was named Consists of Lexicographers, or Rules to Be Observed in Editing the New English Dictionary of the Philological Society. The pamphlet covers but eleven pages, and is as scarce as it is valuable. Previously, the society had published, in 1835, its "Proposal for the Publication of a New English Dictionary by the Philological Society."

Work then began in earnest, and the material was managed by Mr. Herbert Coleridge, who was succeeded by Mr. Furnivall. But in 1879 the enterprise seemed to collapse from its own weight, for Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, then president of the society, remarked: "Would that one of our own younger members [he meant Henry Sweet], who, I think, bids fair to have the knowledge, and mental power, and the skill, may also have the will, the strength, and the means, to do in thirty years to come—I speak for posterity, though I may be allowed like Balaam to 'see it, but not nigh'—to do in his thirty years for English what Littre did in his thirty years for French, and give us a real historical dictionary of the English language, a dictionary founded on research, not on guess."

In 1876 the work revived, and in 1878 Mr. Henry Sweet opened negotiations with the Clarendon Press of Oxford, for the publication of the work. On March 1, 1879, the contract was signed, which threw all expenses on the Clarendon Press, and assured to the Philological Society fifteen per cent of the net profits. The contract calls for 6,000 to 7,000 large quarto pages, besides a supplement of 2,000 pages, and provides that the work shall be called "A Dictionary of the English Language."

The new work, then, is due very largely to the suggestions of Archbishop Trench, to the zeal of Herbert Coleridge and Mr. Furnivall, to the enterprise of the London Philological Society, to the excellent editing of Dr. James A. H. Murray, and to the liberality of the Clarendon Press. Dr. Murray has built a special scribnerium for his work. His predecessors handed to him nearly two tons of separate quotations. These have now been increased to about three and one half millions, selected by about 1,500 readers, and covering over 50,000 authors. Americans have supported the work from the beginning, and agreed to digest the eighteenth century, besides all American books, for the dictionary. The American department was at first in the hands of the Hon. George P. Marsh; when he died, he was succeeded by Prof. Francis A. March. No better men could have been selected, and the reader in Michigan has given them 36,000 quotations.

The work is wholly new, and has nothing in common with its predecessors, save the raw material. Its nearest model is Littre, whose very typography, however, has been surpassed; for the page of the English work is more eloquent to the eye, every article and paragraph showing at a glance the history of the word discussed and illustrated. In method, the new English dictionary is purely historical, that is to say, it simply records the actual facts. It reports every English word from the beginning to the present time, through its various changes. It is an inventory, and a store-house. It does not legislate, but reports what the language has legislated for itself, and in every case the editor gives chapter and verse of what he finds. When the work is complete, say in ten years, the English scholar will have the most perfect and accurate dictionary of all living languages. Meanwhile, no good library, public or private, will be complete without this matchless treasure, and it is matter of honor as well as right that this new
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dictionary should receive the largest possible number of subscribers, although it is not a pop-
ular reference work. It is a dictionary of our language, and our language is at the same time
known to all, and the mystery that no one has solved.
If it is brought out in this country by Macra-

—The New York Evening Post has apparently
thought better of the change which it was pro-
siously made, because its price has been reduced
to $2.00, and that is much less than the cost of
the book alone, and would not have reached
my hand until after the first week of the 
month. The newspaper is evidently profiting
from the reduction in price, and the change in
the format is a decided improvement. The

—We are requested by Mr. E. L. Godkin,
the editor of the Evening Post, to correct the
above paragraph in a late issue in these two
paraphs: First, the Evening Post has had no
change of mind as to its change of form.

—The change of form has been contemplated for
over a year, during which time the building of
a new press has been going forward, and the
press was expected to be ready by the 2d of this
month. By this delay the change could not be
made. Second, there has been no lowering of
the price of the paper. The Evening Post is
paid for by the subscribers, and any change in
the price of the paper is not possible. The

—Having been among the Lakes long enough
to find out this truth in the trues, I understand
what the Rev. Hardwicke Rawson meant when
he asked me one day to go with him and Profes-
sor William Knight to look at a little bit of local
in the book The Excursion, which was soon
to be published in the edition of Wordsworth
which Professor Knight is editing with such
scholarly care, enthusiasm, and success. I
gladly accepted. It was an opportunity to do in
churches, and so to say, officially and
minutely, what has been my daily occupation
since I entered Keswick.

The day appointed, which found me at Gra-
mere, so far as I anticipated it and its reputation
as neither to promise nor to send it. It was a
perfect day. I shall never forget the utter still-
ness of the Lake, as in the early morning I drove
along its bank. It lay like some great Lourdes
Lourdes in the shadow of the cliffs, in which reflected colors I seemed
to see the real, and looked for the image to
the duller banks and trees and sky above them.
Leaving the stage at Ambleside, I walked
the short mile to the hospitable home at Croft,
whose lady soon set out to accompany her son-in-law.
Prof. Knight, and myself, on our search for what
was said to be the pastor’s mansion, mentioned
in the Viith book of The Excursion—

—With bold projections and recesses deep;
Shadows, yet gay and lively as it stood
Facing the sunlit side.

It was supposed that Wordsworth had in mind
the old dismantled home on the hillside called
Great Hackett, as you go from Ambleside toward
the Langdale Valley and Bla Bearn. To decide this
was the object of the expedition.

Quickly we drove through the quiet lanes, stop-
ing sometimes to ask the way to the spot unknown
to us all. One whom we asked was an old white-
haired man, bent over his fork and seemingly
full of archaeological knowledge. What little
he deigned to impart, however, had to be ingen-
iously twisted out of his dullness by Mr. Raw-
ley’s genius to elicit and adorn all.
Dropping carelessly into the Westmore-
land dialect, he led the old man to admit that he
had been informed that “Master Wordsworth,” who
he said looked like “that gentleman,” pointing to
Prof. Knight, and then seeing our incautious
merriment, he added: “Only he were a deal more
pallid.” He did not seem to think much of
Wordsworth’s “verses,” which Mr. Rawley

—casually suggested he had heard of his writing;
he fanned some “loked” them, but to him
Wordsworth was a “good neebor,” and every
one found him “a conversable mon,” although
he had never seen him smile. After a few words
about poor Hartley Coleridge, whom he also
knew, he left him, and by the further help of
child or two found ourselves at Ivy How, where
we left the horses, and Great Hackett was five
minutes' climb up the breezy slope of a ridge.
The house nestled in the lowest point; back
of it, again rose the ridge, darkened there with
the dark and white of the sun, and “the dark and
the nearer of yew.” Turning to get a view, we
found ourselves under the distant Coniston mountains. The air was glorious
and the sky filled with soft clouds, whose
light and all the heavens became endless.
changes of light and shadow over the hills before us.

The sky, Never before so beautiful, sank down
into my heart and held me like a dream.

It was altogether such a vivid piece of
localization, that today I can find it printed on
any page of my Excursion. I mention this because
it leads me to remark that the other “bit” which
we came to decide upon was not the one we
were in search of. The whole place was pro-
vokingly similar to Wordsworth’s lines in some
respects, but with no archaeological ingenuity
could we reconstruct
The pillared porch, elaborately bosses;
nor yet that . . . . Little Gothic niche;
Of nicest workmanship; that once had held
The sculptured image of some patron-saint.

These were not there, and for all we could judge,
ever had been.

So, then, may we conclude that Wordsworth
had not this particular place in mind when he
wrote, or that he had another, or that he
added to the general features of this one others
which he drew from different sources. The last
seems the most probable solution. His poetry
was not topographical, as he himself says, in the
sense that leads poets in their ultra-realism, “to go
out into the presence of Nature with pencil and note-
book and jot down whatever strikes them most,”
as if they were here only temporarily, lecturing,
and ought to be interviewed as minutely as Mr.
Matthew Arnold. Wordsworth drew the essence
of a place, and if some detail from elsewhere
added to the clearness of its presentation, or
brought out in clearer light the spirit he felt
there, what was it but the power all poets have,
but he generously, to

—add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet’s dream?

If, in a technical sense, our object in visiting
Hackett failed, the result was, for me, a truer
success than I had hoped, in understanding better
what it is that makes a poet. Wordsworth, how
he valued the spirit above the letter, and how, above
all, the true spirit of Nature is in closest concord
with the letter.

C. M. ADDISON.


I ask permission to add a bit of localization
out of Mr. Rawley’s Lake Sonnets, which is
an example of that true spirit of which Words-
worth is the master, which cares less to fill its
thought with places, than it does to fill places with its thought.

The Saffebell

Hast thou not seen a loved face?

Thoughts that the balking Nile has failed to toll,

On a back of a horse in an April day

Shape into song the sweetness of the place?

So, lost in a strange mood, when favor came,

Back thro' the brain their loveliness to swell,

I heard the chimes of some far church's bell

Send forth the glad day's message into space:

The high hills spake not, but a voice was there;

The horse was hushed, but in the hush was prayer;

The lake, that held the mountains to its breast,

Gave to that thought a meaning half-expressed,

Till by unspoken hands that bell was rung.

And Lake, Hill, Hollow, found a Saffebell tone.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it brevity, and the writer's full name and address.

A Curious Index.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Permit me to call your attention to an old index, which I think, will go near to rival the famous indexes of the "Autocrat." It is contained in a pamphlet, recently discovered to have been compiled by George Chalmers, entitled The Beauties of Fox, North, and Burke, published at London in 1754. The index covers ten pages and may fairly be represented by the following extracts:

Accusated Obituary, Lord North charged with it

Aker, Lord North denounced by Mr. Fox doing so

Blandishing Poet, Mr. Fox describes Lord North as such

Breach of Promise, Mr. Fox charges Lord North with a breach of it

Burke, Mr. Burke Lord North fast asleep

Candour and Conscience, Mr. Burke contends Lord North has neither one nor the other

Credulity, Mr. Fox pronounces Lord North fraudulent and cunning, Mr. Fox charges Lord North with both

Ignorance of Lord North, the cause of General Burgoyne's capture

Impudence, Lord North accused of it

Impudently, Lord North said to have acted

Kneller, Sir Godfrey, Lord North puts Mr. Burke in a story about him

North, Lord, has been suckled with the milk of the Treasury

Preserves Mr. Burke's blood, and barrows up his soul

Imposes motives to Mr. Fox

Mr. Fox declares he should think himself the most contemptible of mankind, if he should ever join him.

Declares as much of Mr. Fox

Put out, Lord North called one

Stafford, Mr. Fox threatens to bring Lord North to it

Threatened, Mr. Fox cannot bear the idea of approaching Lord North's

The pamphlet is an attack upon the coalition formed by Fox, North, and Burke at the time of the American Revolution. It contains also an etched caricature of the three statesmen. A copy of the work may be found in the Boston Athenaeum Library.

Very truly yours,

H. L. Koopman,

Library of Cornell University.

Ithaca, N. Y., February 9, 1854.

New English Books.

There can be no disputing that Chinese Gordon, now in Egypt, is one of the remarkable men of modern times, and one of the exceptional characters of all history. His life has just been written by Egmont Hake [Remingtons], and is a compound of political sagacity, military prowess, personal force, and moral elevation such as few human lives have exhibited. The brilliant chapter of his career thus far is his service in China, whence his sobriquet; but he is likely to enhance it in Egypt. In this connection we may state that a theological work by him is expected shortly to appear.

As a contribution to the forthcoming celebration of the centennial of the University of Edinburgh the Story of its three hundred years has been written by Sir Alex. Grant, its present Principal, in two volumes. [Longmans.] Without being exhaustive the work gives a continuous narrative, with portraits, and most voluminous appendices.

—Queen Victoria, too, has printed another series of extracts from her diary, running from 1862 to 1882. The materials are largely domestic, public affairs being eschewed. There are numerous illustrations, including portraits, and there is faithful mention of her old body servant, John Brown. The writing is without any literary pretension the simple jottings down of a human heart, which is a woman's heart if it be a queen's. As, for example, after the carriage accident on the ride from Balmoral to Cloda:

I was much distressed at breakfast to find that Mr. Brown's legs had been dreadfully cut at the back of the knees, and he said nothing about it. But today one became so inflamed and swollen so much that the doctor said he must keep it up as much as possible and walk very little, but did not forbid his going out with the carriage. I did not go out in the morning.

—The Marquis of Lorne, late Governor-General of Canada, has entered the paths of authorship again with a volume of speeches and verses entitled Memoirs of Canada and Scotland [Sampson Low], but the literary merit of the work is small.

Foreign Notes.

—Mr. Robert Buchanan has been ill of gastric fever, delaying the appearance of his new volume of poems, The Great Problem. Lady Brasey has written an account of a new voyage in the "Sunbeam" to the West Indies, which the Longmans will shortly publish. A life of Gov. Elphinstone of Bombay is in press by Murray. A new translation of the Book of Psalms by Rev. T. K. Cheyne is to appear in the Parchment Library. The late Professor De Sanctis is said to have left an autobiography. Mr. Andrew Lang has in press a new volume of poems, Ballads and Verses Vain. —Mr. W. T. Arnold's Selections from Keats, in press of C. Kegan Paul & Co., will contain all the poems of the three volumes published during Keats's life-time, and a critical introduction. —Mr. Eugene Schuyler's Life of Peter the Great appears in London this month.

—M. Gustave Drou has written a series of prose tales on politics, society, and religion in modern France, under the form of an old lady's diary, calling his book Tristes et sourires! [Paris: Havard.] Its form is didactic, but it has wit and spirit.

—Who will take the place of the late Henri Martin in the Académie? A new volume on Victor Hugo, Les Joutes Cotères, written twelve years ago, is expected this year; and two books on him, one by Jules Claricre, the other by the late M. Saint-Victor, are announced in Paris.

—Gen. Trochu has finished an important work on the Siege of Paris.

—Mr. Thomas Chenery is dead, the editor of the London Times, in which post he succeeded Mr. Delane in 1877. He was a native of Barbados, educated at Eton and Cambridge, achieved distinction as an Orientalist, was made Professor of Arabic at Oxford in 1858, and was one of the revisers of the Old Testament. Death has also taken two other remarkable writers. Alpheus Todd, the Parliamentary librarian of Canada, and wrote the great treatise on Parliamentary Government in England [2 vols., London, 1859-60]; and the British Colonies [1 vol., Boston, 1850]. This treatise was the first attempt ever made "to collect and embody in a systematic form the laws, usages, and traditions of parliamentary government in the British colonies," and the translation of Goethe's Faust into English prose, and as good an essayist as has ever contributed to the Quarterly Review. Both these writers were tories, both had the literary aptitude without which writing is apt to become irksome, and both authors wrote very beautiful English, somewhat in the Addisonian way.

—Miss Marie A. Brown, now in Sweden, is publishing there a work entitled The Sunny North, with illustrations by Jæger. It is in English, and is designed for English and American visitors.

—The Scriblerian's Monthly is the name of an English monothly magazine, written entirely by its subscribers, designed to afford a field for practice to beginners and aspirants for literary fame.

—The Hon. James Russell Lowell has been delegated by Harvard University as its representative at the coming ter-centennial of the University of Edinburgh.

—The Germans who have achieved a great success with several two-volume encyclopedias, and even Brockhaus has abandoned his four-volume work. Meyer's Hand lexicon, in two volumes, has just passed to a third edition, and costs about $5 in this country. Persons familiar with German will find it useful, and very likely a similar work in English would answer a popular want in this country.

—P. Balan's Monumenta Reformationis covers the years 1517-55, and gives the Papal side of the story, chiefly from the reports of Alexander, who was the Pope's legate in Germany. "Soon," he says, "the very trees and stones cried Luther." The famous exclamation at Worms, Hier steht ich, etc., turns out to be in part a myth. Alexander reports Luther thus: "Revocare neque possum, neque volo quaecidum, cum conscienziam agere neque tuto, neque integro sit. Gott sei mir mir. Amen."

—Bircham's Thesleben is passing through a chrono edition, which will contain 1,776 woodcuts and 170 chronos. This new edition of the German work will cost about $60 a set, and is to be complete by September next.

—The Revue Internationale, edited by Angelo de Gubernatis in Florence, has made a good beginning, the first number of the new semi-monthly containing articles by Holtzendorff, Laveley, Dora D'Istria, Max Müller, and others, although Max Müller's oration on Rammouh Roy contains the remarkable statement that India alone has more inhabitants than all Europe combined; and the review is printed on poor paper, as are most Italian periodicals. There is no room for the fear that the review will be partial to the Latin nations, as the editor is familiar with English and German, and a recognized Orientalist. The Revue Internationale will appear twice a month; it is published at Florence, but in French, and will cost 45 francs a year to American subscribers.

—The preliminary edition of the revised Bible
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1884.]

translation originally made by Luther, has been issued in Halle, Germany, by Canstein. This revision was begun in 1856, has had the benefit of Biblical, literary and historical specialists, and means to restore, with a few slight corrections, Luther's final text of 1545. But there is no hope that this revised German Bible will become the received text of the Lutherans very gradually.

— The minister of the German empire in China, Brandt, has published a remarkable essay on the characters of the Chinese language [Breslau: Schottländer]. He vindicates to the Chinese characters a purely autochthonous nature, though he concedes the influence of the ancient Buddhist missionaries. The Chinese scholars still cling to the 24,735 characters, and their six classes as marked by Taitung, a lexicographer of the thirteenth century. This man used 688 purely initiative characters; 107 that expressed ideas, while the former class expressed physical things; 740 are used to connect notions, 372 to reverse the meaning of forms, 598 to express metaphors, and 21,810 phonetic signs. But the origin of the Chinese characters is shown to have been hieroglyphic. The earliest writing material was bamboo, first with incisions, later painted with hair brushes. The bamboo was replaced by woven stuffs, especially silk; until paper was invented about 105 A.D. Printing began early in the tenth century; but the earliest movable types, first made of burnt clay, are mentioned in 1045 and 1049. The Chinese of today use eight different sets of characters—Shung shu for printing, Kiau shu for official and scientific purposes, and Tsan tse for social purposes.

[From a special correspondent.]

Literary France.

III.

The French are a gay, lively, pleasure-loving people. A bon mot is their delight, the café their home, their theater their adornment. But, beneath all this exterior frivolity, there exists a deep, strong, and ardent devotion to literature, science, and art. This devotion is not confined to any one class or order. It is found among all, rich and poor, high and low, only excepting the absolutely ignorant. This literary enthusiasm is not a recent Parisian novelty. It did not come in with the République Française. It has been inspired by the novels of Monsieur Zola. It goes back centuries. It antedates the reign of the Grand Monarque. It did not begin with Rabelais and Montaigne. The court of Louis XIV was not more brilliant by the victories of a Condé, a Turenne, and a Vendôme than by the writings of a Racine, a Corneille, and a Boileau. That magnificent king knew the value of literary men as "chroniclers of the times," he invited them to his court, and richly rewarded them. He knew that the songs of Homer had perpetuated the fame of Achilles, and as ambition was one of his ruling passions, he delighted to surround himself with poets, philosophers, historians, above all, with those whose genius embellished his court and added lustre to his name. The great orators, Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Fenelon; the great writers Moître, La Fontaine, Sparron, besides those already mentioned, shed a halo of glory around his reign which repaired a thousand fold the patronage he bestowed upon them. Richelieu, turning from the pursuit of ambition and the cares of state, and endeavoring to win new laurels in the field of poetry, is another striking evidence of the appreciation of literature in France. Even during the disgraceful reign of Louis XV, when a Pompadour declared war or dictated peace, and all else was subservient to the caprice of a petted mistress, literature was respected and honored by the people from all ranks, by the degraded court. Some of the most brilliant, though not the best, works in French literature, belong to the worst period of the world of the fallen emperor. The reign of Louis Philippe was adorned by Tiéry, Guizot, Beranger, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, St. Beuve, and others less famous. When the second republic was proclaimed, in 1848, the people of France selected the poet Lamartine to be its first President. What other national honor, what other literary honor by honoring one of its most distinguished men of letters? Napoleon III, unlike his uncle, not only encouraged literature by rewarding such men as St. Beuve and Thières, but like Richelieu aspired to literary distinction himself. By the recent death of the historian Henri Martin, Victor Hugo remains alone among the great names in French literature. He towers above the living men of letters, as Gulliver towered above the pigmies of Lilliput. His greatest work is not of the present. Les Misérables—his masterpiece—and one of the chief masterpieces in all French literature, if not in all literatures, was written more than twenty years ago. Nothing that he has done since has added to his fame, or sustained the reputation of the author of Les Misérables.

Paris is naturally the literary center of France. Until a book or play receives the approval of the capital it is only provincial, not national. This has the effect of drawing men of letters to Paris, where every facility is afforded to the student, either of men or books. In this city where pleasure is pursued as a business and business as a pleasure, there are twenty-five libraries—almost as many as there are theaters. Newspapers of all kinds are very numerous, and literary men not only write for them, but are often regular members of the staff. All the daily papers publish several stories written by a popular writer. But the French journals are decidedly wanting in that variety of reading from all parts of the world which makes American newspapers so entertaining. They seem to think that nothing outside of France has any interest for the French. Consequently, an American finds very little in them.

STYLUS.

Paris, December 30, 1883.

—The collection of Americans belonging to the late Henry C. Murphy of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to be sold by auction in New York in March. Among its treasures are copies of Columbus's letter to Sasaia describing the voyage in which he discovered the New World, printed in Rome in 1493; of D'Alilly's Image Mudri, a work studied by Columbus on this voyage, Paris, 1495; and of Pass Novamentum Restitutum, by Vespuccius, 1507, the oldest collection of travels extant. There is also a series of thirty-six editions of Ptolemy's Geography.

MINOR NOTICES.

John Bull and His Island. By Max O'Rell. [Charles Scribner's Sons. 90c.]

A very different sort of success from that of Mr. Habberton's book, but in somewhat the same vein, is reached in this clever sketch of England, English people, and English life, by a keen-eyed, quick-witted, sharp-tongued, good-natured Frenchman, who calls himself Max O'Rell, and who has supervised this translation of his book from its original form. The author is an observer. He has examined England long and closely; he has studied John Bull in politics, in society, and in business; and his report is generally accurate, fair, and instructive. In flavor it is half fun and half in earnest; but the earnestness always underlies the fun, and notwithstanding the twinkle in the author's eye, the reader feels that his purpose is serious.

The following sentences are examples:

John Bull is a Colonist, if ever there was one. He leaves England with his diary written beforehand. John Bull only lifts his hat on grand occasions. The Englishman feels big enough to take care of himself. The Englishman is either virtuous or an utter reprobate; very often virtuous, perfectly virtuous. The mother-in-law is not an object of terror in England. England is the home of shoddy. Thanks to free-trade, you can have a card-board villa for two hundred pounds, and a silk umbrella for one.

Poverty is no vice in France. It is in England.

In a word the wit of this book—and it has wit—covers wisdom, and the wisdom is often epigrammatic. The style is light without being frivolous, and strong without being heavy; it is like aluminum, the new featherly metal of such toughness and strength. At the same time the author makes some mistakes. Paris, we should say, would answer far more truly than London to the Rhymestoner. He writes on p. 48: "For instance, the banks of the Seine!" Nonsense. No Parisian should throw stones at London in this quarter. These exceptions aside, John Bull can fairly plumply see himself in these pages as an intelligent foreigner sees him, and even Americans can find profit with some amusement in looking at him and his island home through a Frenchman's spectacles.


Political Recollections 1840 to 1872. By Geo. W. Julian. [Jansen, McClurg & Co. $1.50.]

The period covered by these two books is nearly the same, and the books are unlike, differing in literary form and merit. Mr. Perry's reminiscences are fragmentary—a series of card photographs of John Quincy A'Ames, Jackson, Andrew Johnson, Calhoun, Clay, Preston, Webster, Hayne, McDuffie, Barnwell Rhett, Pickens, Orr, Vance, Seward, and a number of less known Southern politicians. Mr. Perry was a native of South Carolina, was sent to Congress in
THE LITERARY WORLD.

FEB. 23.

1834, and has been a staunch Union man all his life. We learn from the preface to his life that “his person is tall and commanding, with a face more than of Newport, of intelligence,” and that “his manners are at the same time dignified, cordial, and refined.” To which testimony of the late General Waddy Thompson Dr. Hesterry Perry adds that “he readily impresses every one as being far above the mediocrity of men, and one of nature’s true noblemen.”

Mr. Julian, the author of the second volume, has nobody to pay such complimentary compliments to him, but he has written a straightforward historical narrative of political history in the United States, as he saw it, from the Hard Cider campaign of 1840 down to the close of Reconstruction. His place in the Senate and his large acquaintance with public men have given him facilities to do this, and he has done it well. We have been interested in his pages. In them many of the characters sketched by Ex-Gov. Perry re-appear, and it is instructive to come back to some of the two months’ time Andrew Johnson was regarded by Mr. Perry as “the most remarkable man” he had ever met; Mr. Julian says more calmly: “No one will now dispute that the popular estimate of his character did him very great injustice.”

A LADY DAY SAINT. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.]

[J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.25.]

A LADY DAY SAINT.

We cannot but regret that the initial volume of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.’s “American Novel Series” should be of soimsy and poor a character as A Lady Day Saint, or Ethel Jones’ conversion related by herself. The title suggests Utah, but there is nothing about Utah or Mormonism in the volume, which belongs instead to the frothy ‘society’ genre, of which the Confessions of a Provocative Girl furnishes an example. Ethel Jones is merely a second-rate little Philadelphia, whose highest ambition is to accomplish for herself a place in the more fashionable set and the entree of the “Assemblies.” To secure this coveted desire she curbs a somewhat satirical tongue and practices a manner of demure decorum which disarms and propesses observant dowagers, so that she gradually takes her position among the “nice” girls of whom everybody approves, and whom everybody invites. But when, by way of making her success a permanent and undisputed fact, she marries a man of wealth and family whom she neither loves nor dislikes, all these precautions fly to the winds. Young Mrs. Pelham Charter has no need to conciliate or disarm; she “chances front” with the rapidity of infantry practice, and at once becomes a leader in the fastest and most daring set.” The chronicle of A Lady Day Saint, of Narragansett, of yacht parties where cigarettes and “pick-me-ups” are shared alike by the ladies and the gentlemen, of flirtations which border on the scandalous. In the end, Mrs. Charter goes one step too far — half through fate and half through folly — and becomes the subject of a not quite deserved scandal. Her husband leaves her for a few months, during which she has time for whole-some reflection, and on his return her “conversion” is accomplished. To what? To simple decorum! To that amount of religious and social observance which keeps “society” from saying hard things about a woman! “I go to church; I take a hat to the theater; I am a directress in one hospital and a visitor to another,” said Ethel Jones; but while she thus conforms to the worldly standard of right-mindedness, she is conscious of a regret that she did not marry Middleton Hall, who could have given her a position in society, of which her virtuous endeavors would have been united to a far wider social success, and she might have shone as the queen of a really dignified “salon.” Is this frothy, vulgar, empty view of life the best thing that is to be found by way of an “American Novel?” If so, it is much better to confine ourselves to the novels of higher liberties and truer civilizations.

Who would worship a doll though its clothes are of lace, and its petticoats made in the fashion?

Ouida’s Frescoes.

The five stories in Ouida’s new volume are all in dramatic form, and show the keen, pitiless hand of the author in customary exercise and power. The longer of the sketches lends its name to the book, and is the best of them. It is clear, powerful, harmless; brilliant with a certain brilliancy as is everything Ouida writes; and it is interesting. An English lady of family and property enlists her agent in Italy to send her an artist capable of doing some frescoes in her new ball-room against an expected visit from royalty. The artist comes, Leonio Renzo. He is poor, proud, and a genius. Lady Charteris, her employer, misjudges him and misuses him; begins by despising him and ends with falling in love with him. She establishes him in the ball-room with his colors and his cartoons, gives him carte blanche; and the result is readings in Italian poetry and after-dinner receptions. Renzo turns out to be a Lord Charteris, in disguise of birth; the difficulty of his poverty is thus overcome; and love having set in marriage follows. The story is carried on by means of correspondence: Renzo with an old priest in his Italian home, Lady Charteris with her agent and other people. One person writes to another, and we have the pleasure of reading all the letters, neatly arranged in order. The story is without bitterness or bad blood of any sort. “Afternoon,” one of the sketches which follow, is based on the improbability of a man’s forgetting a girl whom he had never meant to desert; afterwards, when she has become a beautiful woman and a famous artist, falling in love with her; being denied by her and teased by the denial until he has been punished long enough; and then having the fact disclosed to him, and coming into possession of his own. The closing number of the series is an essay defending the author’s method in fiction.

SHAKESPEARIAN.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROGERS, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Ann Shakespeare and Ann James. Mr. Moncure D. Conway’s letter in the Cincinnati Commercial Item has been commented upon, as the editor of The Literary World surmises (Dec. 1, 1883), "in some of the literary journals" — at least in England. For one, I communicated my views of it to The Straford-upon-Avon Herald, which had reproduced Mr. Conway’s letter.

He here says — knowing, of course, nothing whatever about it — "Neither Halliwell nor any other Shakespearian writer makes mention of the following very remarkable fact. In the old register of burials kept in the Church, where I have just inspected it, there is the following double entry [1623]: —

Aug. 8 | Mrs. Shakespeare

Aug. 8 | Ann, a servant of Richard James.

There can hardly be plainer evidence that the widow of Shakespeare had married one Richard James after the poet’s death." Such is the statement. But unfortunately it is full of blunders. The supposed fact has been often commented upon. How old the stupid notion may be I cannot say; but my old friend William Harnett wrote an article in its favour in 1844, or 5; and this was printed in The Shakespeare Society’s Papers, vol. II. Art. xiv. p. 107. I understand he did not make a single convert among his Shakespearian fellows. Is it to be wondered at? But Mr. Conway blunders once more. He says about "the old register of burials," etc. Now he is not the old register is not extant. What is kept at Stratford Church is a comparatively modern transcript — not of the old register in its entirety, but of selected portions; and we have no means of knowing how accurate this transcript is. Besides, we have, certainly evidence that Ann did marry again, in the inscription upon the brass of her tombstone.

C. M. INGLEBY.


Dyer’s "Folk-Lore of Shakespeare." The Harpers have placed all American students of the dramatist under obligations by reprinting Rev. T. F. Thistleton Dyer’s Folk-Lore of Shakespeare in a neat volume of 120 pages (1883). In its twenty-three chapters on Fairies, Witches, Ghosts, Demonology and Devil-Lore, Natural Phenomena, Birds, Animals, Plants, Insects and Reptiles, Folk-Medicine, Customs Connected with the Calendar, Birth and Baptism, Marriage, Death and Burial, Kings, Queens, Sports and Pastimes, Dances, Punishments, Proverbs, Human Body, Fishes, Sundry Superstitions, and Miscellaneous Customs, etc., all the folk-lore allusions in Shakespeare are explained, with many illustrations and parallel passages from other writers. The book is not only invaluable for reference, but will be found very entertaining for continuous reading. The full citation of authorities in the foot-notes adds to its value for the student and critic, while the ten-page index puts every detail of its rich and varied contents at their easy command. No more complete and authoritative work on the subject is to be found in English.

A Pension for Mr. F. J. Furnivall. We are gratified to learn that Queen Victoria, on the advice of Mr. Gladstone, has conferred a pension of £150 a year upon Mr. F. J. Furnivall, for his services to English literature. What we would like to know about this royal token of our friend’s literary labors is so well said in the London Daily News of January 22 that we cannot forbear quoting it:

The announcement that a pension of £150 a year has been conferred on Mr. F. J. Furnivall will be regarded with especial satisfaction by students of our older literature. Mr. Furnivall has been one of the most diligent workers in a field
in which the great profits of authorship cannot possibly be found. He has freely spent his life in labor which can only possibly be repaid by the gratitude of students of archaic literature. Few men have probably done so much to revive interest in the study of English philology. He has been the founder of more literary societies than probably any man living. Societies for the publication of Early English Texts, for the study of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wyclif, and for the publication of Old English Ballads owe their origin to him.

In the establishment of the Browning Society, for the study of the writings of a happily living poet who more than any other reveals the greatness of our Elizabethan period, he took a very prominent part. The list of old books he has edited for the various societies with which he has been connected has accurately constituted a catalogue of early English literature. This useful literary industry has been accomplished with the liveliness and exactness which we expect from Mr. Furnivall. He is generally recognized as one of the chief authorities on questions relating to the Early English language, and it is not surprising that the changes which it underwent in the earlier and middle periods of its development. Mr. Furnivall is still in full vigor, and has probably many years of similar useful work before him.

The recognition now given for his past services in an uncommon field has been deserved, and may be at least an encouragement to persevere in a line of work which involves much literary labour, but brings very little literary fame to reward it.

Professor Dowden on Grant White's "Washerwoman." The following is Professor Dowden's notice of the "Riverside Shakespeare" in the London Academy, in so good a manner that we may reprint it for the benefit of our readers. It is not likely that we shall be able to see that journal—well as for its confirmation of our criticism on the singular omissions in the laundry lady's name:

Mr. White, "following eminent example, took the advice of his washerwoman" in determining what passages were sufficiently obscure to justify explanation. We are delighted to hear this; we have always admired the fine culture of the American language, but to discover that the bleachers of summer smocks are joint-editors of Shakespeare comes as a surprise. I imagine Mr. White's collaborator as chiding as one of Mr. Abbey's milk-maid: I see the perplexed scholar strolling across the meadow, with proof-sheets in his hand, to where her fairer sheets are swaying in the wind, and there she enlightens him so prettily ("most busy, when she does it") and "despicably," and "quick as a bird," and "witty as a man of wit," the white linen, not of Datche-ned and Thames Side, but of the trans-Atlantic Riverside, find Shakespeare charmingly free from 19th-centuryisms. In the "Met" there is no note on "back" or "bucket," that is easy to understand; but that a "man which is upon the manager of his men," or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer and his wringer" should find so many other things easy which have seemed difficult to Capell, Malone, and Dyce is matter of pleasant congratulation. Many washerwomen have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!

A punster says that Richard II. was one of the early prohibitionists, for he strped King Henry's "bier." When Julius Cæsar asks, "Who is it in the press that calls on me?" we almost expect to hear the sweet, seductive voice of the "interviewer" in response.

—It is rather odd that the edition de luxe crape has not before affected the holders of the Poe copyrights, which we believe are Misses. Armstrong & Son. The announcement is now made that Misses. G. P. Putnam's Sons and the Armstrongs will publish in cooperation a fine limited edition of Poe in eight large volumes. Mr. Stoddard's memoir, and Mrs. James Russell Lowell's essay on Poe will be printed as introductory dissertations. Etchings, fac-similes, and a few woodcuts will be given in the text. But 300 copies are to be printed.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for the department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

596. Will you please inform me what translations Helen Frothingham has made? I have one of Goethe's works translated by her, and I think it well done. 

Nathan the Wise. (Lenning.) 1868.
Edelweisse. (Lowith.) 1869.
Hermann and Dorothea. (Goethe.) 1869.
Lanzele. (Lenning.) 1870.
Sappho. (Grillparzer.) 1870.

597. Henry Kingsley. Please give me a list of the writings of Henry Kingsley, author of Hilarys and Burtons, etc., with the dates of publication. Is there any uniform edition of his novels, either English or American? This query was answered in the negative by Bouton of New York a few years ago.

New York, February 7, 1884.

E. H. Hames & Co.

Dear Sirs: I feel that I ought to tell you that through the medium of your valuable paper I secured one or ten of the first editions of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell, and received many offers of books from parties as far east as Maine and as far west as California. Respectfully,

C. B. F.

The first number of the fifteenth volume of the Literary World comes to hand well laden with valuable matter. Nearly eight pages of excellent criticism upon the latest books, interesting foreign and home correspondence, admirable notes and queries, Shakespeareana edited by W. J. Rolfe, and news and notes—all are of interest not only to the literary reader but to the general reader as well. Many persons at a distance from the book centers govern their book-buying by the critical notices herein published; and in this respect alone, to say nothing of its special biographies, bibliographies, etc., the Literary World has achieved more than a national reputation. This issue (Jan. 12) contains the index to the last volume. — Zion's Herald, January 30, 1884.
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**DANIELS' CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF JOSEPH AND HIRAM SMITH, at Carthage, 3d June 27, 1844.** 8vo, pp. 22, Nauvoo, 1845.

**THE HARRINGER.** 4 vol., 1 vol., New York, 1843-47.


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Well, when Old Lady Mary—a large part of the charm of this book lies in the tenderly musical title of it—awoke in the next world, and came to her new senses and realized what she had done—or rather what she hadn't done—she was filled with remorse, and set about seeing what she could do to undo the wrong she had unwittingly done to Mary her niece, whom she dearly loved, and whom it distressed her beyond measure to think of having left down below alone and unprovided for.

So she applied for permission to descend to the earth once more for the purpose of revisiting her old home and putting things to rights. Not without objection permission was granted, and back she went. She reached her home, but she could not make anybody hear her when she spoke to them, and she could not open the secret drawer and reveal the hiding-place of the will. She was a spirit, and the limitations of the spiritual were upon her. She could make her presence felt; she startled the dog, and caught the baby's eye, and made people shiver as by a draft of cold air, and succeeded in making a noise now and then which attracted attention; but invested the old house with a first-class character for being haunted; but farther than this she could not go, and the recognition which she craved was denied her.

How the secret drawer got opened, and the will was brought to light, and niece Mary came into her property, and Old Lady Mary went back to the unseen with a lighter conscience and a happier heart we must not here tell our readers, but leave them to find out from Mrs. Oliphant's own imaginative, ingenious, tender-hearted, touching pages. Old Lady Mary will not have the circulation that The Little Pilgrim had; it is on a lower plane, less spontaneous, less original, less impressive, less responsive to real questionings of hungry hearts; but it is a sweet and pleasant and suggestive bit of fantasy, not without a wholesome practical lesson too.

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The place seems to personify itself, to become human and sentient, and conscious of your affection. You desire to embrace it, to caress it, to possess it; and finally a soft sense of possession grows up, and your visit becomes a perpetual love-affair.

And again, speaking of the Venetian atmosphere as so near, so familiar, so much an extension and adjunct of the actual world, he adds:

That is the perpetual interest of the place—that you live in a certain sort of knowledge—as in a rosy cloud. You don't go into the churches and galleries by way of a change from the streets; you go into them because they offer you an exquisite reproduction of the things that surround you.

We hardly know whether Mr. James's descriptive skill is best displayed in those chapters where something is made out of almost nothing, where he is able to make visible to the reader certain spots which have about them so little that is striking, or in those chapters which like the first and

* Old Lady Mary. By Mrs. Oliphant. Roberts Brothers.

the last in the volume — on Venice and Niagara — deals with themes at once so large and so well-worn. No other word-picture of Niagara has succeeded in presenting our-selves with anything like a distinct vision of the tremendous spectacle, or "drama," as Mr. James aptly calls it, of the great cata-

ries. To a large extent it is an emphasizing of the great salient points of Luther's charac-ter and career, with a careful description of his environment. No such thing as a continuous biographical sketch is attempted. Mr. Mead's style of treatment is, in fact, somewhat too desultory; though Luther's world is sketched in with graphic power, and the reformer's image stands clear against the background. We believe, however, that that portion of the book will be held to be most valuable which treats of the significant phases of Luther's life with special reference to present problems of reform, and which deals with the false and inadequate present-
ments respecting the man and his influence of which, during the last six months, there has been such an abundance.

Mr. Mead is sufficiently impartial to have a trusty ready for ignorance or folly from whatever quarter it may come. Now he turns against "our slight and peppery Ger-
man-American socialists," the agnostics, who belittle Luther on unreasonable grounds; and again he faces misapprehensions from the evangelical side, especially from the church which bears Luther's name.

The theory of the infallibility of the Hebrew writers ... Luther himself was far from hold-

ing. Orthodox scholars like Canon Moyle ... laugh at the attempt in general to assim-
late Luther's ethical and religious mould to that of an evangelist of the present day.

But Mr. Mead is nowhere so sharp and satisfy-sary as in his handling of the Catho-

lics. It might have been expected, when here-tofore liberal-minded Romanists like Friedrich Schlegel, Von Eichendorff, Stol-
berg, and Döllinger, had had the candor to find something admirable in Luther, that some one voice, at least, not altogether con-
 demmatory, would have been heard at this time from their ranks. We believe, how-

ever, there have been only words of con-
 tumely, and Mr. Mead renders excellent service when, as a skillful and well-appointed champion, he opposes himself to such as-

aults.

Imported Monsignors, doughty in dinner-table sieges of dukes and dowerers, threatening us from Palace Brunswicks ... that by the mere utterance of a word, sharp as the click of a trig-
ger, Holy Church can shake our schools from top to bottom and land us in a flight... I do not gladly speak of the sects of sectarian warfare, and I certainly do not share the feelings of those men who seem to be in a chronic state of alarm about the Roman Church; but I do feel that we should not worthy cele-
brate this day, if we neglected, in the plain lan-
guage of our own time, and with reference to the actual circumstances of our own State, firmly to speak the word of warning against the spirit with which it was Luther's chief work his whole life long, to wage inveterate war.

Hearty though Mr. Mead's respect is for his hero, he yet admires with discrimination. He paints his Cromwell with all his warts. We cannot well help liking his famous couplet:

Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool and not a young wag.
It serves to emphasize the warm human nature of the man, and draws us the closer to him. Yet we somehow feel that even this is not just the

thing that comes best from a great religious re-
former, and when we hear him exclaiming fur-
erly: "We are all jolly fellows, we Germans ... we eat and drink and sing, and break our glasses, and lose, at one sitting, a hundred or a thousand dollars," the Puritan in him comes down with a sharp protest; Calvin and Milton, we are sure, are better than this.

Mr. Mead in liking Luther for his "warm human nature" is evidently of the same mind with Theodore Parker, when he took such delight in the swearing of Washington on the Potomac, and with Longfellow with regard to Luther himself wrote that his faults, "the traces of humanity which I find in him are to me as precious as his most dazzling perfections."

Various questionable passages in Luther's career Mr. Mead considers with great can-
dor, not at all blinded by his reverence. Unfortunately, he omits any discussion of his hero's assent to the bigamy of the Land-
grave of Hesse, one of the least defensible of the reformer's acts, and which Kösin re-
views in a way so frank and satisfactory. Luther's bearing during the Peasants' War, however, another stumbling-block to the eulogists, receives from Mr. Mead a careful handling. We cannot do better than close with the passage, having something of the ring of Sartor Resartus, with which Mr. Mead apologizes for so long a treatment.

It may be thought that I have dwelt upon this subject of Luther's relation to the common peo-
ple and to the Peasants' War at altogether dis-
proportionate length, in an essay of such narrow limits as the present. It will not be by wisest readers that this will be thought. The man who can careless turn from those hundred thousand slaughtered men there in Franconia and Thuringia — not chiefly bad and worthless men, but wronged and worthy men, down-trodden men, in-
flamed, how wildly soever by an idea — turn from that spectacle as a light thing to this question of the Epistle of James or of Jude as a momentous thing, this man I say is in a melancholy way. It is a momentous thing, to every friend, whether one Jude was an original man or a second-rate man, significant or inconsiderable. It is a momentous thing that one hundred thousand men, God's children, lie there in their blood. It is a momentous thing that a hundred thousand more may lie down similarly in Russia tomorrow, and another hundred thousand again in Franconia and Thuringia the next day. It is a momentous thing that good men, churchmen as well as others, with these possibilities and judg-
ment day impending, are callous and indifferent, speculating with zest about prohibition, purgatory, and the New Jerusalem, and with no energetic care that that section of eternity in which we find ourselves today, be ordered by the laws of right-
eousness and reason.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S CAREER.*

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S was the first fame to be made on the Confed-
earate side in the late Civil War, as General McClellan's was the first on the side of the Union. Beauregard, however, kept his laurels to the end, and if not the most successful of Confederate generals was one of the ablest of them. He was in the War from first to last; he knew it at all points — Vir-

\* The Military Operations of General Beauregard. By Alfred Roman. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. $3.50. gina, South Carolina, Tennessee, on the
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.

Mississippi, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana. He fought alongside of almost every Confederate officer of note; and faced almost every Union officer of note. His story of the War as he saw it ought to be comprehensive, important, interesting.

The work before us does not profess to be his own, but it reads as if it were. The authorship is ascribed to Col. Roman, an officer of Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards high on General Beauregard's staff. What Col. Roman has written has a sound as if it were dictated by his chief. "Written from notes and documents authenticated by me," says the General in a preface, and so furnishing "a correct account of my military services and conduct prior to and during the recent war." The long and short of which is that General Beauregard has had his military life written by a private secretary, and that the work has been done to suit him.

The two volumes together comprise very nearly 1,800 pages. The first opens with a brief biographical sketch of the General; and the 400 pages of narrative which follow are succeeded by about 200 pages of documentary appendices. In the same way, the 434 pages of narrative in the second volume are accompanied by 250 pages of appendices. In these appendices is collected a mass of military dispatches, reports, and statistics; the General's reserved stores, so to speak, of literary ordinance and ammunition. Two portraits front the two volumes; one showing the General as he looked in Confederate uniform in 1865, the gloom of the "Lost Cause" gathering in his Frenchy face, the other depicting him in his present business-like aspect, gray-haired and in citizen's dress, a much handsome man by the way than he was twenty years ago, looking better and happier. His autograph, which underlies each picture, is unchanged, showing that he is essentially the same man now as then. He is now sixty-five years of age, but few men of forty [says his biographer] are so active as he, so alert, so full of life and vigor. Those who note his elastic military step, upright bearing, and quick yet thoughtful eye, feel well assured that, should occasion require it, he could again serve his country with energy and capacity equal, if not superior, to that displayed in the past.

General Beauregard is a native of Louisiana, in which State he was born, near New Orleans, in 1818. His ancestry was illustrious, running back on his father's side to the old French family of Toutant, and on his mother's to the Dukes of Reggio and Modena. He was a soldier, so to speak, from the age of petticoats, and of his early military predilections several instances are related by Col. Roman, one of which in connection with his first communion is as follows:

"Young Beauregard, his mother, his elder brother, and the teacher were seated in one of the front pews of the old St. Louis cathedral, awaiting the solemn moment when the young communicant was to approach and kneel at the altar. That moment at last came. His mother touched him. . . . Then, when he had already walked half way to the altar, the roll of a drum . . . resounded through the casemate of the fort, and Beauregard stopped; hesitated. . . . Again the roll of the drum was heard. . . . Hesitation vanished at once. The child rose. . . . Just then, as he turned on the altar, the roll seemed to dash through the church and disappeared at the door, to the utter horror and dismay of his loving relations.

Any adequate review of these massive volumes is out of the question in our limited space. It must suffice to say that General Beauregard has a right to be heard in behalf of his part in the Civil War, and that this authoritative work is a contribution of size and weight to the war literature. To the strictly military critics we must leave the task of a closer estimate.

ECCLESIASTICISM AND THE REVOLUTION.*

The commonly held opinions in regard to the American Revolution have been receiving some rather hard shocks of late; Mr. De Peyster's recent paper on the Loyalists, though by comparison unimportant, is discouraging enough; but Judge Chamberlain's address on John Adams before the Webster Historical Society, now published in convenient pamphlet form, is calculated to lay the "Spirit of '76" to deep for any Fourth of July orator of the future to evoke. So far as John Adams is concerned, the address is a vigorous and spirited tribute to the man whom Judge Chamberlain conceives to be the prominent statesman of his period, Franklin alone possibly excepted, a man gifted above all other Americans with what is happily phrased the "historic imagination."

Going back of events with which John Adams was directly concerned, Judge Chamberlain has sought to make clear the causes and motives which remotely, and at last directly, influenced the revolt of the colonies, and in doing this has fallen into the darling sin of the historian, and taken unto himself a "theory." This theory then is that the usually adopted explanation of the Revolution is a wrong one, and that the reasons which finally brought America to arms, were not political, but ecclesiastical and commercial. This perhaps is stating his thesis somewhat boldly; but the impression one gains is that the political occurrences were pretexts rather than direct causes of the war, and that a profound dissatisfaction with the attempts of the hierarchy of the State Church of England to foist its dreaded and disliked authority upon the colonies at last brought about actual rebellion. This theory is not altogether a new one, as is admitted, and yet, as here formulated, and fortified by citations, it does assuredly put a new aspect upon questions commonly regarded as settled. No one reads Bancroft or Hildreth, as yet the two great popular authorities, and becomes convinced that ecclesiasticism was the deepest, or even a very deep, motive of our Revolution, and so in the sense that he has been first to presume to bring this matter to the fore front, for historical scrutiny, Judge Chamberlain's philosophical theory is a new one. One may well write with hesitation in expressing an opinion contrary to that reached in this pamphlet, the manifest product of laborious and patient devotion in antiquarian fields, which few persons can only turn over superficially and at random. But suggestions so important as are here put forth need to be further elaborated, and substantiated by an abundance of contemporary evidence; volumes are really needed where pages only are given. Considered on their merit as court arguments to the common opinion of historians, and unsupported as yet by a mass of testimony, these pages will very likely fail to carry conviction. There is a certain implication that our best historians (in a popular sense) have not dared to speak the truth in this matter of ecclesiasticism. Is there then any gag-law in the historical method? We are hardly prepared to believe so. As a passing instance of the improbability of any forced silence we are reminded of an almost forgotten review by Theodore Parker on Hildreth. The reviewer, to be sure, does touch on the dislike shown towards the hierarchical government of the Church, but his touch is very light. Mr. Parker, who had a clever way of getting at the root of things, and of examining facts which more conservative minds were willing to leave buried, certainly had no fear of controversies ecclesiastical.

In a natural anxiety to make the best of his case, does not Judge Chamberlain fail to consider adequately the Revolution as an important outbreak of the democratic spirit, which had been gathering force for more than a century, undismayed by failure under the Commonwealth? This democratic fervor alone can explain properly such an instrument as the Massachusetts Bill of Rights. It was something more than Anglo-Saxonism arrayed against itself, whether in a holy or commercial war, or both. The religious status of the times did not harmonize with this political restlessness. English ecclesiasticism was opposed in New England at any rate, by another ecclesiasticism, almost as aristocratic, often despotic, and altogether theocratic. The Revolution was made possible by what we must for convenience call an encouraging laxity of attachment to both Episcopal and Puritan restraints. It might be questioned furthermore whether English interference with religious affairs was so really galling to the flesh of English Puritanism. Since the tyranny of Andros until the outbreak of war, there is almost a century in which there must be traced a steady, if slow, progress of incursions upon the secured rights of the colonists in the enjoyments of their religious privileges.

Judge Chamberlain will surely not be content with so scanty a treatment of a subject he has so well in hand. If what he has already given us does not command abundant attention, it will be because of a hopeless indifference to the right story of the past, and perhaps because we are sure does not exist. While waiting for the volumes he is intending, we trust, to put forth, it will hardly be worth while to renounce faith in the "patriotism" of the Revolution, or to diminish a whit our wonted glowing of horns and burning of powder, whereby America is wont to express that faith.

—Burns & Oates, English publishers to the
Roman Catholic Church, have established a branch house in New York under the direction of Mr. Lawrence Kehoe.

OURENT LITERATURE.

The Putnams have issued a second edition, in plain form, of Messrs. Greey's and Salto's translations of Tamana Shunao's historical Japanese romance of The Loyal Ronin, first published in 1890. It is a tale of the vengeance taken by the faithful followers of a Japanese lord upon his murderer, and has both noble and touching points; with quaint illustrations by a native artist of Yedo. [$1.75]

Mr. Frederick Pollock's Land Law is an historical essay of about 200 pages, tracing the development of the system of land division and ownership in England from the earliest times to the present. In England, not in Scotland or Ireland. Scotland's system is distinctly her own, structurally and historically; Ireland's is England's imported with modifications. The exposition is designed to be exact enough for law students, plain enough for lay students. The general reader has no particular interest in it. [Macmillan & Co. $1.00.]

We are glad to see the late Dean Stanley's Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church in the compact and handy form of the new edition of 1884. The size is a small 8vo, the type good, the margins small, the top edges gilt, the front edges rough, the binding good, and the price only $2.00. It is not often that for that small sum one can buy so much substantial information in such fascinating shape. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Marion Harland's Cookery for Beginners gives in 190 pages a series of familiar lessons for young housekeepers, on breads, eggs, meats, vegetables, and desserts, with 60 or 70 pages in blank, in which they may enter their failures, successes, and improvements. [D. Lothrop & Co. $1.00.]

In some respects the book called Health at Home is the most important thus far in the series of "Home Books" which the Messrs. Appleton have been publishing the past two years. It is comprehensive like the house-roof, which covers and shelters the apartments and departments beneath. There are chapters on surroundings, plumbing and drainage, ventilation, food and drink, lighting and heating, clothing, personal habits, domestic medical practice, etc., all from the sanitary and hygienic point of view. The little book, which is the combined work of one professional, Dr. I. P. Davis, and one layman, Mr. A. H. Guernsey, is sensible and useful. [60c.]

Some of the points embraced in the above book receive scientific and technical expansion in Dr. R. S. Tracy's Handbook of Sanitary Information. Here are 10 pages of facts chiefly about house drains and drainage; but also about ventilation, care of contagious disease, and disinfection. The book is one for builders, house-owners, and tenants. [D. Appleton & Co. 50c.]

The Rev. George A. Jackson's "Early Christian Literature Primers" are now a complete quartet by the addition of volumes three and four respectively on the Greek and the Latin Fathers of the Post-Nicene Age; that is to say from A. D. 315 to 600 and 700. The volumes are closely-printed, closely-trimmed 24mos of 224 and 231 pages each, constructed on an excellent plan. Few persons care to go to the originals, but many persons would like to know in brief who Hilary was, St. Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose, Augustine and Boethius; Eusebius, Athanasius, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, Chrysostomus, Theodoret, and John of Damascus. This Mr. Jackson tells them, in short biographical sketches of each, which describe the man, his times, his place in the Church, and are followed by copious illustrative extracts from the writings. A miniature of the man and a taste of his works: that is the unit of Mr. Jackson's method, and his books, though without pretension, are scholarly, instructive, interesting, and good. They would be useful in Christian schools. [D. Appleton & Co. Each 60c.]

Mr. O'Donnovan's Meru Oasis was noticed in full in Vol. XIII of the World, pp. 453, 455, getting there its deserts of recognition as a dashing book of adventure in an out-of-the-way corner. The two volumes of the original work have been "bottled down" by the author himself, in one volume, in which it ought to find new readers. The former dimensions were rather formidable, but one can well afford to run through the present 300 pages of narrative. They take one into the very heart of Central Asia, and touch one of the nerves of the Russo-India question. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.]

In the short preface to his work on Fallacies ("International Scientific Series"), Mr. Alfred Sidgwick, who is an English scholar of reputation, protests that he has written for "the general reader," "as much as possible from the unprofessional point of view." But the work has no such interest for the "general reader" as other volumes in the same series—for example, Romanes's Animal Intelligence, or Sir John Lubbock's Ants, Bees, and Wasps. Mr. Sidgwick calls his essay "A View of Logic from the Practical Side;" but it will take a pretty purely speculative mind to see anything "practical" in it. "Any treatment of Fallacies," the author says, "must be to a great extent a treatment of methods of Proof." Part I of the book accordingly treats of "Proof"; Part II of the "Possibilities of Error;" under which latter head about 100 pages are devoted to "Goepel's work." Some of the "Objections to Logic" are considered at the close. [D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.]

An octavo volume of 688 pages is rather a large and formal sketch of even a public man to be written and published while he is living. But such is Mr. W. Robertson's Life and Times of John Bright, and perhaps the prominence of the great English Comomner, and the importance of his service to the cause of political reform in the nineteenth century justify the outlay. For a frontispiece there is a fine etching of the portrait of Bright, which the possessor of the Manchester Reform Club. Mr. Robertson's forty-seven chapters begin with his subject's birth and boyhood in Rochdale, which was also the home of another English worthy of this century, John Ashworth; and they end with his oratory, examples of which are given through the material in manuscript in the possession of the Manchester Reform Club. The work amasses the annals of Mr. Bright's life rather than tells the story of it, but such a chapter as the one on his "Private Life" rises to graceful narrative. [Cassell & Co. $2.50.]

We posted an inquiry a short time since for information respecting the Tong-King imbroilings. Mr. A. Coulton, U. S. N., has published through Cupples, Upham & Co. a quarto pamphlet on The War in Tong-King, which shows why the French are there, and what they are doing. The form of the monograph seems at first cumbersome, but it is determined by the number of which there are a number. The author's account is clear and natural. It goes back to the beginning of the difficulty, twenty years or so ago, and carries the reader up to the present hour. This is just what inquirers want. [25c.]

Lent is but just begun, and the snow is falling heavily and thickly as we write; but here is a richly embellished collection of Easter Flowers, in song and picture; the song, selected verses from a dozen poets, the pictures, chromo-lithographs of lilies, violets, May-flowers, and azaleas; the whole arranged by Susan B. Skelding. [White, Stokes & Allen. $1.50.]

The book, Cray's Book for 1884, has been edited by the Rev. Dr. De Puy. It contains statistics of the Methodist communion in all its branches, lists of bishops and conferences, historical notices, particulars of societies, rules for local preachers, and the entire body of denominational facts. The book is a large one, for Methodist means an immense mass of people, many agencies, and ever so many names, dates, and figures. It has an index, missnamed a table of contents, but no table of contents proper, and the omission is a defect. [Walden & Stowe. $1.50.]

The reader who wants a good plain account of the principles and various modern applications of electricity will find it in a well-illustrated volume of 377 pages, entitled Electricity, Magnetism, and Electric Telegraphy, by Thomas D. Lockwood. [D. Van Nostrand. $2.50.]

POETRY.

Poems. By George Lunt. [Cupples, Upham & Co. $1.50.]

Patrice, Her Love and Work. By Edward F. Hayward. [Cupples, Upham & Co. $1.50.]

Wind Voices. By Philip Bourke Marston. [Roberts Brothers. $1.50.]

Rhyme! and Reason! By Lewis Carroll. [Macmillan & Co. $1.50.]

There is a flavor of a by-gone era about the Poems of George Lunt. The somewhat ponderous allegory of "The Dane and the Eagle" with its smooth-rolling couples; the stilfied patriotism of "odes" and "hymns," with the customary references to "grateful History's burning page," and "coming Fame," and "Wisdom's soul, divinely crowned," with the solemn declaration that "Freedom sinks when honor dies," the stock allusions to the "resounding caves" and "immemorial rocks" and "furrowed face" of ocean.

Swept by the flying blast's awakening breath;

—all these are not without grateful recollections; and have done the state some service in sundry and various forms by many an American poet. But as we turn to the material of which the schoolboy declamation. If the school-boy of today hears less about the Land of the Free and its resplendent future, he perhaps learns more of his duties as a citizen. Nevertheless, the period
of refined and elevated bancombe had its attractions, and we thank Mr. Lunt for bringing it again so vividly to mind. We can thank him more seriously for the little "Requiem," on page 61, which is, on the whole, the gem of the volume:

Upon his shield
Upon his shield returning,
Came the field of hoarse,
Where he fell;
Glory and growth together clasped
In mourning,
His fame, his name
With sobal exulting tell.

With proof food tears,
By fumes of shame unsubstantiated,
Bear him, or let him go
Gently in his grave.
Above the hero wrote,
The young, half-jaunted—
His country asked his life,
His life be gave.

Mr. Hayward's new poem shows a decided advance both in style and in spirit, when compared with his earlier volume, Willoughby. The scenes and characters before us are exceedingly life-like, and the whole story with its lights and shades might well have been taken from the records of a pastor's experience. A poor, but skilful and intelligent mechanic, Rex Morris, stung by the fickleness and faithlessness of his wife, loves no God or man, and sinks step by step in vice; the death of wife and babe fail to renew him in heart and purpose; but at last by the unsheathed pains of a strong, sweet, noble woman, Patrice, he is won back to faith and life. The contrast between his former mood and lot.

The statement of his wrongs reads into things,
And meeting him in nature everywhere,
And the brave, faithful, successful toil of his latter days is finely drawn, and the poem, while it reminds us of Enoch Arden by its simplicity and quiet effectiveness of treatment, breathes an air of reality and naturalness no less striking than that of Tennyson's poem.

Not only does the loss of one sense seem to make the other senses more acute, but sometimes, by a blessed compensation, the very perceptions that led their customary channels find their way to the soul by other avenues. As we read the poems of Mr. Marston, we forget that the poet's eyes are closed, so real and so vivid is the presence of the outward world within his heart and upon his lips. In lines like these:

The April twilight falling through the room,
All the pictures leaping into gloom,
the subtlest changes in light and shade are realized without the aid of sight; and in the following stanza, as fresh and sweet as Chaucer's Prologue, what a rich and manifold impression is gained and given through the other senses!

Chill turned the air, the singers ceased their tone,
Between the climbing down and sinking moon;
From fields near by there came a low of herbs
And raptors' song,
Which grow and strengthen, till a blackbird came,
And through that dim sound flashed his song like flame.
Then into singing all the others broke,
Out above the sun, and all the world awake.
And then, above all notes that more in May,
Now sometimes near, and sometimes far away,
He sang, too sweet, too high, too high in air.

How sensitive the soul must be, that in its darkness and restraint, can catch and portray so fairly and in such truth of color the glory of the world without! The songs, and dreams, and dialogues of rose, and violet, and crocus, in New Garden Secrets, reveal the same exquisitely appreciation of nature, and breathe the same freshness and warm life. As rare, too, if not as remarkable, is Mr. Marston's power in sounding the depths of inward experience, and the strong yet sympathetic tones in which he gives voice to hope, and fear, and sorrow. With much of the gift of melody that charms us in Swinburne and Rossetti, Mr. Marston unites a touch of the compass and reality of Browning, and his verse, with a few exceptions in which morbid sentimentality and passion have marred his work, deserves a place beside the foremost of our younger poets.

Many of our readers will remember The Hunt

of the Snark, that exquisite and unrivaled bit of imaginative absurdity by Lewis Carroll, whose "Alice" stories are quite as unique among books for the children. This old favorite appears in a new edition, with three other poems of considerable length, four riddles, and a dozen shorter pieces, the whole collection bearing the suggestive title, Rhythm and Reason. The first and longest poem of all, Phantasmatogoria, has been published before, but it is little known in this country, we judge, although it is perhaps even more ingenious and delicious in its nonsense than its more famous companion. It is a familiar account of the apprenticeships and achievements, requirements and rewards, of diverse kinds of ghosts, with their rules of etiquette and precedence, being told by a phantom to his victim in a series of autobiographical sketches. Of the remaining pieces, seven are entirely new, and all are amusing, touched with the author's inimitable gift of quaintness and drollery. The book is "inscribed to a Dead Child; in memory of golden summer hours and whispers of a southern sea," in the following charming stanza:

Girl with a boyish gab for boyish task,
Eager she Pills her snails; yet loves as well
Rest on a friendly knee, intent to ask
The tale one loves to tell.

Rude scroffer of the seething outer strife,
Unmeet to read her pure and simple bright,
Dream, if thou wilt, such hours a waste of life,
Empty of all delight!

Chat on, sweet maid, and rescue from annoy
Haunts of the city; for I am inspired,
Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,
The heart-love of a child.

A way, forever, to vex my soul no more!
Work claims my wakful nights, my busy days,
Albeit bright glory of loveliness in hint shore
Yet haunt my dreaming gaze!

MINOR NOTICES.

The Question of Ships. By J. D. Jerrold Kel

ley. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25]

This is the first attempt, so far as we know, to discuss in book form the reasons for the depression in American shipping interests, and the ways and means of improvement. The American shipping interest has long been at a notoriously low ebb. And yet Lieut. Kelley argues that we are essentially and grandly a maritime people, with two long lines of civilization, two oceans, our stores of lumber and metals, and our national traits of character, we ought to lead in the commerce of the world. The rise and fall of our commerce he sketches historically. The causes of decay he finds in our failure to substitute iron for wood and steam for sail, in our bad navigation laws, and in our burdensome taxation. He shows by statistics how we are the most reckless and unsafe mariners on the globe, and calls for a more thorough education of officers and seamen. Foreign systems of training and administration are studied with care, and their best points exhibited. A plan is proposed for a certain

form of union of the naval and merchant marine under one supervisory head. Several appendices present some Congressional documents bearing on the subject. The weight of the book is towards reformatory legislation, which shall relax the burdens now imposed upon American ship-building and regulate the marine service. Owners, legislators, and shippers, and ship-owners have an interest in its pages, which are the result of study, and have the impress of practical wisdom.

Handy Atlas of the World. [Vison, Blake

man, Taylor & Co. 50c.]

We are not surprised at the information that 5000 copies of this Atlas were sold in advance of publication. It is bound to "take" and to sell at sight to hundreds and thousands of people. It is just what is wanted in families, in homes; comprehensive in contents, attractive in execution, low in price. At the same time it might have been better and might have been cheaper. Marcus Ward's Skilling Atlas [London], after which this would appear to have been patterned, has half as much cost and as much, and the maps therein, though having less detail, are more finely engraved. Still, fifty cents is not high for a good set of maps of the world as it is today, bound in limp muslin, and making a thin quarto eight inches by ten. There are some thirty different maps, and the United States receive of course first and best attention, coming after the usual plates of the world at large and the Continent, and a chart showing the new belts of railway time. The States as a whole are depicted on one double page, then the several groups, New England, Middle States, and South, and New world.

Inserted maps of larger cities and their vicinities, and a commercial map of the entire country. The coloring is bright, the lettering clear and horizontal to the eye; leading towns are named in heavy type. England, Scotland, and Ireland appear in a single plate; and justice is done to the Continent. The far East suffers. Asia, from Arabia to Japan, is crowded into a one-page plate, giving the merest outline of great, populous, and at the present moment most interesting countries. So good an atlas should have been made better by separate maps on a generous scale of Turkestan, India, and China. The map of Central Africa is one of the best in the collection, but that of Africa as a Continent deals scantily with Egypt, and does not so much as name the Soudan. It is unfortunate to test an atlas by these vital centers of current events, and find it lacking. But fifty cents, at least, this atlas is easily worth, and we predict a large sale for it.

—The new edition of the works of Poe, which G. P. Putnam's Sons are to issue in connection with A. C. Armstrong & Son, will extend to eight volumes octavo, of about the size and style of the new "Temple Edition" of The Essays of Elia. It will be called the "Amontilliado Edition," and only 300 copies will be printed. "Amontilliado," the name of a brand of sherry wine, in which may be pope, ale, or cognac, is a name of a place, but of a peculiar etiheral flavor which develops in sheries made in the neighborhood of Jerez in Spain. It is supposed to arise from the presence of ethylhyde, a product of aldehyde, and is also found in Greek wine. The selection of the word to designate a new edition of Poe explains itself.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, MARCH 8, 1844.

LONGFELLOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WEDNESDAY, the 27th of February, was the 77th anniversary of the poet Longfellow's birth. The week was marked by two pleasant reminders of his fame, and of the place which his memory holds in the affection of English-speaking peoples on two sides of the world. One was the announcement of the completion at Portland, Maine, his birthplace, of a fund of $5,000 for the erection of a monument to him there. The other was the unveiling of his bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. This was on Saturday, in the presence of a notable company, among which were Earl Granville, Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. James Russell Lowell, and the Muses Longfellow, daughters of the poet, now in residence at Girton College, near Cambridge.

The Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey! It is perhaps the one focal point at which gather the brilliant cross lights of the history and the literature of England. As there is, on the whole, no more illustrious structure in all England than Westminster Abbey, fragrant not only with associations of a rich romantic past, but all astr with the emotions and activities of a living present, so there is no more impressive spot in the Abbey than the Poets' Corner, and as one stands before it with head uncovered it is to feel surrounded by the unseen forms of the men whose names are among the brightest that the world has known. That a bust of Longfellow should be erected here, that it should be so erected by English hearts and English hands, is perhaps the most shining leaf to add to the chaplet of his fame. Certainly of all the memorials which taste may devise and generosity execute, none can be more significant and gratifying than this. May we add with a touch of national pride that none could be more suitable?

The Poets' Corner occupies nearly a half of the South Transept of the venerable and majestic Abbey. Foremost among the memorials which have given it its name and distinction is the tomb of Chaucer, the father of English poetry, erected in 1555. Next in age and interest comes the monument to Edmund Spenser, the "poet's poet," author of the Faerie Queene. Next that of Shakespeare. Memorials of Drayton, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Sir William Davenant, Dryden, Prior, Gay, Addison, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, Southey, and Campbell, are grouped around. The tombs of Macaulay, Bulwer, and Dickens are conspicuous among the later additions to the glorious company. And now Longfellow, our Longfellow, the son of our New England, the singer of our hearts, whose manhood and whose life befitted his sweet and tuneful verse, and whose verse has carried his gentle name from his Cambridge home around the world.

If any are jealous of his fame and watchful for his memory, they can now rest content. He is enshrined in that select company whom the world will never forget:

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

ADDITION.

The literary career of Joseph Addison is in many respects one of the most fascinating themes to which the critic can give his attention. It contains notably few debatable points. All the world is agreed as to the genius of the man, and everyone familiar, even to a slight degree, with the history of the eighteenth century, knows how vast and enduring was Addison's influence on public opinion. But he stands in such contrast with his contemporaries and predecessors; his personality, which shines through all he wrote, is so attractive and winning; his sincerity, his unparalleled humor, and his infallible instinct for the essential, the best, as distinguished from the trivial, the vulgar, not only in literature and the drama, but in politics and religion—all these qualities combine to render one who was the shyest of men, and singularly devoid of the iconoclastic attributes of genius, a permanent force in political history and a social reformer who, if we measure his power by the magnitude of its results, has had no equal among Englishmen.

Addison was not a mere accident, but the legitimate heir of good literary traditions. He was not simply a literary gentleman—though that would have been honorable—but a man of wide views, large experience, and much political weight. His aim was not simply that of a polished writer, who tried to entertain, to please, and to instruct; he was also a reformer who succeeded in polishing the English language, and in making his genius accessible to the warring factions and sects which he addressed. He was not strictly a man of affairs, or primarily a politician. But he was far more than a studious spectator. He observed closely, he traveled, he held high offices, he sat in Parliament, he dealt with whigs and Tories, and he understood the drift of events far better than did some of the illustrious statesmen who were supposed to have made the history of their time. It is characteristic that Addison preferred the whigs to the Tories, that he appreciated the rising grandeur of England as the first power in Europe, and that he addressed himself to those classes which from the great revolution to the modern reform bills have controlled the destinies of England together with the fortunes of English society. He had the sagacity to perceive the empty pretensions of political parties that mistake themselves for the whole country, and he appreciated the truth that political activity is not only circumscribed, but the result rather than the cause of social morality.

It suited the literary genius of Addison to accomplish by moderation and understatement what men of different talents tried to achieve by invective or violent exhortation. This is amply illustrated by Jonathan Swift, who had a genius far more weighty than Addison's, but ended miserably, not to say tragically. It may be granted that those are not in the wrong who prefer Swift's terse, rugged style to Addison's elegant rhythm. But it shows the merit of the gentler Addison that, with a mental equipment far inferior to Swift's, he accomplished more, having become the literary delight of two countries and two centuries, and not only the literary friend of innumerable readers, but also their guide in good taste and honest morals. Such an influence cannot be the result of a happy accident alone, but is due in good part to the genius, the nobility, and the penetration of Addison's mind. He conciliated his readers before he pleased them, and he pleased them before he discussed with them their own improvement. And that is the function of the literary artist.

Mr. Courthope, whose sketch of Addison, reviewed in our last issue, has suggested that article, might have drawn in his preface a sharper line of distinction between newspapers and such periodicals as the Tatler and Spectator. The former have always had for their object the sale of recent news, though the term news is elastic and receives a different interpretation by different journals. The Spectator and its essays proposed to influence social opinion, to allay needless excitement, and to bring men together on the basis of humanity, to which parties and fashions are subordinate, while aspersities are a personal obstacle and penalty. During the time preceding Addison's, the work, which he did so well in his essays, would have been undertaken by a personal appeal to the royal court and the aristocratic or plebeian courtiers. Addison had outgrown such methods, and addressed himself to that public opinion which he found, encouraged and improved. It is quite probable that Addison has been underrated rather than overestimated, and that praise of the illustrious essayist should be more emphatic.

CAUTIONS FROM CAPE COD.

In our last issue, we gave a "common sense" view of the principles on which such suits as the libel suit over the Cape Cod Polsk ought to be decided. We speak of the decision again, for the purpose of suggesting the cautions which authors, publishers, and bookdealers may draw from it. Never mind, today, whether the verdict was just, whether the judge's charge was sound, or not. Such decisions may, it seems, be made, such verdicts may be rendered. It concerns the literary fraternity to know, not only what are
their ethical rights but also what are their actual responsibilities and risks. The American people inherit much of their law of libel from England; and it was formulated before either the power or the beneficence of the printing press was fully realized; and during a period when liberty of thought and for speech were less appreciated than now. Natural justice of the law as it stands today serves both to restrict persons should be careful of the strict truthfulness with which they write, and of the motive which prompts their publication. There are two forms of suit for libel. One is the civil suit for damages. In this the actual motive is of secondary importance, but the truthfulness is a complete defense. The courts say that they will not allow a person to get money damages for the publication of the truth about him. But if the article or paragraph is asperous and false, the law imputes "malice" to writer and publisher, so far as to allow a suit for compensation for the injury. The other form is that of a criminal prosecution. This turns chiefly on the motive. Indeed there is a maxim: "The greater the truth the greater the libel." To print defamations uselessly is considered all the more mischievous, because more irritating, if they are true. Accordingly in a criminal case the chief inquiry is whether the publication was made "with good motives and for justifiable ends." Let the writer of aspersions, criticisms, or defamations be sure that he can prove all that he writes to be strictly true, and that his motive for writing is the public good, and he may feel safe from both lawsuit and indictment.

2. When anything injurious is to be written, write soberly and definitely. Do not combine fact and fiction. Write with precision and only what can be proved. No error is commoner than that of veiling aspersions in cloud of suggestions, ironical aspersions, and vague hints. You will be in an awkard position headed "An honest lawyer," was adjudged libellous, because dishonesty was evidently insinuated. A New York writer thought to protect himself by putting his insinuation in question form: "Is Hotchkiss the individual who broke jail?" The court said that if the intention was to give an impression that Hotchkiss did break jail, the libel was worse than if the statement had been positive; that "tarnishing insinuation only aggravates the offense." A negative form may be libellous. Would it be any safer to print "A man is not a common thief."

3. No protection is gained by using fictitious names, if the real ones are understood. This is clearly shown in the Cape Cod Folks' case (the result of the law, as in the case of the judge's charge to be correct by law), for the jury were told that altering the names in the second edition did not prevent a verdict, since the real names had been published. A New Yorker who sat for his portrait refused to pay for it because it was exactly like the artist and the artist paid for his portrait. He bared the truth that he was an ass on the head, and exhibited and advertised the painting for sale. It bore no name; and when the artist was prosecuted for libel he said that as it did not resemble the customer, he transformed it into a picture of Midos! But it resembled the customer enough to be recognized and create a great laugh against him, and the court fined the ingenious artist $500. If what was written points to a real person, that is enough. Judge Barlow in his instructions to the Cape Cod Folks jury drew but slight distinction between the liability of the author and that of the publisher; although the one must be supposed to know and intend the libel, while the other is usually ignorant and innocent. How is it possible that publishers and dealers in literary ware should know that a work passing through their hands contains a concealed libel? There have been, however, several trials resulting as unfortunately for innocent publishers, has this case. A very heavy verdict was rendered, last year, in New York, against the American News Company, for a libel in a journal which they bought in bundles and sold over their counter, without at all knowing what it contained. Must the newspapers companies read everything they sell? A more striking instance happened in the career of an Indiana paper — The Political Beacon. The proprietor, who was also managing editor, went on a journey, instructing his "sub" and the foreman of the composing room that a certain contributor would bring them an article, and that they must be careful to strike it from its "everything personal." The contributor brought the article, and the three had a discussion over it. They did not succeed in eliminating all personalities, and when the proprietor returned he was sued for libel. His defense was that the article was published in his absence, and against his express directions. But the court said that as proprietor of the establishment he might be required to make compensation for injury done by the paper, irrespective of any knowledge or intention in respect to the individual article. The idea in decisions of this class seems to be that establishing a business, employing persons to conduct it, and taking the profits, creates a responsibility for damage which the employer and the machinery may incidentally do to someone. On the other hand, any railroad company can be made to compensate a passenger hurt in a train wreck, although they had no knowledge that the engineer would become drunk or careless and run the engine off the track. Strong reasons may be urged why a more lenient rule should be adopted in the case of the public press, whose beneficent function deserves protection and favor from the law. But until the more lenient rule can be better established, literary managers will do well to exercise such caution as the pressure of their duties permits. They cannot scrutinize every book or article, it is true. They may, however, give some note of the character of writers. "Is the writer trustworthy?" Is always a pertinent, sometimes an important inquiry, when accepting literary matter for publication is in question. The author's character for moral qualities (such as prudence, truthfulness, and good feeling) may be inferred from the word "trustworthy," is the publisher's best safeguard.

* * * The discussion of Mr. Dorrshim's copyright scheme is being carried on with a good deal of skill, and the artist painting a picture, particularly early in New York, where the bill originated. Since the amendments have been offered extending the term of copyright to twenty-eight years, with the right of renewal for fourteen years, and abolishing the clause which provides that copyright shall cease with the death of the author, it has met general approval, though there are still hypocritical persons who are writing to the newspapers advertising their new book (Mr. Dorrshim's) late on Monday, confident that his bill will be passed, and that it will receive promptly the President's signature. At all events, the move is in the right direction, and if it falls to the ground we can only hope that it may form the foundation for a more perfect copyright law.

* * * The New York Tribune recently published some interesting statistics concerning the schoolbook publishing business, from which we make the following summary: The total business is estimated at $8,000,000 a year, or an allowance of $1.00 per scholar. Two thirds of this business is done by four firms. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., do about 30%, and Bragg & Co., an equal amount, Barnes, $1,500,000, and the rest of the school-book publishers, the Tribune estimates, do less than a million a year. How about the Harpers and Appletons?

* * * What can be done in the way of quick book-making was demonstrated by the Harpers a few days ago. The first copies of the Queen's new book arrived at New York on Monday. Before Thursday night, the Harpers had set up the volume in the Franklin Square Library, and cast, printed, and bound a large edition which was sent by that date.

"A Literary Sensation." I am informed that a literary sensation is in store for us in the immediate future. Some months ago a lady went into the office of Macmillan & Co., New York, with the manuscript of a novel. There was nothing very remarkable in this, as they have an average of ten manuscript novels a day offered them. A glance at the manuscript was enough to satisfy them that it was worth examination, and the lady was asked to lend it and call at any time with an answer. The regular reader employed by the firm to examine manuscripts pronounced it excellent. The manuscript was taken by the London house for examination. Their London reader sent back word that it was the best novel that had come under his notice in many a year. At the appointed time the lady called again at the New York house and was informed that they would accept the manuscript. She said, "Who is your lawyer?" The address was given her and she said, "Transact all further business with him." She went to his office, left her instructions, and when a member of the firm called on him for the price, he said "Two thousand dollars." They gave him a cheque for that sum — the largest amount they ever paid for a manuscript by an unknown author — and put the novel into the hands of the best of the American publishers. The book will be out immediately. The sensation comes in right here — the lady studiously concealed her identity from all but the lawyer, and was known now but to the one man who was assured, however, on authority that does not admit of any doubt, that the lady is a very well-known St. Louis society girl, who moves in the best of circles both at home and abroad. The title of the novel is Bertha. It will be published uniform with Mr. Joyce's and Mr. O. Bruns's, and the price will be one dollar. If this novel does not set St. Louis society agog with curiosity it will be because society here is given to looking at things different to what society is curious about in other parts of the world. — St. Louis Spectator.

This paragraph bears evident evidence of being taken early in New York, where the bill originated. Since the amendments have been offered extending the term of copyright to twenty-eight years, with the right of renewal for fourteen years, and abolishing the clause which provides that copyright shall cease with the death of the author, it has met general approval, though there are still hypocritical persons who are writing to the newspapers advertising their new book (Mr. Dorrshim's) late on Monday, confident that his bill will be passed, and that it will receive promptly the President's signature. At all events, the move is in the right direction, and if it falls to the ground we can only hope that it may form the foundation for a more perfect copyright law.

* * * The discussion of Mr. Dorrshim's copyright scheme is being carried on with a good deal of skill, and the artist painting a picture, particularly early in New York, where the bill originated. Since the amendments have been offered extend-
the public how many MSS. they are accustomed to receive every day, nor is it a practice with them to take the public into their confidence by stating the highest price they ever paid for a MS. Our two points the story is made out of whole cloth, but in other respects it is so transfigurative a piece of fancy that it is hardly worth notice. Still, in all such bits of gossip will sometimes be found a modicum of truth, even if only in the proportion of Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to a large quantity of tack, and the facts are that a new and promising novel is under way through Macmillan's hands. The author, whose desire is that the novel shall make its way on its own merits, is a resident of one of our Southern cities, and it is certain that it is the firm's readers think most highly of the book. We shall await its publication with interest.

RECENT AMERICAN BOOK-MAKING.

Six years ago, after a careful study of the history of printing in America, I felt that it was not unfair to say: "There can be little question that the art of making handsome books has materially declined in the past ten to twelve years," although "between 1860 and 1865 it made great gains."

The best specimens of American book-work had appeared before the last named year: Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution (first edition); T. O. H. Burt's edition of Sir Philip Sidney's Miscellaneous Works; the Riverside editions of Bacon and Dickens; the American reprint of the Golden Treasury series; Prof. Bowen's edition of de Tocqueville's Democracy in America; the never-completed Seven edition of Thackeray; Mr. Field's Sir Thomas Browne; and those handsome of all our books (perhaps), the quarto Ticknor's Prescott and the rubricated King's Chapel prayer-book of 1865. The principal candidates for a place in such a list, selected from later books, were the Longfellow's Dante series (1867-1874) and Mr. Bartlett's reissue of Major's Walton (1887). On the whole, however, it seemed in 1878 that art-decoration in furniture, painting, embroidery, etc., had been driving book making somewhat out of mind; and that people whose time is taken up with plagues and porcelains have, as a rule, little care for hand-made paper or velvet backs. A return to fifteenth-century fashions in decoration too often means a return to the fifteenth-century custom of remaking books to the bookish class. People will not spend money for the intelligent adornment of what they have not time to read.

The six years since the above was written have produced in this country not a few costly books, which have been promptly sold; and it would seem proper to consider, briefly, some of the leading specimens of American book-making which have come from our presses within that period.

One thinks, first of all, of the éditions de luxe upon which American printers and book-buyers have spent so much money, notwithstanding the skepticism of some members of "the trade," and the warnings of Mr. George W. Smalley. "New precyser is but old priest written," said Milton; and so the new éditions de luxe are but the "large-paper" editions of old, plus a few etchings, or wood-cuts on India paper, or portraits in two states. Some of our American large-paper books—say Sparks's Washington, tom or Franklin; Bancroft, Dickens, or Walton's Angler—are so expensive, so that the éditions de luxe have no easy task to surpass them. Have they done so?

The most successful of these luxurious libraries has been the Hawthorne of Houghton, Millin & Co. The type is clear, the impression firm, the page (like nearly all coming from the Riverside Press) well-proportioned, and the title-pages real models of artistic printing in red and black. Save for the unanswerable criticism that the more substantial quantity of handsome book-making, the edition deserves the success it has had. But it might have been made better. Seventy-two dollars is too large a sum to ask for anything but an édition définitive of the greatest author of America. The life of Pierce should have been printed without mutilation; the preface to Delia Bacon's book should have been reissued; and the fragmentary "Peep into Hawthorne's Workshop" chapter in the Century should have been added. The five studies for The Dolliver Romance might well have been printed in order, if any arrangement could be made with the executor of Doctor Griswold's Secret. Is it said that these are not the book-maker's details, but the editor's? Noblesse oblige; and an édition de luxe that is incomplete has lost its first claim to praise. Scarcely less faulty is the choice of the etchings accompanying the edition. Some are effective or unobtrusive; but surely Mr. F. S. Church's conceits have no place in an edition of Haw- thorne. As well might Mr. Nast illustrate Char- lotte Brontë, or Mr. Keppler the Divine Comedy. Not five living men are competent to illustrate Hawthorne; would not the publishers have shown a true sense of the greatness of the man who adds honor to their whole catalogue, if they had gravely issued this edition without any pictures at all?

It is the serious misfortune that the édition de luxe of Emerson, in itself as well-printed as the Hawthorne, should have to be pieced out with the two volumes of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, printed at another establishment. These lacks of unity would have vexed the soul of an Aldus or an Elzevir; we mention them merely to urge publishers to leave no industry untried before beginning a reissue of such magnitude. Strictly speaking, the large-paper Doctor Griswold and Carlyle-Emerson do not fulfill the requirements of an édition de luxe, for, as I understand it, they were printed from stereotypy plates after the regular edition. An édition de luxe should either be from type or from the fresh plates. The claim of the Lippincott édition de luxe Anger of 1882. The plates were made in 1867; a $4.50 and a $1.50 edition were printed from them for fifteen years; and then they were made to utter a "limited" edition, afterwards returning to us from England bearing the credentials of still another limited edition, with "portraits in two states." Why do not the Merrians give us an édition de luxe of the Webster's Dictionary of 1864, or the Harpers, print, from the old plates, Mr. Curtis's Trumps on Van Gelder paper, with Hoppin's illustrations duly mounted in the text?

These arguments might have followed a fashion set in England; but the parchment-covered and vellum-covered books of recent years follow a French custom. Of American books thus issued the best is Mr. Stedman's criticism of Poe; while Aldrich's XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets and Priar Jerome's Beautiful Book are scarcely inferior. The Parchment Series of the Appletons is printed on blotter paper, but the duets that have been called an American work; but the binding is indigenous, and shows what we can do. In vellum-cloth American binders surpass the English—witness the old Golden Treasury reprints and the Harpers' stately historical series; we see no reason why they cannot surpass them in a new and progressive edition. Still not some publisher give us a small quarto, with vellum covers, and hand-press work on Dutch or Whatman paper?

Meares, Dodd, Mead & Co., it seems to me, deserve praise for resolutely turning away from the folio and quarto to so shapely and usable books as their Sheridan and Keats. The Sheri- dan is inferior to the Keats in clearness— honest blackness—of impression; if Mr. de Vinne continues to work in this line he will go to the very front of American printers. His freedom in breaking away from conventional forms is also in his favor—just as we owe to the Riverside Press the popularization in America of the French type now so freely used on the title-pages of its later issues. The typefounders have never given us anything prettier, and Mr. Kegan Paul and Mr. Houghton are wise in not leaving it to be monopolized by the Jousauts and Quantaus. To return to the Dodd, Mead & Co. editions, and especially to the Keats, it seems to me that they are books which we can proudly send to England in a bundle along with the quarto illustrated Longfellow and the Century and Harper wood-cuts. They are chiefly to be criticized—like the Hawthorne and Emerson—on the score of editorial inadequacy.

The Houghton Longfellow, after all, is a greater credit to our book-making than the Emerson and Hawthorne. In type, wood-cut printing, evenness of impression, and shapeliness (notwithstanding its size), the work is a leading candidate for the first place among American books. Its chief rival, among illustrated books of verse, I believe to be the complete Aldrich of 1882, which really is scarcely to be criticized. The appearance of the same book in its 1885 binding was like that of an Apollo in the latest Piccadilly overcoat. In the wood-cut work of this Longfellow and Aldrich, in that of the well-known volumes of proofs from the Century and St. Nicholas, and in that of the Lippincott Gray's Elegy and New England By- gone, is really the greatest triumph our presses can show. England cannot equal it. The price of the Doré Rom.Exit (Harper) is not deserving of less praise; Doré's pictures offer great difficulties to the pressman as well as the engraver, and these difficulties have creditably been surmounted. For the binding one cannot say so much; how much better would have been a black or maroon vellum cloth, with the simplest of side-stamping. This is not the only costly book of recent years in which the covers, by artistic process, have been vulgarized until they suggest the Krefelts and Friendship's Offerings of forty years ago.
In a word, if I were asked in Leipzig, or Paris, or London, what I thought of American bookmaking, I would say, more hopefully than six years ago: "We can print as well as the English, better, if the Germans, and almost as well as the French — more readably, indeed, than they; our wood-cut printing is as good as our wood-engraving — that is, the best in the world; and we can bind well, but sometimes prefer not to do so."

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

(A letter from a special correspondent.)

IV.

A LITERARY JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH AND EAST OF EUROPE.

Madame de Staël said "traveling is a very melancholy pleasure," and she had never gone in quest of winter sunbeams in the south of France, and found snow in Pau and Arctic weather in Lourdes; she had never spent twelve days on the Mediterranean in the month of January, and been in a storm off the classic shores of Greece; she had never been in Constantinople in winter, where fires are unknown except when a score or two of houses burn down. These have been some of my experiences in this "winter of my discontent," but it has been heightened, if not "made glorious," by a rich and varied experience worth all, and more than all, that I have gone through to gain it.

It is that winter to suppose that all the talents, learning, and intelligence of France are concentrated in Paris. Of course a great capital like London or Paris draws to it most of the literary men, journalists, dramatists, etc., who have to live by their pens, but, as I remarked in speaking of London, some of the greatest literary men of all times and of all nations have lived away from great cities during the best and most productive part of their literary life. Scott found at Abbotsford a studious retreat from the distraction of Edinburgh; Irving left his beloved Bowery, with regret even to mingle in the gayety of courts; Lamartine loved his vine-clad hills near Macon better than all the distinction that he enjoyed at Paris.

I found at the quaint and picturesque old city of Tours a public garden adored by life-size statues of the facetious Rabelais and the learned Descartes, both of whom were natives of this department. This city enjoys a wide reputation for its culture. The purest French is spoken there, and a public library of 50,000 volumes is an evidence of the popular taste. I was surprised by the number of book-stores in so small a place (it has only 48,000 population) but more so that the largest printing house in France is established there. This printed among other celebrated works the Bible illustrated by Gustave Doré. The house employs 1,000 men. Tours will be remembered by the readers of the Waverley Novels as the scene of some of the most interesting chapters of Quentin Durward. It was the favorite residence of Louis XI, and the ruins of the chateau which he built near the city, and where he passed the last years of his life, form one of the most interesting spots in the vicinity.

I found an unpretentious little city of 30,000 inhabitants, one fifth of whom are English, who go there to escape the fog and rain of the London winter. The principal hotels are built on a plateau overlooking the beautiful valley of the Gave, and facing the Pyrenees, which are not far off. The strange indifference to everything outside of France, which I noticed as characteristic of the Paris journals, is still more conspicuous in the departments. The leading newspaper of Pau did not contain a single item of foreign news. In fact, the French are a vain-conspicuous nation, and they make the most of themselves and the least of other people. I went to France predisposed to admire everything I saw, but truth compels me to make this statement: at no quarter of an hour before dinner, I looked over a French primary geography, and after much searching, I, at last, in the back of the book, discovered four paragraphs of five lines each, relating to the United States, and this is what the French school-children are taught: "In 1776, the American colonies, sided and encouraged by the French, declared their independence of Great Britain." Every American school-boy knows that France had nothing more to do with the colonies declaring their independence than Holland. The French did furnish very valuable assistance in the making of the Constitution, but it was not until two years after the 4th of July, 1776, but I was more struck by the national vanity in examining Littre's Universal Dictionary. It devotes more space to Lamartine than it does to Shakespeare; gives five lines to Milton, and twelve to Molékre; honors Washington Irving with a line and a half, but does not mention Longfellow at all; dismisses Dickens in a line and a quarter, and gives Diderot five.

My search after any living literature in the East has been even less successful than my search for winter sunbeams in the south of France, for I did, at last, enjoy three mild, spring-like days, in the bright city of Marseilles. In Turkey, literature is not only unknown, but it is despised; despised because it is unknown, and unknown because it is despised. The Turk neither reads nor writes, but passes his time smoking his pipe in a state of perfect stagnation of body and soul. When I see the listless indifference in which they live, I can hardly believe that they are the descendents of those fiery fanatics and fierce warriors who, after over-running the fairest portions of Asia, planted their victorious banners on the walls of Constantinople, and made all Europe tremble for more than a thousand years.

But, although Turkey has no literature of its own, I own that the American literature well represented in Constantinople. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Wallace, the wife of our minister, whose "S危" was so justly praised in the Literary World last summer. Gen. Wallace's remarkable novel, "Ben Hur," is winning a prominent place in English literature. I also met Mr. Edwin De Leon, whose work, "The Khedive's Egypt," has gone through five editions in England.

Stylus.

Constantinople, January, 1884.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY. SECOND NOTICE.

Dr. Murray's new English dictionary has broken with its English and American predecessors, as Lardner has with his French lexicographers, and Grimm with his German fore-runners. Yet one might apply to them all that a French wit has said of the dictionary which was issued by the French academy:

On fait, défait, refait ou base dictionnaire,
Qui, toujours très-bien fait, sera toujours à faire.

The new lexicographers have chosen the historical method, and in a large sense they have retained a large part of the method which is the work of their predecessors. The great German work, for instance, gives all verbs in the infinitive, and is thus obliged to retain the absurd fiction of separable verbs, which has its true origin in an accident of mere spelling. Little To the north or to the south. That is a modern invention historically, but logically. And while Dr. Murray fails to mention Webster, Worcester, and Ogilvie, as they deserve, he quotes Johnson frequently. If he mentions Nares, Jodrel, Davies, and Jamieson, why not also Palmer, and the transactions of his own philological society?

In many cases, for they occur by scores, Dr. Murray has followed the French academy, which the philologists pretend to despise, and made his own quotations. After his own precedent these might be called nonce illustrations. But the truth is that some good decisions have never yet drifted into writing, and that a modern dictionary might as well draw from the mouths of the people as from printed books and newspapers. In the United States, for instance, "going abroad" means going to Europe, and is a very common phrase. Our fire insurance companies employ "adjusters," our conductors say "all aboard," and "administration" may mean presidency, governorship, or mayoralty, though one would not think so from the new dictionary, which treats the American use of words somewhat indifferently, as may be seen from the entries, "admission" (in the sense of admission price), "admiralty" (as a branch of our law), "adjutant-general" (as a military officer), "academy" (as a secondary school), and in some matters of pronunciation. Dr. Murray gives the Londons pronunciation, and marks the same by a, acc, accessory, conquistador, allowance, and abandoned like the second e in ever.

On this point, American usage is more careful.

Dr. Murray, however, is very careful, and mentions thirteen ways of pronouncing the vowel a.

These little points are not mentioned by way of criticism so much as for the purpose of pointing out that even the new dictionary is not the final standard, but simply the noblest and completest arsenal of our English words up to the present time. The dictionary, very properly, does not pretend to explain things, but words only, and it devotes special attention to such words as a, about, above, all, account (which has a separate phrase index), act, bear, take, cast, put, do, come, go, get, the prefixes, the suffixes, and the particles. The sub-heads under some words run up into the scores, and for the word set we are promised over a hundred divisions. Dr. Murray is both right and new in not attempting to separate words the transitive and intransitive uses of the same verb. And he would not err, if he quoted the eighteenth century as much as he does the seventeenth; if he quoted the American classics more extensively; and if he took in more phrases than he does. In the meaning of words he shows the most astonishing refinement of all modern lexicographers, and a truly marvelous taste for distinctions. He discriminates correctly between the endings ac and acal, ic and ical.
Such an achievement would not be possible, but for the noble army of English lexicographers preceding Dr. Murray. Let their principal names stand here. The English language has had about two hundred and fifty lexicographers who are entitled, more than to the respect of the philologist. The *Promptuarium Parvulum* was compiled about 1420, and was printed for the first time in 1499, and has been republished by the Camden Society (1845-6, 535 pp.). The author of this English-Latin dictionary was Galfridus Grammaticus. Caxton printed the *Skenes Dictionaire* and *Vocabulary Registrum* by J. Withals. In 1530, John Patrulje published his *Lexicarium*, which tried to reduce French to grammatical rules, and inserted an English vocabulary. William Salesbury's Welsh-English dictionary of 1547 explains the pronunciation of Shakespeare's English. In 1590 the first attempt in English synonyms was issued, and in 1616 John Bullock published the first purely English dictionary, entitled *An English Expositor*. In 1617 John Minshen published the first attempt in English etymology, which was followed in 1671 by Stephen Skinner's great work, and in 1673 by Nathan Bailey's *compendious* performance, which has since been overshadowed, but not displaced. As much praise is due to the *Etymologicum Anglicanum*, of Francis Junius, published in 1743, although Samuel Johnson's two folio volumes illustrated the new era by introducing the proper evidences in the way of quotations. A spelling-dictionary had been published before Johnson, and pronouncing dictionaries followed him, James Buchanan, William Johnaton, William Perry and Thomas Sheridan being among the first; but John Walker carried off the palm in 1791. In 1806, Noah Webster began his lexicographical career with his *Compendious Dictionary*, which culminated in the famous work of 1838, improved since by Goodrich, Porter, Mahn, Ogilvie, and others. Johnson in turn was improved by Todd and Latham, Walker by Smart and Worcester, the latter beginning in 1873 with a combination of Johnson and Walker, and doing his best work in the edition of 1863, which is indispensable. Charles Richardson's great work appeared separately in 1836, but was begun in 1818 as a part of the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*. Ogilvie's improvement of Webster appeared first in 1850, and among the latest works are Wedgewood and especially Skeat for etymology, Palmer for folk English, Smith for synonyms defined, Soule for synonyms enumerated, S. S. Halderman for *affixes*, and Soule and Wheeler for spelling and pronunciation. But a full list would run up to perhaps 250 works, and the dictionaries of the world are probably over 5,000 in all.

MINOR NOTICES.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos. Selected from the works of Ouida. By F. Sydney Morris. [J. Lippincott & Co. $1.15.]

Mr. Morris has done good work in bringing together the selections from Ouida's writings which make up this plump little volume, and he will doubtless have the thanks of many readers who have now an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the essential literary qualities of the brilliant novelist without those piquant sketches of modern European society that have so aroused the ire of the excellent moral censors of the English newspaper press. For Mr. Morris has chosen wisely and well. He has sought for wit and wisdom and pathos not in detached sayings and epigrams so much as in the fascinating descriptive passages, the scenes of passion and suffering, of heroism and unquenching devotion upon which Ouida has expended her finest resources as an artist. Yet these isolated flashes are not wanting, and they serve to add a spice without which Ouida would not be Ouida. The wisdom is always very profound, the wit apt to verge on cynicism, and the pathos alone is invariably genuine, but the mode of expression, the style, is always ineptible, always exquisitely adapted to its purpose. The idea that "genius is obligation" is not new, and yet we do not remember that it has ever been stated with such vivacity in certain passages in *Ariadne*, and there is more than a little wisdom in the remark that "genius is only a power to suffer more and to remember longer." These from *Chandos* mark the quality of all.

One innocent may be wrongly suspected until he is made the thing that the libel called him.

The world generally sin on earth is the desertion of the fallen.

Let the world abandon you, but to yourself be true.

The bread of bitterness is the food on which men grow to their fullest stature.

Youth without faith is a day without sun.

Too much of that sort of thing is cloying, and one asks for less "subjectivity," and finds in such lines as those depicting Florence at sunset when over the whole Valdarno there was everywhere a faint ethereal golden mist that rose from the water and the woods. The town floated on it as upon a lake; her spires, and domes, and towers, and palaces bathed at their base in its amber waves, and rising upward into the rose- tinted radiance of the morning. The mountain that encircled her took all the varying hues of the sunset on their pale heights until they flushed to scarlet, glazed to violet, warped with flame, and pale to whiteness, as the opal burned and fades. Warmth, fragrance, silence, lovelessness encompassed her; and in the great stillness the bell of the basilica tolled slowly the evening call to prayer.

One more quotation; it has possibly a personal accent:

His works were great, but they were such as the public mind deems impious. They unveiled human corruption too nakedly, and they shadowed forth visions too exalted, and satires too unpalatable, for them to be acceptable to the multitude. They were composed in an idealism clear and cold as crystal, and of a reality cruel and voluptuous as love. They were penetrated with an acrid satire and an intense despair; the world caring only for a honied falsehood and a gilded gloss in every art, would have none of them.

The care shown by the compiler is not without occasional slips. In several instances the same quotation is repeated.

FICTION.

*Vestigia.* By George Fleming. [Roberts Brothers. $1.15.]

*The Pagans.* By Arlo Bates. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.]

*Vestigia.*

George Sand, George Elliot, and George Fleming. Does genius in novel-writing run with masculinity in pseudonyms — with the Georges, to be more particular? Miss Fletcher's first novels were *Kiemel* and *Mirese* in the No Name Series, and excellent novels they were, with much of the same color. Then, the disguise fell off, and came *Vestigia*, which ought to be good, for three years are a long enough time for an author to rest and write a good novel in. *Vestigia* is a good novel of the same order as that false writing in which she is written — sweetly, touchingly, sometimes powerfully written. But there is no reason in it for it; we look all along for a purpose and find none; we follow a path which promises to lead somewhere and ends without leading anywhere. Miss Fletcher has gone to work with an inadequate motive, and the result is an unsatisfying performance. "Vestigia" is Latin for footsteps. The word appears in a familiar proverb: "Vestigia nulla retrorsum" — no steps backward; and is so used in Miss Fletcher's title. The footsteps are those of a young man in Leghorn, whose scene of the story is Italy. His name is Dino. He loves a sweet brown-eyed girl called Italia. But Dino has become entangled with republican conspirators, and is designated to assassinate the King during a festive procession in Rome; and having pledged himself to play this part will not go back, no not even with Italia enthralling him, her arms around his neck. She does not know what forces him on. The action of the story consists in the effort to detain Dino from his disastrous revolutionary tendencies. The day for the assassination comes. Dino and his confederate, Valdes, take their places. The King appears. But at the last moment Valdes himself fires the shot instead of Dino, wounds somebody else, instead of the King, and Dino dramatically but not very logically released, flies back with a rebound to Leghorn and to his Italia. This is as we understand it, but we may differ in the idea exactly. There must be a meaning to it somewhere. There is no evil in the story. There is in it a good deal of tender feeling; with vivid description of old streets and buildings, of the water front, the boats and the sea, and of well-chiseled Italian figure and character, and all is pleasantly written. But what is the object of it all, we find ourselves asking at the close? The best things in the book are the Italian proverbs and epigrams, of which Miss Fletcher evidently has her note-book full, and of which the following are specimens:

You may borrow another man's compass to steer by — even when he can't lend you the wind.

When a man's knocking about day and night, why, Deity needs no lantern to find him.

He's at the age when every donkey loves his own bray.

When a woman's got a tongue in her head, the wise man never speaks to her until he's putting his hat on; for it's no matter how hard the wind blows so long as it blows from astern.
may accomplish, is expected to prove for itself a certain raison d'être before it can hope for acceptance. It must entertain, or instruct, or exemplify, or adorn; at the very least it must give some faint amount of pleasure. Failing to comply with these only moderate requisitions — and many authors upon them — what can any book expect other than to be repudiated as a vain and fruitless failure? Such a failure, as it seems to us, is The Pagans, second on the list of Henry Holt & Co.'s new series of "American Novels." The scene of the story is laid in Boston. Its chief characters are a club of artists, seven in number, who assemble at stated intervals to drink punch, smoke, interchange cheap blasphemies, and denounce religion, society, and the every-day virtues. The Goddess Pash is their presiding deity. Bohemia their habitat. The few people who agree with them and admire their pictures and models and architectural designs are children of light, the rest of mankind is Philistia; utterly to be derided and contemned. Their crudities are marks of true sincerity, and so are their barbarities of speech and feeling, but it is the sincerity of many of their number makes a religious wife and lapses into a hypocritc responsibility. Another has the misfortune to love one woman while bound by an unhappy promise made in boyhood to another. There is a suicide and a little jealousy, but the thread of the story, which is extremely slight, is chiefly useful for the strengthening of it of such "pearls of wisdom" as these which we collate from the conversation of the Pagans:

"It is from smoking," Festus chimed in, "that the goddess learned how to treat women; for a woman is like tobacco, the aroma should be enjoyed and the ashes thrown away."

"When man comes into his kingdom — when we get to the perfection of the race, there will be no women. The ultimate man will be masculine men, only men, gloriously and eternally masculine." But how will the race perpetuate itself? asked Tom, in as matter-of-fact a tone as he might have said, "The time of day." [The English in the book is worth noting.] "Perpetuate itself," blared the other. The race will not need to perpetuate itself. The world will be bereft with gods! When once women are gone the race will have become immortal! ... I am out of order I am loose, or I should be quarters like a Christian.

"He was born for something better than tagging after Cabine and his wife, heaven knows." "Religion," returned Bentley, "is the expression of fear, and nothing else, if you sift it to the bottom. Knowledge kills so-called religion as surely as it does those lower forms of belief which it is nowadays the fashion to call superstitious. This is precisely the same feeling that builds churches and that rhymes the country hag's charms. Fairies and saints are double and twisted counsels, after all.

"Art has been used as the sugar-coating to the bitter pill of religion."

"Honesty," I say, "is for the most part cant, and at any rate only a relative term."

We could multiply these "sincere" utterances, but in the interest of our readers we forbear. A more nauseous book to a decent taste we have not read this long time. It comes perilously near to being bad, and the badness is all the more dangerous and evil, because it is coated with a certain varnish of brilliance. If the author and publishers of this "American novel" do not get the protection of the underwriters we shall be greatly mistaken, and if this is the direction be taken by this new and much trumpeted series, we trust the public will have nothing to do with it. Some books are simply feeble and foolish; some books are thoroughly bad outwardly and inwardly; some speak smooth words to the ear, but the poison of asps is under their lips.

**OUR CLEARENCE TABLE.**

Under the above head we continue a brief mention of books that have got "left behind" in the procession of the season. Florence Lewis's China Painting is an ably written book of medium size and fifty pages, giving full directions with colored illustrated plates for the very fascinating pursuit named in the title. The author begins with the implements, and advances through all the details of the work. So that the learner who has aptitude can master the art with a reasonable amount of practice. Some of the designs are very pretty and inspiring. [Cassell & Co. @2.50.]

Taking his title, Dulce Domum, in its broadest sense, Dr. Taylor sings in his new volume the songs of country as well as of home. These thirty poems, that reflect the life and love of childhood in town and forest, reminiscences of youth with its love and its romance, phases of nature, with her variety and beauty, and especially historic sketches from our earlier and our later conflicts; but through them all we catch the pulse of patriotic as well as personal feeling, "every page has the freshness of a large and generous interest in American life and progress. The artist has added much to the worth of the volume, and the fifty illustrations are in thorough keeping with the home-like quality of the poet's verse." [S. C. Griggs & Co. @4.oo.]

A biographical group by themselves is made up by Four Pastoralists, an octavo volume of glimpses of the life and thoughts of the late Rev. Dr. E. B. Foster, a New England Congregational minister of a representative type [Lowell: G. M. Elliot]; Foster's Life and Thoughts, a compilation from the writings of the great John Foster, from his present successor, Rev. Dr. W. W. Everts, calls "the Christian Shakespeare," the book having a slight personal sketch prefaced [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00; A Memorial of John Farmer, a New Hampshire historical and antiquarian scholar of local note [Cupples, Upham & Co.]; a translation (abridged) of a Life of Zwengli by Jean Grob, in the "Standard Library" [Funk & Wagnalls. 25c.]; and a short life of Mendelssohn by W. S. Rockstro, a most competent writer, in F. Huffer's excellent series of "The Great Musicians." [ Scribner & Welford. $1.25.]

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Boston illustrated has appeared in a new and revised edition [95c.]; and the Lancaster (N.H.) Republican has printed in a neat little book in paper covers a series of Letters from Florida, written to that journal in 1883 by Mrs. C. R. Griffin of Boston, which give pleasant but novel, highly colored pictures of scenery and life in that land of fruits and flowers [25c.]. The Florida Annual, edited by C. K. Munroe, is a larger pamphlet, filled with various descriptive and statistical information respecting the State, calculated to invite immigration; and having, according to the title-page, "a larger section map," but the maps we do not find in our copy. [New York: 140 Nassau Street.]

The amusement created by English As She Is Spoke has led to the publication of Her Seconds Part, embodying some new matter of the old ridiculous sort [G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25c.]; and also of a companion volume of English As She Is Handled. M. J. Appleton, and of an old oddanga in written English, on sign boards, in advertisements, and the like [D. Appleton & Co. @50.]

But a much more clever, entertaining, and really funny publication is Pictures of English Society, No. IV, in the same "Paper Parchment Series," a reproduction in admirable wood engraving of eighty-eight of De Maurier's cartoons from the London Punch. Du Maurier is now confessedly at the head of English society artists, and his drawings of ladies, ladies, ball-rooms, dinner-parties, and evening dress, are simply inimitable in their truth, life, delicacy, and technical beauty. These miniature fac-similes show even to better advantage than the originals. No better work of the kind has been seen in this generation. Their wit is keen without ever being bitter, and their hits are fair without ever inflicting a wound. This is a choice book of the lighter sort for every parlor. [D. Appleton & Co. @50.]

Mr. R. P. Howker has written for the New York Society for Political Education a short discourse Of Work and Wealth, which amounts to a primer of economics, and may be depended upon to give the thoughtful learner an exposition of the general principles of that science. [25c.]


A paragraph by itself is due to Prof. H. R. T. Tattle's History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederick the Great. The period covered is from 1134 to 1740. The book is of moderate size and excellent scholarship. It pays chief attention to lines of political development, and so is philosophically rather than merely personal or descriptive; but its chapters on "Early Society and Institutions," and on "Social and Religious Relations under the Second King" are picturesque. The author's knowledge is full and his style exact; and his work a safe guide to Prussia along through the Middle Ages. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. @2.25.]

Mrs. A. L. Wister's selections from German novels have invariably been excellent, and prepare us to think well in advance of Banned and Blessed, which is her last translation — from E. Werner. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. @1.50. Erring Yet Noble is the story of a woman's life, belonging to the "flash order," and we cannot recommend it. [T. B. Peterson & Bros. @1.25.]

In poetry we have to chronicle The Larkshires, and other poems, which the author, Rev. T. C. Reade, dedicates to those who love him, and which are of a religiously sentimental and ethical tone [Walden & Stone. 75c.]; Mr. Isaac Flaggs's Pedantic Venusicons, which are really quite clever rhymings of an egotistical sort [Ginn, Heath & Co. 75c.]; Mr. Algernon Sidney's The Soul, a dramatic poem based on the Bible history with some modifications to suit the author's treatment [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]; Mr. Luther Dana Waterman's Phantoms of Life, which are mostly rather blank thoughts expressed in rather blank verse [G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1.25.]

John Henry Bond's Fancy Pieces, which are poems of nature, pure in spirit and pleasant
THE LITERARY WORLD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are given in order to shew to say it, briefly, and the writer's full name and address.]

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Of course you have read Mr. Charles Reade's "Picture" in the March number of Harper's. Had it a familiar sound to you? It had, and I soon found why. Look at "What the Papers Revealed," in the St. James Magazine for August, 1867, and I think you will agree with me in calling this a case of plagiarism. The St. James story is not signed, but it can hardly have been Mr. Reade's. He was never in the habit of hiding his light nor his name under a bushel.

Yours truly,

B. S.

Philadelphia, February 20, 1884.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

"Fourteen years' purchase" in "Twelfth Night," iv. 1. 23. In T. IV. iv. 1. 23, the Clown says: "These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase." In our edition of the play (p. 157) we give the following note:

"Fourteen years' purchase. An English technical term in buying land. The current price in the time of S. appears to have been twelve years' purchase, and fourteen years' purchase may therefore be a high price. An attorney in Georgia suggests that we are mistaken in this, and adds: You know that the English people in the days of Elizabeth were sorely oppressed by monopolies. Petitions for these grants were referred to Committees, and favorable reports were often secured by the use of money; and these grants were made for the term of fourteen years. Did not Shakespeare intend this as a satire upon monopolies, rather upon those who gave the "good report"?"

On referring to Mr. F. F. Heath's Shakespeare as a Lawyer, we found no note on this passage; but in reply to a query we addressed to him he sends us the following, with permission to use it as we see fit:

In the time of Shakespeare, as at present, the value of land, when transferred, was computed at the rate of the same rental. It is said that twelve years' purchase was the current value of land in his day; perhaps it was fourteen (See Halliwell's Shakespeare, vol. ed. vol. vii. pp. 401, 402). Thus, if the yearly rent was £1,000, fourteen years' purchase would be £14,000. In Arthur's Fiend's Ten Cent. Poet. (1858) is a passage: "The estimated rental of the real property in England and Wales has been taken by Sir John Lubbock and others at £50,000,000, representing at thirty years' purchase a total sum of £1,500,000,000."

Again in Brock's English Land and English Land Laws, p. 19 (1831): "It has been calculated, that if an estate were mortgaged for £10,000, the owner would lose little more than £1,000, owing to the interest and other charges, and deducting 20 per cent for rates, taxes, repairs, and cost of maintenance for the whole property. But if he were to sell a third of the property at 30 years' purchase, he might obtain £1,000 free of interest, and would retain a great improvement upon the remaining two-thirds, subject only to a deduction of 20 per cent or £150, that is, a net income of £500."

The meaning of the passage therefore is that a "good report" is obtained after the rate of land sold at a price equal to fourteen years' rental—the time that had been suggested; that, with often, it makes the line meaning and euphonious; that it is a Shakespearean word; that it makes a construction that is Shakespearean; that it is the meaning of that is Shakespearean; that it has a nearer resemblance to the than vary, such, such, and many other of the words proposed; that it is in all respects unobjectionable; in fact, that it may be the very word the printer of the quarto of 1600 corrupted with his "odd" which, thus created, has, in turn, created doubts ever since.

Madame Modjeska on "Twelfth Night." A friend of mine, who writes us that he called some time ago on Madame Modjeska (of whom, by the by, there was a capital portrait in the November Century, worth more than the price of the magazine), and found her with a copy of our edition of Twelfth Night in her hands. She was kind enough to praise the little book, which she uses for her own private study, but criticised the pointing of il. 2. 13: "She took the ring of me; I'll none of it." She would have it "She took the ring of one?" assuming that Viola speaks as one half bewildered by Malvolio's assurance. On the stage Modjeska utters the sentence slowly as if in doubt of her meaning. Her invariable interpretation is sustained by Malvolio's answer, "Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her"; and also by Viola's subsequent soliloquy, "I left no ring with her, etc.

We retained the old reading and pointing because the passage thus put can be plainly explained. The Cowden-Clarke's state it very well as follows: "Viola, perceiving that Olivia has framed an excuse to blind her steward whom she sends, and willing to aid her in screening herself, accepts the version given of the ring's having been sent from Orsino to the Countess; which, moreover, affords a ready and plausible motive for refusing to take it now herself." Malvolio says "Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her," in reply to Viola's assertion that the Countess "took," or accepted it. It is not until he has gone that Viola soliloquizes, "I left no ring with her." If any change is to be made in the passage, we should adopt Modjeska's pointing rather than read, with Dyce and Hudson, "She took no ring of me; I'll none of it." This emendation, proposed by Malone, and is found in Collin's MS. corrections.

Bacon and Holofernes. Mr. Henry Hooper, in Shakespeariana for December, takes the ground that Holofernes in Love's Labour's Lost was meant to be a caricature of Bacon; but the play was written too early for that.

"Had better" versus "Would better." In the little notice of "The Merchant of Venice for Children" in a late number of the World, we wrote "had better be worked over," not "would better," etc., as the editor-in-chief took the liberty of putting in the "should better" of this sort. He writes, "Had better is the old English form which had, had not, as tief, in preference to the or would better, etc. The form by Shakespeare and all strays of and should better, as the word down to the last husband of and male. Thus we find in j. c. iv. 2. 10: be a dog and bay the moon" in madam."

I submit that might better carries out the thought of the preceding lines than most other adverbs, and is therefore the correct choice. It makes the line meaning and euphonious; that it is a Shakespearean word; that it makes a construction that is Shakespearean; that it is in all respects unobjectionable; in fact, that it may be the very word the printer of the quarto of 1600 corrupted with his "odd" which, thus created, has, in turn, created doubts ever since.
in Hen. VIII. v. 3: 132: "he had better starve," etc.

Modern purists have objected to these idio-

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mantic forms that they "cannot be parsed." So

much the worse for the grammar-monkeys, if it

were necessary for us to "parce" them—which it

is not. It is interesting and not unprofitable to

trace their history, if we can; but "parsing" often

gives or misrepresents the history of the con-

structions with which it deals.

Of course we do not quarrel with those who

prefer to write would better, etc. These forms

have now established themselves in the language

and may well enough be tolerated; but the good

old idioms are not to be displaced by them.

A Quere Answered. A correspondent in

Ware, Mass., sends us the following:

In the next to the last chapter of Madame de

Staal's Germany, she speaks of people who "re-

peat, with the hermit of Prague, in Shakespeare's

what is, ia," and that theories have no influ-

ence on the world." To what does she refer?

The reference is to Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 15,

where the Clown says: "Bonos dies, Sir Toby

for, of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very

wistfully said to a niece of King

Corboduc, 'That is that is; so I, being master

Parson, am master Parson; for what is that but

that, and is but i?"

Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakespeare,
says that the hermit of Prague is "not the

celebrated heresarch, Jerome of Prague, but an

other of that name born likewise at Prague, and

called The Hermit of Camaldoli in Tuscany." He

may be right; but learned comment seems rather

wasted on the clown's nonsense, though it is not

so sagely silly as "edemization of it" in Il. 3. 27,

where the Clown says: "I did impetico thy

gratillity." Dr. Johnson wanted to read "impeti-

coat thy gratillity" (that is, put in the pocket of

his long coat—which probably is what the joke

means); and he adds pathetically, "There is yet

much in this dialogue which I do not understand."

We fear that no commentator will make it

clear why the "Myrmidons are no bottle köschen

women," or fix the exact time of the transit of the
"equi-

noctial of Quebues" by the Vapians.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, unless otherwise specified, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author: and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

598. Difficulties in Robert Browning. Can you or any of your readers explain to me the following allusions from Robert Browning? In

Kashkia, An Epistle, he says

he is the one whose passions are least labelled; he

uses his biblical and historical characters merely as vehicles towards the expression of a thought. It matters very little whether "the sage that lived there in the

pyramidal alone" had a real existence or not; suffice it that he gives to the idea of the coloring. Kashkia,

in alluding to him in his letter to his friend, meant

me, was persuaded, no one else but the learned teacher of their

childhood; and the "he who does it to serve

as evidence of the profound and universal generation with which that same teacher knew how to impress his disciples. The reiteration: "Who lived there in the

pyramidal alone," has no other purpose than the mind of the reader the fact that he was an Egyptian sage—one of the great teachers of Arab youths. There is a certain mystery in the words: "Who lived there in the pyramidal alone," which causes one to wonder who it could be; but what follows clearly shows that no one else but the teacher was

meant thereby. Kashkia is an Arab, and reasons from a

Mahometan standpoint. Laurus is to him a problem he

would fail solve. He is struck by the view the Jews take

of things in general. In describing his to his absent friend, he says:

Should his child sinken unto death,—why look

For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness.

While a word, or figure, glance from that same child

will start him to an agony of fear.

And if you reason why; if you say it is but a word, a great

then; it regards the sage who lived there in the

pyramidal alone, looked at us. Th... That is to

regard (thee taken in an ethical sense—thou, you, any

body) as our old teacher in the pyramidal was to regard

as a body at work by and by in the same man as careful

seriously—charsma the mysterious import of which we thought

less boys did not suspect. In the subsequent lines: "Thou

the child, and now was hearing his friend, thou

now a grown man, and thou with a child alike a

veil thrown over your heads from under which you

both stretch your body with a match with a match with a match,

of Greek fire, did ye know?" (Did ye but know). Laurus

during his three days in the grave has had so deep a look

into the invisible; has seen so plainly the fatal consequences

of what is to the nature of the world but trifles, that he will
gaze

over the smallest things. He has that in common with

the Egyptian sage that they both see what the vulgur do

not see.

Kashkia, as already said, reasons from a Mahometan

standpoint. The death of Christ to him is but the wild
doing

of an ignorant man; and the earthquake which follows

proves the loss of faith in what constituted the strength

of the ancient priesthood—the science of occultism namely,

which loss he had already occasion to deplore in his own

days. The poem would seem to illustrate the first workings

of the light of Christianity in a scientific mind eager for

truth; and most admirably does the poet express the hesitation

and false shame of such an intelligence. Kashkia while

making light of Laurus and of what he considers the vag-

eries of a mind that has lost its balance, constantly, and in

the midst of his scientific discourses, revert to them. The

divine of Divine Love incarnate has taken hold of him, in a

way not to let him think of anything else.

In the poem: "Is a Balcony?" it again matters very little what

the Queen is, or whom she loved, when it says:

Who was a Queen and loved a poet once

Humpedback, a dwarf.

In the point here as to the main question ought to be:

What is the poet driving at? What faculties are brought

into play in this queen's soul? Here is an exceptional love;

all the frustrated hopes, unsatisfied desires of a long

queen life centered in it. She loves Norbert with what I might call

an accumulation of love, and the mine is ready to explode.

The demand in marriage, keenly presented as it is, is the

match that sets it afire. Like a hay-barn at bay—persued,

Aristocratic—like her own passions, she pours out her most se-

cret self before the more favored cousin and quotes at

random. In the favor of her esteem she does not stand

upon the ceremony of correctness, and the line under con-

sideration may as well mean the impassion Madama de

Maistre who married Sforza from purely worldly con-

siderations, as not.

C. R. Corson.

L. Backus in Shaw's English Literature, and Cath-
cart in Literary Reader. Which date is correct?

Exeter, N. H.

Mr. Whitster was born December 17, 1807. This is au-

thoritative and final, and there need be no further doubt

about it.

500. School Histories of England. I wish to find a satisfactory history of England to use

as a text-book in this school. The ages of our

pupils average about seventeen. The time alluded
to in Mr. Whitster's study is one word in its place.

When the study is taken up the class know little, if

anything, about it. If you know any school

histories of England which would be likely to
teach our wants I should esteem it a great favor if

you would inform me as to the authors and

publishers.

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I depend upon it more and more every month as a

guide in the purchase of books.

Very truly yours,

C. V. Pares.

Clinton Liberal Institute,

Fremont, Neb.

The best short history of England is indisputably J. R.

Greene’s Harper, 7, 2, but it is not intended as a

text-book, though we should say that in the hands of a

skilful teacher it might be so used faultlessly. There is a school

history by Barrow, Barrow, 7, 2, which is good, without

being original or especially authoritative. So is J. J. Ande-

seen’s [Clark & M.], £, 1, to be, in its new edition brought

down to 1866. We have confidence in Thalheimer’s [Wilson, H.

& Co.], £, 1, to. Frank Good’s (London) is excellent, but

in 3 vols. Good use with beginners may be made of A. B.

Edwards’s Dictionary of Phrase and and Signification, which is a

meritorious, but clear, accurate, and interesting. We think

the text-book

in English history is yet to be written.

601. Selections from Robert Browning.

Which do you consider the best volume of selec-

tions from Robert Browning recently published.

Placerville, Cal.

For ordinary reading, that published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.,

Boston and New York.

602. Anglo-Saxon, etc. Will you please

give me information regarding

1. The best grammar or handbook for the study of Anglo-Saxon?

2. Is there a dictionary or glossary of Old English words? If so, by whom published and its cost?

3. The best German and best French lexicon for

ordinary use, one volume?

4. What is the extent and scope of Stubbs’s Constitutional History of England? By whom

published and cost?

1. There are handbooks by Marsh (Harrap), Sweet (Macmillian), and Corson (Hafn). See L. W., Vol. XII, pp. 48, 117.


ard III. The work is a history of English institutions for

study rather than of history, and is probably the oldest

work in its peculiar field. £. 3 vols. London and New York.

603. Dr. Kane and Andre. 1. How much truth is there in the book called The Love Life of Dr. Kane and Andre, and which

book is the more trustworthy, the book proper or the

preface? 2. Can you give me a full book of books relating
to Andre, Velle depth, etc.? In what works of

fiction is he the protagonist?
his Confessions of Faith, and is said to be also en-
gaged on a novel of Russian life.—A contract has
been signed for the publication of Heine's auto-
biography, which was written while in captivity in
St. Petersburg, a thrilling work of a unique
kind, but there is some doubt of its literary value.—
A German work on Burns by Frappas is announced
for the spring.—Dr. Conrad of Hale has pub-
lished an elaborate statistical work on the univer-
sities of Germany for the past fifty years.—A
Lermontov Museum has been opened at St.
Petersburg, a striking work of a unique
kind, and most representa-
tive American stories contributed to maga-
Zines and papers during recent years. It
is certainly a worthy project. There are too
many short stories by our best writers which, having
been buried in some by-gone publication, are lost
to the world. Now that they are to be collected
for us in substantial form, at a reasonable price,
the volumes ought to command a rapid sale.
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Foote, G. P. Lathrop, H. C. Bruner, Brander
Matthews, and in fact almost every American
who has written any story of really striking
merit during the last twenty years. The first
volumes of the series will be published probably
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the Journal of a Life in the Highlands, for Ameri-
an book-buyers who prefer to have the best
edition of the volume that is made. How
many persons there are who purchase the English
editions of books at enormous prices in
preference to the cheaper American reprint
probably few who have never had occasion
to think of the matter have any idea. Large
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a novel by the same author, Archibald Mcllmai-
non, The Faithful Bridegroom, &c.; and The Rev.
Edward Everett Hale. The volumes will be
published in the firm's Standard Library.

— Mr. R. Worthington, New York, has be-
come the publisher of the list of books (chiefly
cheap editions of standard authors) formerly is-
Sued by the J. W. Lovell Company, with the ex-
ception of the Lovell library, which will be pub-
lished as before by the Lovell Co.
— Rev. E. P. Roe's Opening of a Chestnut
Burr will be published in a cheap quarto paper
form. Barriers Burned Away in a similar edi-
tion we learn sold nearly 90,000 copies. But Mr.
R. Roe requests the correction of the statement that he is to write a story for the Century.
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[Mar. 8, 1884]

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BUSINESS OF 1883.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Value</th>
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<tr>
<td>Received in Premiums</td>
<td>$10,245,485.77</td>
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<td>Received in Interest, Etc.</td>
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<td>Total Income</td>
<td>$12,956,148.77</td>
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<td>Paid Death Claims</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; Endowments</td>
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<td>&quot; Annuities, Dividends and</td>
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<td>Surrender Values</td>
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<td>Total Paid Policy Holders</td>
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<tr>
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<td>12,961</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Insurance Written</td>
<td>$88,730,944.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CONDITION JAN. 1, 1884.

Cash Assets                      | $65,544,909.72 |

*Dividends Surplus (Company’s 4 per cent. Standard) | 2,019,014.14 |
*Tontine Surplus (Company’s 4 per cent. Standard) | 3,238,506.04 |

Total Surplus at 4 per cent.      | $7,236,520.22 |
Surplus by State Standard (estimated) | 10,500,000.00 |
Policies in Force                  | 62,227      |
Insurance in Force                 | $100,146,042.00 |

PROGRESS IN 1883.

Increase in Income                 | $1,719,748.87 |
Increase in Excess of Expenditures | 6,000,204.10  |
Increase of Interest over Death     | 450,751.00  |
Increase in Assets                  | 2,176,046.50  |
Increase in Dividends Surplus (Company’s 4 per cent. Standard) | 65,675.28 |
Increase in Tontine Surplus (Company’s 4 per cent. Standard) | 144,728.00  |
Amount paid on Maturing Tontines   | 972,218.12  |
Amount added to Tontine Fund        | 1,176,289.00  |
Increase in Policies Issued (over 1882) | 2,923  |
Increase in New Insurance           | $111,400,944.00 |
Increase in Policies in force       | 9,671      |
Increase in Insurance in force      | $27,820,740.00 |

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The Diary of a Superficial Man is as unlike the foregoing in theme as a grim, chill November day is unlike a tearful day in April. The absolutely pitiless analysis of character explores every nook and crevice of a petty, shallow soul and lays all its deformities, all its aridness bare. How is it possible, we ask, for a man to know another's mind with such microscopic subtlety? The individuality, such as it is, is complete, and yet Chuklaturin is a type. He is a product of social conditions, one of the noble do-nothings who are the curse of Russia. Deprived of wealth, of talent, of facilities for obtaining official advancement, these "living relics" of a dying feudal system are the most "superficial" of men. Chuklaturin has no comprehension of his own unworthiness, his own stupidity. He realizes that he has generous impulses, and "would do well if he had the chance."

"During my whole life I always found my place taken," is his lament. The irony of fate was never more cleverly exemplified. In the "Diary," Turgeniev puts himself exactly in the position of his hero, and again the faithfulness of the work is wonderfully impressive. The rambling text, the naivety of the confessions, the little asides that slip in as it were by chance and illuminate traits of character with vivid power— all these combine to show the author's genius. The story in its way is perfection. It bears the test of authenticity.

Of Mr. Gersoni's translations we cannot speak very highly. The style is awkward and ponderous and there are frequent errors in idiom and grammar. Mr. Gersoni has apparently a very confused idea as to the distinctions between will and shall. I will not live one week more" (p. 76), is as good as the legendary Frenchman's "I will drown, nobody shall help me." Mr. Gersoni also writes, "I was silent, like all inexperienced lovers are" (p. 83). "No, she never was angry at me" (p. 95), is another of his renderings. Further on, we find "It is you alone who uplifts my spirit" (p. 123). But perhaps the best examples of "English as She is Spoke" to be found in the volume are on pages 127-8:

"Oh, I feel miserable! Well, as the serfs say, once and once again—one day—another day, and I will not feel any more, either bad or good."

"The fog rises all over. The sun, so to say, strikes with its rays. I feel bad. I am dissolving."

It is only fair to Mr. Gersoni, however, to add that errors as bad as these are very rare; they occur mainly in the last half of the book and their eliminations would render the work if not praiseworthy, at least a passable substitute for a much-needed version which shall adequately reproduce the purity and charm of Turgeniev's prose.

—Mr. George J. Coombes, the New York dealer in rare books, has just returned from Europe, where for the past month he has been picking up all sorts of bibliographical treasures. He has now on his shelves one of the most interesting assortments of early editions of the poets to be found in this country.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

have done for Mesopotamian art the service rendered to Egyptian art by Mariette and Lepsius; when they revealed as worthwhile the better and truer art of the Old Empire, the age of Memphis and the Pyramids. In Assyria low relief was the all but exclusive form of sculpture. It was therefore a surprise to discover that early Chaldaean sculpture took the form of statuary. The two heads discovered, and the bare arm and shoulders of the headless and draped statues, at once discovered that here was an art that humbly and honestly studied nature—

a realistic and naturalistic, an inquisitive, simple-minded, single-hearted art, which had faithfully studied the human form and had thus created one of the original styles of antiquity.

In passing hence to Assyria we feel that a blight has fallen upon sculpture. Statues in the round have disappeared, and in their place are endless rows of low reliefs of soft alabaster. Each Assyrian king insisted on building a palace for himself to be a monument to his conquests. This haste and the softness of the stone bred united virtues and vices of treatment. On the one hand is not a little freedom of movement, force, and vitality, but at the same time great monotony reigns over these reliefs. "The supreme defect of Mesopotamian sculpture is lack of variety. It is a powerful but monotonous art." Far otherwise than in Egypt there is no portraiture either of individuals or of races. Throughout the thousands and thousands of figures but two heads appear, the bearded and the beardless, and eyes, nose, and mouth are the same in king, minister, soldier, workman, captive. The wealth and variety of figure studies in pose and character that charm us in Egyptian art is absent here. The reliefs are not figure studies, they are only records, and that, too, of battles, marches, and triumphs—mere illustrations dashed off for the text of commemorative inscriptions.

But the king's vain-glory was not the only influence. Far stronger and older was that of the national dress. Long, close, and heavy, it blotted out for the sculptor the beauty and the interest springing from the unending variety of the human body. This put the Mesopotamian sculptor at an immense disadvantage when pitted against the contemporary Egyptian and the later Greek. What might he have done can we only imagine with regret when we behold his achievements in the rendering of animals. The lions and savage hounds of Assyrian reliefs are by-words for truth to nature in their wild onset of ferocity.

A third cause of the monotony was rooted in the Assyrian nature. Full of astonishing vigor, the Assyrian yet lacked the grace and humor that art in Egypt has proved in the inhabitants possessed of. Grace and humor belong to sympathetic and open minds. Such the Assyrian mind was not; it moved forcibly in one direction. The king cared for nothing but scenes of war and chase, and his own war and chase must needs. Hence comes the great, true, crying defect, without atonement or repair, that woman does not figure in Assyrian art as a source of interest, a defect which Mr. Perrot as a true Frenchman laments. In spite of this defect, he does Mesopotamian genius justice. If Greek art received from Egypt the higher inspiration, outside of art its debt to the countries on the Euphrates and Tigris was larger. The elements of science, numbers, and perhaps philosophy, with much in religion and mythology, made their way to Greece from Chaldea and Assyria.

DR. BARROW'S OREGON.*

The best portion of this book is that which is devoted to the account, or eulogy rather, of Marcus Whitman, to whose agency this country is, no doubt, greatly indebted for the share of Oregon which it obtained under the treaty of 1846. With regard to Whitman our author possesses especial knowledge. But the good points of the work are buried under so many defects as to be almost concealed; for, while Dr. Barrows has literary ability, he has not thoroughly digested his material, and has written with a diffuseness which, coupled with incessant repetition, renders his pages very tiresome reading. He talks of the "social" and "jolly waters" of the Mississippi, and writes:

It is the same at the trader's hut or factory as when the peddler's grandfathers drove up the same dogs, etc. (p. 40).

The book is loaded with a mass of irrelevant facts which are too often inaccurately stated. For instance let us examine the following:

Council Bluffs was then the most frontier military post of the United States; it was a thriving city in the East, that is in the eastern half of our country. Lippsicott's Gazetteer of 1836 locates it "in the Indian Territory, on the west bank of Missouri River, at the highest point to which steamboats ascend." This does very well for scholarship and business that confine travel and study to colony times and the Eastern States. There are but two mistakes. Council Bluffs is put on the wrong side of the Missouri, and about twenty-eight hundred miles only short of "the highest point to which steamboats ascend."

The ignorance of the Eastern people with regard to the history of the Western States is greatly to be deplored; but with what grace does a criticism, like the above, come from an author who has prefixed to his book a map on which the Union Pacific Railway is depicted as running to the Great Salt Lake towards the Pacific Ocean? But, apart from this, his remarks about Lippsicott's Gazetteer of 1836 are not only in bad taste, but are directly contrary to fact, as any one can see for himself if he will look up the


words "Council Bluff" and "Council Bluffs" in that work. Mr. Barrows took the description of the former, which is given as 660 miles above the mouth of the river, and as the place where a great council was held, and applied it to the latter, which is described correctly enough in the gazetteer. As to the distance to which steamboats ascended above Council Bluff in 1856 we have no knowledge; but when one considers the length of the Missouri river (about 2,900 miles) and the fact that the Council Bluff mentioned in Lippincott's was 660 miles above the mouth of the river, it is difficult to understand how steamers could ascend 2,800 miles above that point, especially as the highest point which they reach at the present day is only 2,644 miles above the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, according to the most generous estimates.

With regard to the revered author's knowledge of European history, take this passage:

Then followed the English grant for the Carolina plantations, and the Edict of Nantes, that expelled so many Protestants from France, furnished many colonists with other adventures. The last date before this extract is "about 1630." The Edict of Nantes bore date of 1598. The "revocation" of that edict was signed in 1685, but only then in the author's mind, for the edict itself granted many very important privileges to the Huguenots, and actually put a premium on the stag of the "Protestants" in France. But it is by no means certain that he meant the "revocation," because there were three grants of the Carolinas, viz., in 1584, 1630, and 1663, the first one of which is nearer the "edict" in point of time than the latter is to the "revocation," and altogether the sentence is by no means easy of comprehension. Then what shall we say of this passage?

Impatient of delay, suffering severe reverses, and many anxieties in the broadening wars of that eventful period . . . he [Napoleon] sold the province [Louisiana] to the United States, when it is borne in mind that the sale was effected at the only period of Napoleon's eventful career when he was at peace with all Europe. True, he expected war with England, but the expectation of a war would hardly justify the above assertion.

But we must hasten, and will only stop to inquire when St. Helena was assigned to Napoleon as St. Pierre and Miquelon were assigned to France in 1763 (p. 197) and why "Orkney men" should be placed, as of non-European blood, in a class headed by Sandwich Islanders (p. 94)? or at what time in history there were any French on the upper Mississippi to overshadow any Spanish below—Spain having taken possession of Louisiana under the "Family Compact" in 1765, and France having relinquished her hold on the upper part of the river in 1763?

At first we thought these mistakes due to the proof-reading, as a four-lined paragraph of nonsense on page 347 evidently is; but we fear we must look deeper. It is but fair to say that this volume is understood not to have been prepared especially for the series and that therefore the editor may not have been so careful towards it as he would otherwise have been. But should he not have been for that reason all the more careful? Or was he talking, or pursuing, or on a journey, or pre-occupation did he sleep? Surely it is to be regretted that the book should have found a place in a series which is, in manner, complementary to the "American Statesmen" and "Men of Letters," the standard of which, comparatively speaking, is high.

BALZAC.

Balzac as a boy devoured the Bible and delighted in literature. As an infant violinist. As an infant violinist. As an infant violinist. He was the first-born of well-to-do parents in the French city of Tours. At eight he was a board ing-pupil at the College de Vendome; by the time he was fourteen he had read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested everything he read and heard he remembered. In his first essay he wrote at the age of twelve. Then he fell ill of a fever, and was taken home.

The second stage of his life began in Paris where he attended the lectures of Guizot, Cousin, and Villemain, entered a law office by one door as Eugene Scribe passed out at another, experienced as a pleader, and, in a garret, took to literature.

My lodging [he says] cost three sous a day. I burned at night three sous' worth of oil, and for two sous more I heated my room with oil. . . .

The forlorn desk on which I wrote, my piano, my bed, my chair, the zig-zags of the wall-paper, all these things became as though animated and-humble friends, the silent accomplices of my future.

Comedies, dramas, and romances were Balzac's first work; necessity obliged him to become his own publisher; his first ventures as such loaded him with a debt of 120,000 francs; his Physiologie du Mariage lifted him into fame, and launched him on a career.

His work accompanied him wherever he went. He dreamed of it; he wrote while he ate; he traveled over the better part of Europe, and wrote while he traveled; he composed in the omnibus and in the street. . . . He invariably visited the place where the scenes of a drama were to be located. "I am going to Aix en Provence," he would say; "you know Mere. Lecomte lives there." . . . "Let us talk of realities," he once said to Jules Sandeau, who had been speaking to him of an invalid relative; "let us talk about Eugene Grandet." His visit over, he would return to Paris, shut himself up in his garret, which grew to be a workshop with decorations in marble and gold, tapestry, cashmere, silk, laces, sconces in silver gilt, and jardinières of roses; and here he would work from twelve to twenty hours in the twenty-four, sleeping from six P. M. on towards midnight, when

he would bathe, don the white robe of a Domini can friar, pose a statue to himself, and, under the influence of coffee and by the light of a dozen candles, would work incessantly till he could work no more. . . . His manner of writing was stamped with the same eccentricity. . . . He would cover thirty or forty sheets with a mental confabulation of ideas and objects and then send off to the printer, who returned them in columns wired and centered on large placards. This description is not correct. On a second reading the forty pages numbered from 1 to 1000, . . . to the margin. His margin was insufficient, other sheets of paper were pinched or glued to the placards, which were again and again returned, corrected, and reprinted, until the work was at last satisfactorily finished. After this manner wrote Balzac his Cesar Birotteau, for Figure, the Paris newspaper, in 1837, of which Edouard Ouliel afterwards gave a graphic and amusing description in terms like these:

The Figure promised the book for the 15th of December, and M. de Balzac sent immediately two hundred sheets, scribbled in five nights of fever. . . . The monster was transformed and translated as nearly as possible into familiar language. The margin was added, and he who made head or tail of it. Back it went to the author. The author sent back the first two proofs glued on an enormous placard, and the sign, from each printed word, shot a penstroke, gleaming and gliding like a sky-rocker, and bursting at the extremity in a luminous fire of phrases, epithets, substantives, underlined, crossed, intermining, erased, and superposed. . . . Fancy four or five hundred arabesques of this kind, twelve geographical maps entangling cities, rivers, and mountains in the same confusion, a sklein barrel of a cat, . . . exploding at once. . . . The next day M. de Balzac sent back two pages of the purest Chinese. All these sheets were hastily written in the most legible Siamese. Three compositors lost their sight. . . . The proofs were sent back seven consecutive times on account of the most excellent French appeared, and there was even noticed a certain connection between the phrases; but the day was fast approaching. . . . "Cesar Birotteau" will see the light. . . . We have it now, and we hold it tight. The office is armed, insured, and barricaded. Smogging is not permitted. There are lighted candles on the roof, and mounted guards at the door.

Thus diviningly does Mr. Saltau, in his engaging little volume, lead us along the pathway of M. de Balzac's vagaries of genius, sketching the man in apt, quick pencil in this literary universe which he created—his "Comedie Humain," that "world in itself" with geography, genealogy, sociology, and ethics of its own; that wonderful assemblage of scenes and characters domestic and social, Parisian and provincial. political and romantic. This analysis of his work is accompanied with some descriptive notes upon the several items of it, and followed by chapters on Balzac's dramatic connections and money-making character, and by a collection of representative sayings from his writings, touching a limitless range of topics—society, woman, the arts, love, religion—words of love, of fancy, words of sentiment; drops of the essence of genius spread as samples on white paper. A valuable bibliography forms the sixth and closing chapter.

In appearance the book is like Mr. Genung's recent Study of My Memories by Field. The opening, let us hope, the pioneer of a new and informal series of essays on authorship and literature. It introduces the man and opens his writings. Balzac was giant of the race in which Zola is a pigmy. Gautier has best interpreted him, of whose interpretation Mr. Saltau's pages sound perhaps an echo. Balzac's single motive, his intense, absorbing, overpowering motive, was to
THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mr. Hindale, whose editing of President Garfield's works brought him forward into the general notice, has given to the public a small volume of essays and addresses belonging to his administration as President of Western College. Mr. Garfield's alma mater. Schools and Studies is the title, and to the students of that institution the book is dedicated. With the exception of the first paper, "The Origin of Character," the sixth, on "John Stuart Mill," and the seventh, on "The Inefficiency of Education," the fourteen are educational — "The Specialization of Studies," "Handling of Children," "The Secularization of Learning," and the like. There is good thought in these pages; good, practical, useful thought; common sense well expressed, as in this sentence: "The doing over and over again the same thing creates habit; but only the doing of new things can prevent narrowness and cultivate breadth." [J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.50.]

Rev. Dr. G. A. Jacob's views of The Lord's Supper Historically Considered are that ordinance is simply a memorial service of a present and everlasting Church, with no sacrificial element whatsoever, and that in our Christian age of the Church, not the teachings of the Father, not even the usages of the post-apostolic age, are our guide to its spirit and meaning; but only the express and explicit words of Scripture. Which is the "low" view. The author is a clergyman of the Church of England; a scholar; and has stated himself clearly and forcibly. [London: Henry Frowde. $1.00.]

There are in E. J. Wheeler's funeral-looking volume, Pulpit and Grave, 11 sermons on death by living and deceased preachers; to obituary addresses by pulpit orators from Dr. Deems to Massillon; 43 abridged sermons by as many different preachers, some this side, others beyond, the veil; 10 pages of outlines of funeral sermons; 10 pages of extracts and illustrations; 3 characteristic funeral prayers; 30 pages of selected texts for funeral discourses, classified in groups; and 30 pages of a miscellany of advice, suggestions, and indexes. A more monotonously mournful octavo of 365 pages, we never saw. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50.]

An equally practical and far more cheerful book is Rev. W. H. Hervey's Manual of Revivals. Here are 22 chapters and instructions, 330 pages of arguments, anecdotes, experiences, instructions, sermons, etc., etc.; on and for revivals; in all of which pastors who do their work by revival methods will find many things to interest and some things to profit. But such a book has too much the suggestion of a "machine" to please some people. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25.]

The large octavo called Thirty Thousand Thoughts is apparently an English collection, introduced by Dean Howson, of extracts from a wide range of religious reading, classified under the heads of Christian Evidences, the Holy Spirit, the Beatitudes, the Resurrection, and Dean Howson's introduction has not much to do with the book; his four pages deal more with the general question of Christian evidences at the present day. The structure of the work is thoroughly analytic; and as a scrapbook of selections on Christian truth it has a poor use. [Funk & Wagnalls. $3.50.]

A. C. Armstrong & Son have issued in two comedy volumes, well printed and bound, a new edition of Alice Cary's Cloverbrook, the first and second series, presenting recollections of a house
the early West, of which so true a heart and so good a judgment as Mr. Whittier's have said: "They bear the true stamp of genius — simple, natural, truthful — and evince a keen sense of the humor and pathos of the comedy and tragedy of life in the country." The commonplaces of human affairs and experience are transfigured when genius touches them, and that effect is here. We bespeak for these old favorites the attention of new friends. [$2.50.]

FICTION.


It is possible that there have been sillier books than *Went at West Point*; if so we are happy to say that we have never had the ill fortune to meet with them. The volume is supposed to give a portrayal of cadet life at the government military school, with the traditional episodes of flirtation and love-making, but a more utterly stupid and absurd fare of vulgarity, slang, foot-rolling episodes, characters, and pointless conversations than are brought within the compass of its two hundred and ninety odd pages we are at a loss to imagine; and why good type and ink and paper should have been wasted on such a production is a problem without the bounds of reason. The only sensible thing about the book is the author's choice of a pseudonym; applied to the quality of his writing it is singularly expressive. It is something in these days of exhausted invention, to hit upon the plot for a story which, relatively speaking, may be called original, and Hugh Conway, in his novel, *Called Back*, has succeeded in doing this. We do not recollect any previous work of fiction in which the event hinges upon the detection of a crime whose only witness is a blind man, who hears all but sees nothing. There are various improbabilities in the ingeniously framed circumstances which lead Gilbert Vaughn to the place of the murder at the exact moment when it is being committed, still more in the clairvoyant power which, years afterward, depicts for his mental vision the scene which his sightless eyes then failed to see; but the improbabilities are cleverly managed, and the story has a vivid interest. We are glad to note from the appearance of *Called Back* that the excellent "Leisure Hour Series" has suffered only an interruption of its orderly progress, and not come to an end, as some of its readers had begun to fear.

MINOR NOTICES.

Recollections of an Octogenarian. By Henry Hill. [Lippincott & Co. $2.75.]

Mr. Henry Hill's *Recollections* are very interesting, though entirely unpretending; as modest as a May-Flower under the spring snow. The author is an old Bostonian, eminent for probity and usefulness, whose life goes back to Newburyport. His skill in 1795 when a boy four years old when Washington died, and an American tourist in France in the year of Waterloo, and whose travels on commercial errands, before 1821, had taken him the round of Europe, to the West Indies, to Brazil, Chili, and Peru, over the Andes, and around Cape Horn. He tells the story of his adventures with perfect simplicity and a pleasant quaintness, and with occasional touches which a more formal writer would never think of putting into a book, and which make the book all the brighter and better. The intrinsic interest of these old scenes and early voyages; this speech of a man still living who walked on the field of Waterloo when the ground yet gleamed with the transfigurations of Napoleon's and Wellington's armies, and who called on the United States minister in London when that minister was John Quincy Adams; these pictures of sailing trips across the Atlantic in thirty and forty days; and of the Bay of Biscay when it was full of English cruisers; all these are out of the common and without introducing great topics are without exception good, and pleasantly flavored. For thirty-two years, from 1832, Mr. Hill was Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The only fault of his book is that there is too little of it. It is like a single mouthful out of a fine old cheese.


If ambition seems somewhat to outstrip performance in Mr. Moore's *Poems*, there is enough in them of solid worth to attract, among the verse of the day, grateful attention. One could hardly read such a production as "Herakles," which stands first in this volume, without being impressed with the great imaginative wealth of the author's mind. "Herakles" is true, unsentimental and not really uncouth, and it is prone to follow too assiduously in the tracks of Keats and William Morris; diffuseness of style and obvious defects of technique are not wanting; but, in spite of these faults, a positive quality of artistic power remains. "Herakles" has for its theme the labors and death of the son of Alkmene. The treatment is often obscure and the close of the poem is weak, comparatively speaking, yet many strong passages attest Mr. Moore's originality and command of descriptive effects. Here is a picture:

But soon the moon, meridian and all, is west with the dog's sorrow of summer. Of that wood-roofed ravine, and lines of light Collected in and about the dome; Then single leaves, to silver sudden turned, Showed veined as if by some artist; Then the rays, flashing at some oak-tree root, Turned the apples to gold; Tables of stone, strewn bare here and there, Antique in money, venerative, newly seemed, Set, with as damask coverlet or silk, With fringed edges melting in the dusk; Startling like fountains suddenly uprising, Trees in the light rose, flickered and fell back; Lanes, vines opened, shifted, and reclined With alabaster vine. Of ramparted, nailed tree-trunks, of steep banks, Of hollows sloped mysteriously away, Of level acres and plowed ground, Of bright brook surfaces, or casaract foam Hung like a wrecked cloud midway of the vale. When Herakles had prepared his weapons

His face
Wreathed o'er with laughter, and his brain was drunk With piddly triumph of the coming errant. He flung his arms abroad and swept an oak, And wreathing bent it to his breast, skook; He kissed the stake he held within his hands. Ten thousand faces of a favoring kin, A squirelet, 100 years old, to his breast Hold it to hear its heart beat: a grey lizards Seemed genial with him, and a fish himself Flat on his face for its grave company; He could have wished him a living birds, And given them news of limitless broad day, So they should sing for him and voice his joy.

The felicity of occasional lines is to be noted. Alkmene is spoken of as looing for death's renewed chastity;" and we are told of a shout Whose echo died not on the mountain shrouds, But swelled up to the god's ears, ’twas taught "Vague longings and unaccomplished hopes And ministry of unaccomplished tears. Of the other poems, "Don Sphines" is in the romantic vein; "Verona's Dow" deals artificilly with a sad tale of love; "The Message of the Bell" is obscure and fanciful; and the minor "lyrics" are not in any way remarkable. Next to "Herakles" we would rank "Prometheus," from which we regret that the space at our disposal will not permit a reproduction. It is evident that Mr. Moore's genius is most at home in dealing with mythological subjects.


The large and respectable family of Davies should be grateful to the compiler of this full and comely genealogy, and should buy up the edition till not a copy remains. Its object is to give "a record of the descendants of Samuel Davies and Joseph Davis, and of all who have intermarried with the families, down to every grandchild of a Davies, male or female." This is done after a method which strikes us as simple, sensible, and clear. The system of numbers for families makes reference easy from branch to branch, and there are two indexes: one to Davieses, the other to the connections of other names. The type is unusually large and distinct, and the book as a book a credit to the Worcester printer, Charles Hamilton. There are no portraits. There are brief biographical sketches of individuals, where materials were at hand. These furnish a relieving element to what would otherwise be as juiceless reading as the first seventeen verses of St. Matthew's Gospel. Samuel Davies of Oxford, whose descendants occupy 450 pages out of 525, came of William Davis of Roxbury. He was born in 1681, but did not settle in Oxford, then in Suffolco Co., Mass., till he was about 50. He was deacon of the church, representative in the legislature, and generally moderator of town meetings. When he was 53, the town voted him, as a mark of honor, "the pew on the western side of the meeting-house, adjoining the double doors." He married twice, and had 16 children, 10 of whom lived to have families of their own. These were large families in the olden times. We count in 25 successive generations of this Davies family 16 children, 9, 14, 13, 11, 10, 5, 7, 13, 7, 10, 6, 4, 3, 11, 7, 5, 4, 5, 6, 4, 9, 10, an average of 8 to each and 1 to spare. Hidden away in the glimpses of honest character and studied life which such a volume as this discloses, are to be found the springs of New England's history and the nation's name.

—The first two volumes of *Messrs. Scribner's Short Stories by American Authors* will be published at the end of the month. The volumes, though they are to be sold for the low price of 50 cents, are carefully printed. The binding also displays much taste and originality. So well have they been edited and arranged is the plan of the collection, that the books we doubt not will occupy a position towards the literature of recent short stories, analogous to that which the "Little Classic" series has so long and honorably held towards the greatest masterpieces in the language.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, MARCH 22, 1884.

Our readers will remember a note from the Rev. Edward C. Towne, copied from the Boston Transcript into our issue of Nov. 17, 1883 (p. 381), in connection with a review of Mr. Cooke's Study of George Eliot, affirming that Miss Evans was deceived into her union with Mr. Lewes, and regretted very severely upon the latter. Mr. Dana Estes, the well-known publisher, has taken the pains to refer this communication to "a gentleman widely known in this country as well as in Europe," and has obtained this reply, which we publish in full as we find it in the Boston Herald.

The statements contained in the letter signed Edward C. Towne, printed in the Boston Transcript and reproduced in the Literary World of last week, are largely of a nature which proceeds from persons who are entirely unknown to the world, but who are so entirely untruthful and ridiculous that, had they appeared in an English paper, they would have been treated with the silence of contempt; and, considering the American people must necessarily depend upon what they may see in print as evidence, and considering the high and the esteem and the admiration in which George Henry Lewes and George Eliot are held in America, it is difficult to conceive the statements made by Mr. Towne should go uncontradicted. Without touching, then, on questions of a debatable character, I am bound to say that there is not a word of truth in Mr. Towne's statement as to George Eliot having been cheated by a false story told to her to obtain a divorce from her husband, or in the statement that Mr. Cross engaged, will, it is anticipated, be published before another year is out. I have it on the best authority that that life will show in her own words, the words of letters and of diaries, that the union with Mr. Lewes was regarded by her as the blessing of her life, and that from first to last their life together was one of the greatest happiness. I might add a great deal more from my own observation respecting the unison between George Eliot and George Henry Lewes, but the above will suffice. After having closed this letter, I remember one or two things which I may as well add. I sent some letters to you, as they contained in a striking way what I have told you in the above. A year after Mr. Lewes's death, George Eliot found herself in Canada, as the "G. H. Lewes Student" for the encouragement of the studies in which the late Mr. Lewes was specially interested. She invested the sum of $1,000 for that purpose. Farther, Lewes left his great work, "Problems of Life and Mind," not quite ready for the press. George Eliot undertook the task of completing the last two volumes from the material left behind by Lewes, though it was most troublesome and anxious work, and took many months to accomplish. Who else but a woman, cherishing the memory of a departed one, would have done so? It is to be regretted that the name of the author of this vigorous denial does not go with it.

We have had a view of an early copy of the long-expected collection of essays by George Eliot which the Blackwoods of London have just issued and the Harpers announced. From the paragraphs in the English papers we had expected in the volume not a little new matter. Instead, we find only a few pages from the author's note-book, which are printed at the end of the volume under the head "Leaves From a Note-Book." Shortly before her death, says a prefatory note, George Eliot went carefully over her uncollected essays and revised those she wished preserved, and left the most positive written instructions concerning those which she did not wish to be issued in permanent book form. Of course therefore to the note-book the reader naturally turns. There are, it is true, some interesting passages, but they are so fragmentary that they can hardly be deemed of much value. Some consist merely of disconnected paragraphs, intended no doubt to serve the purpose of memoranda. Two or three of the notes are interesting, coming as they do from so great a writer. A few pages upon the dignity and seriousness of authorship, others on "The Judgment of Authors" and "Story Telling," will be read with attention. There is indeed nothing of a personal significance. The first person is not used, and no reference is made to the writer's own works. The notes are entirely philosophical and reflective.

The Grolter Club is the name of a somewhat novel association which has just been formed in New York. The members [limited to fifty] are each to buy one way or another, in making the books. The aim of the club is "the literary study and promotion of the arts pertaining to the production of books." It is also proposed to print from time to time limited editions of essays or papers bearing upon "the arts connected with the production of books." The club promises to become an eminent organization, if we may judge from the list of members already enrolled, among whom are S. W. Marvin, whose fine taste and judgment in matters of book-making is due the excellent mechanical execution which distinguishes the publications of the Messrs. A. W. Drake, the art editor of The Century, Mr. Matthews, the famous binder, Mr. T. L. DeVine, Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. Geo. H. Mifflin, Mr. W. H. Appleton, Mr. Hamilton Cole, Mr. Henry Harper, Mr. Robert Howe, Jr., Mr. Louis Prang, and others equally well known.

The biography of the elder Lord Lytton is likely to lead to some highly acrimonious discussions. Lady Lytton died on March 12, 1883, and if she has left an autobiography, it may be expected to be severe in tone, full of vivacity, and possibly an important publication, which will correct or indict some statements made by the Lytton, father and son. Lady Lytton began to write while she lived with her husband, and she attacked him under the guise of novels after the couple had separated. The various titles of her novels are significant, being The Budget of the Bubble Family, Behind the Scenes, The World and his Wife, and The School for Husbands. This latter work, published in 1855, is dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, and contains these remarks: Nothing gives such lion-like and undaunted courage, as a thorough knowledge of the utter worthlessness of one's assiduous...that most docile of donkeys, the public...in this land of cant [England], one of the most orthodox cantists is that woman, or, as the national phrase goes, a female, should let the wheels of juggernaut crush her to death without ever uttering a murmur.

The Courant says that "Constance F. Woolson enjoys the peculiar distinction of never having had a manuscript returned. This fact reflects great credit upon Harper Brothers, her publishers, who recognized her genius before she became blessed with the halo of a name." To this Appolion's Literary Bulletin rejoins, "Were Messrs. Harper & Brothers, let us ask, the first to recognize the genius of Miss Woolson?" and adds the query: "Is the magazine did her first production, story, or poem, appear?" If the Bulletin were an attentive and retentive reader of the Literary World it would have remembered the statement, in the "World Biography" of Miss Woolson, L.W., Vol. XIV, p. 327, that her first published writing was a short sketch in Harper's Monthly for July, 1870, entitled "The Happy Valley."

Two eminent names in English and American literature are to be simultaneously starred since our last issue, Richard Hengist Horne, the English poet, critic, editor, and essayist, and Rev. Dr. Caleb S. Henry, the American scholar, philosopher, journalist, and essayist. Dr. Henry was not widely known now. Due notice of him is necessarily deferred.

Mr. Horne, like Dr. Henry, had just touched the eighties, and indeed had been a forefront and active figure among literary English men and women for two generations. His best work was that of editor and critic, but he wrote some popular plays and essays, and now and then a poem. A curious freak of his life was a visit to Australia, about thirty years ago, to dig in the gold mines. Here he became in turn chief of police and magistrate, and only returned to England some fourteen years ago.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the circumstance that in an address delivered in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the occasion of the completion of the new University Library, a distinguished American librarian said:

It has been estimated that of the 50,000 books published in the 17th century, not one in a thousand is worth reprinting—which is not by any means an equivalent term to re-reading—and of the 80,000 produced in the last century, scarce 500 are known to the general run of educated people.

The librarian in question informs us that in this extract he is mis-reported, and that the correct statement for which he only wished to be held responsible, is: "Not one in a hundred is worth reprinting." The circumstance illustrates the uncertainties of printing, and the importance of verifying statements before we judge of them.

It needs but a glance to show how wide of the facts the reported statement would run—"not one in a thousand is worth reprinting"—that would be to say not fifty books—not collected works, but separate works—are worth reprinting.

The Seventeenth Century belong, in England, most of Shakespeare's masterpieces, all of Bacon's, all of Milton's. To it belong Bunyan, Baxter, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, Cudworth, Thomas Brown, Dryden, Suckling, Drummond, Waller, Cowley, Locke, and many other famous names. France, in the Seventeenth Century had, among other writers, Descartes, Balzac, Vorture, Malherbe, Scarron, Sévigné, Cornelle, Molière, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Pascal, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Malebranche, De Retz,
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leaves about $1,750 with which to begin actual work. After the Park the statue. About $35,000 more are desired to execute the entire design of the Committee, inclusive of the statue.

THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL TO LONGFELLOW.

THE perspectives are changing; the erection of the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, and the completion of the fund for the monument to the poet in his native town of Portland, Maine, make it proper now to speak of the American Memorial, when we mean the larger undertaking, which antedates each of the others, but as yet lingers behind them. Let it be hoped that it lingers because it is larger, and that when it is complete it will overttop them both. The memorial to Scott in Edinburgh was not erected till twelve years after his death; Edmund Spencer's, by the Countess Anne of Dorset, not for thirty years; the statue of Shakespeare in the Town Hall at Stratford and the bust of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, not for a hundred and fifty years or more after they were given; since Longfellow died it is not yet two years. It will not be two years, fully, until the 24th inst., day after tomorrow.

The Longfellow Memorial Association, having its headquarters at Cambridge, Mass., held its annual meeting last week, re-elected its old board of officers, with the exception of Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody as a Director in place of the Hon. H. O. Houghton, who declined to serve longer, and received the reports of its Secretary, Treasurer, and Committee on Plans. The Secretary, Mr. Arthur Gilman, reported, what has already been given out, that the subscriptions not having been as numerous or as generous as was expected, the Directors proposed to discontinue hereafter on larger gifts for completing the fund. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, shows the total amount of the fund, Feb. 18, 1884, to be $11,371.06, representing between 30,000 and 40,000 contributors. The ratio of expenses to collections does not appear.

The Committee on Plans, through Professor Asa Gray, Chairman, reported a plan for the laying out of the proposed Longfellow Park, and with the execution of this plan the Directors were authorized to proceed, as fast as the funds would allow, first setting apart $10,000, the income of which only is to be used for the care of the Park. This

believes that before another generation has arisen the electric light will have superseded the use of gas for domestic purposes.

[For the Literary World.]

Wendell Phillips.

Died February 2, 1884.

MARY E. C. WORTH.

Thou wonderful Enigma! Art thou dead? Thou true, uplifting friend! Thou withering foe! Thou champion of the lowest! whose dread

Stirred down the oppressor, whilst the stinging blow,

Diverged from the chained, was driven at thee,

Who, mail-clad in thy grand sincerity,

Felt it as but a rose leaf.

Art thou still?

Thou sweet, conquering voice! Thou golden tongue! Thou fiery dart! Thou scathing Scorn of ill!

Thou Inhuman, the world of men among!

Art thou at rest, in sooth, thy lovely head

Earth-pillowed, with the unresisting dead?

Oh, brave, bold heart! Oh, tender heart, and true!

Oh, noble soul! Oh, soul, so fearless, free,

And self contain'd, and self conquering too!

Oh, rarest Soul of all Humaniety!

Thou art not dead.

And yet above thy grave

Shall Passion flowers bloom, and Fever lilies wave.

Jacksonville, Florida, February 13th, 1884.

LITERARY INDEX.

[Under the above head we undertake an alphabetical index to such articles on strictly literary topics in current periodicals as, by reason of their intrinsic character, their authorship, or the pages in which they appear, are likely to deserve the notice of readers of the Literary World. Biographical sketches of living writers, essays upon distinguished authors not living, criticisms of foreign or important works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each entry is subject-title, entered by leading word, name of writer, name of periodical (foreign periodicals in italics), date, volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.]


THE LITERARY WORLD.

History of Painting in Italy is to be published by Robert M. Lindsay. It will be issued in three octavo volumes, printed from new type on fine paper, with about one hundred outline pictures. The edition will be limited to 500 copies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer’s full name and address.]

Mr. Whittier’s “Rio Bravo.”

To the Editor of the Literary World:

The following is a copy of the poem referred to by Mrs. Spofford, and which Mr. Whittier acknowledges in a recent number of the Literary World. It may be found in The Liberator of July 10, 1846.

Yours truly,
ISAAC D. WHITE, JR.
Worcester, March 7, 1846.

MEXICAN POETRY.

The following stirring and caustic production is by a popular Mexican poet at Vera Cruz. The translation is by a correspondent of the Chronicle:

Harken! from our Northern borders
Sounds Atax’s braying call;
On the banks of Rio Bravo,
Burns the steel and ploughs the ball—

Ghostly hands in Tenochtitlan
Strike th’ old Axtec battle-drum;
Shriek the howl of strong of toils,
Lo!—Mexil’s eagles come!

Coldly sleep our slaughtered brothers;
While above their hairy graves,
Swoons the hurrying hoof of falling,
And the robber-banner waves.

On they come, the mad invaders,
Like the fire before the wind;
Freedom’s harvest-field before them,
Slaves fall by—they slay behind.

From the sellers of God’s image,
From the traffickers in man,
Mother gracious, Mother holy,
Save thy dark-browed Mexican!

Harken! up the Rio Bravo,
Comes the sage-chieftain’s shout—
Listen!—“In the Yankee’s hammer,
Forging human letters out!”

Let the land we love be wasted,
Black its fires, and rough with graves:
Heater far for God and Freedom
Dust and bones, as live as slaves!

We are few, and they are many,
Strong in arms and wealth and pride,
But the name and holy glory,
And man’s heart, are on our side.

Hark! from ancient Tenochtitlan
Sounds once more the Aztec drum;
Not for conquest, not for vengeance,
But for Freedom, Faith, and Home!

Vera Cruz, May 20, 1846.
Jose De Saldillo.

Notes from Italy.

... Of the “Longfellow Album” I had previously heard from Mrs. S.—of London, and we have given ours to our friend, Madame de S——, who had read some translations of Longfellow, and was much interested in it. So it will be carried to Russia.

... This little fishing village is a very fashionable watering-place. It lies north of Pisa, and there is a long fine beach which extends in front of the numerous hotels and pensions. From here we look out over the sea, and across the ocean, and there hardly realize that going directly West, from this warm, sunny coast, we should find ourselves amid the snows and ice-carnivals of Canada. It must be a gay scene here, a few months later, when the light-hearted Italians come with their gorgeous attire, in which they so delight—and all these houses of entertainment, of which only two or three are now open, are filled with the beauty and fashion of the country.

... I never saw more beautiful articles of all kinds displayed in shop windows than in Florence. Materials for ball costumes, bric-a-brac, jewelry, and pictures, constantly tempt one to stop and admire, even when one has no temptation to purchase. In some ways Italy seems still living in the Middle Ages, and if she progresses, as do the other nations, it is with a slower step.

... Yesterday I received a number of the Literary World. I looked with some interest to see if it contained a notice of Miss Phelps’s new book, Within the Gates. I suppose you must have noticed it some time ago. I have some curiosity to see it, as I liked many things in Gates Afire, and our friend, Mrs. A——, was quite enthusiastic over this.

... Have you ever read the celebrated Italian novel, I Promessi Sposi? It is a very graphic picture of life in Italy a couple of hundred years ago. I have nearly finished it in the original. It is said to be very classic in style, but I find it more difficult than anything I have tried, because the sentences are so invented and so long like German.

Viareggio, Italy.

Littre’s Dictionary.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Allow me to call your attention to a somewhat serious misstatement in your issue of February 23. In the article giving account of the first part of the new English dictionary, the writer says Littre’s great French dictionary consists of 3,556 quarto pages. The work—not including the supplement—really consists of 4,705 pages.

Dartmouth College.
S. POLLENS.

Born to Good Luck.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

The plot used by Charles Reade in Born to Good Luck (Harper’s Monthly for July) is also employed by John G. Saxe in Fairy Tales, Legends, etc., where he versifies an Arabian tale under the title of “Father Pumpkin; or, Always in Luck.” Respectfully, L. P. S. L. Lynn, Mass.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

“Rolfe versus Hudson.” This is the title of a pamphlet lately published by Mr. Hudson, and circulated widely among his friends and ours. If the reader has not seen it, no doubt the author (his address is Cambridge, Mass.) will be happy to mail him a copy.

The pamphlet appears to have been called out by some criticisms upon Mr. Hudson in the Salem Gazette, with which we had nothing whatever to do, and the personal allusions in which we were sorry to see in print. We have ourself always avoided such personalities, and we do not desire that any friend should resort to them in our behalf.

Mr. Hudson seems to misunderstand the not unfrequent references we have made to his work as an editor and critic. He says of us:

He has often been going out of his way to make digs at me in his public work; it seems, indeed, as if he could not bear to let me alone. A

And to be making digs at those engaged in the same field of work with us, does not seem to me in very good taste.

The simple fact is that we have treated Mr. Hudson precisely as we have treated other leading editors and commentators. We have quoted him as we quoted Collier, Knight, Verplanck, White, and the rest. The plan of our edition of Shakespeare required this. When we have quoted him or them, we have meant to do it fairly; and if our own opinion was different, we have meant to state it both clearly and courteously. We may say this, and references to Mr. Hudson in the World. The readers of our books and of the World can judge for themselves whether our “digs” at Mr. Hudson have been in “good taste” or not. It is perhaps not improper to add that in no case have we written for the World been altered or “expurgated” by the World.

As to Mr. Hudson’s printed references to ourself, on the other hand, we may take a couple of specimens from the pamphlet before us. The following is one which had already appeared in his “School” edition of Twelve Night (in a note on p. 1. 1. 5) and also in the “Harvard” edition of the same play:

Some one has noted that to suppose a comparison was here intended between the effect of music on the ear and that of fragrance on the sense of smell is almost to sense of smell is almost to distinguish between poetry and prose. O! no! it is merely to recognize the difference between sense and nonsense. For how should odour affect us but through the sense of smell? But perhaps the writer, being in a facetious humour, caught the style of “sweetly Bottom’s” Duke into the funny idea of hearing an odour that he smelt, or of smelling a sound that he heard. For why not a sweet-sounding smell as well as a sweet-sounding sound?

On the various readings and interpretations of this passage in Twelve Night we shall have something to say at another time, when this misrepresentation of our note upon it will be incidentally considered.

The following also appears in the pamphlet in some comments on the same passage:

“Mr. Rolfe seems to pride himself on his peculiar acuteness or subtlety of perception in distinguishing the various shades or degrees of the poetical; and in the strength of this conceit he has more than once come down rather hard upon our ordinary manner, who have not his extraordinary fineness of faculty in this particular. And so it is said that pigs sometimes see the wind. Now, if a ‘learned pig’ should undertake to tell me how the wind looked, I should probably find his pigshipe too deep for me, or should not be able to catch the exact meaning of his language and this, because of my lacking the suilline keenness of vision.”

Again, in the preface to his “Harvard” edition (p. xvi), in reply to certain remarks in the preface to our edition of T. M. (which remarks were in reply to his protest against “variorum” notes in school editions as “a stark impertinence,” etc.), he says:

I say, whoever talks in this way is either under a delusion himself, or else means to delude others.

In the latter of these fatter common beliefs it is not at all that they are just as competent to judge for themselves in these matters as are those who have given a lifet ime study of them; but the plain truth is, that such readers must perform either take the results of deep scholarship on trust, or else not have them at all; and not but a duse or a quack, or perhaps a compound of the two, would ever think of representing the matter otherwise.

Our reply to this may be found in the preface
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.]

LITERARY ATHENS, PAST AND PRESENT.

An enthusiastic Greek gentleman, whom I met in Constantinople, told me I should find the climate of Athens as mild and as balmy as June. Put not your trust in Greeks! I entered Athens in the midst of the heat that would have done credit to Boston, and saw the Athenian youths snow-balling one another as though they were used to it. In spite of the weather, however, I called upon Dr. Henry Schleimann as soon as I had eaten my dejenerer à la fourchette.

He lives in a marble palace, which is richly embelished with paintings, sculpture, and curios from Troy and Mycenae. His is the finest private library I have ever seen, and in the department of Greek literature is perhaps unsurpassed by any collection in the world. The walls of this room are adorned with paintings of striking beauty, the subjects being taken chiefly from Greek history. The Doctor is "the noblest Greekian of them all." His wife is a Greek lady, who fascinated him as much by her rare intelligence as by her grace and other personal attractions. Greece—ancient Greece—is the language of his house. His son is named Agamenmon, and his daughter Andromache; his cook bears the classic name of Jocassee, and his butcher that of Pelops. Dr. Schleimann, however, looks more like a modern German man than an ancient Greek. His face and figure are short and round; he wears a white moustache and spectacles; is sixty-five years old, and speaks with a German accent. But, notwithstanding the classic aroma with which the Doctor is surrounded, he prides himself upon the fact that he prints the United States and prints that fact upon the title-page of his books. He was living in California when that State was admitted into the Union, and in that way became an American citizen. I must not omit to mention that his residence is crowned with marble statues of the great poets, philosophers, and statesmen of ancient Greece. In fact, both the inside and outside of the house take us back to the most brilliant period of Athenian history—the glorious days when Pericles ruled Athens and Aspasia ruled Pericles.

Of Dr. Schleimann's recently published work on Troy, embodying his latest investigations, ten thousand copies were taken by American booksellers. He had three hundred men engaged in excavating at Troy and one hundred at Mycenae. The Doctor's early classical studies interested him in Greek antiquities, and after making a large fortune in the Indigo trade, he began his excavations at Troy; with what success the whole world knows from his exhaustive works on the subject.

Prof. James A. Harrison, of the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., sent me a letter of introduction to Dr. J. S. Sterrett, of the American Archaeological School of Athens, which letter, like the magical "open sesame" of the Arabian story, opened to me all the treasures of Athens, ancient and modern. Dr. Sterrett is a graduate of the University of Virginia and a Ph.D. of the University of Munich. He is thirty-three years old and has been twelve years abroad, engaged in studies of ancient art and literature, in Rome, Pompeii, Asia Minor, and more recently in Athens, where he spends his whole time, day and night, at the Archeological School, which is immediately opposite the stately ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. This school was established by twelve of the leading American universities, each of which contributes $250 annually to its support. The object of the school is to encourage the study of Greek and to promote the excavation and exploration of the ruins of Athens. It was founded in 1888, and is open to students who wish to spend the summer in Athens in June of that year, and W. W. Goodwin, Eliot Professor of Greek at Harvard, was elected the first resident director of the school. Prof. Lewis R. Packer of Yale is the present director. Dr. Sterrett, who is an enthusiast on the subject of antiquities, spent last summer in Asia Minor, and located sixty ancient cities, and copied 500 inscriptions from marbles which he found in various places. He also unearthed many Greek and Roman coins, and is preparing for publication the result of his investigations. Besides many articles on Greek inscriptions in the German magazines, Dr. Sterrett has published an edition, with full notes, of the Hymns of Homer. All the data are given, and the facts stated, but the reader is left to himself to decide whether the hymns were written by Homer or not. It is a book, not for ordinary readers, but for scholars.

With the Doctor, Sterrett I strode among the noble ruins of the Acropolis, and ascended to the top of the Parthenon, which commands one of the finest views in the world. In the distance are seen the shores of Salamis, and the Island of Psyttaleia, where the Athenians slaughtered the Persians. At the foot of the hill of the Acrop-
is, stands modern Athens, the fairest and freshest city in Europe, and so uniformly beautiful that it looks as though it had sprung up, like Aladdin’s Palace, in a single night. Standing out conspicuously from all the rest are the royal residence and the Academy of Athens, the latter building being, in harmonious proportion and choice beauty, worthy of the best days of Grecian architecture. The sites of Athens are not numerous, but of surpassing interest. The Parthenon is the most beautiful ruin in the world, and full of classical associations. Near by is the temple of the Wingless Victory, called “wingless” that she might always remain with the Athenians. Below the Acropolis are the remains of the theater of Bacchus, where Demosthenes delivered his celebrated orations against Philip, King of Macedon. In this theater pieces were first performed in the presence of an audience of critics, and if they were successful they were then acted in the other theaters. It was kept up by private individuals for the encouragement of the drama. The front row of seats was occupied by the Grecian priests, the place of honor in the center being reserved for the High Priest, and immediately behind him sat the General of the Army and the Herald of Athens.

In point of education, Attica still holds the front rank in Greece. There are 116 public schools attended by 6,000 pupils; 54 men and 29 women, out of a hundred, can read and write. There are 652 teachers, 310 males, and 302 females; 345 lawyers, 205 doctors, 54 journalists, 256 clergymen, 7,650 government officials, and 34 Americans.

Among modern Greek authors may be mentioned Paparegopoulos, author of a history of Greece, from the earliest to the present time, a book which is accepted as an authority among his countrymen, but has not superseded the great work of Grote among English speaking people; Koraiz was a great patriotic writer during the struggle for Grecian independence, 1820–7, also Poldes and Xenos; Rangabe, the present Minister to Germany, has written poetry, fiction, and history. Byron is very much admired in Greece, and had he lived, it is probable the enthusiastic people for whom he offered up his life would have chosen him their king. His works have been translated into modern Greek; at Missolonghi, where he died, a statue is erected in his honor, and another is to be placed in Athens. The Maid of Athens, whom Byron immortalized by his song, married Mr. Black, the English Consul here, and died at an advanced age in 1876. She was only fifteen when Byron saw her; he boarded in her mother’s house in 1809. I did not see any Athenian maid out in public, nor were the streets so much sordidly dirty that they have been tempted to parody Byron’s verses, and write a song commencing:

Oh! mad of Athens, ere we part.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the American Minister, has published in book form his History of Peter the Great, and is now engaged upon the History of the Court Language of China. Athens, February.

STYLIUS.

Mr. Edwin W. Bok, the Brooklyn automaker collector, is about to publish a volume descriptive of the famous letters he has so industriously gathered. Mr. Bok, though very young, has succeeded in securing one of the largest and most valuable collections of the kind to be found in this country.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]


We are told in the Life of Swift that while living with Sir William Temple he taught the two young ladies residing in the same establishment, Esther Johnson and a niece of Sir William’s. Who was this niece and who did she marry? The family chart is thus given in the Life of Sir William Temple:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sir John Temple</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sir William</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(on ch. list)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(not mentioned here)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(her husband died early no child mentioned)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Palmerston

There is no mention of a niece at all in Life of Sir William. One of the Temples, of Lord Palmerston’s branch, married a daughter of Gov. Bowdoin of Massachusetts. And by the way where could I get the Address of Hon. Robert Winthrop at Bowdoin College, 1825? This Miss Temple I am in search of, if she was not named Temple, is associated with an American family also. Not that I am sure the one I seek was the one alluded to as Swift’s pupil, but there is a great probability of it.

K. M. R.

Baltimore.

606. King Arthur and Tennyson’s Idylls.

(1) Please inform me through your paper of the best books on King Arthur and his knights, giving publishers and price. (2) Is there any complete edition of Tennyson’s Idylls of the King, i.e., an edition that contains all the Idylls and no other poems?

W. D. A.

Oakland, Cal.

In support of the theory of the verisimilitude of King Arthur see Lippensberg’s (German) England Under the Anglo-Saxons Kings, tr. by B. Thorpe (London. 1857); in opposition Cox’s Popular Romances of Middle Ages (Holt. $2.50). The latter work renders the legends, so does Bulfinch’s Age of Chivalry (Lee & S. $3.00), and J. W. K’s Legends of King Arthur (Routledge. $1.00). Sharon Turner’s History of Anglo-Saxons (London, 7th ed., 1855) gives history of old romances in appendix.

607. American Dramatic Literature.

A friend of mine in Paris recently wrote me to send him a catalogue of published plays that were distinctly American in character and authorship. Being anxious to oblige him I made inquiries on the subject and was informed that no catalogue was to be had for the reason that, with a few unimportant exceptions, American plays were all in MSS. Will you be good enough to inform me whether this is really the case; and if so, whether there is any special reason for it?

New York City.

CONSTANT READER.

Dramatic authors rarely print their plays, because they find such publication efforts to be pecuniary and hungry actors opportunity to steal their works. The law does not yet adequately and summarily punish brain-theft. Therefore dramatic authors are forced to hold their writings in manuscript. This practice obtains from necessity in Great Britain, where very few dramatic pieces are printed.

608. Tennyson’s Princess. Is there an edition of The Princess with critical notes?

A few years.

H. C.

We have kept the above inquirer long waiting, and we have little satisfaction for her now. We find no critical edition of The Princess. Prof. Conrow of Cornell is a man to prepare such a text-book, similar to his editions of Two Tales and Dreams of Fairies (English Classics, Clark & Maynard). He has a number of lectures in manuscript on The Princess, and many notes; and we should be glad to know that he was going to publish them.

609. Montaigne and Rabelais. Will you kindly refer me to the best translations of Montaigne and Rabelais, as well as the cost in cloth.

A quite extended examination of lists has failed to give me the desired information.

C. J. Norwalk, Ohio.

The essays of Montaigne (1533–1593) have been several times translated into English. A copy of Florio’s (1603), in the British Museum, is the only book extant known to have belonged to Shakespeare. It contains his autograph. There is a modern translation by the English poet, Charles Cotton, 1685, which is perhaps as good as any; later editions of which appeared in 1714, 1724, 1851 (two vols. 12 mo). There is a new and revised by Whibley. [Houghton 4 vols 8 mo]. There is a modern translation of the Essays by the excellent author of The Gentle Life [ Scribner & W. $1.75 and $4.50].

The single work on which rests the unsavory fame of Rabelais (1494–1553) has appeared in more than six French editions, and in several English translations, of which Ureagh’s is the best, and reprinted by the Mainland Club, 1878 is the basis of the translation by Orland Osall, and Masset. There is not another. The other will be had in Bohan’s Literary, 1849 and 1859, 4 vols, 7, 12, also by Apleton, 4 vols; 60; and Lipincott, 5. There is a 2 vols published by Routledge at $5.

610. D’Albertis New Guinea. In your valuable and interesting “Survey of the World’s Literature in 1883,” you make mention in the account given to France of La Nouvelle Guinée by M. D’Albertis. I would be glad to know if this work is different from his New Guinea published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a few years since.

G. S. M.

We believe the two works to be the same.

611. Quotations Wanted.

(a) Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavity Sheridan.

(b) God’s ways are dark, but soon or late they touch the shining hills of day.

The good can well afford to wait. The evil cannot brook delay. Give remitted knives their hour of crime. We have the future grand and great, The safe appeal of truth to time.

(c) As other men have creeds, so I have mine. I keep the sacred faith in God and man and in the angels ministrant between.

I hold to one true church of all true souls, whose churchly seal is neither Bread or wine or consecrated oil. But only the anointing of God’s grace.

(d) Aurora — that early blushing maid who lifts the curtains of the sleeping sun and quickly flies his gaze.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Volumes on Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Fry, Mad. de Staël, and Mad. Roland are forthcoming in the “Eminent Women” Series. A copy of Beckett’s Birds (1831), with annotations by Beckett himself explaining the tall pieces, etc., fetched a hundred guineas at a recent sale.
in London.—The Academy says that General Lebrun is at work on a military history of the last five years of Napoleon III.

—Dr. Longfellow’s new novel, to be published during Easter, is called The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore.—A Palestine Pilgrim’s Text Society has been formed, says the Athenaeum, “for the translation and publication, with explanatory notes, of the various descriptions and accounts of Palestine and the holy places, and of the topographical references in ancient and mediaval literature, from the earliest times to the period of the Crusades or later,” few of which narratives have as yet appeared in English.

—It is nearly twenty-seven years since the English Philological Society commenced collecting materials for its great dictionary, of which the first part is just now published; and a company of 1,300 co-laborers have gathered for it a body of 4,000,000 of quotations, from over 5,000 different authors.

—The bust to Longfellow in Westminster Abbey is now remarkable, slightly larger than life, and represents the poet in the fullness of old age, with flowing hair and beard. It stands between the busts of Chaucer and Dryden and bears the following inscription left by Dean Staney: “This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by English admirers of an American poet.”

—Georg Büchner, born January 4, 1812, in Berlin, died there on February 24, last, and has acquired international fame by his Göttingel Welt, a collection of popular quotations from all literary languages. The work has had great success in Germany, and has been translated into Dutch, Danish, and Swedish. The work owes its origin to an accident, which compelled Büchner to give up teaching, his profession, and to seek employment in literature.

—The Academy states that the catalogue of the Greek and Latin MSS. in the Vatican will soon be published. The Messrs. Stevenson, father and son, have been engaged upon the work for a number of years, and two volumes are now entirely printed.

—NEW AND NOTES.

—Mr. Arthur Gilman’s History of the American People has reached its 4th edition. The same publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., have in press The Travelling Law School, by Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, Esq., imparting the general principles of legal science in a simple and entertaining manner. Townsend MacCoun of New York has issued The James Madison Letters in 4 vols., at $12.00. Cupples, Upham & Co. have published Boating Trips on New England Rivers, by Henry F. Pello, a record of actual experiences, with illustrations. Mr. J. E. Hayne has issued a corrected edition of his Pseudonyms of Authors, making a volume of about 500 pages. The Critic is the name of a new journal at Cheyenne, Wyoming, devoted to literature, the drama, and Western interests. A new and corrected edition of the useful Q. P. J. Lectures on vegetable cooking and chemical analysis, whose address is Bangor, Maine, receives sufficient encouragement thereto. Don’t, that clever little book of suggestions as to what people should not do, understood to be by Mr. O. B. Bence, has reached its 53d thousand.

—An interesting article on “Personal Characteristic of Luther,” by C. W. Ernst, a prominent Boston journalist, appeared in the New Englander. It has been reprinted as a pamphlet. Of Luther’s place in literature, Mr. Ernst says:

—It is certain that the reader of Luther’s letters, pamphlets, essays, and commentaries, will be rewarded with an insight into the spirit of all Shakespeare’s plays, and it is probable that Luther has never written a page that does not bear the impress of the vestiges of his mind, to which neither words nor poetry nor philosophy, neither man nor nature, neither Greek and Latin antiquity, nor the logicians and schoolmen of the Middle Age were strangers—a mind filled to overflowing with sentiment, imagination, learning, literary impulses, and, above all else, a religious faith that shook the world.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a collection of Studies in History, by Henry Cabot Lodge, including papers collected from the magazines; a single volume edition of the Poetical Works of the poet E. C. Stedman; a volume of memories of Rufus Choate by Judge John T. Morse; and a collection of New York history, which ought to be remarkable reading; a next volume in the series of “American Statesmen” on John Adams, by John T. Morse, Jr.; a Handbook of American Authors, by Oscar Far Adams, which we hope to find a more thorough and helpful piece of work than his Handbook of English Authors; a life of James and Lucretia Mott, by their fellow-friend, Mrs. R. P. Hallowell; and a translation of Poeset’s Epitome of Ancient, Medieval, and Modern History, by Wm. H. Tillinghast, of Harvard College.

—Swinton’s Story Teller, a New York publication, has been discontinued. E. P. Dutton & Co. have issued a fifty cent edition of the first volume of Phillips Brooks’s Sermons. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland is preparing for publication the folk-lore and legends of the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians of Maine.—Yale College Library has 10,000 volumes. The Forest and Stream Publishing Company of New York announce a second edition of Judge Caton’s work on The Antelope and Deer of America. George Routledge & Sons, New York, have ready an eleventh edition of Thompson Cooper’s Men of the Time, a dictionary of contemporary biography.

—Lee & Shepard have published Lessons in Manure for Home and School Use, by Edith E. Wiggins; a new edition of Lord of Himself, by Francis H. Underwood, which has long been out of print; Heilserum, by Harry Hermon, in which the secrets of second-sight, supernatural vision, etc., “are laid bare”; Speeches, Lectures and Letters, by Wendell Phillips, compiled under the direction of the great orator, by James Redpath; and Wendell Phillips, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, an essay in pamphlet form, reprinted from the Nation. It is understood that a life of Wendell Phillips is in preparation by Dr. George L. Austin, and that he will make use of some autobiographical material.

—The Secretary of the Longfellow Memorial Association, Mr. Arthur Gilman, has a list of subscriptions to the fund from the Emperor of Brazil and some fifty representative men there. The total is $14,000 reis, a sum being a Portuguese coin of the value of about an eighth of a cent.

—Little, Brown & Co. have published the first volume of the second edition of A Treatise on the Law of Personal Property, by James Schouler, the scope of which has been greatly extended. Also Probate Practice, by William L. Smith, being the practice in proceedings in the probate courts, including the probate of wills, sale of real and personal estate, settlements, etc., with the valuable addition of an appendix of Practical Forms.

—The latest Boston notion is that of President Warren of Boston University, locating the College of Eden at the North Pole. He has actually written and read a serious paper in support of the theory.

—Mr. Arlo Bates’ Bohemian novel, The Pagans, has got one ticket of admission to Boston’s good society—a pat on the back from Mr. Thomas G. Appleton in the Advertiser.

—The time for receiving plans for the proposed new building for the Boston Public Library has been extended to August third.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing a new edition of Cooper’s Sea Turtles.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton will soon publish an edition de luxe of Sterne’s Sentimental Journey, Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, to the contrary notwithstanding, who, in brokers’ parlance might be called a “bear” on editions de luxe. He says this rage is playing havoc with the booksellers, and that fine and limited editions of books are going out of style. Mr. Bouton’s volume is to be set up and printed in Paris. The illustrations will be made especially for the work by M. Louis Leoloi, one of the most delightful of the present school of French illustrators. He has been given one hundred copies will be struck off, after which the type will be distributed. An “Edition de Grande Luxe,” to consist of a hundred copies, will be still further ornamented by an original water-color painting from the clever brush of M. Leoloi.

—Among Dods, Mead & Co.’s announcements is General Loring’s long-expected book on Egypt, but we regret to learn that it will be some weeks before the book can be published. At this time, when affairs in the Soudan are uppermost in men’s minds, such a work as General Loring is about to print, would be of peculiar timeliness. The Dreyer Dictionary of Painters and Engravers which the firm will publish is expected to appear in monthly parts. All lovers will be glad to welcome this revised edition of the only Dictionary of Engravers in the language worthy of the name.

—The new volume of J. R. Marvel, which the Scribner’s are about to issue under the title of Bound Together; A Sheaf of Papers, will contain a number of essays by Mr. Mitchell which are quite new. They are in the style of thirty years ago when Reveries and Dream Life first made a sensation. Most of the new papers deal with those rural subjects about which Mr. Mitchell thinks so much sentiment and beauty in describing.

—The sale of the library of the late Henry C. Murphy was concluded in New York last week. The result to the executors must be most satisfactory as the volumes brought uniformly high prices. Mr. Murphy was a careful [perhaps too careful?] buyer, and his investments in rare books doubtful, have proved profitable as such investments. The net total of the sale was $11,559.63. —G. P. Putnam's New York
nearly: ready Rev. R. Heber Newton's new volume, The Book of Beginnings, being a study of Genesis; and Six Centuries of Work and Wages, by J. E. Thorold Rogers; and they have in preparation for publication from Archedy and Elsewhere, which is a dainty bit of book-making.

— Dr. Moritz Busch has written a paper on The Emperor of Germany for the May Harper. His book, Our Chancellor, is again delayed, this time for "reasons of State." They are said to have given no information.

— Mr. Thomas Whitaker announces for immediate publication The Authority of Scripture, by the Rev. R. A. Redford, and Characteristics of Christianity, by Dr. Stanley Leachet.

— Mr. O'Donnell Rossa, the distinguished dynamiter, is about to publish, through Messrs. S. W. Granger, Edward J. Lee, an Irish story, with the title Edward O'Donnell.

— The Manhattan will come forth resplendent in a new cover designed by Francis Lathrop, in the May Harper.

— Mark Twain has dramatized his story, The Prince and the Pauper.

**PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.**

_The Literary World._

**Literary Life and Times of the Right Honorable John Bright and Robert E. Robinson.** $4.50

_The Adventure and Discourses of Captain John Smith, sometime President of Virginias, and Admiral of New England. Newly orderd by John Ashton._ Casell & Co. $1.50


_The Creation of the Age of Steel._ By W. T. Jenkins. $1.50

_Memoirs from the Journal of a Life in the House of Lords._ From 1812 to 1868. [Franklin Sq. Libr.] Harper & Bros. $2.50

_English ghostly history._ Richard Baxter. By G. D. Boyle, M.A., M. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50

_The Diary and Letters of His Excellency Thomas Houghon, Governor of the Province of New York._ Peter Orange Hutchins. Houghon, M'G inconsistencies: M. $1.00

_Essays and Sketches._ By E. W. Williams. A.M., J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.50

_Energy in Nature._ By William Last Carpenter, B.A. Casell & Co. $1.50

_Cloverbook; or, Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West._ By Alice Cary. Two volumes. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2.50

_Six Years on the Border; or, Sketches of Frontier Life._ By Maj. J. E. Ridgely. Prohobition Party. Harper & Bros. $1.50

_Birds and Their Ways._ By Ella Rodman Church. Presbyterian Board of Publication. $1.50

_The Russian Novel._ By Andrew J. Symington. Introduction by Lyman Abbott. T. W. Crofle & Co. $2.50

_The Register._ A Fable. By W. D. Howells. J. R. Ogden & Co. $1.50

_Schools and Studies._ By B. A. Hindale, A.M., Jas. R. Reynolds, B.D. E. S. Tatlock & Co. $1.50

_Baltic._ By Edgar S. Houghton. M'Ginno & Co. $2.50

_Wendell Phillips. By T. W. Higginson. Lee & Shepard. $1.50

_Fiction._

_The Pagans._ By Arie Bates. Henry Holt & Co. $1.00

_The New Abelard._ A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. [Franklin Square Libr.] Harper & Bros. $1.50

_The West Point Powder Plot._ A Romance on the Hudson. By Fush. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.50

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HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF FRANCE.*

There is so much of value in Mr. Hunnewell's itinerary of the historical buildings of France that it is cause for regret that he should not have made it better. The book, which bears evident marks of having been "manufactured" to suit a pre-determined purpose and set of illustrations, is somewhat after the mode of Mr. Augustus Hare's guide for Italy; but we miss in it not only the clear and accurate directions which make those works so available for the traveler, but also their wealth of literary allusion and reference. Of this latter there is almost nothing in Mr. Hunnewell's volume, and its absence is continually felt. He carries his abstinence to the point of omitting all legendary lore, and those historical bits which add the picturesque quality to localities; yet the temptation to employ these adjuncts must have been strong. In the church of Brus, for example, it would seem easier to advert to the quaint circumstances of its building and to Mr. Matthew Arnold's delightful (though inaccurate) poem on the subject than to omit all mention of them.

The book is beside greatly in need of a thorough revision by some one experienced in the use of clear, distinct English. Continually we find the style injured by overloading of epithet, or by the employment of such weakening, not to say dampening phrases as "probably," "almost," "quite," and "nearly." At times the obscurity seems to belong rather to the thought than simply to the expression. One has to read twice, for example, to make out exactly what the author meant by such a passage as this:

"America may boast of boundless forests as some of her great features, and then estimate how her supplies of timber rapidly grow scant or, in her older settled parts, may look for tracts where the undisturbed primitive condition of the land in all its quiet grandeur may be felt and studied.

Or, again:

A public parlor is not always found, and reading-rooms are not as numerous as in Switzerland; but pleasant, sometimes very handsome, specimens of both these places may be met with, One's apartment is his refuge (qu. who's?), and of course a family or party cares for nothing else, unless in summer houses.

It is in his descriptions of objects which have possessed his enthusiasm and tempted him to real study that Mr. Hunnewell is at his best, for example, in his chapter on Carcassonne, which is both clear and delightful, and in the sketches of the Amiens Cathedral and of the Chateaux of Pierrefonds and Coucy. The illustrations (by the heliotype process) of the volume are fairly good, and, as a work of reference for students of French history and historical architecture it will be found accurate and useful.

BY-WAYS OF NATURE AND LIFE.*

The title of this substantial volume is slightly misleading, as many of the places mentioned are anything but by-ways; which circumstance, however, is no reason for finding fault with an author who has provided so much interesting reading, every way worth putting into permanent form after having done preliminary duty in the columns of the New York Evening Post. The materials are in general well chosen, and are served up with taste and skill, in great variety, and with plenty of quotable passages, with not too much of any one thing. Ranging over east, west, north, and south in America, and with a few excellent touches upon the Old World. The author takes us to a part of London which most tourists know nothing about, "The Bowery," realms of "lowly human life, teeming with things curious, strange, and sad;" but even in this vast region of lowest humanity he finds one little "riff" to speak of, while a stereopticon was being used by a lecturer on America:

Suddenly while describing the capital at Wash-

ington, he flashed upon the screen a picture of the statue of Abraham Lincoln. There was a mo-

mentary hush, then the first applause of the even-

ing came like a thunder. A more impressive scene followed when, without a word of announcement, the face of Garfield appeared on the screen. The crowd knew it instantly. They rose to their feet and gave it roar after roar of welcome, outburst succeeding outburst, so that after several minutes the lecturer could scarcely proceed.

Mr. Deming picked up some interesting facts at the London Zoological Gardens, such as this: that the carnivorous animals, like lions and tigers, are readily tamed when brought there young, while in the case of deer, goats, and wild sheep, it is "precisely the reverse;" and this, that it is "talking" to wild animals that gains their good-will, and not "feeding," as the common belief is. He had the good fortune to see the workings of "A British Election-Day" in Northamp-}

ton, when Mr. Bradlaugh was up for candid-
}

ate, whom he describes as a stout man, some five feet eight inches high, with a moon face, relieved by a high and massive forehead. His voice, which is his greatest gift, is clear, resonant, and penetrating; he delivers his words fluently, and his whole appearance and oratorical posture suggest Mr. Beecher. As to the popular element in the gathering, it was far more boisterous and demonstrative than our American mass meetings.

Of special interest is the chapter on "England's Gun Foundry," to which not everybody with his shilling or his cent can give admittance. Only the few, after "tedious delays and endless snarls of red tape," can see those stupendous military works, where even in time of peace there is employment for about five thousand men, the number rising to fifteen or twenty thousand when England is stirred — as now over the Sou-

dan. After "London in a Fog," and "The Waterloo of Today," the reader is taken to Newfoundland, and treated to graphic accounts of the big tides, cod-fishing, seal-hunting, and the laying of ocean cables; thence to the tropics, and among other things, learns facts about the growth of the sugar cane which are so little known as to have all the effect of being new. Petroleum, coal-mines, "The Buried Forests of New Jersey," Western scenes and incidents, New England sketches and negro peculiarities add further to the variety and fill out the volume. If more books of this class could be put into the hands of boys and girls in place of many of that they now read, it would be vastly for their benefit; and, for school and village libraries this particular one is thoroughly to be recommended.

BETHESDA.*

Here is another American novel which, with all its defects, and its defects are serious, will take rank with the half dozen works of fiction that have rendered the last twelvemonth a somewhat noteworthy period in the development of American literature. The artistic value of Bethesda depends almost entirely upon a single point: the psychologi-

ical interest in the relations of a man and woman who are drawn into passionate love for each other by similarity of intellec-

tual tastes, and who, separated by what at first seems to be an insuperable barrier, are kept from wrong by the woman's nobility of soul and the man's adoration, which bends


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All his wishes to hers, until through that same inspiring motive they rise at last to utter self-renunciation. It is the unfolding of this theme to which the author devotes all her powers. The scene alternates from France and Italy to New York, the West, the White Mountains; but there is no attempt at the portrayal of "social types," no effort at guide-book effulgence of "local color." Here and there are random sketches — moonlight on the prairies, a sunrise at sea just within sight of land, a sunset among New England hills — which remain in the memory, yet these are very unimportant accessories. The minor characters, not more than half a dozen or so in number, are left without minute individualization, although the portraiture as far as it goes is fine and true. Thus the opening chapters are tame compared with the interplay of motives, the emotional intensity that gather force continually through the succeeding pages. But from the moment that Bethesda Hamilton meets René d'Istten all is changed. The meaning of the preliminary outlines becomes clear, and the reader finds himself drawn on through this drama of two passions by a subtle influence which he cannot resist. The story has a simplicity of method akin to that of a Greek tragedy, but it is modern in spirit, modern in its treatment of moral ideas and in its acceptance of the elevating power of a pure woman over those who come within the range of her affections.

Bethesda Hamilton is a type of the American girl who has not heretofore found her way into novels. Beautiful, gifted with that artistic temperament which idealizes all perceptions, however commonplace to other eyes; her appreciation for symphony, for love is easily understood and has nothing of morbid sentimentalism. In René d'Istten, a Frenchman, born and bred in Algiers, with the blood of the tropics in his veins, she finds her ideal. Their intimacy soon ripens into love, although the barrier between them is known to each. When they recognize the danger of their position it is Bethesda's native strength of character that sustains both.

She saw that she could not depend on him to help her; all the strength of denial must come from her; all the earnest and truth-compelling thought. He would follow where she led; this was the utmost she could expect of him now. I dare not longer judge each by the other. There was one side of her nature to which he must recognize that he did not respond. Where was it, she asked herself quickly, that she did not answer him?

However, the writing under the same dates in their journals proved their difference. On one day she wrote that she must do her utmost to reinstate him in his highest self-esteem; while he, far from his self-esteem having been lowered by these, wrote: "Thy glance ennoble me. Thou personificest my duty, my honour, my conscience, and something even more than these. Thou raisest me above myself. If thou shouldst abandon me, what would I become?"

When she felt an icy hand on her heart in seeing the face of her letter was due, her heart was burning within him, and he cried:

"There is no law, no distance, no malignity, capable of sundering us!"

What gave her courage in being able to help him to see the right and to do it were such sources as these: that I leave thee, it would be replacing joy by suffering; I acknowledge I have not the courage except as thou desirest it.

And again: "I resign myself to my fate, whatever it may be, if Bethesda imposes it upon me. Any other hand I defy!"

She must go along with the seductive waves, must set her feet firmly on the shore, and thence help him. She would save him if he were passable, which, as she conceived he would be. Perhaps, later, he might even help her. She took up the double burden without regret, but with a yearning feeling of loneliness she had never felt so deeply before. But she was resolute. It should be her life's work to win him to the sight of truth and duty. Through her he had fallen; if through her he could gain a higher standpoint, by force of having met and conquered a great temptation, she would feel her life spent. If she failed? She could never forgive herself.

Bethesda's struggle to get the victory over herself and to lead her lover to the moral height upon which she stands has at last its reward. This kind of coward, yielded to her through faith and trust, through time and illness and separation, is equal to the final test when she shows the possibility of happiness within her grasp and turns away to the higher goal of duty. She tells René what he must do to make reparation for the past, and asks, her face radiant with hope, "You will?"

There was a little silence, while Bethesda's eyes seemed to glow and hold it to her high purpose. Then: "I never disobeyed you yet," he said. "I shall not now. I will do my best. Ah, my Bethesda!" he exclaimed presently, reciting that he had won his own highest approval in winning hers. "Each time I approach you I see a new height of truth. You have cured me of one evil another ever since the pool of your heart was first stirred for me."

"No, it is only Christ who can do that," she answered softly. "He bids you drop the burden of the past and begin in a new life, free. He will bless you in it, René; go."

The passages quoted will indicate sufficiently well the wholesome moral tone of the book, a tone which takes its note from the loftiest aspirations and rises above the gross and material into an atmosphere of hope and faith and peace. Bethesda is unquestionably a novel of depth, originality, and power. It marks a tendency in fiction which is destined to bring forth noble results.

The ungrateful task of pointing out defects of style is doubly ungrateful when it concern a work like this. But just criticism must note take of faults as well as of virtues.

The style of Bethesda is, then, very bad, it is careless; it is often absolutely ungrammatical; and it is more or less permeated with the base contagion of newspaper English. "I wonder who it was made for?"

"It's not me, Eura; and it could not be helped." — "She is used up entirely, poor child... She needs something to take her mind off." — "I was a sog's somewhere, and she laid it on the first sog that came to hand." — During the next few days Mrs. Trescott thought of nothing, to all appearance, but to after M. d'Istten.

You were thinking of the sermon we just heard?"

"No, not the sermon. I don't care for those. They seem rather to interfere than to assist." — "Different as had been their religious education, different as were their character." — "I am envious of every person whom I hear has been accidentally killed;" — these are fair specimens of the grosser errors which abound. One would like to know what a "young shadow" is, or what sort of a sky it may be that has the aspect of "a reticent question." And there is a great deal of pseudo-artistic slang. René was "preminently aristocratic." The ornaments of a certain house were of pronounced value; each apartment had "an aspect distinctively handsome;" and the house itself was "eminently characteristic of its owners." We have recorded some fifty similar lapses from good taste, and it must be confessed that they will do much to repel cultivated readers, for they are singularly out of harmony with the spiritual refinement which marks the author's purpose and method.

MR. J. R. GREEN'S LAST WORK.*

The most striking thing in this book is the first thing in it, a portrait on steel of the lamented author whose death was one of the last year's greatest losses in literature. The portrait is an engraving by Stodart from a chalk drawing by Sandy's, and is a remarkable portrait, distressingly remarkable. We do not remember ever to have seen the expression of physical suffering in a human countenance so powerfully depicted. The drawing was apparently made as the dying historian, dying by inches, but holding to his work with indomitable will, sat propped up in his chair or lay weakly on his bed. The loose folds of some sick-man's garment hang lighty about his shoulders. The head is a noble head, with a lofty dome-like forehead, the hair scarcely advancing beyond the crown. The eyes are clear, vivid, and penetrating. The cheeks are not particularly wasted. It is about the mouth that the expression of intense suffering is concentrated. The lips are open, showing the upper teeth; and no imagination merely could have sketched the deep lines that hallow the face and draw the skin back toward the jaws. A living sufferer must have guided the artist's hand, and the artist's hand have followed his subject with wonderful — painful fidelity. A fine type of many intellectual beauty lies behind this death-mask; but the death-mask itself — this dying visage of one of the truest scholars and ablest writers and purest spirits known to modern England history, is enough to haunt one's dreams.

The next most striking thing in this book is the second thing in it, Mrs. Green's preface, in which she pathetically describes Mr. Green's heroic struggles with disease, the

fearful odds against which he struggled to complete his task, and the conditions under which he surrendered to the last enemy, and left the work which now as well as she can she presents to the reader. The annals of literature furnish few parallels to the triumph of the will over the sensibilities instanced in the case of Mr. Green:

In the early spring of 1884 he was seized by a heart disease, and it needed but little time to show that there could never be any return to hope. . . . At the moment of his greatest illness, when fear had deepened into the conviction that he had scarcely a few weeks to live, his decision was made. The old plans for work were taken out, and from these a new scheme was rapidly drawn up in such a form that if strength lasted it might be wrought into a continuous narrative, while if life failed some finished part of it might be embodied in the earlier "History." Thus, under the shadow of death, the "Making of England" was begun. During the five summer months in which it was written that shadow never lifted. . . . Life, from day to day, wore out that time by the astonishing force of his own will. . . . His courage took no touch of gloom or sorrow; every moment of comparative ease was given to his task; when such moments failed, hours of languor and distress were endured with the same undaunting patience. . . . Unable in his extreme weakness to write a line with his own hand, he was forced for the first time to dictate; he did not even attempt to mark the corrections on his printer's proofs, and these, too, were dictated by dictation and corrections for the volume were drawn up as books were carried one by one to his bedside, and the notes from them entered by his secretaries. The spring of 1882 found the same frail and suffering life still left to him. But sickness had no force to quench the ardor of his spirit. . . . The book in this earlier form was finished and printed in the summer, though in the pressing peril of the time the final chapters were so brief as to be scarcely more than outlines. Once more he was forced to leave England for the south. In spite of frequent illnesses, and opposed by heavy suffering, he then reviewed his whole work with earnest care. . . . The difficulty of the subject roused in him a life resolved to make important changes. . . . The printed book was once cancelled. With a last effort of supreme ardor and constancy, he set himself to a task which he knew he could not finish. A new opening chapter was formed. . . . But as the chapter drew towards its end his strength failed. The pages which now close it were the last words ever written by his hand—words written one morning in haste for weakness had already drawn on so fast that when in weakness he at last laid down his pen he never again found strength even to read over the words he had set down.

Such was the battle of this choice and master-spirit; who shall say that he did not win?

As for the book itself it is a fragment, but one of its fragments that are most nearly complete and perfect than some men's finished wholes. It simply traverses, by different paths, and with a new purpose and method, a part of the broad field through which Mr. Green has, once rapidly, and a second time more slowly, led us before. Its eleven chapters trace the growth of England—from the days of Egbert, 800-856, to the Norman Conquest, 1053-1071. Two hundred years of English history are here under the keen-edged dissection and powerful microscope of one of the most distinguished of historians—alas that we can no longer say living historians. The subject has not the intrinsic fascination which the archological element lent to the Making of England; it has more philosophical meanings; it is not without graphic pictorial touches reproductive of spots and moments in England's early life; and the part taken in it by the Vikings out of the north, by the great and good Alfred, by the Danes, by Canute, or Cnut, as Mr. Green rather unceremoniously spells his name—and by William of Normandy, marks it with distinguished points. Readers with minds in their heads will feed upon its thorough scholarship, its patiently recovered facts, its careful style; and will lay it up as the true monument—a broken shaft—of its learned, loved, lamented author.

Creation.

Arnold Guyot, the twin brother of the elder Agassiz in American sciences, was born in Neuchatel, Switzerland, Sept. 9, 1829. Graduating from the University of Berlin (1853), he pursued his studies for some years at Paris, first in the direction of theology, but was soon diverted to natural history as his life work. From 1859 to 1865 he was a professor in the Academy of Neuchatel, and, in conjunction with Agassiz, he studied the glaciers and geology of his native country, and elaborated the present "glacial theory," which has worked such a change in later geological science. In 1865, at the suggestion of Agassiz, who presided over him, he came to America. His first work was the delivery, in Boston, of a series of lectures in French, translated by Professor Field as The Earth and Man, which was almost a revelation this side the water, and indeed had hardly been equaled anywhere. For some years he was largely employed by the Smithsonian Institution in preparing the instruments, directions, tables, etc., and organizing generally the system of meteorological observations which in its practical development has made it in this direction the foremost nation of the world. As a lecturer on Physical Geography before educational institutions, and as the author of "Guyot's Geographies," he totally revolutionized the old-time teaching of that subject in our schools. He was appointed a professor in Princeton in 1854, and was one of the editors-in-chief of Johnson's Cyclopaedia. For years he was engaged in physical observations of great value in the Appalachian Mountain System and in many a basin, all through the mountains from Maine to Georgia his personal presence and kindly words will long be held in cherished remembrance. His geographical labors were crowned with the medal of progress at the Vienna Exposition, 1873. One of the foremost in science and educational progress, he was equally prominent in his simple, earnest Christian faith. He died on the 8th of February last.

The little book before us, which received the last touches of its author's dying hand, is a fitting end to both his scientific and Christian life.

"In the beginning of the winter of 1846," so reads the preface to this posthumous volume, "having just finished writing a lecture on the Creation, which was to be a part of a public course of Physical Geography that I was then delivering at Newchastel, Switzerland, I flashed upon my mind that the outlines I had been tracing, guided by the results of scientific inquiry then available, were precisely those of the grand history given in the first chapter of Genesis. In the same hour I explained this remarkable coincidence to the intelligent audience which it was my privilege to address." For generations the Christian world had settled down upon the entire literalness of the sacred narrative, so that it was assailed as almost skepticism to question it. But the new interpretation very rapidly grew in favor; it has been held, with slight differences of detail, by such names as Professor Dana, Principal Dawson, President Chadbourne, and may now be safely said to be, "for substance," the interpretation given by educated orthodoxy everywhere.

In this little book of 136 large-type pages, Professor Guyot gives us the outlines of his theory and argument as they appeared to him after more than forty years of matured thought. Perhaps the best thing we can do here is to give his own brief summary as found at the close of the volume. We give only the "scientific" half of the parallel columns:

First Day. First activity of matter.
Gravity. Chemical Action. Concentration of diffused matter into one or more nebulae, appearing as luminous spots in the dark space of heaven.

Second Day. Division.
The primitive nebula is divided into smaller nebulous masses.
Formation of the visible, lower, starry world.

Third Day. Concentration.
(a) The nebulous masses concentrate into stars.
Our sun becomes a nebular star. Formation of the mineral mass of the earth by chemical combination of the solid crust, the sea, and atmosphere. The earth self-luminates. Sun first appearance of land. Azotic rocks.
(b) First infusorial plants and protozoa.

Fourth Day.
Chemical action subsides. The earth loses its photosphere; sun and moon become visible. First succession of day and night, of seasons and years. Differences of climate begin.

Fifth Day.
Plants and animals appear successively in the order of their rank—marine animals, fishes, reptiles, and birds. First great display of land plants. Coal beds. Paleozoic and mesozoic ages.

Sixth Day.
Predominance of mammals; the highest animals. The beasts of the earth, carnivorous; the cattle. Herbivorous animals. Tertiary ages. Creation of man. Quaternary age.

Seventh Day. Sabbath.
No material creation. Introduction of the moral world. Age of man.

The curious reader will be interested in comparing Prof. Dawson's similar table, Origin of the World, p. 353, and also President Chadbourne's account, Natural Theology, Lect. XII. While Christian scientists
are, for the most part, well settled in one form or another which Prof. Guyot's original explanation has taken, there still remains in the popular mind much perplexity and difficulty on the subject. To clergymen and others desirous of clearing up these lingering doubts, this compact and authoritative presentation of the argument must prove extremely helpful. The book is printed and bound with very handsome plainness. The nine full-page plates are unequal to their place; a few are good, but an illustrative plate, they bear no comparison to the spirited cuts in Dawson's Earth and Man. An occasional slip in proof-reading appears, as Laerentian for Laurentian, p. 78; Paleozoic, p. 138, but Paleozooic, p. 110.

OBER'S MEXICO.*

This is considerably the largest, freshest, and most instructive work on Mexico. It is a solid octavo of 672 pages. Its 190 illustrations mostly are illustrations, and are certified as being "mainly from the author's photographs and sketches." The author is a vigorous young American, who has made a literary name for himself by a previous volume, Camps in the Caribbees. His work here rests upon nine months of actual travel and residence in Mexico, and more than two years of study of the subject. Its style is plain and matter-of-fact. It is full of information, full not in the mere encyclopedic or guide-book sense, but in the sense that an intelligent man is full of knowledge of the country he has been visiting, which he can impart in a vivacious and entertaining manner. The book takes the reader along.

It is in three parts and thirty chapters: (1) Yucatan, (2) Central and Southern Mexico, and (3) the Border States; of which the middle portion has about three times the bulk of either the first or the last. Yucatan is stepping-stone to Mexico out of the Atlantic; Northern Mexico, the Valley of the Rio Grande, the State of Chihuahua, and the Sonora coast, are the frontier toward the United States. Mr. Ober approached Yucatan from Cuba, landing at Progreso, visiting Merida, and Uxmal, the buried city, with its ruins of a splendid civilization, so old that no trace of it is known to history. Yucatan has the oldest monuments in America, shows parallels to the antiquities of Chaldean and Egypt, is a rich mine for archeologists, and entertains visitors of simpler tastes with tigers, lizards, hemp, cotton, turkeys, logwood, parrots, cocoa-nuts, mangroves, Spanish beauty, and tropical politeness. A voyage across the Bay of Campeche to Vera Cruz, and a ride by rail to the City of Mexico, brings the reader in two more chapters to the heart of the subject. To Mexico the city Mr. Ober devotes seven chapters; with leisurely descriptions of streets, buildings, people, missions, manners, homes, festivals, and all the details of national character and life. Then he visits Chapultepec and Popo-catapeti; takes a journey in a rattling diligence; sketches in one long and valuable chapter the present great railway movement in Mexico; looks in upon the silver mines to study the processes and prospects of the working of that precious metal; explores the Toltec ruins of Tula, Teotihuacan, and Tezoco; visits Tlaascal, Puebla, and Cholula; and returns through Southern Mexico to Havana.

The trip to the frontier States of Mexico, which forms the concluding third of the volume, was independent of the other, and was made direct from New York by rail, on a through ticket to the Aztec capital. Here are afforded new views of the great railway connections reaching up to the North; and of the busy valley of the Rio Grande, with its growing towns and active industries; and in the Apache country the Indian question is touched, and there is a glimmer in the distance of the gold excitement in Lower California.

What Mr. Ober has written of all this makes it distinctly a book of travels, and as distinctly a book of descriptions. The works of other writers are at his elbow, for consultation, for reference; but what he has written is obviously his own, and through his eyes the reader sees the Mexican and his country as they are. In an unusual degree we find this handsome book to combine information and entertainment. More thorough than Brocklehurst's, more business-like than Bishop's, more recent than Haven's, it is emphatically satisfactory, and is beyond comparison the book to be read by every student of the Mexico of today, who has time to do it justice.

THE HUTCHINSON DIARY.*

This octavo of well-nigh 600 pages is of London make, though wearing an American imprint. Its aspect is thoroughly English, from title-page to printer's signature. The subject of it was American born with a British heart. He will be remembered as the unpopular Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts at the outbreak of the Revolution; whose house was sacked for his published sympathy with the stamp-act in 1765. To two of his sons was the famous tea consigned which was upset into Boston Harbor one December night in 1773. In June following he withdrew from a place which was becoming too hot for him to England, and died there. In 1780, he published a History of Massachusetts Bay (London: 1765-7) and a Collection of Original Papers relating to the colony in 1769; and from his MSS. a history of Massachussetts from 1749 to 1774 was prepared by his grandson, the Rev. J. H. Hutchinson, of Trentham, England, in 1828. The editor of this volume of his Diary and Letters is one of his great-grandsons.

The diary and letters of Gov. Hutchinson are by no means, however, all included in this volume, large as it is. Of the diary in its original manuscript there are not less than seven volumes, to say nothing of the letters; and of the seven volumes of manuscript the contents of only the first three, which are the thinnest of the seven, have been got into this one volume of print; leaving the four thicker volumes to be used elsewhere. Nor is the diary, nor are all the letters, printed entire. What is printed is printed verbatim and literal, as it should be; but the editor in copying has not hesitated to leave out "what is useless or irrelevant." Not that there is anything in Governor Hutchinson's writings, his great-grandson rather proudly says, "that need be withheld from any living eye;" but there are blanks which do occur for matter that "was useless, or foreign to the subject, or utterly valueless to retain."

The book has an index, but most singularly, unaccountably, and unjustifiably, no table of contents. The diary proper begins with Chapter V, at p. 152, with the account of the Governor's return to England, tracing the incidents of his voyage across the Atlantic by the ship "Minerva," and following his movements in England until the close of 1775. The first four chapters of the book are in the nature of an historical introduction, partly in the language of the Governor, partly in that of his great-grandson, the editor, setting forth the rise of the revolutionary struggle, the Governor's part therein from his point of view, and the leading steps of his personal career. Some pages in Chapter II are filled with a reprint of a curious memorandum book, "the oldest MS. still remaining in the family," a little tome, about an inch thick, bound in dark green leather, which belonged to Abigail Hutchinson, a three-times married aunt of the Governor, who used it for such entries as this:

thomas Adkins, Dr.  486.
as followeth  36 pound mony
615 by Mr foundations
4 pound by Mr Carter
317 of Mr Witscomb
more mony — 10 L d
less mony — 10 L d
1060 give
19 16

The life proper of Governor Hutchinson begins on p. 45 with his birth, in Boston, "Sunday, September 9th, 1711, about 11 o'clock in the evening;" "the first person born in the house which had been built between twenty and thirty years, which afterwards came to him by inheritance." He entered Harvard College in 1729, and graduated in 1737; and

All the time he was at College he carried on a little trade by sending ventures in his father's


* The Diary and Letters of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson. By Poor Orlando Hutchinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.00.
vessels, and kept a little paper Journal and Leger [sic], and entered in it every dinner, supper, breakfast, and every article of expense, of a shilling; which practice soon became pleasant.

From college he entered his father's counting-house for four years, and tried to make up by evening study for college neglects; but was rather given to gay company until he was twenty-two, when he fell in love with a Margaret Sanford, whom he married in 1734. A year later he was admitted to the church; in 1737 was chosen selectman of the town of Boston, and then a representative to the General Court; in 1732 was appointed Judge of Probate and Justice of the Common Pleas, and in 1738 Lieutenant-Governor. So that Mr. Thomas Hutchinson had a rapid rise, and by the time he was forty-seven had got well up in the world. Then came the stamp-act, unpopularity, the hateful tea, and his removal to England.

From June 1, 1774, to December 30, 1775, ran the entries in the English diary which form the remainder of the volume. The loyal governor has got away from the disloyal colonists, and is at home with the King and his ministers, with lords, ladies, bishops, and good British generally. He seems to have nothing particular to even drives about, and dines, and explores town and country, and visits mansion houses and castles and villas and seats, and talks politics, and attends divine worship. July 1st he has an interview with the King, and gives him news of rebellious Boston, and particulars of Dr. Caner and the Episcopalians, of Doctor Pemberton and the Dissenters, with reasons why no wheat is raised in that province, etc., etc. Later in the month he is "introduced" to the Queen; he dines with Lord Suffolk at Bushy Park; and with Sir Francis Bernard at Allesbury, whom he finds "more altered by a parliactick shocck" than he expected; he visits the Tower, and hunts up the room where the Earl of Essex cut his throat; he meets thirty-two or three of the East India Directors at the London Tavern in Bishopsgate Street "at a most magnificent entertainment;" he has an hour with Lord North; he goes a-fishing in the river Lea near Lewes, and catches "3 or 4 pickeller, and a perch among the whole;" he has an unhappy letter from General Gage, and gets mournful news from Boston; he spends an afternoon in the House of Lords; calls upon the Bishop of London; attends a meeting of the Board of Trade; takes an airing as far as Kentish Town; hears Dr. Fordyce preach at Silver Street on the Death of Lazarus, and says:

In reading the Chapter, when he came to — "By this time — he very gracefully went on — "The next words had been better translated the smelleth offensively." A very small congregation in a decent house.

During these years of English residence Governor Hutchinson was a gentleman of leisure, of means, of acquaintance, of station, of experience, of some distinction, who had information to give, whose opinions were sought, who moved easily and with self-respect and self-possession in the best circles, and whose diary of sayings and doings through eighteen months has interest as such. Would you like to have been in England when England was trying to put down revolution in the American Colonies? This book places you there, and at the center.

Governor Hutchinson was the great-grandfather not only of Peter Orlando Hutchinson; he was one progenitor of that tribe of American apostates, to whom almost anything English is preferable to almost anything American. Let every man go to his own place, say we, as Governor Hutchinson went to his.

**SACREDOTAL CELIBACY.**

This book is worth re-reading and owning. It is certainly a curious record. Mr. Lea shows wide reading, fair-mindedness, and a commendable absence of passion or denunciation, though he writes from the Protestant standpoint. His book can hardly be praised for its form, for its way of jumping from one country to another, and back and forward in time, breaks the continuity of interest, and blurs the lines of development. But the book is a store-house of facts, from the 2d to the 19th century, and the industry and wisdom shown in the gathering are markworthy. It is a clear and clean book on matters which often approach the gates of indelicacy.

Mr. Lea argues that the origin of sacerdotal celibacy was in the East, and before our Lord's time, and defends his position by reference to Buddhist monasticism. We do not think that he, any more than De Quincey, makes out his case when he alleges that Jesus was an Essene, or that his religion is tinged with asceticism. But he shows how from a very early date celibacy, especially in priests, was greatly honored among Christians. The idea undoubtedly arose from certain misinterpreted sayings of our Lord, and from a philosophy, clearly heretical in its conclusions, that matter is evil, and purity depends on freeing one's self from all its entanglements. Christian monasticism in the East early assumed graver proportions and threatened the order of society until the civil authorities were compelled to repress it. The Council of Elvira (305 [7] A.D.) first enjoined sacerdotal celibacy, and the great Council of Nicaea (325 A.D.) made a canon which has been always appealed to against the marriage of clergymen. This injunction came only to be obeyed after one of the longest and bitterest struggles known in human history. As every one knows, the secular clergy of the Greek Church, which has always occupied the oldest Christian provinces, and is conservative, have been always permitted to marry. By slow degrees the bonds of celibacy, torn off again and again only to be replaced, were finally riveted at Trent upon the whole Roman clergy. The story is long, perplexed, and in parts shameful.

That there are reasons, and shrewd ones, in favor of sacerdotal celibacy in a church like that of Rome, no student of the matter doubts. Clerical celibacy, breaking the priesthood away as it does from even the strongest interests which bind men to society, creates a corps of Janissaries out of the clergy. An unmarried clergy, again, cannot divide property among children, but it naturally falls to the church.

To illustrate the celibate temper a story may be told of a priest of Nusria, who thinking to follow the sabhas put away his wife. Years after, as he lay on his death-bed, she came to bid him a last farewell. She placed a mirror to his lips to see whether life was yet extinct, when her kindly ministrations roused the dying man's asceticism, and he gathered strength enough to exclaim, "Woman, depart. Take away the straw, for there is yet fire here," and so passed on to glory. A kindred story, told of the great Gregory, touching in his sickness his niece's necklace, who came to see him, and so losing his power to pray until the Virgin restored him, shows the same temper. In some provinces priests who married were held to be guilty of heresy and punished accordingly. Wickliffe and Huss held to clerical celibacy; Luther to the opposite. The struggle of the British clergy with the problem of sacerdotal celibacy demands a very curious volume by itself. Queen Elizabeth's asceticism and views of clerical marriages are perhaps one of the most curious passages in the unwritten history of the world.

The questions involved in sacerdotal celibacy we choose altogether to avoid. Mr. Lea raises some of them; especially how far celibacy actually obtains today among those who outwardly submit to the Nicene canon. His fairness towards Rome may be gathered from his hope for the time "when the diffusion of education and the growth of intelligence will enable man to throw off the trammels which still are requisite to his well-being and his well-doing, and will seek and obey his Creator without an intermedierium;" but until that time comes Latin Christianity has a mission from which it cannot be spared. The book has a very elaborate index.

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*The time for the publication of the last two volumes of the life of Carlyle by Froude is drawing near. The English edition of the work the whole announcement is almost ready for publication. It may be interesting to know that the volume of Mrs. Carlyle's letters and diary of all this literature has found the widest sale.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, APRIL 5, 1884.

To the Reader of the Post Office at Boston, Mass., or nearest daily mailer.

THE BRYENNIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

The last few days have brought to this country early copies of the just published manuscript of the "Teaching of the Apostles," a literary "find" of much interest and some importance. Of great importance, perhaps, we ought to say, if we were to weigh it as does the learned editor of the New York Independent, who has quite lost his head over it. "A splendid exhibition of scholarship" he calls the publication. The "darling theories" of "several denominations" are "destroyed" by it. It will "smite" with "crushing power the sectarian prejudices of the several Churches of Christendom." It is "by all odds the most important writing exterior to the New Testament, now in the possession of the Christian world."

Not quite so fast or so far, good Independents, let us take a little more sober view of the facts.

In 1875, Philotheos Bryennios, then Metropolitan of Serrae in ancient Mesopotamia, now Metropolitan of Nicomedia in Asia Minor, discovered in the Library of the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre in a Greek quarter of Constantinople, a manuscript, consisting of 120 octavo parchment leaves written in the cursive character. It was signed "Leon, notary and sinner," and of date 1595 A.D. On examination it was found to contain (1) Chrysostom's Synopsis of the Books of the Old and New Testament; (2) the Epistle of Barnabas; (3) two Epistles of Clement, including portions hitherto lost; (4) a writing entitled "The Teaching of the Apostles," (5) an Epistle of Mary of Cassobela to Ignatius, and (6) eight epistles of Ignatius, including beside the current seven, one to Mary the Virgin. Archbishop Bryennios at once announced his discovery, the announcement attracting much attention, and promised to publish the contents of the MS. as soon as he was able. The Epistles of Clement appeared at once. Now, nine years after the discovery, "The Teaching of the Apostles" is given to the world in a carefully edited volume of some 225 pages; of which about 150 are occupied with Prolegomena, 55 by the Text and Notes, and 20 with indexes and appendices. The "Teaching," translated, with a full critical introduction, may be found in the "Annotation Review" for April, whose early presentation of it was a great stroke of journalistic enterprise; it has also been published in pamphlet form, text, and translation, with a few notes, by Charles Scribner's Sons. A reprint of the Constantinople edition as prepared by Bryennios is desirable, with a translation of course of the Prolegomena and Notes by Bryennios.

We have not the space to recite the critical analysis made of this "Teaching of the Apostles" by its learned Nicomedian editor. Suffice it to say that its author is unknown; that it belongs probably to the first half, perhaps the first quarter, of the Second Century; that it is undoubtedly the identical "Teaching" or "Teachings" referred to by Clement of Alexandria, by Eusebius, by Athanasius, by Nicephorus, and in the "Apostolical Constitutions." The discovery of this early known and long lost writing is of course an event.

The importance of the document lies in the fact that it speaks of and for the Christian Church at a point where other voices have been silent. The first half of the Second Century has been the tunnel section in the history of Christianity. The Apostolic Fathers have shown us the Church entering this passage; the Sub-Apostolic Fathers have shown us the Church emerging from it; here is a faint opening into the dark tunnel itself. It is something to be thankful for, although we cannot see through it very far or very much.

"The Teaching of the Apostles" is in Greek, and extends to 203 lines. "Teaching of the Lord, through the Twelve Apostles, to the Nations," is its sub-title. It is divided into 16 chapters. The first 6 are ethical and religious; the next 4 contain liturgical directions and forms, specifically for Baptism and the Lord's Supper; the next 3 relate to the orders, powers, and rights of the ministry; the 16th and last is again ethical, with an outlook toward the Last Things. The New Testament spirit is marked throughout. There are some 50 references to books of the New Testament; 50 to books of the Old. The writer was particularly familiar with the Sermon on the Mount; he quotes the Lord's Prayer, doxology and all; but he nowhere cites the Fourth Gospel nor the Second. St. Matthew's and St. Luke's, evidently, he had before him or well in mind. The leading points of the "Teaching" are its inclusion of the highest type of Christian morals, its preference for baptism in "living" water, its non-inclusion of the idea of the baptism of infants, its placing of the Cup before the Bread in the Eucharist, and its recognition of a Lord's Day, but not of a Sabbath, and of "bishops" and "deacons" without an intermediate order between.

This "Teaching of the Apostles" was one of the last books opened by the late Ezra Abbot. When asked his opinion of it he said he was struck by the simplicity of its prayers, and by the fact that they seemed addressed not to Christ, but to the Father, through Christ. Further opinion he characteristically reserved.

Anything very new or very startling in the "Teaching of the Apostles" we fail to find. It is chiefly valuable as an unlooked for confirmation from an important quarter of some views which the more candid theological scholarship of our times has already accepted. To hail it as a "smiter," a "crusher," a "destroyer," is absurd. Such an extravagant emphasis will in the end only weaken a legitimate influence, which may properly be considerable.

Ezra Abbot.

This scholar of scholars, who died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 21st, had, in his province — the critical knowledge of the New Testament Text, no equal in this country, and perhaps no superior abroad. There was a fine fitness in his name; he was the Ezra of his times. There was a fine fitness in his look, which was rabinic — a tall, slender, stooping, heavy-haired man, whose figure was an impersonation of severe thought, with keen eyes which looked out at you fortively for an instant before his face lit up at recognition with the radiance of the soul within. He lived at the center of the New Testament considered as a text; the eyes of his students in the Old World and the New waited on him; until he spoke judgment was reserved; when he had spoken there was nothing further to be said. Yet there was no trace of dogmatism, of pedantry, of conceit, of self-consciousness about him. If he was one of the most learned of living specialists, he was one of the humblest, gentlest, simplest of men. His learning was like a watch; a marvelous instrument, intricate, delicate, accurate, but carried out of sight; he took it out only when he was asked the time of day.

Dr. Abbot was a native of Jackson, Maine, where he was born April 28, 1819. He was a farmer's son, fitted for college at Exeter, graduated at Bowdoin in 1840, taught five years at East Machias in Maine, and moved to Cambridge in 1847. The nearly forty years of residence in this final home were divided between a teachership in the High School, an assistant librarianship in the College Library, and a professorship in the Divinity School. The experiment which determined his success as a bibliographer, was a "Classed Catalogue of the Library of the Cambridge High School." The venture which connected his name with Biblical studies was a letter to Andrews Norton on the latter's "Genuineness of the Gospels." The position which gave him his widest opportunity was his place on the American Committee of Revision.

In a limited sense only was Dr. Abbot an author. He was an editor, a compiler, a reviser, a critic; an overseer and helper of other men's labors, perfecting what would otherwise have been imperfect. Other names received the honor, he did the work. He freely gave to others what money could buy, but no man ever purchased the author of distinctness has been saved from humiliating error by his careful and exact knowledge. Leipsic sent him its most difficult proof-sheets for critical revision. One of the first
two copies which reached this country of Bryennio's edition of the newly discovered "Teaching of the Apostles" fell to him as master of course. He was never a clergyman, and, like Howard Crosby of New York, was a Doctor of Divinity by gift of Harvard College, in recognition of his theological learning. He was also Master of Arts from Harvard and Doctor of Laws from Yale. He had absolutely no self-assurance; his knowledge only did he put forward, and that only as it was required. He preferred for himself the background, to stand behind others, to inform them, advise them, supplement them, and he did it all with a modesty, a generosity, a cheerfulness to which words could not do justice. He was not lost in the letter of the New Testament. The soul of it was transmuted into him.

Professor Abbot — as some would more naturally entitle him — was in one sense the most learned theologian in the United States, because he confined himself to the one department of New Testament studies, and had, as we have seen above, that taste for bibliographic work without which no scholar can attain to supreme accuracy. Dr. Schaff has covered five or ten times the ground that Professor Abbot worked, and nearly every theological professor in the United States is obliged to teach a much larger subject than the textual criticism of the New Testament; but a number of happy circumstances combined to make Professor Abbot the first authority in exegesis. Having never pariah work to do, which generally interferes with scholarly pursuits, he yet taught school — the best possible preparation for a life consecrated to learning. The earlier theologians of this country could do very little in the way of textual criticism, because they had no original documents to work with, and were obliged to take nearly their entire knowledge of the New Testament manuscripts at second hand. Professor Abbot, on the other hand, kept abreast of every step which revealed the Alexandrine, Vatican, and Sinaitic codices to the world, and the scholar in Cambridge thus became the peer of Tischendorf, Westcott, and Hort. This would have been impossible but for the photographic and similar copies of the ancient manuscripts now extant. He was also obliged (like the rest) to teach the interpretation as well as the textual criticism of the New Testament. It was his extra-class-room study which gave him his preeminence.

Another happy circumstance in Professor Abbot's life was his course of promotion — from the Cambridge High School to the Harvard Library, and from the Harvard Library to the Divinity School Professorship which he magnified. These outward opportunities were supplemented by his extraordinary capacity of mind. Neither his own belief, nor the theological institution in which he taught, required him to defend or support any particular theory or dogma. On the contrary, he could pursue his love of facts to the utmost, and like all theologians of the highest type he taught historical facts in preference to individual opinions. The results of this career appear in his famous catalogue of all works in eschatology, in his defense of the Fourth Gospel, and in his improvements of Smith's Bible Dictionary. There was no visible power to keep Professor Abbot, the Unitarian, from radicalism and negativism; but his scholarship, his respect for facts, compelled him to be conservative, very much as Winer was led into conservatism while working on his Grammar of the New Testament Dictionary. Finally, Professor Abbot had the rare fortune of working in that field of theology which is now attended to in preference to ecclesiastical history and systematic divinity. For the essence of modern theology seems to lie in exegesis and criticism. And Professor Abbot was as surely the greatest of all American students in New Testament criticism as the elder Hodge has given us the best system yet of American Calvinism.

Professor Abbot was probably the most amiable of all American scholars, extrava- gant though it may seem to say so. Indiff erent to mere opinions, to mere display, and to mere speculation, he was strictly a scien- tist, a positivist, though not the latter in the sectarian sense. No student ever applied to Professor Abbot for useful information without receiving it, if he had it to give. We do not call him a great original theologian; he was not a theological artist; but as a scholar in the New Testament he may well be pointed out for decades to come as the one American of learning whom the younger generation should venerate as a model.

In citing authorities, it was a fixed principle with Dr. Abbot to go to the fountain-head for information. Many a time has he been known to make a special errand to the College Library to verify a single reference, or to convince himself that his fine memory had not misled him in any particular. He chose to rely on original sources for instruction. That ten men said a thing to be so was not enough for him. He must see what they saw with their own eyes. He never accepted as second-hand men, by incurring any amount of labor, he could consult the original. His frequent habit of allowing his manuscript to wait before committing it to the press gave his mind opportunity to ripen to the subject under consideration. As a disputant he was guided simply by a love of truth. Of a most kindly spirit, and in earnest sympathy with all who pursue a line of thought for the truth’s sake, we should say he naturally shrank from controversy. But when inquisitiveness became to him a matter of conscience, he studied and weighed both sides without any apparent partiality or prejudice. Like the late Dr. James Walker, of whose methods and habits of thought he often expressed the deepest veneration, he began his pursuit of the Old Testament as forcibly as he could; using his very words, if possible, that there might be no unfairness in the preliminary statement. That done, he felt at liberty to give utterance to his own convictions. But if anything like undue impetuosity appeared in his first draught, he would deliberately cut out all personalities — everything that seemed to him to border on extravagance or overstatement.


Some of Dr. Abbot's more important contributions to periodicals are these: Byman's Greek Testament. Bibliotheca Sacra. October, 1855. On the Reading "Only begotten God" in John 1:18; with the necessary reference to the College Library to verify a single reference, or to convince himself that his fine memory had not misled him in any particular. He chose to rely on original sources for instruction. That ten men said a thing to be so was not enough for him. He must see what they saw with his own eyes. He never accepted as second-hand men, by incurring any amount of labor, he could consult the original. His frequent habit of allowing his manuscript to wait before committing it to the press gave his mind opportunity to ripen to the subject under consideration. As a disputant he was guided simply by a love of truth. Of a most kindly spirit, and in earnest sympathy with all who pursue a line of thought for the truth’s sake, we should say he naturally shrank from controversy. But when inquisitiveness became to him a matter of conscience, he studied and weighed both sides without any apparent partiality or prejudice. Like the late Dr. James Walker, of whose methods and habits of thought he often expressed the deepest veneration, he began his pursuit of the Old Testament as forcibly as he could; using his very words, if possible, that there might be no unfairness in the preliminary statement. That done, he felt at liberty to give utterance to his own convictions. But if anything like undue impetuosity appeared in his first draught, he would deliberately cut out all personalities — everything that seemed to him to border on extravagance or overstatement.

THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY.

Nearly four years ago this Society was begun, appropriately at Gramercy, and its work since then has been varied and useful. It was formed, as its Constitution states:

(1) as a Bond of Union amongst those who are in sympathy with the life and spirit of Wordsworth; (2) to promote and extend the study of his Poems, in particular to carry on the literary work of Wordsworth then being done in connection with the Text and Chronology of the Poems, and the Local Allusions which they contain; (3) to collect for preservation, and it thought desirable, for publication, Original Letters, and unpublished Reminiscences of the Poet; (4) to prepare a Record of opinion with reference to Wordsworth, then to be the present time, and to investigate any points connected with the first appearance of his works.

Meetings are held in London every spring.
and after a volume of Transactions is printed containing the President's address and such other papers as were read or presented at the meeting. These transactions are not published. I am indebted to those members on the roll who have paid the yearly subscription of five shillings. Owing to the quantity of matter in the last volume the subscription was made ten shillings. Among the many contributions which have already appeared may be mentioned A Bibliography of the Poems of Wordsworth, by Prof. Wm. Knight; On the Philosophy of Wordsworth, by J. Henry Shorthouse; On Wordsworth's Earlier and Later Styles, by Richard Holt Hutton; On the Ode on Immortality, by Prof. Bonamy Price; On Cumberland Farm-House Talk about the Wordsworths, by Hardwicke D. Ramesley; Unpublished Poems, by William and Dorothy Wordsworth; Five Portraits of Wordsworth, with Letter-press Description, by Prof. Wm. Knight; Wordsworth's Tour in the Lakes, by Stopford Brooker; Extracts from a Letter, by F. C. Yarnall; On Wordsworth's Influence in America.

The Presidents have been, in 1881, the Rl. Rev. the Bishop of St. Andrews, Scotland (Charles Wordsworth, D. C. L.); in 1882, Lord Coleridge; in 1883, Mr. Matthew Arnold; and this year our own Mr. James Russell Lowell. The Secretary is Professor William Knight, of the University, St. Andrews, N. B., Scotland.

Any Americans, who are interested in the work of the Society thus briefly sketched, may send their names and addresses with the yearly fee to the Secretary, or to the Rev. Chas. Morris Addison, Arlington, Mass., who has been asked by Prof. Knight to further the work of the society in this country. Any member is privileged to send communications bearing upon its work to the Secretary, to be read and considered at the annual meeting.

If a sufficient number of names are received in this country, it may be found desirable to call an informal meeting of the American members for the discussion of papers prior to their transmission to England.

CALEB SPARGUE HENRY.

If by "scholar" be meant a person devoted to such minute and original study of a subject as much of his power in the knowledge of it and an authority in the teaching of it, then perhaps the late Dr. C. S. Henry was not a scholar; at least not in the same sense with the late Ezra Abbot, for example, whose eulogy we have also been unhappily called upon this week to write. Still if a scholar be an always learned and ever learning person; a person of intellectual tastes and pursuits; a person with a thirst for knowledge and a faculty of acquiring it; a person of strong, wide, deep, mental powers; a vigorous, busy, versatile thinker and writer, then Dr. Henry was a scholar. To the present generation, except to the few in it, he was one of the forgotten men of genius. Fifty years ago he was a leader in the highest intellectual circles of this country, the confraternity of Irving, Tuckerman, and Bryant.

Like so many other eminent men whose work and fame have become national, Dr. Henry was a man of England conditioned in the influences of the strictly traditional way. He was born at Rutland, Mass., August 2, 1804; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1823; studied theology at Andover and New Haven; and in 1828 was settled in Greenfield, Mass., as a Congregational minister. In 1837 ill-health interrupted his work, and he spent the next two years at Cambridge, England, residing in the family of Richard II. Dana. In 1833 he was settled again in Hartford, Conn. Two years later came another break, this time from convictions; and removing to New York he took orders in the Episcopal Church. For two years or thereabouts he was Professor of Philosophy in Bristol College, and was named to New Paltz College, but returned to New York, and founded the New Review, having the Rev. Dr. Hawks as a leading contributor. In 1839 he became Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of New York, which position he held till 1852, acting for part of the time as Chancellor. From 1847 to 1852 he was Rector of St. Clement's Church, New York. From 1852 on he held no official post, but occupied himself with literary work; except from 1850 to 1874, when he was Rector of St. Michael's Church, Litchfield, Conn. During the Civil War, and while residing at Newburgh, N. Y., he was an ardent supporter of the Union, aiding it by voice and pen, himself raising several companies to fill depleted regiments in the field; and he even served for a year as superintendent of negro affairs for the eastern shores of Virginia and Maryland, a district then belonging to the military department of Gen. Butler.

Dr. Henry's mind was original in its fiber, richly furnished, and worked picturesquely, the peculiar quality of his thought fairly giving him a place among the old masters. There has been no touch exactly like his in American literature.

We subjoin a list of Dr. Henry's Publications:

1858. A General Protest of Peace. (Journal.)
1861. Columbus's Policy. (Translation of Constantin's Lectures on Locke, with notes and additions.) 4th ed. 1867.
1871. New York Review. (Journal.)
1877. Compendium of Christian Antiquities. (2 vols.)
1877. Morals and Philosophy of History. (2 vols.)
1883. Babson's Epitome of the History of Philosophy. (Translated from the time of the Great E. to date of publication.)
1845. Taylor's Modern History Ancient and Modern History. (Revised, with additions.)
1860. Dr. C. S. Henry's New Talk There.
1873. About Men and Things; Papers from my Library Table Hour.
1875. Henry's History of Civilization. (Edited, with notes.)
1897. Considerations on Some of the Elements of Social Welfare and Human Progress.
1898. Sultan as a Moral Philosophy.
1900. History of Philosophy.

REMINISCENCES.

In his management of classes Dr. Henry was remarkable and popular for a combination of common sense and good humor. He showed a stalwart totemism of young men's freaks and irregularities, so long as no actual harm was intended or done, which contrasted very favorably in his pupil's regard, with the plummet-and-line methods of his Junior class-room, once, a student whom he had appointed "monitor" to note the absences and receive for him the excuses of absentees, shocked the proprieties by gravely reading, when his turn came in "compositions," an essay "On the Formation and Delivery of Excuses in Professor Henry's Room," which he had handed his classmate, for negligence in attendance, giving real names (a la Cape Cod Folks). Dr. Henry, seeing that the motive was not amiss, and that none of the class seemed to take offense, passed "the paper just as if it had been an ordinary literary exercise. Of its author he afterward remarked, in private: "I think X. is a good fellow; but he makes more fun than the moral law allows.

B. V. ABBOTT.

I remember Dr. Henry with great respect and affection. He combined, it appeared to me, in a very peculiar degree as a professor, a strong and positive individuality with an innate modesty, and, I might almost say, a retiring disposition which perhaps prevented his unusual abilities from being so widely appreciated as they should have been. His strong and vigorous personality, clear and decided convictions, and absolute courage, frankness, and honesty, in dealing with the students, as well as with the subjects under instruction, made his course a very wholesome tonic to the young men. No member of the Faculty went further than he did in treating the students on the footing of young men entitled to the liberty, and under the responsibilities of gentlemen, but no member of the Faculty ever administered severer rebukes to those who were guilty of any gross overstepping of the limits; and there was no one whose commendation was more desired, or whose reproof made so deep and wholesome an impression.

I remember more than once, that in the great parlor of the Chancellor where our class was sitting under his instruction, I (feeling I suppose repressed in the last hour of our long series of morning recitations) recited while walking up and down the floor, while Dr. Henry ate an apple that some of us had brought in and quietly laid before him on the table. Any one coming into the room, seeing but not hearing what was going on, might have imagined that it was the deliberative meeting of some board or body, instead of a class of collegians. One of the greatest benefits of his instruction to us was quaintly expressed by one of the older members of the class, who said that Dr. Henry broke up the crusts on the young men's minds. I think all the class, even those who learned least, were conscious of great independence in the contact with so strong and free intellect. AUSTIN ABBOTT.

I sat under Dr. Henry's instruction in 1843. He was my favorite professor. No student abstained from his recitations. He strung forward manliness and direct dealing elicited our admiration and won our hearts. There was no trickery or intrigue in his nature. He had no soft speeches to cover up ulterior designs. The students honored him for his truth. He spoke his mind freely and called things by their right names. He had no fear of man and paid no servile tribute to place or power. Would to God we had more such brave and manly men! His heart was kind and sympathizing toward the student who was honest, but he was as terrible as an army with banners against the shriker, the skulker, and the fraud. He was a man of strong common sense, and despised all crankish vagaries and blind compromises. His mind was clear and comprehensive, and his manner of teaching mental and moral science made those studies (generally counted dry) peculiarly juicy to us young men. It was always a regret to me that Dr. Henry never came to the public. His outline of intellectual philosophy from his pen would have been a valuable possession. His translation of Cusanus was almost the first thing...
THE LITERARY WORLD.

VI.

ROME: LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

The traveler who comes to Rome oppressed by the thought that he is going to take up his residence in a city entirely of the past, will be delightfully disappointed. He will find Rome only a little less gay than Paris, and a thousand times more interesting. Is he a student of history? In the Roman Forum he can study the history of Rome from the foundation of the city, visiting the temples in which the people worshipped, or can muse amid the ruins of the Capitol where Cicero poured forth his noble eloquence; or he can wander over the Palatine Hill, viewing the stately remains of the Palace of the Caesars, form some idea of the luxury which surrounded the masters of the ancient world; or he can sit on a fallen arch in the Coliseum, the most stupendous building ever erected by the hand of man, majestic even in its decay— and imagine what it must have been when one hundred thousand spectators filled its vast interior, and Gladiators were butchered to make a Roman holiday.

If the traveler has a taste for art, he has in Rome the noblest remains of ancient sculpture and the most glorious specimens of painting from the revival of art in the thirteenth century to the present date. A student of literature, the Temple of Divoros (the Seven Branch Candlestick, and other sacred emblems), and, vested in the robes of the High Priest, celebrated his triumph over the Holy City in the presence of the Roman legions, while in his train appeared the Hebrew captives, gracing the triumph of their conquerors. From that time, the Jews were confined in the Ghetto until Pius IX removed the gates that kept them in that quarter of Rome. Most of them, however, still live in the Ghetto, which has been associated for more than seven hundred years with their most cherished traditions.

Modern Rome has always been more artistic than a literary city. At the present time the most prominent literary here are foreigners. Bologna is the literary capital of Italy. There lives Edmondo de Amicis, the most brilliant writer of his age and country, and Carducci, the first of contemporaneous Italian poets. Of the American authors who have visited Rome in the temporary or permanent residence, the best known are W. W. Story, the poet and sculptor, Eugene Benson, the painter and art critic, and his step-daughter, Miss Julia Fletcher, whose "Kismet" and "Mirage" were among the most popular of the "No Name Series" of novels, and whose failure to follow them up with others, has been regretted by the reading public. Miss Mary Agnes Tinkcer is spending the winter at Assisi. Her work has not yet entirely subsided. In fact, the book was inspired by an unfortunate circumstance which resulted in a social and literary quarrel among a quartet which has divided the Americans here into Tinkcers and anti-Tinkers. So violent has this difficulty grown that Miss Tinkcer no longer finds Rome the delightful place of former years, and like Catiline, she is as it were "banished from Rome." In the meantime, having finished "The Jewel in the Lotus," she is now hard at work upon another novel. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, whose "Ivanhoe" gave him so sudden a lift in the literary world, has lived in Rome most of his life. He spent last summer at Sorrento, and has just finished his fifth novel. But I must reserve a full sketch of how and some interesting facts about his books until my next letter.

For the Literary World.

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Thirty-five copies, paper Japanese. The engravings prove—You ask me how they're better than copies for the million where each letter, Page, title, print, are just the same as these: They're better if their choicesen better please.

Do you love art? She makes you bare her debtor:

You cannot be a beauty a forgetter:

Then drop, dear sir, at once upon your knees, And worship with true bibliomaniac zeal.

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W. L. BRIGHT.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

Habberton's Life of Washington.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Allow me a word of thanks for your manly stand against a pernicious reading growing current in recent years and fostered by a subservient press. I refer to your review of Mr. Habberton's "Life of Washington," a book which can serve no good purpose; the effect is to belittle excited characters and to increase that painful tendency to irreverence in dealing with persons and matters high or low which will perhaps bring forth bad fruitage in the next generation, if, indeed, it is not already doing so. How an admired writer can yield his name as editor of the serious how a writer can commend such a book, as it did in a recent number, are things your correspondent, for one, does not understand.

Gratefully yours,

HENRY COLBACH.

San Francisco, Cal., March 8th.

Charles Reade's "Picture."

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Allow me to say a word of Mr. Charles Reade's "Picture" in the March number of Harper's. It is from the French of Madame Charles Reymaud. I read it in the original a
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One goes in amazement at the peaks, and almost doubts that they belong to the earth upon which he stands. . . . We ascended the hill soon after arriving at the hotel, and, looking across the intervening valley, could count twelve peaks, the lowest of which was over 26,000 feet in height, and the highest over 28,000, upon which restes four pools, covered with the blooming lilies—plains distinctly marked from east to west, as far as the eye could reach. . . . The sun was slowly descending in the west, and a glowing golden and purple down the sides most exposed to its rays.

A chapter on Cairo, the Suez Canal, and the Island of Malta, with its outlook over the blue Mediterranean; with another on Gibraltar, just grazing the Moorish coast at Tangiers, and the reader is in Spain, through which three chapters lead him along by easy stages, from Malaga to Granada, from Granada to Cordova, from Cordova to Madrid, from Madrid to Burgos, and from Burgos out by way of the Basque Provinces, and so by Bordeaux and Paris, to Antwerp, and home; a journey of 40,000 miles, the circuit of the globe.

And a very good book Mr. Ballou has made of it.

SCHUYLER’S PETER THE GREAT.*

The first, serial, publication of this great work, in the pages of Schieffer’s Magazine, after the attempt, was in the nature of an historical procession, a panoply, a pageant, for the skill of the artist and the engraver contributed no less than the scholarship of the writer. Not since Abbott’s Napoleon do we remember an historical biography to be named beside this for either picturesque ness of materials, breadth of treatment, or wealth of illustration. The present work has not the dramatic vividness, the glowing enthusiasm, the energy of the earlier work with which we have for a moment compared it; the opportunity it affords to paint a hero in glowing colors does not seem at first sight so large; gloomy Russia is not so sunny France; stern Peter was not the mercurial Bonaparte; but of Dr. Schuyler’s mastery of his subject—a mastery won by patient conquest, and of his honest and sober and faithful use of it, there can be no question, no doubt. No English life of Peter Alexeyevich stands to be mentioned alongside of this towering biography—these twin pillars of solid facts quarried from Russian mines and wrought with American cunning and fidelity.

Peter the Great was the founder of what may be called modern Russia. His spirit projected into Russian politics at this end of the sixteenth century would put an end to nihilism, make a beginning of reform, and bring a longing empire out of darkness into the light of day. Peter the Great was a soldier, and he was what not all soldiers are—a statesman. He had the wit in his day to see that not armies, navies, cannon, only are foundations of national strength, stability, and peace, but schools, commerce, the press, and liberty of thought and life. He was an apostle of progress. Everybody knows the story of his European journey in disguise, his apprenticeship at ship-building in the yards of Amsterdam, his study of philosophy, geography, science, his English reconnaissance, his returning home to pave streets, open canals, frame laws, organize courts, and plant hospitals.

After all, this was a romantic career, and a brilliant one; it shines all the more as it stands against the barbaric darkness of its place and time, and our author’s subject is really finer than at first it might be credited with being. Peter the Great was far from being a man of peace, and of the arts of peace. He led armies, fought battles, conquered lands, and played the autocrat; and there are dark stains on his escutcheon.

Peter was born in 1672, about as Milton was dying. Mr. Schuyler’s first volume follows his life in forty-five chapters down to his founding of the city which bears his name in 1703; with which subject the second volume opens, and the work is completed in thirty-three chapters more. The external look of these thousand pages is that of an immense store of special historical knowledge, laboriously collected, thoroughly assimilated, and wrought into orderly narrative with careful attention to detail. A closer inspection reveals a great deal of curious information, which can hardly be elsewhere accessible in English. The portrait of the Emperor—boy, apprentice, man, Caesar—is strongly drawn, and his personality dominates the book.

The illustrations are a distinct feature of merit. They are very numerous, and some of them, notably that of a Russian nun, facing page 1st of Vol. II, are fine. The portrait of Peter, the frontispiece to Vol. I, from an old painting by de Moor, discovered by Mr. Schuyler at Amsterdam, is an excellent engraving, and gives the Emperor the countenance of a French noble of the sixteenth century or an English cavalier of Cromwell’s time. Many of the illustrations are full-page; others are inserted in the text. The Russian origin of numbers of them is obvious, and quaintness is often noticeable in their style. There are three good maps, with table of contents, and index. It is understood that Mr. Schuyler’s work in its present final form has been to some extent re-written since its first appearance as a serial. Of its originality, independence, authority, and thoroughness it is but just to speak in strong terms, and it fully deserves the very high rank it will take among American histories of European lives.

* Due West; or, Round the World in Ten Months. By M. M. Ballou. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

[APRIL 5.


* Due West; or, Round the World in Ten Months. By M. M. Ballou. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
northerly side, while at the ends of the room are large, semi-circular-headed windows, admitting an abundance of light. The ceiling is a barrel vault, with ribs springing from each alcove division, and the center panels are filled with glass directly under a large skylight on the northern slope of the roof. Connected with the library and waiting-room is a librarian's room, 13 x 16 feet, and a reading-room 26 x 27 feet with an alcove for quiet study.

MINOR NOTICES.

Creators of the Age of Steel. By W. T. Jeana. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.]

If we were to order the production of a unique, entertaining, accurate, instructive, valuable book beyond most books of its time, "The Romance of Iron" should be its title and W. T. Jeana should write it. His Creators of the Age of Steel comes well up to this idea already. The sketch of Sir Henry Bessemer with which it opens reads almost like a scene from the Arakan Nag, noticing everybody by name, each one being the counterfeiter; any stamp of seal in a few moments, at a trifling expense, so fine a prize for knaves that no living man today knows what it was; a fine process for preventing counterfeiting, promising the inventor a government position of $2,000 a year, upset in a moment by a hint from his lady-love which resulted in the invention of movable dates for stamps and brought him nothing in return; a process of bronze-making bringing great wealth, and yet for forty years an absolute secret with the six men engaged in its manufacture; chiefly the wonderful "Bessemer steel." This process, which within three weeks of its announcement had returned its inventor several hundred thousand dollars, and in six weeks was worthless, and after two or three years of ceaseless labor revolutionizing everything in iron, and within the next twenty years creating the manufacturing world five thousand million dollars! The chapters on the work of Sir William Siemens in the regenerative engine, the open-hearth furnace, the dynamo-machine, the submarine-telegraph, are of hardly inferior interest. Sketches follow of Sir Joseph Whitworth, inventor of the famous Whitworth gun, of Sir John Brown, inventor of rolled armor plates, and of Meers. Thomas and Snelus, discoverers of the process of the dephosphorization of iron. Not the least charm of the book is the minute and easy knowledge of his subject which the writer everywhere shows. Without a cut or figure of illustration the book is a notable one; we should like to see it in the broad octavo with the portraits and engravings of which so few books are so worthy.

The Cup and the Falcon. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. [Macmillan & Co. $1.00.]

The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. [Macmillan & Co. $1.50.]

The first of these volumes is the latest work of the Laureate, containing two short and unrelated dramas. The first, a tragedy, derives especial interest from its present with Mr. Henry Irving at the management it was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1881. The scenes are laid in Galatia, and the character of chief prominence is Synoris, an execrator, driven from the province for his tyranny, who returns with Roman aid to reclaim the rule, slays the rival governor by treachery, and seeks to win his victim's wife in marriage. Camma, the heroine, with some of the spirit and firmness of a Lucræa, consents to the marriage, only that she may slay herself and Synoris by a poisoned cup in the very hour of their nuptials. The second drama, "The Falcon," is built upon the story of Ser Federigo told in the Decameron, and made familiar to English ears by Longfellow's charming Student's Text. This play was put upon the stage in St. James's Theatre, London, in 1839. Neither drama, however, is fitted for representation, nor will either, despite occasional lines and passages of beauty, add anything to the poet's fame. The collected Works of the Laureate are now published in a best one-volume edition, corrected throughout by the author and newly arranged; a definitive edition up to the present hour, and one which dispels all others, except for bibliographical considerations. The book is a crown $80 of 640 pages, uscet; the paper thin but sturdy and unglazed; the type new and sharp; the binding of unornamented boards. The single eamonnus, showing the establishment of a steel portrait of the poet after a photograph by Mayall. The collection is not complete; "The Cup" is not in it, nor "The Falcon," nor do we find "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade;" but some earlier poems do appear which have not been authorized since their first printing in the edition of 1853. The price, $1.50, is very low, for so excellent and compendious a collection.

Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture. By Charles C. Perkins. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.]

So assured is Mr. Perkins' position as an authority on Italian sculpture, that his readers will take up this volume in the best form of confidence of having placed themselves in the hands of a guide who is master of his subject. At the same time the book suffers from a certain dryness of treatment. There is too much of the catalogue, and too little of the historical method that shows the artist or the period as the resultant of various influences. This is too often apparent, and is the way with the accomplished connoisseur. In addressing laymen, he remembers too often his brother connoisseur in the audience, and passing by as companions the general views that would be novel and stimulating to the layman, contents himself with here and there an interjected and half-hinted comment intended for the listening connoisseur. So in this handbook there is but little characterization of individual sculptors, or statement of the penetration of influences, the action and reaction of the sculptor with his age, of sculptor with sculptor, of sculpture with painting. Yet what this accomplished connoisseur can do when he will, let the reader judge by the following admirable passages, one only among many we have marked:

The skill which Ghiberti displayed in overcoming the almost superhuman difficulties of his arduous task of figure by figure, can hardly be estimated. Our wonder at it increases when we see that some of the panels consist of certain compositions which strike the eye at first as units, and yet when analyzed are found to represent four successive stages of action—say, in the instance of Adam and Eve, the Temptation, and the Expulsion. This shows the most consummate knowledge of the art of composition. It is sufficiently difficult to treat one subject with many figures, and give unity of effect to it by inspiring them with a common sentiment, whose strongest expression is manifested in some central point of action about which the crowd of figures, one by one, radiates; but to treat four subjects in one composition so ably, that the four central points of interest are not lost, and a composition which at first apparently coalesces, is a feat which no artist save Ghirlandaio has, so far as we know, successfully achieved. To show twelve or fourteen heads in graduated perspective upon an inclined plane, and yet keep each person and countenance distinct, was it necessary for the artist to recede in aerial perspective by gradual diminution of relief from Alto, Mezzo, and Basco, to Stuccio, the very finest possible.

If we were asked to state Donatello's special excellence, we should say the apprehension of character. For this he had an intense feeling, which he expressed with such energy and in a manner so peculiar, that his works are not so generally attractive as those of many less individual artists. The taste for them must be cultivated with faith in the result, and it will be found that these thorn-guarded roses when grasped, are of richer colour and sweeter perfume than other flowers which may be handled with impunity. ... In his haste to seize and render all facts in nature, Donatello often cutted weeds as well as roses, and impelled by the imperious necessity to give his grace voice within him, yielded to its pressure without reflection. He, however, condoned these defects by the strength of his style, his strength of his style assortment, of his style, and the transcendent ease with which his skillful hand traced flowing lines of unsurpassed delicacy and freedom upon the marble.

English Comic Dramatists. Edited by Oswald Crawford. Parchment Library. [D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.]

Mr. Crawford finds three periods of good comedy in English literature, fairly represented by three central names, Shakespeare, Congreve, and Sheridan. Between these fruitful fields lie wastes of melanchooly poverty, which it is the fashion to ascribe to the two Puritan crusades against the drama, but which, as Mr. Crawford's right judges, are due in even larger measure to other and more blighting influences that spring from and accompany national luxury and decay. For the ideally perfect comedy, the plot must be natural and intelligible, yet capable of varied and manifold development through unexpected and dramatic situations, with the actors full of wit, and the dialogue epigrammatic. It is by presenting an unbroken play that this twofold felicity of plot can be shown, but the sparkling of wit and epigram can be caught even in single scenes. It is chiefly to set off these latter qualities that Mr. Crawford has gathered these selections from thirteen dramatists of the two centuries between Shakespeare and Sheridan. Of Shakespeare's contemporaries we find only Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, and wonder at the absence of Middleton at least. Beside Congreve and Sheridan whom we have already mentioned, the other names in the list are Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Cibber, Addison, Farquhar, Gay, Goldsmith, and Cumberland. A short but discriminating critical note upon the special excellence of each author is prefixed to his work, and with the scenes presented brief summaries of plot and general character, to the reader to understand and appreciate the situation.

Japan. By J. J. Reine. Tr. from the German. Illus. [A. C. Armstrong & Son. $7.50.]

Rein's Japan ought to take its place with Wallace's Russia, Baker's Turkey, Eschott's England, and Baring-Gould's Germany, but does not. It has the instructive quality of those masterly
and standard works, but not their interest. To the eye a massive octavo, strikingly bound in black linen, stamped with Japanese devices in red and yellow and gilt, and provided with a large and excellent maps of the country at the end, and with twenty illustrations, some of them mounted photographs, of Japanese scenery, it promises much. And it yields much; but the food is very dry. Herr Rein is a professor. He is in Geography at Marburg. The travels and researches on which this work is founded were undertaken at the cost of the Prussian Government. He buried himself in his subject. What he has not learned about it, and told in these 534 closely-printed pages — 500 words to the page — is not worth knowing and telling. There is everything in it — Physiology, Ethnography, Topography — natural history, civil history, social history; there are scientific exhibitions of mountains and mountain chains; of the climate, of the flora and fauna; there are studies of language, literature, and religion; there are surveys of the provinces; there are botanical and zoological catalogues, meteorological tables, philological charts; but the book has no soul. It is a huge body of facts, exhaustively collected, methodically arranged, scientifically stated; it is complete, thorough, scholarly, German; but it is not readable. There is no Isabella Bird in this book. Nor indeed, do we suppose, is there meant to be. This is an encyclopaedia compressed into a single volume; very learned and very phlegmatic. The student of Japan cannot well do without it; the reading public will pass it by. It is a work for libraries, not for tables.

Pilgrim Sorrows: A Cycle of Tales. By Carmen Sylva. Tr. by Helen Zimmern. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.]

Another royal lady again appears in the character of author; this time Queen Elizabeth of Romania, whose work is a small volume printed with taste, and made more attractive by an etching of the Queen's refined, sad and anxious face, fronting the mournfully ornamental title-page. A painful book it is, though delicate, graceful, and of an ingenious fancy, written in the manner of Life and Strife; and Death is her brother, whom all of the world loves, so that she is constantly calling him to come and join her. As a sweet, pale maiden, very tenderly, and touched of sympathy, she wanders from house to house, seeking to make friends, and sadness, disgrace, trouble, and calamity result from her presence; she is repelled wherever she appears, till she arrives at the dwelling-place of Patience, and becomes acquainted with Work. She goes to the realm of Peace, who cannot shelter her, but sets forth into the world herself in quest of love, and is found in the grave-yard. Patience is personified as the child of Strife and Innocence. By a strange anomaly the author makes these hapless children, who wander over the earth, the offspring of a baleful father and a lovely daughter from some home of purity and joy. The last chapter of the twelve, called "Life," is autobiographical, and accounts in part for the hopelessly sad tone of the book, which is also explained in the Introduction, by which it appears that "Carmen Sylva," by her own personal bereavements and suffering (and being, would one judge, of a natural sad temperament), was prepared to put into this imaginative narrative the experiences of the girl she names "Pilgrim Sorrows." As a poet also the translator pays tribute to the warm attachment of the Roumanian people who have found their Queen like a mother.

Air from Arcady and Elsewhere. H. C. Bunner. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.]

The literary magazine readers need no introduction to Mr. Bunner's style; we shall welcome this charming collection of his verses, so many of which have already enlivened dull hours with their touches of most genuine and individual humor. The dainty title finds further illustration in the picture of a pilgrim Cupid upon the cover halting before a milestone that points the way to Arcady. Not less suggestive are the names of the other quadrants whence these airs have blown, Phylacia, Buemmer, and Ultima Thule, as well as the Elsewhere proper of the title-page. The Wall of the Personally Conceived, and the variations upon Home, Sweet Home, which in the light of its birth is come into English from Horace by Dobson, or cast by Goldsmith and Pope, or written about by Swinburne, Walt Whitman, and Bret Harte, are the most effective pieces of wit in the volume. But the grace and charm of these verses are manifold, and range from sentiment to sublimity, not without frequent hints of Lockier's lightness and Dobson's pathos. Could anything be better, for these closing lines from the sonnet entitled Dear?

Not for the side-pointed head's appealing grace,
Nor for the heart in shadow lies,
For her this world's unshuffled mazes base
Melt into silence; not our cries, our groans, our cries,
Our curse, that high-rejected place
Where she vanishes, innocent wise.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Statesman's Year-Book for 1884 contains nearly a hundred pages more than its predecessor for 1883, and reports on six countries not previously mentioned in the Year-Book, namely, Madagascar, Burma, Zanzibar, Hawaii, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. The new editor, Mr. J. Scott Kelte, aims at perfection; he reports on government, population, trade, commerce, army, navy, education, commerce, and industry of 62 countries, 18 of which are European, while 20 are American, 12 African, 9 Asiatic, 7 Australasian, and Hawaii is entered as Oceanian. The Tongs and Samoa islands might have been entered under the same head, and possibly a purely alphabetical arrangement throughout would be preferable. The Statesman's Year-Book is practically official in its information, and can be easily brought to a point at which it will displace the Almanach de Gotha. There is certainly no reason why the Year-Book should not publish all the official statistics and diplomatic correspondence, without which the current is of no use to the public. This book is a veritable treasure. [Macmillan & Co. $3.00.]

Mr. William H. Tillinghast has translated and enlarged Piozzi's Epitome of Ancient, Medieval, and Modern History. A solid volume of 686 pages will be found extremely valuable by all teachers and students of history, although it gives nothing but a skeleton of facts and figures, which must be transformed into a living organism either by a good professor or by industrious reading. In German schools, where history is generally well-taught, the Epitome has been tried through seven editions, and neither our secondary schools nor our colleges will be guilty of a mistake, if they adopt Piozzi's experience. All our teachers of history will profit themselves, if they fail to take notice of this best epitome of universal history. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.00.]

Prof. William C. Wilkinson has followed up his Greek Course in English by a second volume, Latin Course in English, on the same plan. The book is not a Latin book at all, but is written in heavy, wide-awake, readable, if sometimes thoroughly bad, English. It gives a good account of the Roman people and language, with pretty full sketches and specimen translations of the works of Sallust, Ovid, Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil. The book is intended for those who can obtain a more "realizing sense" of those subjects than most fourth-year students probably have when they enter college. The first volume of this unique series had our hearty commendation, and the appearance of the second only confirms our favorable judgment. The books will have, as they deserve, a wide popularity. [Phillips & Hunt. $1.25.]

Wm. Lant Carpenter seems to possess much of the skill which has made his father, Dr. William B. Carpenter, so well known as a popularizer of science. His Energy in Nature comprises six lectures intended "to give those who have had little or no opportunity of studying the subject, some idea of the relations existing between the so-called 'Forces of Nature,' expressed in simple language, but, is hoped, with sufficient scientific accuracy. The purpose of the book seems to be well accomplished; the book is plain, accurate, well illustrated, and will be helpful to those of even more attainments than the class indicated. [Cassell & Co. $1.25.]

The Essentials of Latin Grammar, by F. A. Blackburn of San Francisco, is a neatly printed text-book, evidently the result of competent scholarship and experience. It is intended for beginners, and has a series of carefully graduated exercises preparatory to Caesar. Whether it is wise to take the pupil through so many grammars in the course of his Latin study is doubtful in theory, but the teachers seem to be practicing it more and more. [Ginn, Heath & Co. $1.10.]

PERSONAL.

The successor of the late Mr. Chenery, as editor of the London Times, is Mr. Buckle, formerly sub-editor, who is only in his thirties. He is the former of the two Buckles, the other being one who ever visited the United States. Mr. Buckle will have to complete his education.

Rev. M. D. Conway is credited with the intention of returning from England to the United States, to spend the rest of his life in his native land. He is better known in the earlier figures. His name is now first heard at Diedenfeld, Va.

Mrs. Arabella A. Wilson, who has lately died at New Bedford, Mass., was author of that taking piece of newspaper verse, "A Apeal for Fresh Are to the Sextant of the Old Meeting House." [Prof. Sayce has returned from Egypt, bring
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ing copies of 60 Phenician inscriptions, 44 Cypriote, 34 Carian, and a great number of General utility of the 7th century.

* Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is now out of danger from a very serious illness, and is at his home in France. His recovery is expected, but must necessarily be slow.

* Gerald Massey denies the report that he is in strained circumstances, and Carl Schurr declines with thanks a professed $500,000 gift from his friends.

* A son of Edwin Arnold has lately passed through Boston on his way to Colorado where he proposes to try life on a cattle ranch.

* Dr. Scrivener, the eminent English Biblical critic—what an appropriate name for a textual critic—is seriously ill of paralysis.

* Mr. F. J. Stimson, the reputed author of "Guerinale," is a young lawyer of Boston, six or eight years out of Harvard.

* Professor Jebb, the eminent Oxford scholar, is to give the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard this summer.

* The poet Trowbridge has lost his son, a young man of promise, who was recuperating in Colorado.

* Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, has been elected to the Savilian Chair of Belles-Lettres. A copy of his work is coming home from Mexico to resume his pen-work as "Porte Crayon."

* Rev. O. V. Frothingham is coming to live in Boston.

* Mrs. Macquoid is recovering from a severe illness.

* Edmund About is said to be worth his millions.

* Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is ill.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

—A 10th volume of the Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, edited by Mrs. Green, covers eleven months in 1560-65, during the meeting of the second Protectorate Parliament. [Longmans.—Dean Burgon has caused to be reprinted in a single volume his three memorable articles from the Quarterly Review, under the general title of The Reformation Revised, the most trenchant, the ablest, criticism of the Revision of the New Testament that has yet appeared. [Murray.—The latest and best Map of Eastern Equatorial Africa is that compiled by E. G. Ravenstein, and to be published under the auspices of the Royal Geog. Soc. in 25 sheets, of which 11 are now ready. [Stanford.—Old Boston is the name of a new novel, by A. de Grasse Stevens, dealing with the New England capital at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, based on a careful study of documents in the British Museum and elsewhere, and introducing a stirring episode in Faneuil Hall. [ Sampson Low & Co.]

—The Catholic Dictionary, by William E. Addis and T. Arnold, is addressed to English-speaking Roman Catholics, as a compendium of ecclesiastical information such as they are constantly seeking in this country. It includes accounts of doctrines, ceremonies, councils, discipline, rites, and religious orders of the Church of Rome; has passed the censorship, and is authoritative, in a sense official. [Kegan Paul.]

—Mr. E. A. B. Hodgetts has translated from the original Russian Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's Personal Reminiscences of Stoloff, which give a most life-like picture of that remarkable man, and supply much material of value to the student of Russian Oriental politics. Two chapters are devoted to an inappreciable account of the third battle of Plevna. [Allen.]

—Rev. W. S. Green has ascended The High Alps of New Zealand, and made a book out of his adventures, the chief feature of which is the account of Mrs. Cook, than which few more thrilling narratives have ever been written. Mount Cook is about 12,000 feet above the sea. [Macmillan.]

—The best reproduction of Turner's famous Liber Studiorum is now to be had at the hand of the Autotype Company, London; the second of the three volumes yet having been published. The plates are accompanied with valuable descriptive and critical notes by Mr. Stopford Brooke.

FOREIGN NOTES.

—Prof. Bain is bringing out a volume of essays, partly reprinted and partly new.—Mr. W. H. Mallock is understood to be the author of three recent articles on Socialism in the Quarterly, and they are to be published at once in a book.—Gardner of Paisley announces a new life of Hogg, the "Enrick Shepherd," edited by his daughter, and containing much interesting literary material hitherto private.—The Spencer Society is to take a new departure, and enter on the publication of minor English poets hitherto not reprinted.—Reeves and Turner announce an unannotated edition of Keats in a single handy volume, giving the text of all his poems. Blackwood will immediately publish in two volumes An Old Man's Love, the last novel left completed by Anthony Trollope.—Cassell & Co. are preparing a shilling guide to Paris—a book of over 300 pages, with an illustration nearly to every page.—M. Rangabé, Greek ambassador at Berlin, has written a History of Modern Greek Literature.

—A bust of Carlisle is to be erected at Durham by two American artists.—Mr. Geiss's "Komet" is to be republished in London.—The Sociological Society of Birmingham is indexing Herbert Spencer.—Lady Brassey has begun an account of her Tour through Egypt after the War.—Miss Howard's Gwen has been republished in London, and Mr. Laurence Oliphant's Alitera Pete has reached a 7th edition.—A reply to John Bull and his Island is forthcoming, under the title of John Bull's Neighbor in her True Light.—Arsène Houssaye is writing a life of the actress Rachel.—Mr. James Russell Lowell is to have the degree of LL. D. from the University of St. Andrew's.—In the Austrian Empire the Empress has bought a font of type and a press, in order to print a collection of her own literary writings.—Mr. Egmont Hake's life of Chinese Gordon has reached a 7th edition.

—Queen Victoria is again bereft, this time of her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice. A variety of circumstances will make her a heavy blow of his death, which occurred suddenly at Cannes, March 28. He was more like the Prince Consort than the other sons; inherited his father's literary tastes, and had made a respectable mark in literature. "The

Leopold Shakespere" was named for him. He had published Travels in Italy and Polarisation of Light, was much interested in the intellectual improvement of the English masses, and was universally respected and beloved.

—The Rev. Dr. Krause in Hamburg, Germany, has obtained an unpublished manuscript of Immanuel Kant, entitled The Transition from the Metaphysical Productions of Natural Science to Physics. Kant himself has left a memorandum to the effect that this manuscript is finished, and that it completes his system. The work has been photographed, and will be published by Dr. Krause, who has written a good commentary on Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse will edit the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds for the Parchment Library.—A biography of the German poet Grillparzer is in hand by Heinrich Laube.—Paul Heyse gives notice that he will resume the publication of short standard novels.—The forty armchairs of the French Academy are now all occupied.—The Municipal Council of Paris has voted 10,000 francs ($2,000) for a statue of Diderot in that city; and a statue to George Sand is to be unveiled at La Châtre July 15.

—A monument to the German poet, Wilhelm Muller, is to be erected at Dresden, where he was born in 1794, wrote, taught, and did the work of a librarian, and died in 1827. The monument is to be a colossal bust on a pedestal, with figures and reliefs illustrating the poet's works. He was the author of songs of Schubert and other composers have placed in animated settings.

—Students of the Tonquin question should take note of C. B. Norman's Tonkin, or France in the Far East [Chapman & Hall] and Coteau's Tourisme dans l'Extreme Orient [Paris: Hachette], which are opportune, intelligent, and useful. Mr. Norman writes as an historian; M. Cotteau as a traveler. Another book on Tonquin is forthcoming from the hand of G. Meney, a British soldier twenty years resident in China as a drill master.

—The French historian Mignet, whose death has occurred since our last issue, in his 80th year, and of a literary career as brilliant as it was long. He was the friend of Thierry and the comrade of Guizot; and before he was 28 had published his History of the French Revolution, the work by which he is best known. Several historical biographies, notably one of Marie Stuart, add to his reputation.

—Among latest English announcements are Adventures in Servia, by Dr. Bernard; The Peasarch's Promiscuity of Anecdote, by Rev. W. F. Shaw; Primrose, an elegy on Lord Beaconsfield; You Should, a companion to Don't; You Shout, an edition of Seneca's. Among the new works of Mark Twain class of absurdities, and High Life in France Under the Republic, by the late Grenville Murray.

—A graphic and interesting picture of the Turkomans, from the Russian point of view, is presented in Grodecok's War in Turkomania, of which a third vol. is due. A report is that the Empire of Austria has bought a font of type and a press, in order to print a collection of her own literary writings. —Mr. Egmont Hake's life of Chinese Gordon has reached a 7th edition. —Queen Victoria is again bereft, this time of her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice. A variety of circumstances will make her a heavy blow of his death, which occurred suddenly at Cannes, March 28. He was more like the Prince Consort than the other sons; inherited his father's literary tastes, and had made a respectable mark in literature.

"The"
THE LITERARY WORLD.

[APRIL 5.

but not important, their value residing chiefly in some limited accounts of the poet's last conversations, and some characteristic letters to his "Mouche," as he called her. [Lévy.]

—Trübner is dead, the London publisher, who has done a large business in Oriental and philological literature. He was a native of Heidelberg in Germany, and was nearing his 70th year.

—The original MS. of Anthony Trollope's Orley Farm has been sold to Scribner & Welford of New York. It consists of about 1,200 pages of note-paper.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY WM. J. BOLSE, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Recent Editions of Shakespeare. A correspondent in New York City asks:

When will you discuss, as you have promised, the relative merits of the various recent editions of Shakespeare?

Another, in Ludlowville, N.Y., sends this pair of questions:

1. What is the best one-volume edition of Shakespeare?
2. What are the relative merits of the "Parchment," "Riverside," and "Harvard" editions?

Among the one-volume editions, the "Globe" has a unique position as the one whose numbering of acts, scenes, and lines is now accepted as the standard by the great majority of critics and commentators. This makes it indispensable to every student of Shakespeare for reference purposes; but the type is too fine for general reading.

Of the larger one-volume editions, including the recent ones, there is none that we have seen which on the whole is equal to the old "Moxon" edition, with introduction by Campbell the poet. It was the only edition we had in our first work as a teacher, and our liking for it may be partly due to that early familiarity with it; but typographically at least was far superior to the more recent one-volume issues, most of which are second-rate specimens of printing. The "Moxon" edition is now published by Routledge & Sons, but the plates must be badly worn by this time.

Of the "Parchment" edition we have expressed our opinion several times already. It is facile princeps among the editions without notes. The text is good, the size of the volumes handy, and the mechanical execution faultless.

The "Riverside" edition we have noticed at some length, and our opinion of it has been confirmed by more recent reviews on both sides of the ocean. The text is perhaps the best we have, but the notes are less satisfactory. They are too few for a good guide for the average reader — as distinguished from the student — and sometimes inaccurate. The volumes are of convenient size, and the typographical execution is excellent; in spite of the many misprints, which will of course be corrected in future issues. Although not the ideal three-volume edition we hoped it would be, it is a nearer approach thereto than any of its predecessors.

The "Harvard" edition was also noticed by us at some length when it came out; but we must say in all frankness that more careful examination of some of the volumes, while we were editing the last few plays and the poems, led us to modify the favorable opinions we had expressed. The text, instead of being "conservative" as the "Moxon" notes (and no one can honestly think it) to be, seems to us both freely and badly "emended"; and, so far as we can learn, the changes for which he is personally responsible meet with little or no favor in critical circles. The "introductions" are not fully up with the times; that on the poems, for instance (see vol. xiv. p. 270), taking no note in the early editions, of the important discovery of the 1599 Venus and Adonis, made as long ago as 1867. The treatment of certain great critical problems — like that of the authorship of the Two Noble Kninmen (vol. xix. p. 134) — seems to us superficial and unsatisfactory; but on this point of course there is room for difference of opinion. The notes, especially those on single words and phrases — and sometimes in passages that present no marked difficulties — are often ingeniously wrong. It would be easy to illustrate this by examples, but we cannot take the space for that here. For a few in a single volume (the 20th and last), we may refer the reader to the note on grose, p. 20 (compare our ed. of V. and A. etc. p. 189); that on orise, p. 118 (see our ed. of Sonnets, p. 149); that on hugely politic, p. 135 (our ed. p. 172); that on obsequies, p. 136 (our ed. p. 173), etc.

Mr. Hudson's forte is not in verbal criticism or the explanation of single passages, but in the analysis of character and in general aesthetic comment and discussion. His Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare, as we have said more than once in print, is, to our thinking, the best book of its class from an American pen, and worthy to rank with the best in all Shakespearean literature. It will be of more value to the student, we think, than the "Harvard" edition; it is, indeed, an admirable supplement to any edition of the poet.

Shakespeare in the Magazines. The Nation for April has an able paper on Edwin Booth, with a portrait and seven other illustrations showing the actor in his most noted parts — all capital in their way.

The English Illustrated Magazine (Macmillan) for March has an entertaining article on "Shakespeare in the Middle Temple," with eight good illustrations of the place, which is not so well known to tourists as it should be. They all go to the Temple Gardens, and look at the Temple Church; but comparatively few of them are aware that the Middle Temple Hall is probably the only room now in existence in which one of Shakespeare's plays was acted during his lifetime; and, fortunately, it remains in a most precisely its original condition.

Mr. Black's novel of Judith Shakespeare gets along delightfully. It is a "Harper," and must be the chief attraction of the magazine at present for all good Shakespearians. In the April number there is also a pleasant account of a visit to Verona, where the house of the Capulets is still to be seen, and the "veritable" tomb of Juliet, which is the subject of one of the illustrations.

The Mezara, Routledge are to issue simultaneously in New York and London Archibald Forbes's new Life of Cicero Gordon. It's commonly reported that Mr. Forbes has lost in unfortunate speculations the money which he had made from his lecturing tours, and that he is now going back to literary work to retrieve his fortunes. In the April English Illustrated he tells how "I Became a War Correspondent."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World should be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]


Symbolism and its Connection with Church Art, Architecture, etc. C. Browne. [Post. 75.]

Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism. T. Inman. [Hou ten. sod. ed. 1875. $5.]

Monumental Christianity. J. P. Lundy. [Boston. $7.50.] Christian Art and Symbolism R. St. J. Tyrwhitt. [Roberts. $6.00.]

Ruin "Reason Why." C. Walker. [Post. 5.50.]

Calendar of the Prayer Book, with chief Christian Emblems from Early and Mediaeval Monuments. [Post. 5.50.]

Emblems C. Neal. [Dutton. 50c.]

Flowers and Festivals, directions for decoration of churches W. A. Barrett. [Post. 5.00.]

Art of Garnishing Churches at Christmas and other Festivals. E. T. Cox. [Post. 5.75.]

Nature's Voice in the Holy Catholic Church. (Post. 95c.)

Four Letters on Colour in Churches. E. Sharpe. [Post. 1.85.]


Stones of the Temple; or Lessons from the Fabric and Furniture of the Church. W. Field. [Appleton. 5.00.]

616. School History of England. (See No. 600.) Permit me to say in reference to your reply to Mr. Parnell in the Literary World March 8, that after trying other histories with no success, I used Green's as a text-book pure and simple, and at the end of less than thirteen weeks the pupils were so deeply interested in it that they read, and that studiously, not only Green's text, but histories, so that they soon got away from me unless I worked harder than my eyes could permit. As this was due to the book and not the teacher, I think any one may be advised to use it as a text-book pure and simple, except that a teacher who never uses a dictionary will fail with it.

A. M. CRANE.

Williamsport, Penn.

Will you allow me to recommend the History of the British Empire, by Wm. Francis Collieer, L.L.D., T. Nelson & Sons, publishers, Edinburgh and New York, 1868. To my mind the above history is one of the very best for school use.

A. J. L.

NEWS AND NOTES.

— A. C. Armstrong & Son announce the early publication of the late Dr. Henry B. Smith's Complete System of Theology. The editor, Dr. Karr, Professor in Hartford Theological Semi nary, has been two years engaged on the preparation of this work for the press. Dr. Karr's own notes of Dr. Smith's lectures, his thorough sympathy and admiration for his former teacher, and the use of notes by other students, together with stenographic reports of the lectures, have been supplemented by the use of Dr. Smith's own manuscripts, and a large number of his sermons,
so that the volume now nearly ready is as complete, and as fully represents the author's theological views as could anything not issued under his own supervision. Dr. Smith while living exerted an influence on Christian thought second perhaps to that of no one in this country, and today his opinions and utterances on points of Christian doctrine are quoted as of the highest authority.

— During 1881 and 1882 Mr. Joseph Cook made a grand tour of the world, observing the outward facts of peoples and countries visited; studying literatures, philosophies, and religions, and speaking to large audiences in the great centers of civilization. After his return he resumed his Boston Monday Lectures, and in these gave the results of his studies in the countries which came within his survey. These lectures will shortly be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in two volumes, uniform with his previous volumes, and entitled Occident and Orient. Prefixed to the several lectures are the preludes which preceded them in delivery, devoted to topics specially challenging public attention at the time.

— Messrs. Scribner & Welford have just issued an interesting volume, A Portfolio of Drawings of Artist's Homes, by Mr. Maurice B. Adams. The book is chiefly valuable no doubt because we get from the plates the embodiment of the artists' ideas in architecture and decoration, but on the whole we form the impression that some of the most famous of English artists live in commonplace houses, though, as the author says, it should be remembered that these dwellings were built with comparatively moderate means. Among the artists whose abodes are pictured are Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Colen Hunter, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Homo Thoreacecroft, Mr. Edwin Long, and Mr. Frank Holls.

— Mr. Frederick Leyoldt, the editor and proprietor of The Publishers' Weekly, died in New York, on March 31st. Mr. Leyoldt was one of the best-known men in the publishing trade. For many years he carried on a book-selling business, and was one time a partner with Mr. Henry Holt under the firm name of Leyoldt & Holt. As an American bibliographer is of great importance. He started in 1873 the Trade List Annual. The American Catalogue was also his undertaking. Besides these books Mr. Leyoldt published the Literary News, the Library Journal, and the Index Medicus. He died of cerebral congestion, the direct result of over-work.

— Cupples, Upham & Co. have nearly ready The Dish, a curious combination novel of literature and science, by Robinson and Wall. The Dish is said to be about "a recent discovery for the transmission of light as well as sound-waves over a wire by the aid of the electric current." By means of this invention light may be conveyed from place to place, and if all that is claimed is true, the time is not far distant when the reflected light of some central station will take the place of every other light, and we may live in perpetual twilight.

— The Manhattan magazine is assuming a position of importance in the periodical literature of the day. Among the new papers announced for early publication are: "The Gunnison Country" [in Western Colorado], by Mr. Ernest Ingerroll; "Trajan," one of the many "most remarkable stories of the day," by an anonymous author; another remarkable story, by the lady who uses the pseudonym Charles M. Clay, entitled "A Woman of the West." The new cover, designed by Mr. Lathrop, will make its appearance in May.

— Sumner Whitney & Co. of San Francisco are about to publish in their series of "Legal Recreations" a volume of Lyrics of the Law, embracing selections from Sir William Blackstone, John William Smith, Lord Neaves, George Ottram, Mr. Justice Story, Judges Joel Parker and R. M. Charlton, Mr. Punch, and numerous other English, Scotch, and American authors, many of which have heretofore had only private and local circulation.

— Thomas Whitacker issues a new and cheaper edition in one volume, of Lacroix's "Conferences, heretofore published in separate volumes. The book will include the discourses on "Jesus Christ," "God," and "God and Man." The same publisher has in preparation an edition of the Prophecies of Isaiah, by the Rev. T. K. Chyene, two volumes in one, at a moderate price.

— Mr. J. W. Bouton announces for immediate publication Gen. Rush Hawkins's new book with the prolonged name, Titles from the First Books from the Earliest Presses Established in Cities, Towns, and Monasteries in Europe before the End of the 15th Century. It will make a large volume and will be plentifully illustrated.

— Funk & Wagnalls announce Saphire, a new novel by Alphonse Daudet; The Burning Ball, an anonymous "Greeco-American tragedy," what it means to be the "Close of the Morn," as an essay towards meeting "modern skepticism," by Mr. Spurgeon; and Memoirs of David Branston, the well-known missionary to the Indians.

— Mrs. Mary H. Hunt of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is editing a series of text-books for public schools on the effects of alcoholic drink on the human system, the use of which has been obligatory by law in the States of Vermont, Michigan, New Hampshire, and New York.

— Mr. John Gilmore Speed, who has just returned to New York, is preparing an answer to the statement of the American Temperance Advocate that he has been publishing letters over the name of John Keats which were really written by his brother George, Mr. Speed's grandfather.

— The John W. Lovell Company announces for publication a new American novel by Charles W. Baistereal, called A Fair Device. The scene is laid among the Berkshire hills and at one of the Virginia springs.

— The Messrs. Scribner are to publish in a new form the venerable Lampa's Commentary on the Bible, in 25 octavo volumes. The price will be reduced 20 per cent, i.e., from $5.00 to $3.50 for each volume.

— Mr. S. R. Koehler's admirable United States Art Directory and Year Book, published last April for the first time by Cassell & Co., will be re-issued at once, the latest information being incorporated.

— It is said that Julian Hawthorne's "Autographical Romance" in the April Manhattan is partly based upon a true incident in the experience of Mr. Edward Bok, the Brooklyn autograph collector.

— Henry Carey Baird & Co. of Philadelphia have issued a Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets in Social Science, Political Economy, etc., which is a publishers' catalogue rather than a bibliography.

— Ginn, Heath & Co. have in press A First Book in Geology, by Prof. N.S. Shaler of Harvard University, and a Practical Method of Learning Spanish, by Gen. Alejandro Ybarra.


— Mr. Edmund Gosse's edition of The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which will be printed in the Parchment Library, is announced by the Appleton.

— By leading word, name of writer, name of periodical, (foreign periodicals in italics), date, or volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.


— Chace, Marie, One View of the. S. F. C. Man. Manchester, April.


— Gray and his Poetry. E. S. E. E. A. Antiquary. May.


— Journalism, American, Recent Tendencies in. H. H. Smith.

— Journalism, American, Recent. H. A. Smith.


— Novels, About Old and New. K. H. Needleman.

— Novels, About Old and New. K. H. Needleman.


— Shakespeare, the Middle Temple. J. F. R. C. A. Times. April.


— PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.


— The First Great, Emperor of Russia. A Study of His History and Biography by Professor A. A. C. S. May.


— My Hours: An Ideal. By Oliver B. Bruce. Charles Scribner's Sons.


— The Literary World. 1884.
NEW BOOKS.

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN. A Story. By Osborne G. Kirk. 18mo. Illustrated. Our Complimentary Library, No. 6, $1.26. New colors in binding. This book is certainly a novel venture, a peculiar combination of autobiography, secrets, maps, and speculations. It is the story of a man who discloses secrets of his past and present to his friends. The book is entitled to the title of autobiography, but it is not to be put into the same category as the original works on the same subject. A PALACE-PRISON: Or, The Past and the Present. A Novel. 18mo. about 460 pages, cloth, $1.26.

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ZOLA ON THE JOYS OF LIFE.**

M. Zola's Rougon-Macquart series, which he still continues to define with cheerful audacity as a "history, natural and social, of a family under the Second Empire," is becoming more and more disconnected and inexplicable. La Joie de Vivre is hilted to its predecessors simply by the assertion in the opening chapter that the principal character, Pauline Quenu, is a daughter of the Lisa who figures in "Le Vent de la Passion." It is stated, M. Zola evidently believes that all is said. The delightful liber- lily of the "psychological method" is at once demonstrated, and notwithstanding the fact that Pauline of unavory ancestry is portrayed as an angel of virtue and generosity, no one could question her possibility. It is the crowning merit of the naturalistic theory that you can apply it to any and all charac- ters and circumstances with equal satisfac- tory results. String together a number of more or less sordid tales by labelling the various personages that figure in them with the same family name, and, void the "experi- mental romance." Must not the great Balzac blush amid the shades at such intel- lectual carpentry?

But La Joie de Vivre is not only sordid and debased; it is hopelessly dull — that is to any one who is not interested in pathology. Each one of the characters is afflicted with some special disease, concerning whose symptoms and treatment M. Zola waxes elo-quent with the morbid fascination of an uncultivated builder. It was not designed solely as a shelter. It is not an edifice to excite wonder. It is hidden from the way- side. It pleasures the second look better than the first. It has two stories and a high attic, but neither pinnacles, cupola, nor Mansard roof. Its aspect gives a sense of strength and permanence. Its material is stone, with an inner wall of brick. Its chief outward decoration is greenery. If it had not been of stone, it would have been all of brick; of wood, its windows are not hedged in with piazza-roofs. There is, however, a porch to be proud of, with columns and roof-supports of solid rough-hewn timber; covered and floored with tiles. A few elms, poplars, and maples stand around, but not so near as to obstruct either sun or wind; and a path in the rear leads to a homely orchard on the slope of a hill. There are no studied flower-beds about the grounds; but "tangieries" of roses, honeysuckles, and lilacs growing at will. The birds are encouraged to perch on the corners of the window-sills; and dogs are welcome to gambol about the yard. Near the barn stand the odorous ricks of hay. A sparkling brook runs through the meadow, and a silvery river through the more distant landscape.

Within, the arrangement of the house is correspondingly simple. On one side of the broad staircased hall is the drawing-room, with a second parlor beyond, and conservatory and dining-room still further; on the right side is a summer parlor with the library adjoining. The walls of the hall and stairway are wainscotted and painted; the others papered. The wainscoting is ash darkly shellacked; the general tint of walls is gray. The floors are oak, the cen- ters covered with rugs which generally repeat the dominant color of the walls. The theory of interior decoration is through- out that walls and floors are not themselves to produce effects; but to afford a ground-work on which effects may be produced. This is a sound theory. The woodwork, accordingly, all over the house, is plain; usually hard wood darkened in shellac; never painted. The mantels are not simple. Little rich or costly furniture is to be seen. There are plenty of hangings, the heavier fabrics of winter giving place to lighter in summer. There are not as many paintings as there would be were the owner richer. There are few curiosities; no "collections," of china or anything else; though a few pieces of earthen or glassware are disposed here and there for decorative purposes only. Lights are placed overhead, and shielded downward. Heat is had from a large porcelain stove in the hall, supplemented by open fires in the rooms. Each bed has its hearth where the occupant...
And not the least inviting apartment of all is the kitchen, with sunny, low, broad windows, mahogany stained floor, tiled hearth before the stove, and pictures and a few bits of pottery on the gray-tinted walls.

Altogether Mr. Bunce’s house is a sensible, home-like, inviting one; an honest, usable, comfortable house; one that we should like to live in; and which we advise people to visit before they build for themselves.

**Excursions of an Evolutionist.**

In opening this composite book—honestly compounded, giving the dates of the several component parts—we turned first to the chapters on our Aryan forefathers and what we learn from their words. The evidence of ancient civilization arising from the common stock of words belonging to the various Indo-European languages is full of interest, and Prof. Fiske has given in a pleasant way some specimens of this; but we cannot say that he shows himself thoroughly versed in scientific etymology. For example, he is confident as to the meaning of the word Aryan, and says (p. 85) that it “is not a difficult matter, or one about which there is much question.” This is far from being the case. It is true that Max Mueller affirms that Arya, with a long initial a, is derived from arya with a short initial a, and that while the former means “noble,” the latter probably is connected with the root of the Latin arare, to plough; but Max Mueller’s name carries more weight in reasonings based on etymology than in etymology itself. It is easy to go on and speak of a nobility founded on agriculture, but the difference between a long and short vowel is quite capable of undergoing the whole speculation.

In our own ancient language the difference between God and good, and between “man,” “man,” and “man,” evil, is only in the length of the vowels, but there is no foundation for the identity of the words, or for any homilies based thereon. Many examples could be given to show that vowel-length is one of the most stubborn elements of etymology.

The author is quite wide of the mark also in giving the English washer parallel with the Sanskrit, Greek, and other words for house, or dwelling-place. Wick is borrowed from the Latin vicus. Grimm’s law proves this—the law referred to on p. 119. The author was probably deceived by the fact that in most words borrowed from Latin, the w, if it is present, is retained in English, while in cognate words the w appears as v. E.g., “vehicle” is borrowed; “wagon” is the cognate, or parallel. But the earliest borrowings from Latin—those found in Anglo-Saxon—were according to sound, instead of belonging to the written language. Wic is the Anglo-Saxon form. But according to Grimm’s law, z in Latin is s in English—English heart, Latin, cordis. The genuine cognate appears in the Gothic wic. The identification of this word with the vik of Viking seems to be in forgetfulness of the fact that roots identical in form may be wholly distinct in fact.

On the next page (130) we find a similar error in regard to the English “wall.” This too is undoubtedly borrowed from the Latin vallum, although we cannot invoke Grimm’s law to prove it. But vallum itself is a collective noun derived from vuls, and therefore has no place in a list of inter-lingual cognates. Vulis means a stake, and can, therefore, hardly come from any “old root” in the meaning of “surrounded.”

All this does not invalidate the author’s general conclusion; it only weakens our confidence in his mastery of details. But then if he should make a mistake of a few hundred thousand years in regard to the “Arrival of Man in Europe,” what matters it?

We can merely hint at the contents of some other chapters. Was there a primordial mother-tongue? No. Is sociology consistent with hero-worship? Yes. What is the cause of persecution? Largely the “intense feeling of corporate responsibility.” What is the true lesson of Protestantism? The strange one “that religious belief is something which in no way concerns society, but which concerns only the individual.”

The title of the book is a happy one. The topics are developed according to evolution, as expounded by Spencer; and they are reached by way of “excursions” —which term implies not only a wide range, but that the author in some of them is not wholly at home. If what we have said savors more of criticism than appreciation, it is not because we are not sensible of the merits and graces of style, and the healthy and genial spirit, which recommend the book even to those who can pick flaws here and there, and who dissent from its philosophy.

**The Old Testament in the New.**

The value of Old Testament Quotations in the New Testament as showing the light in which Christ and the Apostles regarded the older Scriptures can hardly be overestimated. The whole question of the relation of Christianity to Israelitism, indeed, the number, method, and character of these citations, must ever be facts of first importance. More or less use of these facts has, of course, been often made. But the volume before us is the first to give a full examination of all such passages, comparing each quotation with its special source or sources, in the clearest light of current critical and exegetical knowledge. The patience, candor, and thoroughness of Prof. Toy, and his reverent fearlessness, are evident at every step, and original work of this quality in any department, the peculiar pride and glory of Germany, does the highest honor to American scholarship.

In arranging his material, two ways were open to the author. He might begin by stating his hermeneutical or theological principles, and gather around each of these a group of fitting illustrations; or, he might take the several quotations singly, following the order of their occurrence. The former, the dogmatic method, has been, not rejected, but postponed; the latter, the scientific method, was wisely chosen for this first investigation. In his introduction of thirty pages, Prof. Toy touches upon certain formal and hermeneutical principles, and indicates the peculiarities of the several books in the manner of citation. The writers of the New Testament, he holds, never quote from the Old Testament in the Hebrew, but always either in the Greek or the Aramaic versions. The critical editions of Westcott and Hort may be regarded as representing with fairness the autographs of the New Testament writers, and the Vatican manuscript is the most satisfactory copy of the Septuagint. The Aramaic version then in use was probably oral, and though this fact fords us to hope for the recovery of its form, we may well suppose that its differences from the Hebrew would be few and very slight, just such, in fact, as we often find in the range of New Testament citation.

The logic of the Apostles was cast in a rabbinic mold, and their exegesis rested, like the rabbinic, on a profound reverence for the Scriptures and an unscientific mode of study, running in the two seemingly opposite, but really allied directions of literalizing and spiritualizing, yet with a soberness and dignity to which the rabbinic teaching was a stranger. The Messianic Idea, also, though raised by Christianity to a nobler height, finds its beginnings in Jewish literature, and colors with kindred glow the thought of both rabbi and apostle.

While the parts of the New Testament have points of likeness in their use of Old Testament material, each writer has also his own peculiarities of citation, depending upon his subject-matter, his style and aim, and the version with which he was most familiar. Thus Matthew almost invariably quotes the Aramaic version, while the other writers make predominant use of the Septuagint; and while Matthew is content with simple citation, the other Evangelists add frequent comments of their own. The methods of Paul have deeper differences from those of John or James, and the Epistle to the Hebrews is, of all the books, the most unbridled in its spiritualizing interpretation.

In the detailed examination of texts which

---


*Quotations in the New Testament. By Crawford Howell Toy, Professor in Harvard University. Charles Scribner’s Sons. £3.50.
follows, translation and comparison are supplemented by exegetical and historical explanation, and the whole work, with its ample index, is made of invaluable service to those who would gain an exact and minute knowledge of the Old Testament as seen in the New.

Canoeing in New England.*

The delightful summer recreation of canoeing does not grow fashionable very fast, but it gains slowly, we judge, on the attention of young men, and every such book as this must help to extend its reputation. Not that the book is a remarkable one in any way; in fact it seems to us rather a wooden sort of book, but the thing which it describes, the voyaging by canoe along New England rivers, is a most lively and animating experience; much better in the reality than any description of it can be. As a book Mr. Bishop's Voyage of a Paper Canoe is much better every way, having not only a larger and more striking subject, but being written with far more graphic use of materials. Then there is R. L. Stevenson's "Inland Voyage," the Voyage of the Rob Roy, and Thoreau's narratives, all of which provoke comparison and test capacity to please. But not all of us can afford either the time or the money to thread our way, as Mr. Bishop did, along the fringe of sounds and inlets and bays which edge the Atlantic coast from New York to Florida, any more than we can cross the Atlantic to navigate French rivers with Mr. Stevenson, and it is a good deal to be shown how in a few days and with a few dollars one can taste the pleasures of these famous excursions in a modest way. New England rivers certainly invite the canoeist to many a charming jaunt, and with Mr. Fellow's book before him he need have no difficulty in selecting a good route and having a first-rate time.

Three separate voyages are described in these 176 pages: the first on the Sudbury, Concord, and Merrimac Rivers, in Massachusetts; the second from Southville on the Boston and Albany R. R. by way of Concord to Newburyport. This route is right through Thoreau's haunts. The Sudbury and Assabet Rivers, meeting at Concord, form the Concord River, which empties into the Merrimac at Lowell. Between Lowell and Newburyport are Lawrence and Haverhill, so that the canoeist following this route passes from remote rural seclusion along busy manufacturing centers to the sea. The second voyage was in the autumn on the Housatonic River, from Pittsfield in Massachusetts to Stratford in Connecticut, where the river empties into Long Island Sound. The third voyage was along the Nashua River, starting from West Boylston, near Worcester, Mass., and ending at Nashua on the Merrimac in New Hampshire. Each of the last two cruises fell within a week; the first took eleven days. The outfit, for two persons, would include an elevenfoot skiff, an exxta oar, a long stern rope for use on rapids, a shelter tent, cooking utensils, canned meats and other provisions according to taste, rubber coats and blankets, and a canvas bag. Of course the excursionist can lodge and eat at hotels if he prefers, but hotels are not always at hand, and camping out certainly adds to the completeness of the trip. More or less hardship is inescapable, but the philosophical canoeist makes up his mind accordingly.

The value of Mr. Fellow's book is not in the excellence of its style, which is sometimes defective in construction; nor in any poetical or otherwise sentimental use of his adventures, which is never attempted; nor in any moral reflections, of course, nor in any notes on nature, which would not have been out of place; but in the practical turn of the descriptions, which often pass into explicit directions as to the route, by which voyagers who follow after can tell how to shoot this or that rapid, or where to get around this or that dam, or where there is a good landing-place, or what was the cost of a team to make a particular carry, or what the freight was on the skiff from Boston to one of the points of departure. There are five maps and thirty other illustrations, all from plain sketches, and to be praised for their intention more than for any absolute excellence.

Recent Literature.

To the new and revised edition of the works of "Iv Marble!" (Donald G. Mitchell) has been added not only that quaint Connecticut novel known as Doctor John, with its pleasant reflections of minstrel and parish life in rural New England, but a volume of miscellaneous papers, now first collected, and happily entitled Bound Together. Two or three only of them have hitherto been printed; the others are fresh from the author's portfolio. There is no portfolio exactly like Mr. Marble's; we would all be glad of this new yield from its recesses. The book contains six papers, or groups of papers: a centennial address on Washington Irving, delivered at Troy on 1883; a study of Titian and his Times; four pencil sketches, so to speak, illustrating "The Procession of the Months," snows, seed-time, spring and summer growing, and fruitage of autumn—a subject in which the author is at his best; a bi-centennial address at Northwich in 1859 on "The Beginnings of an Old Town," two "College Talks," apparently before the same society, the Alpha Delta Phi, separated by an interval, and in conclusion four characteristic discourses on "Fires and Fireside," "Highways and Parks," "House Interiors," and "Holidays and Holidays." [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.]

A picture-book which all boys will like to look over, and which some older persons will examine with interest and instruction, is The Beasts of the World, wherein, by means of 31 pages of quaint text and two or three times that number of colored prints, is given a good idea of all the sort of sailing craft that sail on all the seas; not only the common varieties, such as sloops, cutters, schooners, and the like, but ploughstails, galiots, catques, dinghys, chassemarees, hookers and shaws. The larger vessels are not included, except on the figure. It would have been a good plan to add them to the list. [Jansen, McClurg & Co. $1.25.]

Dr. J. M. Kitchen rests the importance of his short essay on Cataract, Sore Throat, and Hoarseness on the computation that about five millions of the inhabitants of the United States are afflicted with cataract alone. He describes the structure and operations of the nasal passages and throat, the diseases of the same and their common causes, and reviews the methods of domestic and professional treatment; all from a scientific point of view and with abundant illustrative diagrams. The effect of his book will not be to encourage sufferers to help themselves, but to seek medical or surgical treatment. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.]

In Henry James's French Poets and Novelists we have another example of an old book newly offered with a freshly dated title-page, and nothing to indicate to the uninformed reader that it is not an actually new book. The twelve critical biographical essays composing this volume, on De Musset, Gautier, Baudelaire, Balzac, George Sand, and others, were all, if we mistake not, contained in the book with the same title issued by the same publishers, eight years ago. They are excellent, but they are not new, as in their present form they profess to be. [Macmillan & Co. $1.50.]

FICTION.

The Mis Mas. A Story by Nine Authors. [Macmillan & Co. $1.45.]

Me and Other Girls. By Rosa Nouclette Carey. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00.]

A Wife Hard Won. By Julia McNair Wright. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00.]

Times of Frederick I. By L. Topelius. [Jansen, McClurg & Co. $1.25.]

Limited degrees of joint authorship are not uncommon, but a story by nine authors is a novelty. Such is The Mis Mas. The autobiographies of the nine follow the preface in facsimile. They are: Frances Awdrey, Mary Brameton, Christabel Rose Coleridge, A. E. Mary Anderson Morhead, Charlotte Mary Yonge, Frances Mary Pearl, Mary Susanna Lee, Eleanor C. Price, Florence Wilford. Two of these names—Miss Yonge and Miss Pearl—will be at once recognized, and some of the others have a familiar sound, though we will not pretend to an acquaintance with all of them. The story is wholly in the form of letters, a difficult form of composition, but in this case rendered more natural and easy by each author assuming some one character, and confining her work to the letters written by that character. There are in fact twice nine characters, including Sir Walter Wotton, who is creator of the Mis Mas, the estate in Stowsborow, Wiltshire; his two spinster sisters living in the neighborhood, and a married sister in Australia; four daughters, the eldest of them married to an Italian patriot; and twin sons, one at Oxford, the other in the army, and stationed in Canada. Then there are a Mrs. Warburton, and her...
daughter Emily, who is an heiress, and her cousin Edgar Fanahwe, who is an artist, and the Rev. Joshua Bootle, rector of the parish in which Miss Warburton's coal property is situated, and his coarse-minded domineering wife, and the rector's son, Algernon, who has just taken his degree, and two or three minor personages. The division of the story between these several people and places is ingeniously planned; the contrasts of personality are marked and effective; the movement is natural and life-like, the letters preserve to a good degree the flavor of genuine correspondence, and altogether we call the book a good one, fresh, striking, and interesting. We do not think the interest is ever so intense in a tale told in this form as in a direct narrative; but there may be in the case of a good example like this a gain in distinctness. Few readers who get fairly under way in the story will escape till they reach the end of "wood and married and a'."

Another pleasant story of English domestic life is Not Like Other Girls, which, without having great strength or any special originality, follows the fortunes of the fortune of a family consisting of a widowed mother and three young daughters, Nan, Dulce, and Phillis, who are found living at first in the pleasant rural town of Oldfield. Presently Mrs. Challoner loses all her little property, and she and her daughters are forced to take refuge in a forlorn cottage belonging to them in Hadleigh, called the Friary. Here the girls bravely take up dress-making to support the household, and under these changed conditions a totally new life opens before them — new society, new friends, new lovers, new struggles, and new conquests. A handsome curate is attracted by the light of female loveliness which has been kindled in his quiet parish, and is seen hovering in its rays. There are various courtships and marriages, with the result of giving a general reflection of a simple type of English life that is neither very deep, nor very serious, nor very eventful, but just sensible, ordinary, and pleasant, without extremes of any kind.

We cannot say much for Julia McNair Wright's story of A Wife Hard Won. It, too, is an English story, but it opens with an incoherent attempt at dramatic power which approaches bathos, and it constantly runs into such affected, stagy passages as this:

"From the sacrists the wedding party enter the church porch. The rector has hurried home. From behind the great square pillar in the left-hand corner of the church looks out furtively a dark, angry, cunning face, and Gregory Hall hisses between set teeth, "Married, are you, to the Hazet girl? And you've got all the fortune. Where are my fifteen thousand pounds? Curse you, Earl Herron! You leave me but one chance, and that is to bring you up for murder. If you hang, sir, I may get your property as next of kin, unless that confounded old fox of a lawyer puts you up to making a will."

There is a wild Irishness about the style of this book which makes it nauseous to a sensitive palate.

The more we see of the much praised "Surgeon's Stories" of Topelian, the more and more confirmed are we in our original opinion that their value is remote and not present, their interest historical and not living, their function for consultation, not for reading. The Times of Frederick I., now published, is the fourth in the series. The work is history in the form of fiction. It is like an old battle piece, hanging against the wall of some famous European gallery, a master's work, no doubt, and a masterpiece; but not at all the kind of painting which one cares to buy and bring home to his own parlour.

Take them short, ribald, and on the matter how strong and fine in the abstract, or how well fitted to the native taste of the Swede for whom they were written, are not "suited to the American market." They have however a place in literature, and an important place, and by students of the history of the times to which they relate in request. There could be no better reading with which to fill in "a course of study in the history of the North of Europe at the end of the 17th century and the beginning of the 18th."

MINOR NOTICES.

Among the Holy Hills. By Henry M. Field. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.]

The Rev. Dr. Field here adds another to his pleasant and popular volumes of travel. While narratives of the kind already abound, as the author says, there are not many that could or should not bring home a handful of wild flowers from Palestine." Beginning at Jerusalem in the time of the Passover, he leisurely and reverently goes over the sacred ground, with Dr. Post of Beirut, as his companion a part of the time, identifies as far as possible the localities mentioned in the Bible, takes a solitary walk from Gethsemane to Calvary, visits Bethel and Jacob's well, sees what there is to be seen at Nazlous, journeys over the Plain of Esdraelon, and lingers at Nazareth and by the Sea of Galilee, which latter object he puts before us in one of the best descriptions that we remember, beginning:

"It is not a sea, but a lake, and not even a lake of broad expanse, as we measure lakes in America, but rather the small but exquisitely beautiful English lakes like Winder- mere, or a Scotch loch lying in the lap of the Grampian Hills. . . . In this respect it is not even the first in Palestine; for it is much inferior to the Dead Sea, both in size and in the boldness of the surrounding circling hills, and do not rise so high, nor descend so abruptly. The slopes are more gentle. Instead of coming down sheer between the waters and the hills.

Dr. Field goes next to Damascus and ends his wanderings among the hospitable missionaries at Beirut; coming away from the Holy Land with his "faith strengthened in the Divine reality," and feeling as never before the comprehensiveness of the sublime Creed of belief which has been repeated for generations."

He found Nazlous "one of the few places in the East that have been touched with the business life of the modern world," there the oil-presses and oil-factories kept "the wheels of industry in motion." The greatest hindrances to comfort that he and his fellow-travelers experienced were "a flood of rains and an epidemic of thieves." Concerning the former he says, after trying to imagine himself a Crusader:

"As we climbed over the hills, with the wind driving in our faces, we found it difficult to make head against the combined wind and rain. The bravery of my military carriage disappeared. With all my desire to keep a heroic attitude, I had to confess that a traveler with garments bedraggled and bespattered, trying (with poor success) to keep an umbrella over his head is not quite like a mailed and helmeted Crusader."

He thinks that before being "evangelized," Palestine "needs first to be governed — to be ruled justly and firmly" — and his conclusion, as the visit ends, has this frank statement:

"Sometimes we have been moved to a feeling of despair. In riding the hills, I have asked myself again and again, Can this be the Promised Land? — and inwardly thanked God that it was not the land promised to our fathers. Old Massachusetts is worth a hundred Palestines."

Biozen: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life. By Professor Elliott Coues. [Eaton & Lauriat. 75c.]

This is a unique little book in binding, print, etc., and is certainly notable in point of contents. Prof. Coues's position may be best stated in his own language:

"Spirit is nothing if not immaterial (p. 64)."

Soul, on the contrary, consists of a semi-material substance, which is the body of the spirit, bearing much the same relation to pure spirit as the body to the soul itself (p. 62). To this substance when actuated by, and serving for the body, I give the name of biogen (p. 64). It is the substance which composes that thing which a well-known and very frequently quoted writer called the 'natural body' (p. 55). It seems to correspond closely to what Prof. Crookes calls the "fourth state of matter," and the demoralizing activities of matter in this radiant state appear to be summed up by him in the term "psychic force." It is the "od" of Prof. Reichenbach, and many of the manifestations of its activities are grouped under the expression "odic force" (p. 62). It is as open to explanation as Lumière's ether, and its properties, if not its substance, may be studied as we would study light, heat, or electricity; it is therefore not only a proper object of science, but a proper subject of philosophy (p. 64).

Man consists of three parts, his physical body, his soul (biogen), his spirit.

Death is simply the disengagement of the second and third from the first. . . . Having then a dual mode of being instead of a triple mode of existence, replacing mere mental force with those higher spiritual faculties whose glimmerings and indications are, in my opinion, the call to "imagination," . . . limited in its activities not by the three dimensions of space nor by the two modes of motion, but which has entered upon another sphere of existence by an evolutionary process as natural as that by which he passed from the womb to the world. The transition is probably less abrupt in most cases, and there is no reason to suppose that the change is instantaneous.

Professor Coues is one of our foremost naturalists, and it need not be said that his argument is able, as it certainly is scientific. There can be no question that the great physical problems of life, death, and immortality are yet to be solved in essentially the direction here pointed out. This little monograph of Prof. Coues is the most important contribution which the conservative side of the subject has received for a long time, and it deserves the careful study of every philosophical thinker.

WASHINGTON LIFE.

Echoes from Hospital and House. By Anna L. Boyden. [D. Lothrop & Co. $1.25.]


Her Washington Summer. By Jeannie Good Lincoln. [J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.50.]

The first of these books is a biographical memoir; the second a volume of sketches; the third a novel in the form of letters; and we
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bracket the three here because their common effect is a picture of the national capital. The subject of Miss Boyden's memoir is the late Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomroy, who was buried in the Massachusetts city of Newton the other day with honors as rich to the memory of few women. Mrs. Pomroy was an old army nurse. She went to Newton in the early days of the Civil War, served in the Georgetown and Columbia College Hospitals, was called to the White House, after the death of President Lincoln's boy Willie to nurse Little Tad and Mrs. Lincoln, and afterward went into Virginia, and was at Gettysburg and Fortress Monroe. Devoted and useful everywhere, the important passage of her service, historically, was her residence in the President's family, the journal of which was most unfortunately lost. But many interesting incidents of it are preserved here, and the whole narrative brings vividly back to mind the scenes which Washington presented in 1861 and following years. Mrs. Pomroy's character was strongly religious, and the book has a like religious flavor.

Mrs. Gemmell's Notes on Washington are distinctly secular in their tone, and wholly natural, and are based on six years' residence at the capital. They are good as far as they go, and give the stranger ideas of the city and its ways, as the following titles of some of the twenty-eight chapters will indicate:


Many of the sketches are slight, and none of them are elaborate; they are of the order and quality of newspaper notes; some of them are of transient interest; others have permanent use.

Miss Lincoln's novel is offered evidently as an antidote to the disagreeable pictures of Washington people which have characterized several other books. While a story, distinctively so, it is told in letters written by people staying in Washington to friends elsewhere; and the letters are made not only to follow that course of true love which never runs quite smooth, but to convey descriptions of notabilities, sometimes in their real names, of real adventures, kettledrums, balls, and the like; the whole inspired by a generally pleasant feeling and producing a generally like effect. Where agreeable impressions are desired of Washington society, this book will contribute to them, and it is fairly interesting.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

— The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice is out, in two volumes, with portraits, edited by his son; and its appearance in this country will be greeted with pleasure. Maurice was one of the remarkable English Churchmen of the 19th century; and the story out the varied incidents of his life and the contradictory elements in his character. His family were Unitarian, his first profession was journalism, he was theological professor and workingman's teacher, he was a preacher to preachers. Maurice was one of the fountains that fed the Broad Church current; a man whose influence has been far out of proportion to his place. [Macmillan.]

— The author of the fervent and fascinating memoir of Charles Lowder, the mission priest of St. Peter's-in-the-East, London Docks, has prepared a companion sketch of James Skinner, who was another clergyman of the same "ritualistic" order; an apostle of "Confession," a champion of "spiritual direction;" a bright and joyous nature dedicated to an ascetic piety. Mr. John R. Skirner was a large man at Corfu. A pathetic incident in his later life in Newland parish, near Malvern, was his daughter's death in 1866—the date which years before she had put on a fancy sketch of her tombstone. [Kegan Paul.]

— "One Who Knows Them Well" has written a really intelligent and instructive book about the Khedives and Fathas of Egypt, which is full of information very graphically conveyed. All the contemporaneous rulers and statesmen are sketched with the life-likeness that comes of the personal acquaintance. In Arabi the author is especially severe, and of Tewfik Bey, the present Khedive, some amusing anecdotes are related. [ Sampson Low & Co.]

— Deputy Inspector General R. McCormick is an English naval officer who has been in the service for more than 60 years, and shared for 30 years in the explorations all over the globe; but his two volumes of Voyages in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas and Round the World are rather a dull waste of really good materials. A younger hand might have put his diaries into much more readable shape. [Sampson Low & Co.]

— Mr. George Stainton has published the first six volumes of his new edition of Sir Walter Scott's eighteen volumes of The Works of Dryden, modernizing the spelling in the text, preserving scrupulously Scott's work, and adding notes and comments of his own. There is a great deal of dirt in Dryden, and it inhere in this edition. [Paterson.]

— A curious and hair-lifting book is J. H. Ingram's On the Mounted Houses and Family Traditions of Great Britain, though the apocryphal character of its contents lessens of course its value. Still he has stories enough to make the blood run cold for one while, though almost as much is omitted as is included. [Allen & Co.]

— Mr. J. A. Symonds has prepared a volume of essays on Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama. It is in fact the first part of a comprehensive work upon the English Drama of the 16th and early 17th centuries; in which volumes are expected to follow on Shakespeare himself and his successors. [Smith, Elder & Co.]

— An instructive chapter of East Indian history is furnished by Sir T. E. Coolebrooke's Life of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who had a stirring career in India, particularly among the Maharrattas. The extracts from Elphinstone's diaries are full of interest, especially his notices of distinguished contemporaries. [Murray.]

— A well-printed and nicely-illustrated book is Agnes Smith's Glances of Greek Life and Scenery, based on ten years' travel in 1883; Miss Smith's "Glances" are light and not very important, but furnish pleasant reading, and show for one thing that it is getting to be safe to travel in Greece. [Hurst & Blackett.]

— The new edition of Burnet's Life of John Bunyan, by Alexander Napier, with its notes and appendices, gives the text of the original as Malone left it, with discussions of difficult or disputed questions, and pointed notes. There are numerous and excellent illustrations, including portraits and places. [Bell.]

— A collection of 400 of The Sonnets of Wordsworth, with an essay on the history of the English Sonnet by Archibald Trench, should interest the editor of American reprint literature. The greater part of the essay was a Dublin lecture in 1866, and would be better if it were all as late as 1884. [Suttaby.]

— Fortunes Made in Business, two volumes, presents a mass of facts and anecdotes, relating to the financial history of some great English names, such as Gladstone and Bright, the Low Moor Iron Company, etc., etc. [Sampson Low & Co.]

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

— M. Michelet died in 1874, having published 60 or 70 volumes during his life-time, and Ma Gravisse, which has lately appeared in Paris, is not the first or last of his posthumous publications. It is a first instalment, Madame Michelet informs the public, of his memoirs, and is founded on a sort of intermittent autobiography which the deceased poet kept from his youth up. It is a picture of a boy of letters. [Calmann-Levy.]

— M. Deschanel has followed his critical volume on Corneille and Mollière with two volumes in much the same spirit on Racine, whose work is studied under the rather contradictory title of Le Romantisme des Classiques. He belongs to the order of moderate worshipers of Racine, and his book has value. [Rothchild.]

— A. Picard has collected into four massive volumes all the facts relating to the history and structure and system of Le Chemins de Fer Français. The work is exhaustive, and a treasury of information for all students of the science of railroads. [Rothchild.]

— By Nos Morts Contemporains M. Montégut means Béranrè, de Vigny, de Musset, and Nodier, on whom he has now collected four critical essays. The author is a very capable student, penetrative, appreciative, candid, honest. [Hachette.]

— Cupples, Upah & Co. of Boston have been appointed agents of the Brownings Society of London. The society, which now consists of a few over two hundred members, was founded to gather a few, at least, of the many admirers of Robert Browning, for the discussion of his works and the publication of papers on them and extracts from works illustrating them. It also encourages the formation of Browning reading clubs and the acting of Browning's dramas by amateur companies; the compilation of a Browning concordance or lexicon; and the general extension of the study and influence of the poet. It meets once a month at University College, Gower Street, London, W. C., for the reading of papers or the delivery of addresses. [Rothchild.]

— The New York Sun has arranged to print an original story by Henry James, in its Sunday edition. The Sun, though entirely Democratic politically and otherwise, has always shown a great liking for Mr. James. It printed a review of Daisy Miller, at the time of its publication, longer than the book itself. Mr. W. Hazeltine is its literary editor.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, APRIL 19, 1884.

Subscribers to the Literary World, and its readers generally, will be glad to know, as we take occasion to inform them from time to time, of its steady growth. Endeavoring to do honest and faithful work without making any noise about it, we cannot but be gratified to see that our motives are understood and our efforts are appreciated, as attested by the increase of our business at every point. The evident confidence of our advertising patrons and an uninterrupted accession of new subscribers are pleasant signs of a strengthening hold upon the community. Our business for the last quarter, January—March, both in circulation and advertising, shows an encouraging advance. Not that we are satisfied, however. We should be glad to double our subscription list, and so enlarge our resources for the improvement of the paper; and we could readily do so with a little aid on the part of our friends. Could you not find for us one new subscriber?

CHARLES READE.

CHARLES READE, the English novelist, died in London on Friday, the 11th inst., at the age of seventy. The news was not a surprise, as his health had been failing for some time. He had already begun to speak of himself as "old" and "broken," and of his writing, which used to be so spontaneous and exuberant, as "up hill work." His ailments were chronic bronchitis and an indefinable internal disorder, which seriously and unpleasantly affected his eating and digestion. His digestion was probably never otherwise than disordered, as his ample ill-tempered testifier. He was crusty, irritable, splenetic, and when aroused, unreasonable and unmanageable. He was a horse that shied; and when he shied, mental disturbance ran quickly into mental phrensy, and there was likely to be a run-away.

Still, in the last few years Charles Reade had been a different man. There is no doubt about it. In 1880 he underwent that mysterious spiritual change which is known in the churches as "conversion;" gave out that he would write no more for the stage; and since that time had been a hidden and largely a silent man. He certainly was no longer the old Charles Reade. The newspapers of the day had much to say of the act, which he announced as explicitly and frankly as he would a change of residence, and the quality of which was unmistakable. It may have made a better man of him, but it as truly made an end of a good novelist.

Since Put Yourself in His Place and A Terrible Temptation, of 1870 and '71, he had written nothing worth mentioning, save possibly A Woman Hater of 1877, which showed the old fire at the old hearth.

Mr. Reade was born at Ipsden, in Oxfordshire, England, in 1814; graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1835; was admitted to the bar; but soon took exclusively to literature. Peg Woffington first brought him fame; which reached its limits perhaps in Griffith Gaunt, a work that encountered great differences of criticism.

Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, and Wilkie Collins formed a triumvirate of really great English novelists of the present day. Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins were twins; and now Wilkie Collins alone remains. Charles Reade was different, markedly different, from each of his comppeers. Trollope was the novelist of English society; Collins is the novelist of mystery; Reade was the novelist of reforms. Trollope held up the mirror to the aristocracy, the clergy, and the middle classes; Collins loves to entangle his reader's feet in a labyrinth and startle them with a sensation; Reade got possessed with an idea of some great public abuse or shame, and wrote a book in the hopes of correcting it. Trollope's badge would be a kid glove, Collins's a dark lantern, Reade's a cudgel. Reade was by far the most resolute and energetic thinker and writer of the three. His style is remarkable at once for amplitude and force of ideas, and for fineness and abruptness of words. He was a most downright writer. He used the pen as if it were his fist. His pen spluttered, his ink spattered, so to speak, and he used no blotter. Literally speaking, his methods of work were his own. He was a devourer of the newspapers, a keen voluminous scrapbooks and note-books; pasted in and jotted down everything he saw and heard that was remarkable; and so could write like this, for example, to the publishers of the Youth's Companion in Boston:

When I return to England, and have my books about me, I will write for the Youth's Companion one good article about men and animals, and their friendships, and how the lives of men have been sometimes taken and sometimes saved by quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and even reptiles, and could wind up with an extra story of how a man's life was once saved by a lady-bird. But one such article, with his habits of condensation, would exhaust the whole vein. If I get to England alive I can ransack my note-books, and the article will be interesting and absolutely true, not one of the facts being derived from the pages of any naturalist or compiler of such stories. These writings are too audacious exaggerations, and not one of them can be trusted.

Charles Reade's impulsiveness, irascibility, implacability, meant aridor in his friendships, generosity, fidelity. He was a fire-brand that warned when it did not burst. We do not know that he was the most honest of writers; the last two appearances of his name in the Literary World have been in connection with serious charges of plagiarism. The coarseness in some of his books was in the man. He had English bluntness, and no particular delicacy, either of feeling or touch. But he had a conscience, sound fidelity indignation against what he considered to be a wrong.

He was a good hater and a good fighter. He gave hard blows and asked no quarter.

After life's final fever he sleeps well.

We subjoin a list of his principal works:


1854. Peg Woffington.

1859. Chronicles of Joanna.

1864. Masks and Faces etc., a collection of plays, jointly with Mr. Tom Taylor.

1855. Clums and Sunshine.

1865. A Play, a Dramatic Talk.

1856. It is Never Too Late to Mend.

1867. White Lies.

1867. The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth.

1868. Property Quise Martinus and the Box Tunes.

1869. Croman. Jack of all Trades.


1870. Love me Little, Love me Long.

1870. A Good Fight and Other Tales.

1870. The Eighth Commandment.

1871. The Kloster, and the Heath; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow.

1872. Hard Cash.

1873. Griffith Gaunt.


1874. Put Yourself in His Place.

1874. A Terrible Temptation.

1874. The Wandering Hour.

1874. A Simpleton.

1875. A Hero and a Martyr.

1877. A Woman Hater.

1878. Readiness, Howautiful.


1881. Born to Good Luck.

1884. Her Picture.

THE MATTHEW ARNOLD MYTH.

It is evident to any close observer of the signs of public opinion that Mr. Matthew Arnold has not left on the whole, a very pleasant impression of himself behind him. The most marked evidence of this, of course, is the positive and literal criticisms which were passed upon his sayings and doings while he was in the United States. Another equally marked, but less direct, evidence is the flavor of the apocrypha which has been growing up since his return home. Every such visit of every such distinguished stranger will leave its true and its fictitious record; and the fictitious record, the tales that are told of such a man, the stories about him that get into the papers, the inventions and exaggerations of which he is the hero, will inevitably take on the color of the popular esteem in which he is held. It makes no difference that the record is all false; the people "love to have it so," and the form and flavor of these irresponsible caricatures will express the average of the popular feeling. If on the whole the people liked the man, the account which grow up around his name will represent him in a pleasant light; if on the whole they disliked him, the myths will subject him to ridicule or even to contempt.

In illustration of what we mean we will copy the following anecdote, which has just appeared in a Cambridge (Mass.) paper of repute, which bears every mark of veracity, and which doubtless by this time is half way round the world on the wings of the "exchanges":

During Mr. Matthew Arnold's stay in Boston he was invited, with two or three friends, to visit
the home of James Russell Lowell, at Elmwood, Cambridge. The place is always beautiful and inviting, and on this occasion was particularly attractive, as Mrs. Oie Bull had, with her usual good taste, fitted up a house with flowers in honor of her expected guest. Mr. Arnold was conducted through the various rooms and returned to the library, which is a bright, beautiful room, beside being rich in associations with the distinguished owner. Mr. Arnold made no remark to the survey, but when it was ended said, "How dreary it will be for him when he comes back."

This sounds as if it were true, and the reader of it will form from it a low estimate of the common sense and common courtesy of Mr. Arnold; but the fact is that the story is pure invention. Mrs. Oie Bull did not have the honor of receiving Mr. Arnold at Elmwood, and the anecdote has no foundation. Nevertheless, such an anecdote could hardly have passed into currency, had it not, with more or less accuracy, somehow fitted into the popular idea of about what sort of a man Mr. Arnold had proved himself to be. He must at some time or other during his visit have expressed himself in terms like these under conditions like these. This is the process of myth growing.

A still more striking illustration of the impression Mr. Arnold has left behind him is afforded by an article which appeared in the New York Tribune of Sunday, April 6, accredited to Mr. Arnold, and purporting to have been transmitted by telegraph from the London Mail Mail Journal of the day before. The same article appeared, also as a cable dispatch, in the Chicago Tribune of the same Sunday. The article professed to be Mr. Arnold's views of Chicago, and not very complimentary views either. Chicago is represented as a pretty solid body of "Philistinism," "superficially vandalized" over by the "perverse vulgarity" of the ill-advised government, and all else is omitted because the society is so bad that it is cheap or cheap. Where Herbert Spencer is mistaken for Hibbard Spencer, a well-known tradesman, and Matthew Arnold is confounded with Edwin Arnold and Thomas Hughes; where "mercers, ironmongers, and packers" aspire rather vainly to the intellectual life; where representative sermons are chiefly remarkable for dreary wastes of "unctuous commonplace" and "diluted rhetoric," and where life is largely in the flesh, and must undergo a change of heart before it can rise to better things. The tone of the article is thoroughly un-poetic and un-poetic, and its whole effect is to impute to the author of it a self-complacent, consequent, superficially temper; the temper of a conceited, arrogant, imperious foreigner, who has come over here to look at us through an eye-glass, to patronize and condescend where he can afford to do so, and to turn up his nose where he cannot.

"Now the article proves to be spurious. The New York Evening Post at once adjudged it to be so; and a cable dispatch from Chicago to Mr. Arnold elicited the prompt reply that he had written no such article. But whether apocryphal or genuine is little to our present purpose. Either Mr. Arnold did or did not write, this article on Chicago. Had he done so, its mistakes of observation and of spirit would react heavily upon him and seriously lower his reputation as a penetrative critic and a cultivated gentleman; as he did not, the fraud is only another illustration of the Arnold myth, another example of what it might be generally supposed that Mr. Arnold would think and say. In either case the impression left of him is one to be regretted.

OUR AMERICAN ACADEMY.

OUR New York contemporary, The Critic and Good Literature, recently asked the vote of its readers in favor of a list of forty men-of-letters worthy of a place in an hypothetical American Academy corresponding to the French Academy. The result of the election is published in its last issue. It proved that there were at least three hundred candidates for the honors proposed, none of whom received from one to ten votes each. The Elect Forty who stand at the head of all are as follows, the figures before and after the names showing respectively the rank of each in the list and the number of ballots received:

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes (130); 2. James Russell Lowell (138); 3. John Greenleaf Whittier (125); 4. George Bancroft (121); 5. William Dean Howells (110); 6. George William Curtis (107); 7. Thomas Bailey Aldrich (106); 8. Francis Bret Harte (105); 9. Edmund Stedman (104); 10. Richard Grant White (103); 11. Edward Everett Hale (102); 12. George W. Cable (97); 13. Henry James (86); 14. S. L. Clemens, Mark Twain (84); 15. Charles Dudley Warner (84); 16. Washington Irving (83); 17. James Freeman Clarke (82); 18. Richard Henry Stoddard (82); 19. William Dwight Whitney (77); 20. William Dean Howells (76); 21. A. B. Hartwell (69); 22. Noah Porter (66); 23. John Fiske (63); 24. Theodore A. Woolsey (57); 25. A. Bronson Alcott (55); 26. C. L. Bliss (53); 27. John Burroughs (52); 28. Mark Hopkins (51); 29. Thomas Wentworth Higginson (49); 30. John O'Sullivan (49); 31. Alexander T. Spence (48); 32. George F. Fisher (47); 33. Moses Coit Tyler (46); 34. Charles A. Dana (44); 35. Donald G. Mitchell (42); 36. Alexander W. Mitchell (39); 37. Edwin F. Whipple (37); 38. George Parsoni Aisworth (36); 39. W. W. Story (35); 40. Francis Parkman (34).

The names of the second forty are these: Phillips Brooks (53 votes), George Ticknor Curtis (33 votes), William A. Hammond (32), E. L. Youmans (32), Austin Flint, Jr. (31), James D. Dana (30), John C. Calhoun for the names, Robert S. Walker (30), Henry C. Lea (26), F. Marion Crawford (27), R. W. Gilder (27), Albion Toogood (27), Edward Eggleston (26), Robert Goodwin (26), Josquin Lecat (26), J. T. Brown (26), Henry Cabot Lodge (24), Charles Eliot Norton (24), John M. G. McFarlin (23), Francis J. Child (22), Parson (21), J. Chandler Harris (21), W. G. Sumner (21), Joseph Cook (20), Edgar Fawcett (20), John Hay (16), Charles Godfrey Leland (16), Brandt Manwaring (14), Whitelaw Reid (14), H. H. Bancroft (13), George H. Boker (12), Arthur Sherburne Hardy (12), William Wilson (12), Horace Elisha Enfield (12), Andrew D. White (12), Will Carleton (11), William T. Harris (11), Henry N. Hudson (11), David Swing (11), Charles Carroll (11). As to the first of these lists it has a decided New England, not to say Bostonian, complexion, and suggests that the aperçu of literary leadership may not yet have departed to New York after all. The list contains two or three names that we should hardly have expected to find included at all, and leaves some to the last that we should have looked for among the first. But in an essay like this one, it is interesting for taxes.

While on the subject we will take occasion to say that we have received from Florence, Italy, a request that we should designate the representative American woman of letters. This request was couched in such a way as to make us feel that we were about to pay a kind of tribute to the Critic and Good Literature, with the suggestion that while it has its hand in, it go on with a second plicature as to the national favorites from the tender sex, and that until the ladies have taken their seats, the gentlemen remain standing.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON. A

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON— one of the best known of the younger English poets—has, through both his genius and his fortunes, an especial hold on the interest of the readers of contemporary poetry. He was born into poetry, so to speak, as a Chosie might be said to be born into the law, or an Adams into statesmanship. Far away back, in the Elizabethan days, one John Marston was a poet and a dramatist, and Dr. Westland Marston, the father of our poet, has written poems of very great beauty, which are less universally known than they deserve to be only because his wider reputation as a dramatist has somewhat overshadowed his reputation as a poet, pure and simple. His first play— The Pardoner's Daughter—was produced at the Drury Lane Theater, under Macready's management in 1842, its author being then only twenty-three years of age. It was a dazzling success; a result to which the performance of the principal parts by such actors as Macready, Phelps, Helen Faucett, and Mrs. Warner doubtless contributed.

Philip Bourke Marston, the subject of this biography, was born in London, in 1850. He was a beautiful child; and it was to him, in his fascinating babyhood, that his godmother, Miss Muloch (now Mrs. Craik) addressed her well-known lyric, commencing:

Look at me with these eyes, brown eyes, Philip, my king.

Also for the large, brown eyes! The first misfortune of the many which have pursued our poet, overtook him when he was only three years of age. Playing with some other children he got a blow in one of his eyes, which were at the time weakened by the use of belladonna, administered as a safeguard against a prevalent scarlet fever. The injured eye became inflamed; the inflammation was communicated to the other eye; and he lost the sight of both, though at first not totally. Until he was twenty-one or twenty-two years old, Mr. Marston has told me, he could see the colors of sunset clouds, the waving of trees in the wind; the outlines of certain objects. Even this slight power of vision is gone now, and he sits utterly in the dark.

His childhood was naturally a singular one. He could not play with other boys; and he listened to wonderful conversations of women. Instead, Dr. Marston's house was in those days a center of literary hospitality; and the dreamy boy heard all sorts of discussions. He began to compose almost before he had left off pinafores; and at an incredibly early age dictated a three-volume novel, which his mother wrote out, and kept for a long time as a literary curi-

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Now, indeed, was the flood-side of Marston's life. At twenty-one, an author so successful that the Masters thus praised him, and reckoned as of their kin; betrothed to the girl he loved; full of present triumph and future hope; surely, at last, Sorrow had forsaken him! Nay, she had only withdrawn into the shadow, and waited near at hand. Soon after his engagement, his betrothed was seized with quick consumption, and died in the November of 1871, when the poet had just entered his twenty-second year. This loss was not alone the loss of love—it was the wreck of hopes and plans for a shared life, a household which should have grown up around him over the years. And then the last, flickering light went out from his darkened eyes. Perhaps her tears had quenched its latest ray. His sister Cicely was the consoling angel of these dark days. From henceforth the brother and sister were inseparable. She took up the duties their mother had laid down. She wrote for him, read to him, lived in and for him. She had decided literary gifts of her own; but she gave herself so wholly to her brother that she sought no theater for their display, and only published two stories.

In 1873 our poet formed a close intimacy with Olive Madox Brown; himself a poet, novelist, and painter, all in one—and this friendship was one of the consolations of that evil time. In 1873 Marston went, with his sister Cicely, to Italy—a journey to which he has often referred in subsequent poems. To breathe Italian air, to "stand in Dantes's Florence," to drift in gondolas at Venice, between scenes that seemed to sleep above the tideless waters—it all touched his imagination quite as keenly as if his eyes had seen it. With some subtler spiritual vision he beheld the beauty that was the beauty of a dream—and he even began to feel that life had still some aftermath of quiet pleasures, and might be worth having, even yet. But this was only for a brief space, like the calm that sometimes holds a tempest in check, only that it may break forth again with a wilder frenzy.

In 1874 his best friend, Oliver Madox Brown, died of a fever; and again Faithful Sorrow sat down with the poet beside his ghost-haunted heart.

It was in 1874 that Mr. Marston published his second book, All-in-All, a volume of poems devoted almost wholly to his grief for his dead love; and characterized, in consequence, by a certain monotony which made it less acceptable to the public than Song-Tide had been. Critics and poets praised it, however; and there were poems in it so stately in their despair, so passionate in their sadness, so fraught with poetic charm, that they cannot be overlooked or forgotten.

Soon after this second book was published, Mr. Marston contributed to Scribner's the first of the many prose articles which he has published in America—an account of the brief, brilliant life and early death of his friend Brown. He was also at that time writing more or less for the English magazines; not frequently, however, for his tyrant. Smith's often laid her spell upon him and held him dumb. Between 1874, when young Brown died, and 1876, when I first made Mr. Marston's acquaintance, no fresh blow had been struck by his evil fate; and doubtless the old griefs were somewhat softened by time. I found him, in 1876, just beginning to go into society again, everywhere accompanied by his faithful sister. He had by nature a quick wit, and that something which for want of a better name we call animal spirits. It struck me that he bore his many and terrible misfortunes with a singular courage; and I half wondered to see him able to jest and smile. Since 1876 he has been a frequent contributor to American periodical literature, both in prose and verse. His prose style, at its best, has great richness and flexibility; and a picture-making quality which, in connection with his want of sight, is often the subject of wondering comment.

The relentless sorrows of his life were by no means over with the death of his chosen friend. In 1878 died his sister Cicely; and this, I think, was the heaviest blow of all, and one from which he has never at all recovered. She had grown to be to him a sort of supplementary self, so that her going, as he said, "took the light from out his skies."

In the February of 1879, his other sister, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, died—and two years after that, in 1881, died O'Shaughnessy himself, a brother-in-law beloved with more than usual tenderness. Philip Bourke Marston has only left to him now his father—the last of the home circle he had loved so tenderly, by whom he had been so tenderly loved.

"His word is too sad," some prosperous critics have said; but what of his life? What courage does it not take to live on, and work at all in his ghost-haunted darkness?

It would be a mistaken impression of his work, however, to think of it as all and wholly sad. His third volume, and the one displaying the most varied power—Wind Voices—was published in the autumn of 1885. It contains not only the stately and subjective sonnets which one able critic has pronounced, justly as I think, "worthy of Dante," but also love-lyrics of exquisite grace, ballads vigorous and full of fire, and yet more of those lovely "Garden Secrets" which the flowers have whispered to him only, of all the poets whom I know. Sinxe he still finds the strength to go on working, in the face of so many sorrows, it is safe to predict that he will conquer his fate, and not be conquered by it—and already he has done much work which the world will not yet die.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOUTON.

(The from a special Correspondent.)

VII.

A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC SOIREE IN ROME.

Returning to my hotel from a stroll on the Pincian Hill, where all the Roman world is to be seen on every bright afternoon, I found the following note from my friend, Exekiel, the American sculptor: "Come to my studio to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. Marion Crawford and other literary celebrities will be there—no dress coats, but the finest music in Italy." This was a tempting invitation, and at the hour named, I found myself at Mr. Exekiel's studio in the Baths of Diocletian. Ascending a flight of stone stairs, in the sides of which were window-panes of stained glass, and lighted by a dozen lamps, half concealed behind the flowers, and passing by the bronze figure of a graceful boy, holding a light in his right hand and a vase of flowers in his left, I was ushered into the quaintest, the most picturesque, in fact the most artistic, studio in Rome. Suspended from the lofty ceiling was a hanging
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basket of flowers encircled by a score of lights, while around the walls hundreds of candles in antique sconces were burning, throwing stiffling gleams over marble busts and groups of statuary. The frescoes on the walls are fragments of the Batts of Diocletian and the floor is covered with Persian rugs. Eighteenth century elephant’s heads hold the candles that light the studio on ordinary occasions. Two colossal forms claim the attention of the visitor: one, the picture of a Herald, drawn by Mr. Ezeekiel, holds in his right hand the shield of art; the other is the figure of Welcome, holding in one hand a glass of wine, while the other rests upon a shield. The two caryatids that support the chimney piece, which are colored to look like marble, were executed by Mr. Ezeekiel. The chairs and sofas of the studio are covered with old leather of quaint and curious patterns.

The most striking and interesting work in the studio is the group of Homer. The figure of the poet is of heroic size, and he is represented sitting on the sea-shore, reciting the Iliad, and beating time with his hands; even in his blindness, his face wears an expression that seems to be looking into the future and down through the ages. His feet are bare, his left hand is seated on his lap, a youth with Egyptian features, who accompanies Homer’s strokes on the lyre. Quite different from this poetic group is the bust of Judith, a torso which looks as if it might have been dug up from an old ruin. The head is of the Semite type; the hair is dressed in the peculiar manner that reminds us of the Eastern relics; it is caught up at the forehead by a broad band, and on both sides of the low brow hang a clustering mass of curls; the left breast and shoulder are bare, and the former has the mark of beauty in the shape of a dimple. She had been present at the revel of Holofemers, which accounts for the drapery having fallen off one of her shoulders; the Oriental scarf, with the strings and tassels, tied around her waist, indicates that this “most terrible of heroines,” so well known to the public. He has arrived at that heroic moment when to liberate her people, she determined to strike the fatal blow. Thus the picture is one of majesty and power, and so characteristic that Judith might have sat for it herself. A bronze bust of Liszt next attracted my attention. It is the only one he ever sat for, and Mr. Ezeekiel made it directly from the great master at the villa D’Este. The face is a remarkable one for a man of seventy-two, and possesses much benevolence but also not a little sarcasm. The hands which have played so great a part in the world of music are very beautiful. They have not the tapering fingers of the Venus di Medici, but rather the strong lines of Apollo. The features are strong and Leonine, and give an excellent and satisfying representation of the great artist who has done for the piano what Paganini did for the violin. One of Liszt’s favorite pupils when she saw this bust exclaimed, “It is the great master himself.” He has no professional jealousy, but is willing to acknowledge merit wherever it is found. He has his most imposing figure, and the manners of a prince; in fact, he is one of the most perfect cavaliers of the present time. This bust is intended for the Conservatory of Music at Pesth, of which Liszt is the director.

In the meantime, the studio has gradually filled up, and by nine o’clock fifty ladies and gentlemen, representing every civilized nation, had assembled. It was a very polyglot gathering—all the languages of Europe being spoken. Even Gray, Ezeekiel’s dog, understands several languages. Stately Italian ladies, with dark, flashing eyes, formed a striking contrast with several fair Saxon girls; a French officer, with a moustache and beard, of imperial size, talked with surprising common sense upon the present condition of France, with the chaplain of the American steamship “Lancaster,” now stationed off Naples. Pascarella, the Italian poet, impromptu sonnets in the Roman dialect, to the great amusement of those who could understand them. I could not.

Prof. Lounardi, of the Vatican Library, a distinguished Italian scholar, who knows Dante and Ariosto by heart, was talking in Latin to an American Catholic clergyman. The music was very fine, and consisted of a quartette led by Sgambati, the pianist and composer. The pieces were by Schumann, and Sgambati’s own ainfonic which he is to direct at the Trocadero in Paris in May.

Early in the evening, I was introduced to Mr. F. Marion Crawford, whose novel, Mr. Isaac, gave him so sudden a reputation. He is very tall, six feet two, with broad shoulders, full brown beard, big forehead, and hazel eyes; his manners are easy, but not free, he laughs heartily and talks well. I engaged him in conversation about his book. He said he had no intention to write a novel, and did not think he could, but that returning from India, where he had failed in an attempt to establish a newspaper, he was in the habit of relating his adventures in the East to an uncle, who became so much interested that he insisted upon his nephew turning them into a novel, and Mr. Isaac was the result. The MS. was submitted to Macmillan & Co. Nothing was heard from it for three months, and Mr. Crawford began to think it was forgotten, when he received a letter from the publishers, offering to issue the book upon the usual terms of ten per cent. This was gladly accepted. The novel was published, and Mr. Crawford, like Byron, woke up one morning, and found himself famous. He bears this success with composure, and is rather astonished at his own success. He said, however, that he would not submit his MSS. to the editor of the Century, or any magazine, except the Atlantic, Mr. Aldrich being a friend of his. He thinks he has established his reputation, and editors should buy without examining his work. Mr. Crawford has unfortunately followed up his first success too rapidly. Three novels have already appeared since the publication of Mr. Isaac, eighteen months ago; and he has just finished another. I do not know whether Mr. Crawford should be classed among American novelists; he was born in Italy, where most of his life has been passed; he speaks Italian more fluently than English, and often has to translate his thoughts from the former to the latter language.

I left Mr. Ezeekiel’s studio an hour after midnight, but the sorrel did not break up until four o’clock.

SYLSTON.

—Little, Brown & Co. have just published A Digest of Statutes and Decisions upon the Jurisdiction of the District Courts of the United States; and of Rules and Decisions Relative to the Proceedings in such Courts, by Erastus Thatcher, The Law of Insanity, by Henry F. Buswell; An Elementary Treatise on the Law of Corporations; A Ttutewiueg upon the Principles and Practice of the American Law of Patents for Useful Inventions, by Dr. W. C. Robinson, Professor of Law in Yale College; and Seton’s Daees, the first American edition from the fourth English.

PERSONAL.

* Lord Tennyson, so goes the story, had just gone to live near Blackdown, and lost his way one night while rambling about. A woman standing at the door of a cottage did her best to set him right, and in so doing described one corner of his own house, saying: “You will see it as you turn the corner by a clump of yew trees. Some one’s come to live there from Lunnon. They say he’s a queer’un. He’s a actor, or does writin’ or summat o’ that sort; but he’s a queer’un, ‘e is. He goes about more like a beggar or anything else.” “Oh,” said Tennyson, “have you seen him?” “No, I can’t say as I’ve seen ‘un; but that’s what I hear. He goes about just for all like a beggar.”

* Edmund Yates, the London journalist, has got a sentence of four months’ imprisonment for publishing a libellous paragraph about the Earl of Lonsdale. The paragraph was written by a paid contributor, but fact did not shield the editor from responsibility. Mr. Robert Buchanan, the novelist, has written to the Pull Mill Gazette that notwithstanding the offence he should be sorry to see Mr. Yates sent to prison, “as the imprisonment of journalists is a barbarous practice and unworthy of a civilized country.” So, we may add, is “personal journalism.”

* Edward King says that W. H. Mallock one day dropped in on Carlyle and talked the old gentleman almost into his grave. “The Scotch philosopher and historian listened imperturbably to everything that Mallock had to offer, invited him to tea, and had him to smoke in the library afterward. When at last the youthful sage thought proper to take his leave, Carlyle accompanied him to the door and said: ’Well, good-bye, you kind body. I’ve received ye kindly because I knew your mother; but I never want to set eyes on ye again.’ ”

* The Harvard Herald has taken a vote among the college students at Cambridge for members of an hypothetical “American Academy,” and these are the leading fifteen names: George William Curtis, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George Bancroft, Bret Harte, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, George W. Cable, Prof. Francis James Child, Henry James, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman.

* Mr. H. H. Bancroft, the San Francisco historian of the Pacific States, has just returned from a somewhat extended visit to Mexico, of which he gives a minute and favorable report in the Chronicle of that city of March 22, in the form of an “interview.”

* Augusta Evans, the Southern novelist, is described by one who lately visited her as “a lady of about middle age, somewhat under the medium height, inclined to be stouter, with auburn hair, and blue eyes that speak of genius and refinement.”

* Mr. H. N. Stevens, son of the well-known Henry Stevens, American bibliographer resident in London, has opened a look-shop in St. Mar-
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The Ballad of Ann Hathaway. We are

indited to several friends for notes concerning this poem, which may be found in Bryant’s Li-

terary Poetry and Song (ed. of 1875), p. 701 (one of the collections in which we had looked for it—and missed it); in Carleton’s Popular Readings (New York, 1879); and in Parnassus and Oddities, a small volume published by Russell

Brox, New York, 1876.

The Bryant collection gives it as “attributed to Shakespeare” (on mere newspaper authority of

course); and Carleton’s book ascribes it to

“Edmund Falconer.” A friend writes us that the author is said to have been “a tippy London

playwright.” The impression left on our own mind when we first became acquainted with the

poem, years ago, was that its authorship could not be traced; but some reader may be able to give

us further information on this point.

Since the above was written we have received several more communications on the subject; and we see that there are two ballads entitled

“Ann Hathaway.” One of these—which we find in our own Library in Chambers’s Book of

Days, vol. i. p. 66, as well as in Bryant’s Literary Poetry and Song—is the one playing on the

lady’s name and falsely ascribed to Shakespeare. A stanza of it is quoted in the World, vol. xii. p.

13, in a notice of Edward’s Finger-Rings. The whole poem, which is not unworthy of reprinting, is

as follows:

TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE, AND delight of my heart,

ANN HATHAWAY.

Would she be taught, ye feathered throes,

With love’s sweet notes to grace your song,

To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,

Lasso’d to mine Ann Hathaway? She

She hath a way to sing so clear,

Pheebus might wonder strow to hear;

To melt the heart of the gay,

And Nature charm, Ann hath a way;

She hath a way,

Ann Hathaway;

To breathe delight Ann hath a way.

When Envy’s breath and rancorous tooth

Do soil and bise fair word and truth,

And merit to distress betray,

To soothe she has the heart Ann hath a way.

Her way she hath to chase despair,

To heal all grief, to cure all care,

Turned from the path Ann hath a way.

Those know, those know, heart, Ann hath a way;

She hath a way,

Ann Hathaway;

To make grief blue Ann hath a way. Talk not of gems, the orient list,

The diamond, topaz, amethyst,

The emerald mild, the ruby gay;

Talk of my gem, Ann Hathaway!

She hath a way, with her bright eye,

Their various lustre to defy;

The jewels, she and the same,

So sweet to look Ann hath a way;

She hath a way,

Ann Hathaway;

To shame by the bright gems Ann hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given

To rate her charms, I’d call them heaven;

For, though a mortal made of clay,

Angels love hers as Ann Hathaway;

She hath a way so to control;

To capture the imprisoned soul,

And sweeten heaven on earth display,

That to be heaven Ann hath a way;

She hath a way,

Ann Hathaway;

To be heaven’s self Ann hath a way.

The other ballad is the one said to be by Ed-

ward Falconer, and we have it in a little book

entitled Blood and Bravery, by the late Prof. J.

E. Froble, of the College of Acting and Oratory,

New York City, published in 1876 (p. 66).

There are twenty-six stanzas, of which this is the first:

No beard on thy chin, but a fire in thine eye,

With busiest madding in thine passion,

A stripping in form, with a tongue that can make

The oldest folks listen, maid’s sweethearts forsake,

‘He over the fields at the first blush of May,

And give thy boy’s heart unto Ann Hathaway.’

Every stanza ends with “Ann Hathaway,” but the name is not played upon at all.

This ballad may also be founded in the Quarterly

Editionist for April, 1876, edited and published

by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl, 35 Union Square,

New York.

W. Aldis Wright’s “Bible Word-Book.” We are glad to see a revised and enlarged edition of

this excellent “Glossary of Archaic Words” in the Authorized Version of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer— to quote the second part of the title—published by Macmillan & Co.

We have known and consulted it ever since its first appearance, eighteen years ago, and have repeatedly commended it to teachers and students of Shakespeare as one of the most useful glossaries they can have at hand.

Every word is illustrated by quotations from Elizabethan or earlier writers, and no author is cited oftener than Shakespeare. The new edition contains many additional archaisms and illustrative passages, and in every respect—size of page and type included—an improvement on its original form.

Among the new matter we note an instance of the rare use of after—is at the rate of; from the margin of Matt. xx. 2: “The Roman penny is the eighth part of an ounce, which after five shillings the ounce is seven pence half-penny.”

The only parallel Mr. Wright gives is from Shakespeare’s M. for M. ii. L. 253 (cited also by Mr. Heard in the World for March 8, 1884, p. 80).

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

614. Obermann. Can you tell me in your column of Notes and Queries for what the “Obermann,” mentioned by Matthew Arnold in his letter on Chicago, is especially famous?

Bethlehem, Pa.

S. M.

We have remarked elsewhere on the spurious quality of the article on Chicago attributed to Matthew Arnold, but there is certainly no “Obermann,” though we presume few people have ever heard of it. There is a novel with that title written by Etienne Pever de Sénonay, a French au-

thor, 1770-1805. The hero is a personification of morality without genius, a man who has lofty aspirations but is de-

trite of all force or means to fulfill them.

615. Old wood to burn! old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! old books to read!

[See Nos. 591 c, and 592.]

MELCHIOR.—Florista Española de Apotegmas Sentenciales.
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BACON.—Apophthegms. In the same words, at least, Mr. Atkin makes a slight error, for which no one could be blamed. The above quotation has appeared so often that it would, indeed, be difficult to trace the original author. I have seen it a score of times in as many books, and by authors we would scarcely dare accuse of literary piracy. And yet, what can one think of the editor who quotes? This is probably the one Mr. Atkin was led to understand as the originator of the above; it is said to have been an expression of Aesop's, King of Argus, and is quoted as such by Sir William Temple:

Among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the whole course of their lives, all the rest are but bundles besides [sic], old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.

And, next, who does not call to mind Shakespeare; Cowper's immortal to his wife?

I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manner, old books, old wine, and, believe, Dorothy, you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

I could quote more, disguised in new language, like Goldsmith's, but the ancient thoughts are there. All I want to know now, is, who was the original originator? Bacon? Probably, but I should like to have the matter settled by some old bookworm-subscriber of yours.

C. A. W. THUMBETTS, Pa.

King Alonzo V. of Aragon and Naples, was author of the saying quoted. He reigned in the fifteenth century, and died in 1458. He was summoned "The Magnanimous," because upon acceding to the throne he destroyed, without reading, a paper containing the names of all the nobility who were his enemies. In my copy of Marianna's History of Spain, I read the following: "Cuantase muchas gracias, donares y dichos agudos deste príncipe para muestra de su grande ingenio."—"Many witty, graceful, and keen sayings are related of this prince, as a proof of his great mind."

The correct quotation is, I believe, as follows; "Una cosa seca para quemar; caballo viejo para cabalgar; vino afieje para beber; anigos ancianos para conversar, libros antiguos para leer;"—"Wood old to burn; an old horse to ride; old wine to drink; old friends to converse and old books to read."

S. A. RAMLETT.

Newtonville, Mass.

63b. Tennyson's Princess. If you will send me as address of H. G. Neskar, N. J., we will be glad to send her a critical edition of the Princess. Yours truly.

Montreal.

DAWSON BROTHERS.

An annotated edition of the Princess, in the same style as that of the Aeneid, by Mr. W. J. Rees, is in preparation, and will be published during the coming summer. The illustrations will be taken from Osgood's historical edition of Shakespeare. The most unsold and annotated edition of Selected Poems from Tennyson will also appear at or about the same time.

61b. Quotations Wanted. (a) I stood beneath a hollow tree—Thoreau. I looked upon the hollow world, And all his hollow crew.

(b) Equally, the informing soul of freedom.

(c) Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

The following are the latest issues in Lee & Shepard's dollar series of novels: The Only One, by H. N. French; Barbara Thayer, by Annie Jenness; Lord of Himself, by Mr. Underwood; Dora Darley, by Mrs. J. G. Austin; and Outpost, a sequel to the former.

FOREIGN NOTES.

—Dr. George MacDonald has written an introduction and notes for a text of the First Folio of Hamlet to be published by Longmans. A Beaconsfield Birthday Book is coming along from the same firm.—Mr. Matthew Arnold's lecture on Emerson was announced in London for March 27.—M. Rouher is said to have left a manuscript of some importance on men and events of the Second Empire.—Mr. George Meredith has written a new novel which is to appear in the Fortnightly.—Mr. Archibald Forbes has written a life of Chinese Gordon.—Routeledge & Sons have in press a new edition of Fielding's novels in five volumes.—The late R. H. Horne has left many unpublished poems, dramas, and romances, and appointed Mr. Buxton Forman his literary executor.

—Mr. Theodore Watts is to write the article on "Poetry" for the Britannica.—The Foundation of Death is the title of a new book on the drinking of the athenium by Gustafson.—Sunday Talk, the monthly magazine for popular reading, edited by Principal Tulloch, is to be doubled in size and illustrated.

—The tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh was to be celebrated on three days of this week, beginning with the 15th. According to the Athenianum, no less than eighty delegates were to be present from British, colonial, and foreign universities and learned bodies, including the Universities of Berlin, Kiel, Göttinngen, Halle, St. Petersburg, Helsingfors, Cracow, Pesth, Christiania, Upsala, Lund, Ghent, Louvain, etc. On Thursday, the 16th, the degree of D.D. was to be conferred on eight British divines and one French, and the degree of L.L.D. on sixty-nine other gentlemen, among them Profs. Victor Carus, Cayley, Haeckel, E. de Lavalry, Martena, Renan, and Virchow.

—Three books in the "Classics for Children" series. In May the firm hope to issue Trollop's Inductive Latin Lessons.

—Robert Brasor have in press What to do and What not to do in Cooking, by Mrs. Lincoln of the Boston Cooking School; The Usher, an Episode in Japanese History, a novel, by Judith Gaultier; and an edition of Lord Ronald Gower's Reminiscences.

—Cupples, Upham & Co. have just published a new volume of poems by Miss L. G. Guiney, called Songs at the Start.

—Announcements of New York publishers include some items not yet mentioned. D. Appleton & Co. are to publish The Prime Works of William Cullen Bryant, edited by Parke Godwin, in two octavo volumes; Louis Pasteur: His Life and Labors, by his son-in-law, translated from the French by Lady Claude Hamilton; the Giant's Robe, by the author of The Giant's Robe, a book of Pictures of Life and manners, with a new chapter by J. E. Gordon; Specimens, Arguments, and Miscellaneous Papers, by David Dudley Field; and, in the Patchen Library, a Selection from the Writings of Jonathan Swift. Carter & Brothers have a new volume of Spurgeon's sermons under the title, Handfuls of Memory; Dodd, Mead & Co. General Loving's long-exploried work on
EGYPT; Mr. Worthington an edition de luxe of Scott's Irvan; Wylie & Sons a work on the Metropolitical System of the Great Pyramid, by President Barnard of Columbia College; Charles Scribner’s Sons Our Chancellor, by Burch, and a new volume in the series of Stories by American Authors; Ford, Howard & Holbert a new novel by Orpheus C. Kerr, There was Once a Man, published originally as a serial in The Continent; the Harpers The Great Argument, or Christ in the Old Testament, by Dr. W. H. Thompson; and A. D. F. Randolph & Co. The Divine Origin of Christianity as Illustrated by its Historical Effects.

—S. C. Griggs & Co. announce a new work by Prof. Alexander Winchell, which bears the title of Geological Excursions; or, The Rudiments of Geology for Young Learners, intended as an elementary textbook for our public schools. It will be illustrated with eighty-eight fine engravings, and will be ready next month. S. C. Griggs & Co. will also publish next month a new and greatly enlarged edition of Words; Their Use and Abuse, by Prof. Wm. Mathews, LL.D. Much new and valuable material has been collected by Prof. Mathews among the great libraries of Europe, where he has spent the past two years. The book has been almost entirely re-written, and in its new form will contain about 500 pages of matter.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have apparently been particularly successful in the making of éditions de luxe, so successful that they already announce new and important ventures in this somewhat hazardous line of publishing. The fine edition of Mrs. Browning’s complete works is already well under way, to be followed by an édition de luxe of The Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, from the text of the Rev. Myron Bright, who, it will be remembered, deciphered anew the voluminous short-hand notes of the author. The edition will be complete in ten volumes, and only 315 copies will be printed.

—Scribner & Welford will publish immediately in a new impression of an out-of-print title, The Bowyer Poetry Directory, which is now in press, shows that the periodicals of all kinds published in the United States and Canada have reached the number of 13,402, a gain of 1,600 for the last year. This is an increase of 4,618 for the past ten years.

—Mrs. Bratsey’s new book, In the Trades, the Tropics, and the North, is now ready, and the new edition of SHORT CHRONICLES, is now at once by Henry Holt & Co. It records a recent cruise in the yacht "Sunbeam." Mrs. Bratsey is now at work upon a new book, Egypt after the War.

—Jansen, McClurg & Co. have nearly ready Times of Londoners, comprising volume V of "The Surgeon’s Stories." They will also bring out at once the volume of Lust, by the German of Dr. Louis Nobel.

—The Mesurs. Holt will add to their new American Novel Series Strata of the Sea, a new story by an American lady.

—J. R. O’Connor & Co. will publish in May Henry Irving’s Impressions of America, in two volumes.

LITERARY INDEX.

[Under the above head we keep an alphabetical index to such articles on strictly literary topics in current periodicals as, by reason of their intrinsic character, their authorship, or in the pages in which they appear, are likely to deserve the notice of readers of the Literary World. Biographical sketches of living writers, essays upon distinguished authors not living, criticisms of famous or important works, and other literary history, will be properly represented. The order of each entry is subject-title, entered by leading word, name of writer, name of periodical (foreign periodicals in italics, date, or volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.)


PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.


RALEIGH WALDO EMERSON. By William H. D. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

ESAYS AND SKETCHES.

REPUDIATION. By George Wakefield. [Economic Tracts.] G. P. Putnam’s Sons.


TALES, POEMS AND ESSAYS. By Anna Letitia Barbauld. With a Biographical Sketch by Grace A. Oliver. Roberts Brothers.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. [Pleasant Authors for Young Folks.] By Amanda B. Harris D. Lothrop & Co.


MY MUSICAL MEMORIES. By H. R. Hawkes. Funk & Wagnalls.

FICTION.

THE LAST OF THE LONERAS. By Helen Pearson Barford. Congregational Publishing Co. $1.25


THE JOYS OF LIFE. By Emil Zola. T. B. Peterson & Bros.

DRAWING ROOMS. By Donald G. Mitchell. New and Revised Edition. Charles Scribner’s Sons. $1.25

THE SURGEON’S STORIES. Times of Frederick I. By R. E. Francis. Franklin Square Library. $1.25

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Vol. XV. BOSTON, MAY 5, 1856. No. 9.

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THE LIFE OF MAURICE.*

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ANOTHER DISAGREEABLE NOVEL.*

DISAGREEABLE novels sometimes go in processions, and just now the new “American Novel Series,” lately begun by Henry Holt & Co. of New York, the publishers of the very excellent and successful “Leisure Hour Series,” seems to have a monopoly of the product. Stratford-by-the-Sea is the fourth in the series. We do not know that it is any worse than A Latter Day Saint, which was No. 1; and we are quite sure it is not so very bad as The Pagans, which was No. 2; with Esther, the third in the series, we are not able to compare it, as that work of Hebraistic title has not yet come into our hands; but of the thoroughly disagreeable novel, the cynical, bitter, unhappy novel, the novel of the sour-stomach grade of authorship, it is a very good specimen. Why such books should be written is a question easier to answer than why anybody should publish them or read them. It is when we have to wade through such repellant books as Stratford-by-the-Sea, that we are most impatient of the critical function and responsibility.

Stratford-by-the-Sea is a Boston story; which, at this season of the year, is to say that it is full of raw uncomfortable east wind. Stratford might be a New Hampshire coast town, or a Massachusetts coast town, related to Boston, and under the Boston influence. The descriptions of the town are apt and good, as also of the old Nye homestead, where live Philip and Elizabeth and their grandmother-idennter mother, with the autocratic and dictatorial grandmother herself, knitting by the fire. The first object of the book discloses itself in the portrait of this grandmother, which is intended as a delicate and covert caricature of New England Puritanism. The author’s purpose becomes more evident when she passes to describe a revival which arouses the quiet town, and the effect of the whole picture is to give an untruthful and an unpleasant impression of the traditional New England character and New England life.

This purpose is executed with greater boldness when one of the personages to the story, Felix Kewe, schoolmaster, is set forward as a religious reformer, and is made to do duty as a general image-breaker among the religious ideas of historic New England. This sectarian trend of the book is however presently lost sight of in the unhappy fortunes of Elizabeth and Oswald Craig, a dangerous young fellow who comes down from Boston; whom we distrust at first sight, who plucks Elizabeth with a feverish touch that forebodes ill to her, and carries her off as his girl wife to town. Here he amuses her senses with her for a while until a young actress, Victoria Landor, appears on the scene. Then Oswald, great selfish brute that he is, throws the Stratford violet aside, and adopts the gay and showy city flower in its place. The whole process of crucifying a wife and wooing a mistress is anatomically followed out, even to the unfaithful husband’s kissing the actress’s “cheeks and neck” as he wraps her cloak about her. Then in a lucky moment the unworthy husband is killed by a fall from a train of cars, and the discarded Elizabeth is left free to marry Felix Kewe, the theological illuminator.

The novel is fairly written, is obviously a woman’s work, has some experience and skill behind it; but as a whole, taking subject and motive in connection with materials and treatment, is worse than poor. It is bad. It leaves not one pleasant taste in the mouth, except the pure womanliness of

* The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice. Chiefly told in his own letters. Edited by his son Frederick Maurice. Charles Scribner’s Sons. a vols. $3.oo.

THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

The illustrious Aristotelian who is the principal of Edinburgh University has placed a large circle of scholars under many obligations by writing a model history of a university. This is the more remarkable, as most college or university histories are tawdry eulogies intended to convey the idea that the particular school in question is a peerless institution which all mankind should honor, and perhaps endow. Most colleges are extremely sensitive to whatever a stranger may have to say about them, unless this poor mortal speaks and writes in terms of abject praise. One does not usually learn from the printed histories who it was that governed the universities and made policies for them. The ordinary college history is filled with the spirit of agathism, and duly suppresses whatsoever might represent your alma mater in any other light than one of pure mildness shed over the peace, progress, and benevolent happiness of your academic circles. Criticism, on the other hand, is generally confounded with illegitimate fault-finding. Sir Alexander Grant's history of the youngest Scotch university has neither cast nor padding in it, and ought to give much pleasure to many persons, especially those who are connected with our higher institutions of learning.

The University of Edinburgh was established just three hundred years ago; it has more students than any other English or American college; it has always been a great Protestant school, though far more eminent in medicine than in theology; and of late it has emerged from the double thraldom of being poor, and governed by the town council of Edinburgh. Mr. Principal Grant tells this whole story with a candor, thoroughness, sweetness, and incivility somewhat unusual in college documents of this character. Once upon a time the Edinburgh professors had a lawsuit with the hard-headed town council, who happened to be in the right. It is pleasant to find that Sir Alexander Grant does not invent a defense for the arrogant professors who never had any. With equal sense, the author relates Sir William Hamilton's conflict with the city fathers of the Scotch capital—a conflict which led Sir William to write furious letters in which he berated the council for not thinking as did Sir William, who had to give up his class in metaphysics, because he thought that men must not use their official power, unless it suits the man over whom that power is to be exerted. The town council, on the other hand, receives just what it deserves, namely, justice, and it is justice which showers praise upon George Drummond, the maker of modern Edinburgh.

Sir Alexander Grant, beside telling the history of the university and its constitution, gives a good account of all its professors. The list is the more glorious and honorable when one bears in mind that Scotch university professors live in the main on fees paid to them by young students, very few of whom take a degree or pass through an entrance examination, the result being that the Scotch professors have to teach the rudiments which should be explained in the high schools. Nevertheless, the University of Edinburgh has had Robertson, the historian of Scotland, Sir David Brewster, Thomas Chalmers, John Playfair, Dugald Stewart, and a singularly brilliant array of medical professors; among living teachers it has Sir Alexander Grant, the Aristotelian; William Y. Sellar, the historian of Latin literature; A. Campbell Fraser, the editor and foremost interpreter of Berkeley; and David Masson, the illustrious historian of John Milton and his age. Among its students the University of Edinburgh has had Charles Darwin, Thomas Carlyle (who gave to it his wife's estate in Craigenputtock), Niebuhr, Oliver Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Palmerston. Sir Alexander Grant's work alludes to them all. But the essence of his two volumes lies in the story of the university as a growth, as a decidedly human institution, and as the party or the scene of many a hard battle fought out in words and feelings.

SIR JAMES CAIRD IN INDIA.

Sir James Caird went to India in 1876 as a member of the famine commission appointed by the British government to examine into the state of the country and to devise a system of relief. Probably no living Englishman was better qualified for the task, for Sir James Caird has made national agriculture a study for more than a third of a century. His devotion to the agricultural interests of the United Kingdom in various official capacities has had a most beneficent influence on parliamentary legislation. His travels through India extended over a period of three months, and included the entire country. Of course he had unusually favorable opportunities for observation of the land and people, and what he saw he was capable of judging by comparison with systems in vogue in other countries. The pages from his note-book now printed afford an exceedingly realistic picture, and one that has long been needed. There are no glittering generalities to be found in this volume. Those who desire glowing accounts of architectural monuments, or rhapsodies about scenery, and so on, must look elsewhere. Sir James Caird is occupied with weightier matters. He has something to say from actual knowledge. He tells us how the common people, the great mass of land-tillers, live; describes the villages, the methods of irrigation, the management of crops, the system by which farms are leased, the working of the courts, the manner in which taxes are collected. All this is told in a straightforward, simple way, so that the reader gets from the book a more definite and trustworthy idea of what India really is, than is to be had from any dozen of the ordinary narratives of travel.

Sir James Caird shows us the people at work, the "plough drawn by a pair of small buffalo bullocks, the ploughman being accompanied by a woman, with a basket of wheat, who trickles the seed in front of the plough at the bottom of the last furrow." Then we are told what wages are paid to farm servants, what they have for food and how it is prepared, with other careful minute details, such as go to make up an accurate and comprehensive impression. Here is a picture of a village in Bengal:

The mud butas have, in long generations of successive owners, gradually raised themselves above the dead level of the surrounding country to which each new but being founded on the ruins of those preceding it—at once raising the level of the dwellings, and sinking by the excavated earth. Large and deep have yielded the material for the latest as well as the earliest erections. The villages are thus found to be situated on raised mounds on which they overlook the subjacent rice plains; and, as it is only on these mounds that trees flourish in this wet country, each village has its fine ancestral trees overarching the houses and shading the water. Among these are the two kinds of palm, the short but massive-leaved date-palm, and the tall cocoa-nut palm overtopping all others. The people of Lower Bengal are a darker race than those in the northwest; they have jet-black hair, and many of the younger men go bare-headed in the sun. Having but one general crop, rice, they have vegetable gardens close to the villages, and these are certainly not less comfortable than those where greater variety of produce is raised. Every house has an outer house for the cattle, whence you enter a small courtyard, upon which the dwelling-house opens. Most of the buildings are of mud. Some are more substantial, and many of them with tile roofs, often covered with creepers, and having a fine crop of pumpkins, lying warm in the sun among their glinting leaves.

The general condition of the people in the native states was not found to be much different from that of those living in districts directly under British rule. The appearance of uniform poverty is misleading. They are not to be judged by European standards of comfort:

They have few wants, a few thriftings will clothe them, and a penny half-penny a day, with...
ordinary prices, will feed them. Their only ambition is to dower their daughters handsomely according to their station, and with this object, and in the wedding, they actually spend four or five years' income. This they borrow from the village banker, to whom, as a rule, they are all in subjection. Their industry at sea-time and harvest is unintermitting. But when they have done their best then, and in watering the garden they are content to sit and will sit perfectly happy, doing nothing, all the rest of the time. The Hindu religion is a belief in a dreadless unknown Power, whose wrath they desire to appease. Power of any kind they seem to deify, and if the British government had accorded them a constitution, they have been readily given to any authority they feel, but do not comprehend. In approaching you they clasp their hands together, and with humility advance as in worship. They are naturally a quiet, docile, simple people, who have never for long years known anything beyond the look upon us as conquerors who desire to be just, but don't know how to do them justice.

With regard to relief measures in time of famine, Sir James Caird rigidly opposes the establishment of public works, and advocates the extension of the village system as the central basis of help. He shows that the annual expenditure in India for famine relief is only the fifteenth part of the annual expenditure in England for the relief of the poor, and argues that "in a famine-stricken population five millions would be kept alive where no labour is exacted on the same food as would be required for four millions working under a labour tax." The reasoning leading up to this proposition is worthy of the attention of those who have set up the cry of "pauperizing India." As to the future, the writer is hopeful of the results of a wide extension of railways and facilities for irrigation. He also favors a revision to the principle of payment of rent in kind, although the difficulties of such a step are properly emphasized. Moreover, Sir James Caird regards the application of the English system of land tenure as disastrous. And he is earnest in the opinion that

THE DISEMAL SCIENCE.*

The distinguished author of the "Reign of Law" finds a fair proportion of his readers in America; and the only drawback to the eagerness with which they will receive the present book is found in their having seen the most of it in the pages of the "Contemporary Review." Still it is a book that will bear reading more than twice. It seemed to us at first that its title was inadequate, and underneath "The Unity of Nature" we have penciled, in our copy, "Mind in Nature." But we are not sure but it is better to announce a position that none will dispute, and pass step by step to others that none ought to dispute.

What does the Duke of Argyll mean by "Nature?" He says (p. 461), "The whole system of things, visible and invisible, in which we live, and of which we form a part." We shall find, then, no such antithesis as nature and mind, or nature and man. Nature is not the same as matter. Nature includes matter and mind—the universe of both, even the manifestations of God in the universe. This view at once suggests, by contrast, Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural." According to him the Will of man, and whatever transcends physical law, belongs to the supernatural. On the other hand Argyll says:

It would be well if this and [supernatural] were altogether banished from our vocabulary. It is in the highest degree ambiguous and deceptive. It assumes that the system of Nature, in which we live and of which we form a part, is not limited to purely physical phenomena, and connected together by nothing but mechanical necessity. There might indeed be no harm in this limitation of the word Nature if it could possibly be adhered to. But it is not possible to adhere to it, and that for the best of all reasons, because even inanimate nature, as we habitually see it, and are obliged to speak of it, is not a system which gives us the idea of being governed and guided by mechanical powers. We wonder men find it difficult to believe in the Supernatural, if by the Supernatural they mean any机关 which is

* Elements of Political Economy. By Émile de Lavalette.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

now here present in the visible and intelligible Universe, or is not implicitly represented, and continually reflected there. For indeed in this sense no Christian can believe in the Supernatural — in a creation from which the Creator has been banished or has withdrawn himself. On the other hand, if the Supernatural we mean an agency which, while ever present in the mate-
rial and intelligible Universe, is not confined to it but transcends it, then indeed it may not be in the believing of it, but in the disbeliefing of it" (pp. 274, 275).

The difference between Argyll and Bushnell is largely one of language, that of both being justified by usage, but the book before us is throughout a strong support of the terminology of the former.

The Unity of nature is seen in the adjust-
ment of its several parts to each other. This appears in the universality of gravitation, the correlation of physical forces, the connection between the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and the laws of organic life. What is man's place in these adjustments? By his body he is joined to all matter and all physiological organizations. But his body is joined to his mind; hence his mind is in contact with the whole material world. Here is a vast field for the adjustment. Man's intellect grasps the knowledge of material things because, in the vast whole of Nature, mind is, by nature and fundamental constitution, the knower, and matter is one of the things to be known;—matter not in any mysterious essence or sub-

stratum, but its properties and relations, especially "the What, the How, and the Why." The relativity of knowledge is thus its guarantee and foundation. Knowledge is relative, and therefore real. We know, because of the system of Nature, the system is linked with the knowable. Man's will too shares in the material adjustment. Take, for example, its relation to chemical forces:

These complicated automatic forces of nature are of such a character as to lend themselves to artificial manipulation in measures and degrees of inexhaustible variety. In them perhaps more conspicuously than anywhere else in nature, the most absolute fixedness and rigidity of "laws" is seen to be not only compatible with, but to be the one essential condition of, that largest freedom in the ultimate agencies of Mind which we can only think of as a freedom outside the physical chain of cause and effect, but with boundless opportunity and means of acting upon that chain, and bending it to Purpose (p. 222).

But what is the relation of mind to mind in the system of nature? Man's knowledge of material things is mostly the apprehen-
sion of Mind in them. His knowledge of other minds, including the brute-mind, is more vivid but none the less relative. When we come to man's will, its relation to other wills and to his own destiny, we meet with a dreadful exception to the harmon,y, if not unity of Nature. His moral sense is in perfect harmony with the system, but his will, which is free, not absolutely, but as compared with the restrictions that direct the instinct, or brute-will, of animals, conflicts with his own moral sense and with the moral order of the world. Hence human degradation, and the corruption even of religion, which is man's apprehension of the Mind above Nature, though manifested in it.

We have thus given a very imperfect sketch of the thought of the book. It is a grand treatise on Natural Theology and the Philosophy of Man, in which many of the old familiar terms are dropped, and the old familiar truths are re-adjusted to fit the knowledge of today. The only criticism we have to offer—besides noting a tendency to diffuseness which sometimes mars a style remarkable for its perspicuity—is that the wickedness of man, while it may well be called "The Great Exception," is after all merely "great," not solitary. The system of Nature is throughout imperfectly carried out. No one could show this better than our author if he should set himself to the task. As the scale of being rises towards man, danger and disaster increase. Man's high of moral freedom is the highest precious of danger. His ideal position has been maintained only by One who knows no sin. Why should not restoration by that One be included in the largest System of Nature?

Materialists and some Evolutionists will criticise this book, as they have already, even with contempt. Evolution is not the basis of the book, but generous room is left for it, indeed too much to suit some, for the evolution of evil as well as good is insisted on. Those who believe that man was originally in the state of lowest savagery will do well to read Chapter X on the "Degradation of Man." We should be glad to quote from it, and from many other portions, but must content ourselves with the above, commend-
ing the book itself to those of our readers who want more.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

There is no disputing the scholarly qualities and critical value of Meyer's Commentary, which in its original European form has been for some years a desideratum with every American theologian. Its republication by Funk & Wagnalls is steadily progressing under favorable conditions. The volume devoted to Romans has just ap-

peared, an octavo of nearly 600 pages, with some additions by the editor, Dr. Timothy Dwight of Yale Theological Seminary. Meyer is purely exegetical, and is written for students of the New Testament Greek only, but that direction and theological learning in this country is taking more and more notes. The notes by the American editor, which aggregate some 80 pages, are wisely massed at the end of Meyer's own work on each chapter of the Epistle, so that no difficulty need be found in marking one from the other. As a tool for the critical workshop this treatise has a distinguished place. [$3.00.]

The plan of Prof. J. H. Gilmore's Wellock is (a) a fly-leaf certificate of marriage; to be filled out by the minister presenting the book to the couple whom he has just married; (b) about a hundred pages of selections from the poets on marriage and the married, and (c) covers of white leatherette, stamped in gilt. [Rochester, N. Y.: Scranton, Wetmore & Co.]

There is more that is ingenious, fanciful, and amusing in The Language of the Hand than there is learned, philosophical, or profitable. The authors, whose names are Henry Frith and Heron Allen, but whose names might be the same with Sallie Bell, are thorough believers in the old art of palmistry, or profess to be that; and have written this book of 160 pages to describe, illustrate, and prove how character, history, and destiny can be deciphered from the form, size, proportions, and lineaments of the human hand. We do know a New York doctor who has a sur-
prising gift for discerning character from handwriting; these authors claim that to know charac-
ter and foretell careers it is enough to study the hand only. There is certainly a great difference in people's hands, and this study of the differ-
ences is scientific in its form and method, if not scientific in its deductions. There are no illus-
trations. [George Routledge & Sons. 50c.]

The Doré Gallery of Bible Stories is a large and showily bound quart of 32 of the late Gustave Doré's Biblical drawings, with narrat-
ives condensed from Scripture by Josephine Foliard; one page of narrative to one page of picture. We know a young man who admires Gustave Doré, but subjects these, and do not rate the book as appealing to a very high order of taste, either literary or artistic. [J. B. Alden.]

Mr. Andrew James Symington's Hints to Our Boys are admirable; and we could easily wish that every boy in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Americ would read the book. But the practical difficulty is that the boys who need the suggestions and counsels are just the ones who will not touch them. "Capital! capital!" is what every father and mother will say about these pages of good advice as to character, leaving school, time, habits, and manners; and will sigh for some process that will make their twelve-year olds and sixteen-year olds interested enough in the book to go faithfully through it. [T. V. Crowell & Co. 75c.]

MINOR NOTICES.

Flowers and their Fiduses. By Grant Allen. [D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.]

In these eight chapters, Mr. Allen, whom the world knows as an uncommonly charming writer, has done his best (which is saying a good deal) to make believers in Evolution. Wisely sparing trite words, scarcely hinting of "pseudopilism," he adroitly takes us hurriedly past the first stages of the discussion, and, almost before we know it, is persuading us, in an entertaining, humorous way, to believe that a daisy was once formless, void; nebulous matter, so to speak, on some mantling brood of the poets. Unfor-

tunately, he gives us no assurance that this same flower, beloved of poets, may not some day re-

solve itself back to duck-weed; for his pages con-

tain the theory of degeneracy as well as that of evolution; of "degradation," as in the case of graves and cesspools, or ancestors with lilies. If the author fails to make his lines of reasoning quite clear, or to follow out all the steps of this deplorable degeneracy on one hand, or of illustrious progress on the other, he cer-

tainly does not come short in the invention of narratives that are as good as a story-book. The very titles are tempting; "The Daisy's Pre-

dure," "The Romance of a Widespread Weed,"
"Strawberries," "Cleavers," "The Origin of Wheat," "A Mountain Tulip," "A Family History," "Cuckoo-pint;" and the titles mean far more than the development of a theory. Nor further explanation is needed by those who have already seen these papers in English magazines, but to those who come freshly to them it may be said that they are chapters of the pleasant adventure and summer saunterings of one who is an enthusiastic lover of wild flowers, brightened by glimpses of the author's own personality, full of what the artist calls "local color," English scenery, and with neat bits of information tucked in here and there. Mr. Allen says:

Originally, there is good reason for believing, all flowers were of the same bright golden yellow hue; and those of them that have since progressed to other colors, under stress of special insect selection, have passed through regular gradations of white, pink, red, crimson, and purple, and finally blue. Some flowers still remain at the ancestral yellow stage; others have got as far as white or pink; yet others have attained the stage of crimson or purple; and a very few, the most advanced of all, have even reached the culminations of violet and deep blue.

Animated, picturesque, stimulating to thought, investigation, and observation, this is an eye-opening book with a country atmosphere; of a class which ought to have a wide parish of readers, and one that is a pleasure both to read and to commend. To individual tastes and habits of thought it may be left to accept or reject the doctrine. The mechanism of the volume is in excellent taste, and many illustrations add to its value and attractiveness.


Professor Whitney's Grammar, which appeared in 1879, first made the study of Sanskrit easy to students provided with a teacher, and possible to those without one. The preparation however of a Reader with proper references, as a companion manual, was still necessary to complete the apparatus for beginners; and now, after what has seemed endless delay, we have the volume before us. The work is finely done. The selections are excellent and well graded, and the editing, proof-reading, and press-work leave nothing to be desired. We are sorry to find part III, or the Notes, though mentioned in the title and before the Vocabulary, put off in time and place to another volume, which we fear means a good while. The unassisted student, whom Professor Lummans has particularly in mind in the plan and preparation of the work, will find much time and often remain at last in impatience for want of a line of reference or comment here and there. But to return to praise. The book as far as it goes is a lasting honor to American expert scholarship. It will be used, either in this or in the German edition soon to be published, as Prof. E. E. Sandefer of St. Petersburg has the best textbook of its sort. Turning to the Vocabulary, we find throughout the expected evidences of patient, painstaking labor. The place of the Notes, indeed, is largely supplied here. The etymologies are sound and careful, and adapted to arouse the interest even of the uninitiated, as in the words "up, do, put, back," etc. We are tempted to add a translation of the curious passage from the Maitreyani (given here as the 63d selection, p. 92), "The Creation of Night":

Yama died. The gods tried to console Yama for the loss of Yama. When they asked her, she said: "Yes, I am the best one."

"This is one way in which I shall never forget him; let us create a night." The gods created the night. Then came Yama, and put the night before her (Yama). Therefore do men say, "Days and nights, surely, make one forget one's sorrow."

FICTION

Hesba Stretton's Carnal is a simple, tender story of a poor London girl, who has a wretched home and a drunken grandmother, starts on her way up in life in ignorance and on the borders of vice, but comes under saving influences, until a lover appears, to whom she confesses her antecedents. Thrown over by him, she returns to the East of London to do such work as she can for her old kind. Out of such materials as these the reader can easily tell the sort of story which Hesba Stretton would make; hardly powerful, in this instance, but graphic, picturesque, full of feeling, and moving in its effect upon the religious sensitivities. [Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.]

The English translations of German novels which come to us under the imprint of Wm. S. S. Stabergers, come all in covers of the same dull brown, and the tints within show an almost similar somber uniformity. Of W. von Hiller's A Graveyard Flower we can only say in praise that it is as cheerful as a cemetery. The "graveyard flower" is a little child, the daughter of the keeper, whose whole life is circumscribed by the limits of the gloomy lot, where she ples her sports, and goes through her own sad romance with love. We find small pleasure in such tales as this. [90C.]

Branding with Thorns is the pricking title of a thoroughly sensational novel of the less objectionable sort, dealing with events at the South before and after the late Civil War. "Poor whites," Union prisoners, and Ku Klux raiders furnish the characters; and the pictures of stirring and startling events now receding into the dim distance are vivid. There is dialect in the book, in the French paragraph style, after the following specimen:

Hundred of them. Thousands of them.

They were at the rails. Manna went too.

She tore at the rails all down the road.

In Savannah there was dismay.

Sherman coming.

This style of printing makes easy reading. And some of the descriptions of the "crackers" and other "white trash" have the impress of fidelity. [Dodd, Mead & Co.]

Mr. W. Clark Russell's new story, Jack's Courthship, does not depart in essentials from the form and manner of his previous sea tales; and adds to the probability that this very clever author has found his limitations and cannot supplement his resources by anything larger than his bare command of powers of invention. A voyage, a shipwreck, and a happy escape are his stock in trade, but with these simple materials it must be confessed he does a good business. The present "Jack" is a lover, who ships for Australia on board the same vessel with his sweetheart, whom a stern fate has sent out of the way of his attentions. Shipwreck and a chapter of Robinson Crusoe life on a desert island vary the fortunes of "Jack's Courthship," all of which are related in Mr. Russell's vivid style. [Harper & Bros. 25C.]

An Old Man's Love is the last of the novels of Anthony Trollope, not the last written but the last to be published. It is a pleasant wind-up to a long and attractive list; but belongs to the second class of his writings. It is neither considerate in size nor attractive in form. It is a short, sweet, simple little story. The "old man," Mr. William Whittlestall, fell in love with his orphan ward, Mary Lawrie, and she, out of gratitude, promised to marry him, when all the while she had a true lover far away, she knew not where. Three years before, he had left her, without a word of love spoken between them, and had promised to come back to her, but in all this time she had heard no word from him, and for aught she knew he might never see him again. Besides, was it certain after all that he loved her? Under these circumstances she promised to marry good Mr. Whittlestall, old and infirm, Mrs. Baggett, Mr. Whittlestall's old housekeeper, and the Rev. Montague Blake, the curate of Little Alresford, a worthy addition to Mr. Trollope's clerical galaxy. [Harper & Brothers. 15C.]

FACT AND OPINION

Art and literature can never become a real study to any but an infinitesimal portion of intelligent mankind; nor is it in the least desirable that they should do so. Their usefulness consists in their enjoyment—in the fact of their being not an occupation, but a recreation; an interlude in our life, and not a constantly present interest. [Vernon Lee, in the Academy.]

The United States are, broadly regarded, a kind of school of the world, where the young offshoots of all nations are taught the English tongue and fashioned into English-Saxon type, which is rapidly advancing to a recognized primacy. [Athenaeum.]

This could hardly be a stronger proof of the oblation into which Miss Edgeworth had fallen than the fact that Miss Broughton called her recent novel Retaliga and that she sent it to us as a serial without any comments being made on the author's adoption of the title of Miss Edgeworth's once celebrated story. No novelist could have appropriated the title of one of Richardson's, Miss Burney's, or Miss Austen's novels undetected or unencumbered. [Spectator.]

In this country, as in Germany and elsewhere, there is no division of intelligent opinion as to the distinction between Schiller's merit. As a practical explorer with the spade, he deserves the highest praise for his industry and perseverance. This praise has, on all hands, been accorded to him in the fullest measure. In questions of classical scholarship and archaeology, he has neither the training nor the critical faculty that would give any value to his judgments. Hence his explorations, with all their intrinsic interest, have been more useful to the world in their association with fantastic theories and crude hypotheses. [Spectator.]

A privileged student perceives many real difficulties in Shakespeare which never strike an ordinary reader, because such a reader glides at once and consciously into an appreciation. So it is with the Bible and so with Shakespeare; careful study often at first obscures and in the end clarifies the text. [Edward Dowden, in the Academy.]

When poetry is considered as a fine art the perfection of Keats's ode becomes so astonishing that it is difficult to think of him save as the classic artist. [Athenaeum.]"
The Literary World.

BOSTON, MAY 3, 1884.

In the presence of the famous society and its subscribers, the Literary World has held its annual meeting. The President, Mr. Charles Reade, in his address, paid tribute to the memory of the late Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, and remarked on the high standard of literature maintained by the society.

The Literary World has always been characterized by its strict and high literary standards. The society has always been a refuge for the best and the brightest minds of the day. It has been a place where the greatest minds of the world have come together to discuss the great questions of the day.

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in the public prints, and to laugh over them as heartily as anybody. "A public man," he says, "who is not broad and strong enough on his feet to set his counters and knock them over be prominent long, and whenever one is in the front he must expect to receive hard knocks."

* Mr. Lowell presided at last week's meeting of the Browning Society in London, and delivered a critical eulogy on Mr. Browning's poetry, which he said belonged to that world which passes not away. In constructing a new definition he declared himself able to find many of Mr. Browning's poems remarkable even for form.

* The Hon. James Russell Lowell, Mr. Browning, Sir John Lubbock, Tennyson, Dr. Fordyce Barker of New York and Principal Dawson of Montreal were among the gentlemen honored by Edinburgh University at its tercentenary with the degree of L.L.D.

* Henry George, the California political economist, who has been in England, where the Duke of Argyll has been overhauling his book, Progress and Poverty, was tendered a dinner in New York on his return.

* George Eliot was an accomplished housekeeper, did with her might, and did well, whatever her hand found to do, and both her chirography and her pronunciation were characterized by great neatness.

* Parke Godwin, Mark Twain, T. B. Aldrich, and James R. Osgood were among the gentlemen who united in giving Mr. Henry Irving, the actor, a good-by breakfast in New York Monday morning.

* Mr. Ruskin has been exploding in the Pall Mall Gazette into admiration for Prince Leopold, abuse of Mr. Gladstone, and praise of his own Oxford lectures.

* R. D. Blackmore writes his novels with dark blue ink in a small chirography which is the despair of the printers.

* Bodenstedt, the German poet, is slowly recovering from his long illness, and is going to Rome.

World Biographies.

Andrew James Symington, F. R. S. N. A. Mr. Symington, widely known as a popular and able English writer, was born at Paisley, Scotland, July 27, 1825, and educated at the Grammar School of his native town. At an early age he commenced his literary career, in 1844 contributing translations of German poetry and original verses to Tait’s Edinburgh Magazine. His first volume, Farewell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings, appeared in 1846, and a second edition with additional poems in 1862. In 1855 he privately printed Generics, and other Poems; dedicating it to his friend Mary Howitt. Two years later a work in two 8vo volumes, the labor of ten years, with the title of The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life. Mr. Symington, accompanied by the late President P. A. Chadbourne of Williams College, Mass., in 1859 visited Iceland, and in 1861 gave the results of his journey in Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faroe and Iceland, with an appendix containing translations from the Icelandic and fifty-one illustrations engraved by Linton, from drawings by the author. In 1870 was issued The Reasonableness of Faith; with an appendix containing Hymns and Verses of Consolation and Hope. His next volume, published in 1878, was Thomas Chalmers — The Man, his Times and Work; which was followed by Thomas Guthrie, Preacher and Philanthropist; and in 1881, a two-volume series of Men of Light and Leading, in 1886 wrote Samuel Lover — A Biographical Sketch with Selections from his Writings and Correspondence; Thomas Moore, the Poet — His Life and Works; William Cullen Bryant — A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and Other Writings; and in 1881, two volumes of William Wordsworth — A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Writings in Poetry and Prose.

In these popular books narrative and comment are combined with selections from the respective authors, so as to convey a better idea of the spirit and style of each writer, and enable readers to understand the general scope of his productions. These books have been republished in America — the first three by Harper & Bros., and the Wordsworth by Roberts Bros. In 1881 Mr. Symington prepared selections from the speeches of President Garfield for a series of works on the life of the Men of Mark, and in the following year wrote a volume on The Duke of Albany. He contributed to the wedding number of the Illustrated London News, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Leopold, lives of the Prince and Princess. Early in the present year he wrote the capital Hints to Our Boys, republished here by T. Y. Crowell & Co., with an introduction by Lyman Abbott, and noticed in another part of this number. He edited in 1878 Christmas in Picture, Song, and Story, and in the following year The Four Seasons in Picture, Song, and Story. He has written for many biographical works, including The Poets and Poetry of Ireland, Men of the Time, and the Biograph. Amongst the numerous magazines to which he has contributed may be named Tait’s Magazine, Lowe’s Edinburgh Magazine, Good Words, Chamber’s Journal, Household Words, at Home, Fireside, Hand and Heart, Home Words, English Mechanic, Health Journal, The Animal World, Hull Miscellany, and many other serial publications.

Mr. Symington in 1863 was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen, and in 1862 a Corresponding Member of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. He visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and the north of Italy in 1851, his traveling suggesting additional subjects for poetry and prose. In 1874-5 he spent a year in the United States, and wrote for the International Review, New York Independent, the Advance, Christian at Work, Our Dumb Animals, New York Bookman, the New York Evangelist, etc. In 1883 he visited Portugal. Residing at Landside, Glasgow, and leading a quiet, studious life, he has long numbered many of the first men of the day, in literary, artistic, and scientific circles, amongst his closest associates. Mr. Symington is a manly-sided man, and early in life established his reputation as a poet; as a prose writer he is always entertaining and instructive, and his works find favor with many readers.

— Mr. Ruskin has sent forth another of his Fort Cloninger letters which he calls Retrospect, since he goes back summarizing the former Fort of the series. These remarkable epistles are written proficiently to "The Workingmen and Laborers of Great Britain." The present number is a pamphlet of twenty pages, and the price, 10c, is therefore ridiculously high, which itself may account for the comparatively small circulation of the letters. The Kears. Wiley will publish an American reprint.

BRYANT THE POET.

IN a recent address before the students of an American college, an utterance informal, indeed, yet marked by the fine discrimination characteristic of the speaker, Lord Coleridge referred to Bryant as the representative poet of this country. The strictures he passed upon others of our writers, either as inferior in sustained effort, or as less distinctively American, were mainly just. If the word American be taken in the broadest sense, however, our "topmost Parnassus" belongs fairly to Mr. Lowell, both on the ground of larger thoughtfulness and suggestion, and also because he best keeps pace with the true spirit of our literature and life, and best interprets for us the purpose and promise of our history. But if we speak of the poetry of nature, if we search for "the nation's life visible" by Men of Mark, and in the following year wrote a volume on The Duke of Albany. He contributed to the wedding number of the Illustrated London News, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Leopold, lives of the Prince and Princess. Early in the present year he wrote the capital Hints to Our Boys, republished here by T. Y. Crowell & Co., with an introduction by Lyman Abbott, and noticed in another part of this number. He edited in 1878 Christmas in Picture, Song, and Story, and in the following year The Four Seasons in Picture, Song, and Story. He has written for many biographical works, including The Poets and Poetry of Ireland, Men of the Time, and the Biograph. Amongst the numerous magazines to which he has contributed may be named Tait's Magazine, Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine, Good Words, Chamber's Journal, Household Words, at Home, Fireside, Hand and Heart, Home Words, English Mechanic, Health Journal, The Animal World, Hull Miscellany, and many other serial publications.

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Of sangvinaris, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell living for the dear, too, too.
Her delicate footprint in the soft moist mould
And on the dampened bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this.
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.

Of Bryant's interest in the Indian, and his responsibility for the romantic light in which the red man was long regarded in American literature, we cannot speak. His translations, too, the noblest and most perfect work of this kind that our literature can show, we must pass in silence. The points we have emphasized are how high and how low, and where it is the place he holds in the roll of our poets, if not to justify the verdict of Lord Coleridge himself.

THEODORE C. PEASE.

From a special Correspondent.

VIII.

A FLORENTINE LITERARY MOSAIC.

Byron's melodious reproach, beginning
Unguarded Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
is no longer deserved. The ashes of the great Italian poet have rested for more than fifty years in a grand and appropriate tomb in the church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Above the mausoleum, where all that is mortal of Dante reposes, is a marble figure of the poet in an attitude of profound meditation. On the left side is a striking figure of Minerva, with one arm pointing to the poet, and on the right stands the figure of a female watching over the tomb, which bears the following inscription:

Dante Alighieri
Tusci
Honorumarium Tumulum majus urbem — ser.
Frustra — Decretum — Anno MDCCCXXXIX.

In front of Santa Croce stands the magnificent marble monument of Dante, crowned by a colossal statue of the poet, with a marble eagle at his feet, and below four marble lions. The base of the monument has the simple inscription:

A Dante Alegieri
L'Italia
MDCCCXV.

In Santa Croce repose also other illustrious Florentines. Among them, Michael Angelo, poet, painter, sculptor, and architect. His remains were transferred from Rome in 1570. His tomb is crowned with his bust, surrounded by a group of three female figures. But the greatest monument of Michael Angelo is St. Peter's at Rome, the stateless temple ever erected by a creature to the Creator. Santa Croce also contains the tombs of Machiavelli, Alerfi, Cherubini, Galileo, and Charlotte Bonaparte, daughter of Joseph — Digne de son nomme — Nie à Paris Oct MDCCCL; mort à Florence, in MDCCCXXXIX. This is the young lady. Madame Bonaparte of Baltimore wanted her son to marry, but the match was not arranged, much to the disappointment of Jerome's mother.

Byron groups the great dead in Santa Croce, thus:

Here repose
Angelo's, Alerfi's bones, and his
The Statue Galilei's send us:
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.
I do not agree with Sir William Jones that
The best monument that can be erected to a man of literary talents is a good edition of his works. — Dante's stately tomb in Santa Croce and magnificent monument in front of the church, appeal more forcibly to the public than any edition of his works would.

I spent a most pleasant and profitable morning in the Pitti and Uffizi palaces, which are connected by a bridge and form one vast gallery of art treasures. I saw portraits of the long line of the Medici, from the great Cosimo, the founder of the family, down to the last and least of the Grand Dukes. The masterpieces of ancient sculpture in the hall of the Tribune are of themselves worth a trip across the Atlantic — the Dancing Faun, the Knife-grinder, the Wrestlers, and above all, the statue of David. At the sight of the lovely Venus — "the bending statue that enchants the world" — even the cold muse of Samuel Rogers becomes warm, and he exclaims:

Venus herself! who when she left the skies, Came hither.

Venus holds the place of honor in the center of this rare group, and well deserves the place. Guercino's picture of the sleeping Endymion is beautiful enough to have inspired Keats' exquisite poem. The gallery of portraits of famous painters by themselves is very interesting. Leonardo da Vinci's is a grand head. Raphael's represents the greatest of painters in his youth, with a rose-colored face, pale features, and dark curls falling over his neck. Portraits of all the contemporary sovereigns of the time of the Medici, 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, are also in this vast collection, together with contemporary men of letters, among others, Joseph Addison, and Robert Boyle. The favorite subjects of the Italian artists, after the Holy Family, were St. Sebastian and the Magdalene. The Pitti palace contains several of each. Sodoma's St. Sebastian is an exquisite work, with a face of angelic beauty. Allori's Magdalene has a lovely face, very much like Coreggio's more famous picture. Titian's portrait represents her clothed in a wealth of golden hair; it is not a pleasing picture of the Penitent: the face retains too much of the expression before the seven devils were cast out — in short, too much of the world, and nothing of heaven. Van Dyck's dual portrait of Charles I and Henrietta Maria were full of interest to me, but I was disappointed in Titian's La Bella; the flesh tints are astonishing — Titian being a fleshly painter — but the face does not bear out the name of the picture. In the long gallery of portraits of the famous and infamous women of the 17th century, I found Nell Gwynn and the Duchess of Cleveland, two beauties of the time of the Merry Monarch; also, the Countess of Rochester — all painted by Lely.

Florence has always been a favorite residence for English and American authors and artists. The first English poetess of this century — perhaps of all the centuries — Mrs. Browning — passed the greater part of her life here. The house where she lived and died, near the Pitti palace, has a tablet commemorating the fact that it was once the home of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Walter Savage Landor has spent many years of his restless life here, and all the world knows that Ouida's villa is just outside of Florence, but all the world does not know that the dashing demoiselle not long since took up her dogs and silently stole away, on account of an unfortunate love affair with a few French Marquis of one of the oldest Florentine families. Ouida has always boasted that she was above the weakness of love. But she found out Marquis a man of refined literary tastes, artist
refinement, and passionate energy, which interested her at once. Acquaintance soon ripened into love; and afterwards, on Ouida's part, into love—her first love, and she a maiden of forty summers! But the Marquis, while he admired the writer, only trifled with the woman. He not only failed to return her affection, but fell in love with a fair Italian, less brilliant, but younger and more beautiful than Ouida. The result of this affair was novel; the chapter of American history is closed." [Lee & Shepard. 25c]

Dr. Al Watts, the Boston dog fancier, has written a small handbook on The Dog, giving advice on breeding, with notes on more common diseases of dogs and their cure.

One of the latest issues of W. R. Jenkins's Thirteenth Series is Eugene Scriber's Bertrand et Raton, a prose drama in five acts. [New York. 25c.]

Dr. Tall's Hygienic Home Cook Book has the distinction of giving receipts without condiments; paying no attention to meats, but analyzing on breads, mushes, pastry, vegetables, and fruits. [Fowler & Wells. 25c.]

A. Knoblauch's Graded Exercises for Translation from German into English and from English into German are designed to afford an easy course of instruction, the words and sentences being such as occur in everyday conversation. Many students could use the book to advantage without a teacher. [San Francisco: J. A. Hofman. 20c.]

Rev. Dr. William Hague's paper on Emerson, read before the N. Y. Genealogical and Biographical Society, with "afterthoughts," has the value of being a view of Emerson by a theologian of a different school, who lived alongside of him in the Boston atmosphere for many years, and knew him well from an unsympathetic standpoint. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25c.]

Mr. Hamerton's admirable essay on The Intellectual Life appears in snug shape and paper covers at a price which ought to ensure it a greatly enlarged circle of readers. Still a book, and not a pamphlet exactly, it fits now more easily than ever into the pocket or the satchel, and is one of the best of books to take to the country the coming summer. [Roberts Brothers. 25c.]

Under the title of A Museum of Books Mr. John Savary, Assistant Librarian of the Library of Congress, has written a reproachful plea for a new building for that immense, over-stocked, inaccessible collection, which ought to go straight to the heart of every Congressman and win his vote at once. [Privately printed.]

Patrick Chalmers, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, argues that James Chalmers was the Inventor of the "Adhesive Stamp," not Sir Rowland Hill, and publishes the argument with some documentary additions. [London: Ewing & Wilson. 50c.]

The Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Commemoration of the 400th Anniversary of the Birth of Martin Luther have been published by themselves in a pamphlet of 39 pages.

Rev. S. W. Dike, who is laboring manfully to secure reform of divorce laws, republishes a rather startling view of Some Aspects of the Divorce Question from the Princeton Review of March last.

An address on Thomas D'Arcy McGee, by Robert D. Gibbon of Montreal, before St. Patrick's Society of Sherbrooke, P. Q., has been published by that society. It briefly sketches the career of the subject, who was a patriotic Irish American, ending his life in the service of Canadian Confederation, and warmly eulogizes his character and intellectual attainments. [Montreal: Dawson Brothers.]

Mr. Charles E. Pratt's What and Why is a re-
cital of the ways, means, and manners of bicycles, tricycles, and the use thereof; the effect of which will be to make every one wish to mount the wheel. [Boston: A. A. Pope.]

Scribner & Welford have published a Catalogue of Books from the Library of S. T. Coleridge, bearing his autograph notes and comments; together with a number of other rare or choice works, including first editions of Byron, Shelley, Thackeray, and others.

The Report of the School Committee and the Superintendent of Schools of Cambridge, Mass., for 1883 is rendered valuable by a list of "Books for General Reading," graded in three divisions, according to age of readers; a safe and useful list for guidance of teachers in selecting books. Mr. Francis Cogswell, the superintendent of the Cambridge schools, whose hand appears throughout this document, is at the head of his profession.

Prof. Louis Dyer of Harvard College has published a cogent essay in favor of the study of Greek, entitled The Great Question and Answer, which strongly states his view, and a sound view we think it is. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

The Bitter Cry of Outcast London pictures the vice and misery found in the English metropolis by the agents of the London Congregational Union, and makes the heart sick. What horrors are here detailed! And when will the Christian Church be equal to the task appointed of healing these dreadful social wounds and sores? This is a moving pamphlet. [Cupples, Upham & Co.]

SHAKESPEARIANA.
EDITED BY WM. J. ROUSE, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

The "Leopold" Shakespeare. The Spring-field Republicans, which is rarely inaccurate in its literary intelligence, says, in a notice of the late Prince Leopold, that he "had an enviable reputation for scholarship, and his position was gracefully acknowledged when the New Shakespeare Society called their recent edition, prepared by the best scholars in England, "The Leopold Shakspere.""

The "Leopold" edition was not prepared under the direction of the New Shakespeare Society. The publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., employed Mr. Furnivall to write the "Introduction," which is worth the price of the volume, and which they have declined to issue in separate form. The text of the edition is that of the German Delius, reprinted without change or comment. The Two Noble Kinsmen (as revised by Mr. Harold Littledale) and Edward II are added.

The Text of "Macbeth," v. 3-44. A correspondent in Kansas City, Mo., writes as follows:

I find in my copy of Shakespeare, edited by Collier & Knight and published in New York by Johnson, Fry & Co. about 1866, the oft quoted line from Macbeth,

"Came the stuff'd bosom of that petty stuff,"

given below:

"Came the stuff'd bosom of that pretious care."

I do not find it so in any other copy within call, and hence write to ask you if there is any good authority for it.

"Grief!" is the reading of the Collier MS. and is adopted by Mr. Hudson, who explains it as meaning "sickness, malady." Stevens suspected
The Literary World. [May 3.

In six weeks Napoleon sold Louisiana, April 30; May 18 England declared war and France followed in two days, Napoleon saying: "I have endured all sorts of insults from the English government. " "We are forced to make war," (Abbott.)

Lippincott's Gazetteer for 1856 locates Council Bluffs on the west bank of the Missouri, and at the head of its navigation, and the author corrects this by locating it on the east bank of that river and about 2,900 miles below the head of steam navigation. The critic says this is "directly contrary to the 1856 Gazetteer"—that there is a Council Bluff on the east bank, "where a great council was held," as well as Council Bluffs on the east, and that the author has confused the truth by transferring what Lippincott says of Council Bluff on the west to Council Bluffs on the east bank. On the map accompanying the narrative of Lewis and Clark, published by Council Bluffs is located on the east side, if the "great council" was held, as the text of the narrative says. The critic adds that he has "no knowledge" how far steamboats went above in 1856. The author, having lived long and traveled much on those waters, had knowledge. Six maps of Nebraska, or of the west bank, of about that time, and Woolworth's History of Nebraska with maps, show no Council Bluff west of the Missouri, and "there is no supposed Council Bluff" in the true Pastime for 1856, 1, 4, 6, 8, 9. The Guide for the intervening years is not at hand Woolworth says: "I draw my information directly opposite to Council Bluff"—the "great council" of the critic, apparently, which he says was on the west side.

As to steam navigation above Council Bluffs, the author had tables of distances, obtained from the river from old captains and shippers, as also Hanson's Distance Tables. The lowest distance made by these for steamers going up 1,770 miles and the highest is 1,850 — varying much from each. The steamer "out at high water" 1,600 miles can understand to know steamers could ascend 1,850 miles, but the difficulty is evidently not in the river. The critic states that he was getting on board the steamer should, as he may, 1,750 miles on the Missouri in Dakota alone, starting 600 miles above Council Bluffs.

An old resident of Nebraska informs the writer that there was once a Council Bluffs on the west bank of the Missouri, about fourteen miles north of Omaha. "Many years ago there was a military post there called Fort Calhoun. The fort has since been abolished."

It seems never to have gained a place on a map, or in a history, or in the list of post offices, and if found hereafter in print it will be found about a 500 miles above Council Bluffs, and navigation, and not at the head, as the critic would support Lippincott in placing it.

Similar but more important misinterpretations mark the critic's work. As to points made on taste and style, they do not call for notice, since the world of letters has no arbiter on such matters in fair authors. William Barrows.


[As to the first point nothing need be said, as our author has abandoned his position. As to our charge of misquotation, we again assert that Lippincott's Gazetteer for 1856 does not locate Council Bluffs on the west of the Missouri, and as Dr. Barrows seems unwilling to look into that book, we here reproduce the opening lines of the two articles mentioned in our notice: "Council Bluff in the Indian Territory on the W. bank of the Missouri River," etc. "Council Bluffs, city of, formerly Kanesville, a post village and capital of Portawatome Co., Iowa," etc. He will find the Council Bluff, to which we supposed Lippincott referred, on a map of the State of Iowa. In the Atlas of the World, J. W. Williams & Co., Fairfield, Iowa, 1856. As to the other point, Dr. Barrows stated in his book (p. 231) that steamers ascended "to the position of which he misquoted from Lippincott, 2,800 miles." Now Lippincott says that that place was 600 miles above Council Bluffs, 1,500 miles above the mouth of the Missouri, and we maintained that 660 + 8,500, or 3,400 miles, were longer than the Missouri River; whose navigable length is 2,644 miles, which statement we took from Gen. H. L. Abbott's tables. Ed.]

—Boston has a new literary club, or, perhaps we should say, the beginnings of one; in some

FOREIGN NOTES.

— A rumor is afloat of a pension of 250l. to Dr. Murray, the editor of the Philological Dictionary. — Mr. Theodore Watts is going to print a selection from his Sonnets, with an essay on the sonnet, historically considered. — Mr. Henry Irving's Impressions of America will make two volumes, in the form of answers to Mr. Joseph H. Green's questions. — The Bishop of Peterborough has prepared a volume of his sermons preached on special occasions. — A Wordsworth Birthday Book is in preparation by a great-granddaughter of the poet. — Mr. Charles Darwin is about ready with a new volume, Reconceiving Central Asia. — H. T. Mackenzie Bell has written a critical memoir of Charles Whitehead, the author of Richard Savage, a novel of real and remarkable power which Dickens greatly admired.

— Dr. Fairbairn is about to publish a volume of lectures to workmen at Bradford. — A memorial tablet has been placed over the door of Shandy Hall where once dwelt Laurence Sterne. — Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck, it is said, have promised articles on "The Future of Politics in the Old World" for the North American Review. — Taine is at work on an exhaustive history of French literature.

The library of the late Mr. Francis Bedford, the eminent London bookseller, was sold at auction last month. It contained standard works in all classes of literature, chiefly bound by himself, and the collection brought high prices: a Dante, for example, 456l., an edition of Roger's poems in two volumes, olive morocco, lined with red leather, etc., etc., 110l., a Walton and Cotton's Angler 52l. The entire 1,557 lots fetched 6,567l.

— Jules Claretie writes from Paris to the Athenaeum of present intellectual and literary life in the French capital, which he thinks looks like a reaction from the naturalistic excesses of the past few years. Edmond About has printed De Pointes d'Amboise, his notes of a journey to Constantinople; M. de Biowitsz Une Courte d' Constantinople, a companion volume; and Pére Didon has written a useful book on Les Allemands. Such works, to M. Claretie, are signs of hope.

— Josephine and Cie of Copenhagen have published in three volumes, the Correspondence Ministrielle du Comte J. H. E. Bernstorff, who, for twenty years, from 1750, was Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs. His letters throw much light upon the European politics of his time, especially the conduct of the Seven Years' War; and they have been edited with care by M. Velled, who also supplies an essay on Bernstorff's policy.

— Memorial tablets are proposed in Paris on the houses where Chateaubriand and Scribe died, and where Rollin was born; but M. de Goncourt declines to join the committee for erecting a statue to Balzac in these terms: "En ce temps de statutomanie a l'aveuglette, je trouve véritablement distinguer pour les génies comme mille de statuettes de marbre, et je déclare l'honneur de faire partie de la commission d'étude convoquée sous vos auspices. — Conservativeness views on Wagner will be found in a new book on him, Seine Ahnener und Seine Gegner, by Edward von Ribbe, a critic who has taken a new standpoint, and believes that there are misconceptions concerning the great composer to be cleared away before the true idea of him can be formed. [Prague: Tempsky.]

— The new addition to the British Museum at its southeast corner is an irregular building, whose longest faces are 120 feet and 80 with four floors, and will be used for storage and reading of newspapers, offices, work-rooms for collection of MSS., prints and drawings, and glass.

— Dr. Barrow's Oregon. A correction.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

In the Literary World of March 22 some exceptions are taken to the historical accuracy of a work. It will be enough to cite two cases. The author is criticized for saying that Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States because of "severe revenge and many atrocities committed by the British during the war of that eventful period." But the critic says, the sale was made when he was "at peace with all Europe." On the treaty, the author says: "it quitted all Europe, but Scott says, in his Life of Napoleon (iii. 130), that following it "there ceased to be any cordiality between the two nations—England and France. Abbott in his Life says, "All the efforts on the part of Napoleon to secure friendly relations with England were unavailing." At a court reception in March, 1853, Napoleon said to the English Ambassador, "Will you have peace, or will you have war?"

"You are then determined on war." (Abbott and Scott.)
sort a successor to the old Radical Club, which died with its leader, Rev. John T. Sargent. Mrs. Julia R. Anagnos, a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, is its presiding spirit, and about thirty persons make a habit of meeting to hear a paper from Judge Chamberlain of the Boston Public Library on "The Critical Faculty."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

— The first volume has appeared of Mr. Blaine's Twenty Years of Congress, which starts with a portrait of the author, and carries the reader along through the Civil War, concluding with an account of the foreign relations of the United States during that trying period. There are pictures of the Chicago Convention of 1860 which nominated Abraham Lincoln, and of Mr. Lincoln's assassination; pen portraits of Stephen A. Douglas, Charles Sumner, and General Grant; and allusions, generally discreet, to a long series of living public men. The work is published by subscription. Whatever Mr. Blaine's prospects for the presidency, there is no question it is to be one of the books of the season. The printing of the second edition of 100,000 has been begun, and the author, it is said, gets 80 cents royalty on each volume. The publishers are the Henry Bill Company of Norwich, Conn, but the book is made in Boston, and handsomely too.

— Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for publication this month Margaret Fuller Ossoli, by T. W. Higginson; The American Horsewoman, by Mrs. Elizabeth Farr who has written of ample experience; a new translation of Homer's Odyssey, by Prof. George H. Palmer of Harvard University; and for a new volume in the "Statesmen Series," A Life of John Adams, by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr. Prof. Palmer's translation of the Odyssey represents the work of many years, and has been made with great care. Numerous sets of proofs have been submitted in advance to critical friends in all parts of the country, both poets and Grecian scholars, and the author has had the benefit of many suggestions in perfecting his version.

— Little, Brown & Co. publish at once Twelve Days in Sadde, by "Medicus," being an account of a twelve days' ride among the Berkshire hills, with a preface on the hygienic value and the necessary expenses of such a trip; A History of Metallic Money, by Robert N. Tappan; a second edition of A Treatise on the Law of Personal Property, by James Schouler; A Digest of the Decisions of Various Courts in the United States, by George F. Willians; Volume 135 of the Massachusetts Reports; Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, by John Lathrop, reporter; and later on in the month Cicero de Senectute, by Dr. A. P. Peabody.

— George Upham & Co., Boston, announce a work on The Libraries of Boston, by an author whom they do not name. Perhaps it is the Rev. Luther Farnham, librarian of the General Theological Library, who wrote, if we mistake not, a similar work on the Private Libraries of Boston a number of years ago. The present work will include the result of over hundred such private libraries, beside the public collections. The volume will be published by subscription, and the edition will be limited.

— The Boston event since our last issue was the commemorative oration on Wendell Phillips by George William Curtis, given by invitation of the City Government in Tremont Temple, on Friday, April 18. A crowded and in some respects distinguished audience was in attendance, and the oration was what was to be expected. It was not an indiscriminate eulogy; it was not a dry biography; it was not an exhaustive analysis; passing for an off-hand sketch, it was really a very thorough and careful piece of philosophical portraiture. Selden does a more stimulating subject have a better chance.

— There were recently discovered in an old junk shop in Boston a mass of papers once belonging to the Leonard family of Taunton, Mass., including fragments of the Taunton records, and a series of valuable broadsides bearing on early Massachusetts history. The earliest of the latter is Lt.-Gov. Stoughton's proclamation of 1666 for encouragement of the war against French and Indians. There are seven broadsides in all, and they have been given to the Boston Public Library.

— The Boston Globe has begun in its Sunday issues a "Combination Novel" by four authors, Robert Grant, "J. S. of Dale," John Boyle O'Reilly, and John T. Wheelwright. The part of each author is left to the public to discover.

— Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have finally ready The Woman Question in Europe which has been so long in preparing. The papers have all been written by women who are themselves residents of the countries they describe. The labor of collecting these papers and of editing them was immense, as it may readily be imagined. The publication of the volume has been much delayed by the necessity of sending the proofsheets all over the world for the author's revisions. Among the newest books announced by the Messrs. Putnam are: Tableaux de la Revolution Francaise, edited for the use of students in French literature, by Professors T. F. Crane and O. G. Bruns of Cornell, whose President, A. D. White, will furnish an introduction; Outlines of Roman Law, comprising its historical growth and general principles, by William C. Morey; British Colonies, a selection from the most representative and important orations by British orators during the past century; and a volume of American Oration, a work prepared on a similar plan.

— The literature centering about General Gordon is rapidly on the increase and growing in popularity in America. There are in fact two authentic books recounting the career of this Chinese General, Wylde, and one of the pictures of the Chinese Army, which recounts the campaigns of the soldier in China, published fifteen years ago, the other, General H. B. Hill's Colonel Gordon in Central Africa 1874-1879. From these two works and such material as the tall Misty Glenette furnishes to its readers the new books have sprung. Mr. Wylde's work was published by Mr. Worth, a few months ago, he now issues in a cheap form to Mr. Archibald Forbes' new volume, Chinese Gordon, A Succinct Record of his Life, which is this week published by Routledge & Sons. An even cheaper edition of this book is brought out by S. W. Green's Sons, in paper form. Mr. Forbes brings his narrative down to the end of March of the present year. General Gordon's own book, By the Grace of God, has already gone into a second edition.

— J. H. Bufford's Sons have issued a new and excellent lithographed portrait of Wendell Phillips—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish at once a volume of selections from Thoreau's journals entitled Summer.—Miss Nancy is the title of a new and very promising novel, the work forthcoming at Philadelphia.—A second volume of Greville memoirs is promised.—Miss Anna Katharine Green's Leavensworth Case is to be re-published in London.—Osgood's Pocket Guide to Europe has been revised for the present season.

— R. M. Lindsay of Philadelphia announces a new and excellent edition of Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre, of which 500 copies only will be printed, all numbered, and 75 of them on Whatman's paper. — There are rumors in New York that Charles Scribner's Sons are considering the expediency of starting a new first-class illustrated magazine.

— Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's publishers will add to the new edition of his collected works a timely volume on Out of Town Places, which is in reality Rural Studies under a new title, somewhat revised and newly illustrated. Among other books which the same publishers [Charles Scribner's Sons] have about ready are: a new and cheap edition of Camps in the Rockies, by Balliett-Grohrman; Sermons to the Spiritual Man, by Prof. W. G. T. Shedd; two new volumes of the re-issue of Lange's commentary on Matthew and Genesis; and Round the World, a new book by Andrew Carnegie, the author of that entertaining volume, An American Four-in-Hand in Great Britain.

— The regular spring trade sale of books is concluded this week at Leavitt's auction rooms in New York. The best days of the trade sale, as usual, have gone by, most of the largest publishing houses refusing to sell books by this method. The Harpers, Scribners, Appletons, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Roberts Bros, and many others have not contributed for several seasons, yet there was an immense number of books disposed of last week and this. Among the firms represented were R. Worthington, Cassell & Co., Routledge & Sons, Lee & Shepard, J. R. Osgood & Co., and John E. Potter & Co. The prices obtained were on the whole fair.

— Charles Scribner's Sons Book-Buyer, in its new series, is an honest, diligent, and capable expositor of current literature at a low price, keeping the reader abreast with the best works of best authors, and supplying an interesting miscellany of information and criticism. There is something attractive in its neatly printed quarto pages. We are glad also to bear witness to the excellence of our Chicago contemporary, The Dial. One of the handomest of journals, typographically, its character for sobriety, steadiness, judgment, and instructiveness is well maintained.

— Funk & Wagnalls of New York, who certainly are taking a front place among American publishers by reason of the value and number of value, announcement Rutherford, a novel by Edgar Pawlett, and The Fortune of Rachel, a new work of fiction by Rev. E. E. Hale; but withdraw the announcement of Daudet's Soupirs,
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The Literary World.

Vol. XV. BOSTON, MAY 17, 1884. No. 10.

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MARGARET FULLER AGAIN.*

Passing by the incongruity of the appearance of a life of Margaret Fuller in a series known as “American Men of Letters,” we will say at once of Mr. Higginson’s book that it is a shining example of the best sort of biography making and biography writing. It is not too much to say that to the charms of an exceptional gem have here been added the charms of an exceptional setting. Here is an angle of gold in a picture of silver. Mr. Higginson has had the advantage of a rare personage to write about, of a store of unused materials out of which to write, and of—himself. With a surpassing delicacy and firmness of touch, combining familiarity of feeling with reverence of treatment, has he told anew the oft-told story. Last told by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her volume of 1853, the story was briefly rehearsed as she gave it on pp. 362–364 of Vol. XIV of the Literary World. We shall not repeat it now. The little we have further to say will be not of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, but of Mr. Higginson’s book about her.

Mr. Higginson’s book opens with a steel portrait of his subject, and closes with an index and a bibliography. There are 19 chapters, of which the first ten carry Margaret Fuller’s life through her girlhood at Cambridge and her teachings at Groton, Boston, and Providence, to her editorship of the Dial. The “Dial,” “Brook Farm,” her “Books Published,” and her “Business life in New York,” have each next a chapter. “European Travel” follows, and then her “Marriage and Motherhood” and a chapter of “Letters” between her and her Italian husband; two final chapters summing up respectively her “Literary” and “Personal” traits.

Mr. Higginson’s justification for his task may be stated in these points: It is thirty years since her Memoirs were published; he was associated with Margaret Fuller in various personal ties; a large mass of original documents were placed at his disposal for the purpose, so that his work is essentially original in a new field. These documents include five volumes of a Fuller family diary in MS., Margaret Fuller’s letters to Emerson, Dr. Hedge, the Hon. A. G. Greene of Providence, and others, her diaries, Mr. Alcott’s diary, and a store of personal reminiscences from old friends.

It is distinctly and preferably a literary portrait which Mr. Higginson has wrought out of these materials. Rendered it is, so evenly finished, so finely lined, so tenderly presented, may be judged from this closing paragraph:

As for Margaret Ossoli, her life seems to me, on the whole, a triumphal rather than a sad one, in spite of the prolonged struggle with illness, with poverty, with the shortcomings of others, and with her own. In later years she had the fulfillment of her dreams; she had what she wished. Elizabeth Barrett, at the time of her marriage to Robert Browning, named as the three great desiderata of Existence, “life, love, and Italy.” She shared in great deeds, she was the counselor of great men, she had a husband who was a lover, and she had a child. They loved each other in their lives, and in death they were not divided. Was not that enough?...

MR. GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND’S NOVEL.*

This story has very marked traits, and the traits are in that degree questionable that we should suppose it must have required some courage to publish it, but we do not fully credit a current report in the newspapers that it was “steadfastly refused by the Boston publishers.” Boston publishers know a good book when they see it, and some of them would have been the first to recognize the strong and striking merits of this work. The book is not one for every reader. We should not put it into the hands of the young folks of the family, or even leave it in their way. Its title is a literary mistake; a facsimilé, petty, feeble title for a very matter-of-fact, large proportioned, strong fibered book. The author’s English, in his descriptive passages, is occasionally very bad; involutions, and incompletenesses, and various violations of syntax and taste doing offense to the feelings of the well-trained readers. But we forgive and forget all these faults. The staple of the book is so fresh and substantial; it has such originality and individuality; there is such vigor and variety in its portrayal of human character, such graphic fidelity in its descriptions of scene and incident, such life-like delineation of strange uncouth types, and such blending of the rougher with the gentler aspects of human nature; the book has in a word so many and such diverse and stirring elements of dramatic interest, that we are ready to pronounce it one of the most remarkable products of American fiction of recent years. It is American fiction pure and simple. The author is an American, and the subject is intensely American.

The subject is life on the famous Eastern Shore of Maryland in the old slave days preceding the Civil war, say fifty years ago. Few regions on American soil lend themselves more effectively as a background for romance, and few departments of American life are capable of yielding greater interest under the touch of a knowing and skilful pen. It is not too much to say that Mr. George Alfred Townsend has illumined this now fading picture with a vividness which no other American author, not even Mrs. Stowe, has surpassed. The historic truthfulness of his work may be questioned; the artistic power of it never. Long after the reader has closed the book, the desolate stretches of the Eastern Shore, its cross roads, its creeks and swamps, its rivers and inlets, its disrevered villages and lonely mansions will remain stamped upon the mind as a real scene; and the figures of Judge Custis and his lovely daughter, of Meschach Milburn the lover, with his “entangled hat,” of Virgie and the other beautiful quadroons, of old Patty Cannon, that devil of the white race, and of Sampson Hat, that hero of the black, of Col. Van Dorn, a very prince of freebooters, and of Joe Johnson, and Jimmy Phoebus, and the rest of the company, good, bad, and indifferent, will move before the eye like persons actually known. In this effect of stamping his conceptions upon the reader Mr. Townsend has achieved an extraordinary success.

The interest of the story divides between the family fortunes of Judge Custis and the exploits of a gang of kidnappers who infest the Eastern Shore, and live by stealing slaves and running them off to market. The judge’s daughter is married to Meschach Milburn early in the story, apparently as a sacrifice to her father’s necessities, but in the end to prove a happy wife; and the doings of the kidnappers are related with a dramatic force which has no parallel in recent literature. It is in these scenes of avarice, lust, rapine, and bloodshed that the violence of the book resides; the life described is not without passages which make the cheek blush and the blood cool, yet that an intensely dramatic theme is never surrendered to a melodramatic treatment, and, barring an occasional extravagant epithet or eccentric metaphor, the reader has no reason.
to feel that it is the author who is subjecting him to a strain.

We cannot now go further into the particulars of this remarkable book, which has enough in it of picturesque locality, of strongly marked human nature, of earthly passion in all its grades, of deviltry and of sainthood, of suffering and of sweetness, of action and of sentiment, of life in every diversity of aspects, to stock half a dozen novelists of the day. There are blemishes enough to the book to set it far back from being "the great American novel," but a truly great American story it certainly is, and it shows how rich American character and life really are in materials for the romancer who has the knowledge and skill for handling them.

"CHINESE" GORDON.

Mr. Archibald Forbes's account of "Chinese" Gordon, the English soldier now wrestling with rebels in the Soudan, as a book is disappointing. It professes to be only a compilation from more authentic works, chiefly Dr. Andrew Wilson's Ever Victorious Army, and Mr. Birkbeck Hill's Colonial Gordon in Central Africa; but it was written with haste and carelessness, in a poor sort of newspaper English, and is disfigured by literary barbarisms of which not even a newspaper correspondent ought to be guilty. And it sketches only the military side of Gordon's character and career; it furnishes almost no glimpse of those religious qualities, of that noble spiritual manhood, which make Charles George Gordon the Henry Havelock, the Hexley Vicars, of his time. With soldierly gifts and administrative talents of the highest order, Gordon unites a Christian faith, most resolute and a Christian spirit most tender. He is certainly one of the striking figures of the day.

"Chinese" Gordon is now in his 52d year, having been born at Woolwich in January, 1833. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, and graduated into the Engineers, with which corps he distinguished himself, and won his first honors, in the Crimean War. This was the first of the three chapters of military service exploit which so far comprise the story of his life.

The second chapter was written in China, and earned for him his sobriquet of "Chinese" Gordon. Five years it lasted, during which time he was occupied in helping to put down the famous Tai-ping Rebellion. This rebellion was an outburst of religious fanaticism, led by an impostor, a sort of Chinese counterpart to the El Mahdi with whom Gordon is now contending in the Soudan. It was in this Chinese crusade against the "Heavenly King," as the Tai-ping leader called himself, that Gordon organized, officered, and administered his "Ever Victorious Army," whose achievements are thus summed up by Mr. Forbes:

During 16 months' campaigning under his guidance, it had taken four cities and a dozen minor strong places, fought innumerable combats, put down numbers of the enemy, mostly estimated at fifteen times its own, and finding the rebellion vigorous and aggressive, had left it in a hopeless close, confined to the ruined capital of the usurper.

The story of Col. Gordon's last ten years of service in the Soudan is an even more impressive record of enterprise, hardship, danger, escape, and generally immense performance. His work here has been nominally under the employment of the Khedive, but really in the interests of Christianity, humanity, commerce, and progress, breaking up the slave trade, weeding out cheats and impostors, rectifying abuses, establishing trading stations and communications between Upper Egypt and the interior of Africa, and generally helping the Khedive to organize a just and beneficent government for the once dismembered, corrupt, and degraded provinces along the headwaters of the Nile. Lastly has occurred his present mission, to cope with El Mahdi's formidable rebellion, a rebellion which has temporarily disarranged all plans of public improvement in Central Africa and soaked the soil of the Soudan with the blood of assassination and massacre. It is too soon yet to foresee the destiny of the Soudan. The prestige of uniform success is in his favor, and if his life is spared he will probably prove master of the situation.

Between the Chinese and African chapters of Col. Gordon's life intervened five or six quiet, pleasant, useful, happy years at Gravesend, the account of which is about the only view here given of the "other side" of this remarkable man:

His house was school and hospital and almshouse in turn, was more like the abode of a missionary than of a commanding officer of engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did supplicant knock vainly at his door. He always took great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established reading classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardor as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his "kings," and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world all over his mantel piece; he was told that they marked the countries of the boys on their voyages; that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed they went, night and day, ... So full did his classes at length become that the house would no longer hold them, and they had to be in the workhouse and in the infirmary ... were his constant haunts, and of pensioners he had a countless number. Many of the dying sent for him in preference to the clergy. ... All eating and drinking he was indifferent to. His philosophy was that in half an hour after a meal it did not matter what he had eaten. His large garden was cultivated much on the allotment plan, by poor people to whom he gave permission to plant what they pleased, and to take the yield. ... His purse was always full because of his frequent handouts; and he even sent some of his medals to the melting pot in the cause of charity.

A man of iron constitution, indomitable energy, and a will that can bend but never be broken; high-browed, and smooth faced but for a thick moustache that overhangs the corners of his mouth; with a countenance as delicate as refined, and as gentle as a scholar's; in manner brusque, abrupt, and stern, or mild, forbearing, and indulgent as occasion calls; always self-contained and self-respecting; never hesitant, irresolute, nor wavering; quick to take in a situation, ready with expediency to meet it, and unconquerable in carrying them out; soldier, diplomatist, governor in one; a man to whom honors, perquisites, titles, gains are as nothing, but work, honor, fidelity, success are everything; a man of profoundest beliefs in God, in Providence, and in Prayer; an Englishman, a Christian Englishman; such is "Chinese" Gordon. And what more need be said, Colonel Ingersoll to the contrary notwithstanding?

MAUDLEY'S BODY AND WILL.

The Literary World is not a journal of religion or of philosophy, but it is a journal of "humanity." Nor can we confine this word wholly to its scholastic sense. When a book attacks humanity, or manhood, we cannot pretend to be indifferent to its main purpose, or to occupy ourselves wholly with its literary form. This book of Dr. Maudley's, in attacking free-will, attacks manhood. In our review of it we shall not assume the position of a replying advocate, or of a judge in the high court of philosophy. We have read the book as a layman, and shall speak of it on the broad basis of common sense. It is a clear exposition of bald materialism, differing from the author's Physiology and Pathology of the Mind in being less expository, and more polemic. A bare outline of the course of thought may be given thus: The will cannot be free, because it is dependent on motive; its action is capable of being predicted with the certainty of causation; it is the outgrowth of character; it is molded by the countless generations that are past, and by the mighty social organization of the present; it is, from first to last, the product of physical organization, and is as thoroughly bound to the line of cause and effect as the tides and the storms. The author recognizes the fact that the supposed testimony of consciousness stands squarely in the way of this argument; and, to our thinking, the only really formidable part of the book is its attempt to under mine the authority of consciousness. The main point here is that the most important

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* Body and Will. By H. Maudley. D. Appleton & Co. 2s. 6d.
factors in present conduct are beyond the reach of consciousness:

To search adequately into the un illumined recesses of character, in order to find out the motives of his conduct on every occasion, would manifestly necessitate the complete unravelling of his mental development. If it did not compel us to undertake, in historical retrospect, an analytical disintegration of the mental development, it is at the very core of consciousness, whenever an energy arises above it as a conscious state (p. 33).

Again, consciousness itself is a "bodily experience," a mere feeling, to be estimated for what it is worth, like any other feeling, and requiring the correction of reason and observation like other feelings, and like sensations. Further, consciousness, in its nature of the case, cannot know its own cause. It is itself a momentary effect which requires a rational explanation in the sphere of causation. All these points are fully elaborated, from a physiological starting-point, with occasional digressions into the regions of metaphysics, notwithstanding the author's contempt for the same metaphysics.

What shall a layman say to these things? It should be said, first, to certain advocates of free-will, that they are not wholly free from responsibility for such books as Dr. Maudsley's. To claim that the mind can choose without motive, as is done in Whedon on the Will, is to go beyond reason and consciousness. A man can no more choose without motive than he can breathe without air. To say that the will, of itself, can make the weaker motive the stronger, is to come near nonsense as one would ever wish to be. To say that freedom resides only in the one generic, all-including, choice of the soul, is to soar beyond common sense. Such theories of free-will are good soil for the growth of almost any theory of fate. Why should not the champions of free-will be satisfied with maintaining that freedom consists simply in the power to choose or not—letting go all hair-splitting about the comparative strength of motives, and the possibility of doing differently from what we do in any given circumstances. If we are ever compelled to do anything, and never restrained from trying to do anything, what other free-will does man want? At the same time, even the wildest notions of freedom are safe against the arguments of materialism. Let us see:

The body has the power, in virtue simply of its physiological mechanism, without any help of will, to execute most complex purposive acts in the same manner that a watch does. Whether a power of the kind is born, as is the case commonly in animals, and in not a few instances in man, or is acquired by training and practice, as is the case in a few instances in animals and commonly in man, does not matter as regards its essentially physiological character, as long as it can be shown to be in a pretty fair physical basis of a rudimentary will (p. 109). If matter be in any case sufficient by itself to perform them [the functions of sensation, sentiment, reason in animals] why call in the superfluous aid of a soul to do the same kind of function in men? (p. 123).

This, then, is the argument. Matter organized will account for instinct. Reason, including will, is developed from instinct. It is not difficult to see through a fallacy so transparent. What is the meaning of "physiological mechanism"? Why not say "mechanism" simply? Because physiological mechanism includes life; and until life is shown to be a property of matter, the first step is not taken towards establishing materialism. We may grant that the highest human soul is but a development of the lowest animal life, and we may trace that development back through all human generations and all geological ages, and we are still no nearer identifying matter and mind than when we started. Nor is there apparent any good reason for placing matter, in that primordial state, at the foundation of mind, but there are many reasons for the opposite relation. We may add that the development of the human soul from the beast soul does not invalidate the doctrine of human immortality; for the beast soul may be abortive and perishable, a sterile blossom on the tree of life.

On Dr. Maudsley's impeachments of consciousness we have only space to say that admitting fully the preponderance of our "intra-conscious" life, we can yet see how consciousness is the interpreter of all that life. The unconscious life enters through the door of consciousness. We pass over also the Doctor's physiological theories, including the "menetrie undulations" (p. 101), and a glance at his views of moral. Here we discover a higher notion of moral than one finds in Bain, but yet a will in subjection to physical law:

The will of man being the outcome of supreme reason is the highest and latest evolved energy in nature; it is in fact the power by which nature, developing through man, accomplishes the progressive path of its destiny. - The path of moral law in social evolution is without doubt the present aim of the highest will; and it is in the inspiration of this aim, in the autonomy of the functions, that we discover the origin and the authority of the categorical moral imperative. Thou shalt go the right way of development, thou shalt not go the wrong way of degeneration (pp. 190, 191).

If any one feels inclined to identify this physiological morality with the familiar old-fashioned Christian morality, let him read the following:

What wonder that Christian morality has failed, and must fail, to govern the practical conduct of life in the struggle for existence, and that the individual perforce accommodates his morality to his life instead of adjusting his life strictly to his morality! Could there be a more unhappy spectacle than that of the poor wretch who should take his moral and his physical sense, and make them the strict rules of his life...? All the horrible and heart-rending things that have ever been committed—murders, slaugtheries, tortures; frauds, guile, intrigues, and lies; lusts, rapes, revolts, debaucheries, thefts, murders, and all the frightful things, now large and small, open or secret, immediate or remote, of human passions, have been strictly necessary events in the becoming of what is—not to be deplored as accidents, but viewed in tranquil spirit as fulfillments of progress—and will continue to be necessary events thereon, so long as the order of progress continues to be human (pp. 167-169).

This is ancient fate riveted by modern science.

"What will be the end thereof?"—this is the title of the last section of the book, after the will—with not a few other matters—has been discussed in its (1) metaphysical, (2) physiological, and (3) pathological aspects.

The inevitable end of all that is done under the sun when the sun itself is extinguished is a world undone—a world, that is, become inorganic in the reverse way of that which became organic... No great or prolonged cold will be needed to wither all the finer feelings and the loftier aspirations of mankind, and to bring to an end all the higher forms of its energy... The savages of a decomposing civilization, as we might call them, will be ten times more vicious and noisy, and infinitely less capable of improvement than the savages of a primitive barbarism (pp. 310, 311).

This is the goal of evolutionary morality. This the millennium of pessimism.

We must give our readers one more extract, which goes to the foundation of the whole matter:

Suppose that the inquirer who proceeds in this fashion ends by ascribing to matter all the grandeur and glory of mind; has he really affected in the least the moral unity of his own nature? He has glorified and arrogated the functions of matter, and they in the end are just as mysterious and incomprehensible to him as mankind. If he is honest with himself, he cannot help confessing that any conception of spirit which he entertains is either an indefinite agitation of matter, and therefore no actual conception at all, or really the conception of an exceedingly sublimated matter. A fundamental postulate he must have, whether it be molecule or mind; and it is a question of words rather than of things whether be chooses to spiritualize matter or to materialize mind (p. 86).

To which we say in parting, that if it be a mere question of words, why should materialists insist upon their words, unless they are of consequence? These words chain the will to physical law. Hence their value. Rob them of this value, and nobody will care if even matter is mind, or mind matter.

MR. BASSNETT ON EARTHQUAKES.

In this handsome volume we find many statements of curious facts; also several very interesting diagrams and tables, which must have cost many days of conscientious labor and which may prove of future value. Mr. Bassnett affirms that from these tables, by means of the formulae which he has given, the probabilities or indications of the weather can be obtained from any particular occurrence, at any date, as far future as the Nautical Almanac is published. The basis of this assumption is the theory, which is extremely probable, that the position and motions of the heavenly bodies are the prime cause of the changes of electric, thermic, and mechanical conditions of their...
surfaces. All physical phenomena being modes of motion, it is extremely probable that there is a marked periodicity even in the most irregular phenomena, such as those of the weather; and that the moon, whose proximity to us gives her power out of proportion to her size, and whose cycles are embraced in moderate periods of time, is the first body to which we are to look for a clue to the origin of storms.

Mr. Bassnett thinks that he discovered the cycle some forty years ago, and that he is able to show the position and movement of the moon which renders a storm probable at a given place at a given time. Precision, of course, he does not claim, but he thinks he can date the center of the storm within one day of the truth, and locate its path within a belt of 100 miles in width. The energy of the storm is, however, not determined by the moon alone. The condition of the sun, and its position and movement, have also a powerful influence. Our author holds that the movements of the sun about the center of gravity of the solar system, as affected by the movements of the planets, have a controlling influence upon the condition of the sun's surface, and thus upon the earth. He thinks that the number of spots on the sun is proportional to the distance of the sun from the center. Then the weather is finest when there are fewest spots, and most unpropitious when there are many. Combining this view, with the moon's motion, we get the means of forecasting the violence of the storms.

Now all this is capable of verification. We have nothing to do but to calculate the weather for some well-known locality, say Washington, for a few weeks in different seasons of the year, for several years, in different parts of the sun spot cycle, and then compare our calculations with the meteorological records of the observatory there. If the agreement be well marked, then the formulæ of calculation might be accepted, for further amendment. This does not however appear to have been done by Mr. Bassnett. He seems to have contented himself with calculating a few instances, emphasizing in italics those favorable to his views, and passing by the rest (p. xix). Unfortunately he began with a theory, not simply that the weather was dependent on astronomical conditions, but a theory of the mode in which the astronomical conditions effected the meteorological changes; and comes to the study of the facts under the strong bias of that hypothesis. He is inclined to complain (pp. xliii, xix, xxv, xlii, 7, 9, 10, 11, etc.) of the way in which his hypothesis has been received; but he complains without reason. No reasonable man can be expected to listen patiently to so much theory based on so few facts, and verified by so few experiments.

In January, 1879, an article, credited to the Providence Journal, was widely copied into the newspapers, and carried distress and terror, "the bondage of fear," into thousands of hearts. It was based, essentially, upon Mr. Bassnett's theory; and some of its cheerful expressions were these: "The peacelessness last summer was only a premonition of the dire calamities to be expected shortly." "All manner of evils afflicting humanity may be anticipated," "and this direful period is near at hand." "A much more lamentable period," "one of those that occur at intervals of thousands of years is about to take place." "There is a fearful prospect ahead." Such epoch "in the sixth, and in the sixteenth centuries were marked by the most pestilential periods on record." This woful prediction Mr. Bassnett appears to think is being fulfilled. Among other evidences of the doleful effects of the astronomical positions of 1881-1884, he refers (p. 156) to earthquakes; and in a note (p. 238) speaks of Iachia and Java, and calls 1883, the great earthquake year of the century; also alludes to Calabria as evidence of earthquakes accompanying the maximum of sun spots. Yet Dr. Wolff's table gives the year 1783 as a time of fewest spots.

We turned therefore to an Encyclopaedia and noted the dates of all the great earthquakes mentioned in it as occurring within the dates of Wolff's and Bassnett's tables. They were as follows: about Lima, 1746; Lisbon, 1755; Venezuela, 1766; Calabria, 1783; Quito, 1797; Caracas, 1812; Calcutta, 1828; Arica, 1868. Of these eight earthquakes singled out for mention as peculiarly extensive and severe, six occurred when the sun spots were at a maximum, one when Wolff and Bassnett disagree (1783), and only one (1828) when the spots were at a maximum. In addition to these the earthquakes of the Mississippi valley came to our remembrance; they occupied many months of Mr. Bassnett's halcyon year 1811 (pp. 146, 239) and ceased with the terrific Caracas earthquake of 1812. We also recalled the fearful time beginning with the earthquake at Naples in December, 1857, followed six months after by a terrific one in Mexico, and again after some months by one at Quito in March, 1859. These began when, according to Wolff, sun spots were at a minimum, and ended when, according both to Wolff and Bassnett, the maximum disturbance of the sun had by no means been reached in 1860.

It appears, therefore, that although our author has made it seem highly probable that the sun spot cycle is determined by the movement of the sun about the center of gravity of the system; and although there seems to be abundant evidence to connect sun spots with electric disturbances, and the general meteorologic condition of the globe; the connection of any of these changes with earthquakes and volcanoes is not at all made out. As for the peculiar theory by which our author explains the effect of the astronomical position on the surface conditions, it is too purely hypothetical to deserve a tenth part of the time and pains which he has bestowed upon it; even if it do not prove absolutely untenable. At present it deserves neither defence nor refutation; the only questions at present are, Do the facts of meteorology obey a cyclic law founded on, and obedient to, the movements of the solar system? If so, can the law of the cycle be discovered? When these questions have been answered in the affirmative, and the answer clenched by abundant observations, it will be time to discuss Mr. Bassnett's hypothesis of explanation.

THE IDEAS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.*

This work is the latest proof of Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke's undiminished freshness and power of thought at seventy-four. After two preliminary chapters on the Character and the Inspiration of St. Paul, and two further chapters of a biographical character, Dr. Clarke considers the great Apostle to the Gentiles as the Champion of Spiritual Freedom, and reviews the famous Pauline ideas of Law, Sin, Justification, and Grace, the Atonement, the Christology, and the Theology proper of the undoubted epistles. To Dr. Clarke St. Paul is the father of Liberal Christianity in all its various tendencies. The three elements of this Liberal Christianity are:

1. To believe that the essence of Christianity is in the spirit, not in the letter, which belief will destroy all bigotry. 2. To believe that Christianity progresses only by means of freedom, not by constraint; which principle will put an end to all intolerance. 3. To believe that the end and aim of Christianity is inward and not outside works; which will abolish sectarianism.

Of this genial and catholic faith Dr. Clarke is well known as a winning and powerful teacher with a following increasing in all the churches. To all such followers this work will be a welcome exposition of that side of the many-sided Apostle which favors their generous doctrine. So wide is Dr. Clarke's grasp of illustration and comment that he renders as few can do the master-thoughts of St. Paul into those conceptions which he shows are still underlying our best life.

And yet Dr. Clarke is so far from being a Pauline mind himself! so ready to explain the strictest utterances of a soul of marked Calvinistic-bias with the aid of a cheerful optimism! so willing to attribute to the author of the Epistle to the Romans the doctrine of "temporal predestination" only! Deeply as the author sounds no small part of that mighty intelligence, and helpful as we may, and must, find his modern interpretation of Pauline truths, Dr. Clarke does not,
and apparently cannot, set forth his subject in the clear light of history. Always an eclectic, he minimizes the bitter controversy between Pauline and Petrine Christianity, allowing "a certain grain (1) of truth in Baur's tendency-theory," and proffers on difficult occasions such explanations (?) as this:

The true view, perhaps, (of Pauline conversion) is that Paul saw Christ really, but with the spiritual eye. It was not a vision of Christ, but Christ himself, who appeared to Paul. He was not seen by his outward eye, but by an inward regard.

Understand this who will or can: it was neither a vision nor an outward reality, seen by Paul, but yet a real sight! Surely the things which are "spiritually discerned" are not of this order.

Dr. Clarke's exposition of Baur's theory in the Appendix is simply a travesty, however unintentional; his criticism of Mr. O. B. Frothingham rests, in several instances, upon obvious misunderstandings, and his method is so unscientific that he offsets Mr. Frothingham's criticisms of Paul with the "euphony" of Pfefferer, leaving out the elogiums pronounced by the former and the judgments of the latter which would destroy no small part of Dr. Clarke's exposition. The scholar cannot be satisfied with the methods and the results of Dr. Clarke's often surprising ingenuity; but the reader who reads for religious edification must be dull indeed and hard of heart if he be not greatly profited by the humane and tender wisdom here abundantly present.

REUSS'S HISTORY OF THE CANON.†

The name of Prof. Reuss is a familiar one to those of us acquainted with the study of Christian "origins"—to borrow the technical term, and his work in this department has won for him a wide and just renown. His own genius, well suited to a university in the geographical position of Strasburg, belongs fairly to both sides of the Rhine. With the proverbial thoroughness and research of the Germans, he unites the candor and clearness that characterize the French, and this happy combination gives to his pages an unusual interest and charm. Both languages also are familiar and free to his tongue and his pen. For German readers he has published in German a general history of the books of the New Testament, while for his French pupils he has written in French a history of the Scripture canon in the Christian church. Both books deal largely with the same materials, but purpose and plan are different in each. From the latter work, which grew out of a series of articles in a theological review, Mr. Hunter has made this English version, aided by the personal revision and emendation of the author.

That the canon is an historic growth, not a mechanical product, is the principle with which Prof. Reuss begins, and of which he never loses sight. His task he takes to be that of the historian, and he seeks to perform it without apologetic or polemic bias. Not shrinking from comment where comment is required, he draws a careful line between fact and interpretation, and does not forget or soften facts to meet the needs of any theory. His treatment of materials is fair and scientific. Passages from the Fathers are weighed as well as measured, and while an array of possible quotations does not necessarily prove that works thus used were placed on a level with Moses and the prophets, the absence or inexactness of references proves neither rejection nor ignorance of documents thus treated. Oral tradition was long a living force in the church, and must be taken into constant account in estimating patristic usage.

With regard to the Old Testament, even the primitive church held a firm belief in inspiration, but fixed no precise limits for a canon of the books. The line between the so-called apocryphal writings and our present canonical books was wavering and vaguely discerned. That greater vagueness should attend the gradual, slow, almost unconscious growth of the New Testament was natural. For a long time after the apostles, says Prof. Reuss, the Old Testament was the Scripture, and as such formed the basis of Christian teaching. This teaching was oral, and its accuracy was held to rest on the authority of the bishops; it was simple, as may be seen in the summary known as the Apostles' Creed; it included the great facts of Christ's life, death, and resurrection. The books that came from the first circle of disciples grew more and more common in use, and were held in constantly higher esteem, and by the middle of the second century, or soon after, the church had set apart four gospels, and a collection of epistles of Paul. Other apocryphal writings were added as the knowledge of them spread through the different Christian communities, and at last under the pressure of opposite heresies, and with the growing need of more accurate limitations, the canon became formed. The discussion of the effects of Gnosticism and Montanism upon the views of the church regarding their sacred books, the contrast between the methods and objects of the Western and the Eastern churches, and the study of the medival theories and those of the Reformers, are all interesting, fair, and instructive. Each stage in the history is carefully treated, with brief, but helpful resumes at every close, and the excellent table of contents makes less apparent the omission of an index.

The timeliness of this volume is evident, its intrinsic worth is great, and no student of Scripture who would rightly understand and appreciate his heritage can afford to pass it by. Nor need the reverent inquirer fear to enter upon its study. The spirit of Prof. Reuss is Christian in the largest sense, and the writings before him are something other and more than merely literary documents. If he finds no reason to suppose a continuous miracle in the formation and preservation of the canon, he leaves us more reason to believe in a divine guidance in the course of this as of all other human history. That the Bible is not, like the Koran, a single work once and forever finished, is its glory and its power, for life is both a more excellent and a more divine thing than mechanism.

MINOR NOTICES.


The Globe Gazetteer is a British work, and was first published in 1879. The present is a 4th edition, and the publishers offer it as entirely new. "Every article in the book has been subjected to revision, numerous improvements have been introduced, and the statistics and populations, . . . have been corrected by recent census and other returns." The Gazetteer, as its title indicates, covers the world. Of course it is not complete. All countries are described in brief; and larger towns are located and population given. The pronunciation of names, conveyed by phonetic spelling, is a valuable feature. So are the maps, 38 in number, which are massed at the end of the book, forming a little atlas by themselves. These maps are printed in colors, and are well engraved. As the world is now proportioned, however, one map is not enough for the United States of America; and one is all the States get. Boston is not the only town of note in Massachusetts, and would be more interesting, if it is not already, to know that it contains Detroit, Lansing, and Port Huron. But three towns are shown in Kentucky, two in Tennessee, five in Ohio, and twelve in California. A gazetteer which offers its services to citizens of the United States should offer them more than this. The book is a compactly printed crown 8vo of 465 pages, exclusive of the maps.


With this third volume the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopaedia is complete. The three volumes make a solid massive cube of theological learning which any student of religious truths and history might consider an addition to his library. The staple of the work is clearly original, and its tone technical and professional. It is fitted to the hands of scholars rather than of the people; and belongs in the Biblical workshop than on the family table. Many of its articles are treatises, possessing a body and a strength which would entitle them to stand alone. Dr. Schaff's part in the work distinctly extends and enlarges its usefulness for American users, and he has had much valuable cooperation.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, MAY 17, 1884.

[For the Literary World.]

Wordsworth.

Called at the first a servant by the Muse,
She said she found her varied task done —
So loved thy voice — she could not long refuse
A dearer name, but claimed thee for her son;
And, for thy name, the ocean or the amaranth
Gave thee on Helicon a heritage
Whose bound beyond thy brother-bards extend —
Her many children in the favored age.
Memory too is thy domain.

Than any British ground since Milton's claim,
With vale, and wood, and stream, a pleasing scene.
And men who once devised hall by hall,
And England builds a shrine on Rydalside,
Keeping thy dearest name with honest pride.

THOMAS C. FAHR.

[From a special Correspondent.]

PARIS REVISITED.

After Rome, Paris seems shallow, superficial, soulless — its glitter a sham, its brilliance false, its life not in the order of things. The perpetual gayety of its beautiful boulevards and splendid avenues dazzles the astonished, but do not satisfy, and a person who has a soul above all this surface brightness longs for a quiet resting-place where even the faintest echo Parisian is not heard. Paris has its university, its Sorbonne, and schools of literature, law, and science, but how the students can devote themselves to intellectual pursuits in the midst of the seductions of the capital is a mystery to me.

Paris may be France in a political sense, but France is not Paris in a social or literary sense. French domestic life in the provinces is sweet and its literature pure. In Paris all this is changed; domestic life is almost unknown; the café is the Parisian's home, and his literature is poison. Provided with a letter of introduction from Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson of New York, I called upon Prof. Yeatman, one of the editors of Galiloman's Messenger. He has lived in Paris many years, and is thoroughly familiar with its people and their literature. He expressed his opinion freely and tersely as follows: "In science, most brilliant; in history, nothing worth speaking of; in fiction, a foul stream that is corrupting French society from the highest to the lowest; in the drama, worse still: it has all the indecency, but little or none of the wit that characterized the English drama of the Restoration, when the Merry Monarch ascended the throne of his ancestors, and the drama had a rebound from the severity of Puritan intolerance."

Among the modern French novelists of the natural and realist school, who undoubtedly occupy a bad preminence. He is vicious enough to satisfy the most depraved, and the Literary World in a review of his last work, La Fée de Vienne, justly characterized it as "utterly contemptible, a disgrace to literature, science, and civilization." But bad as Zola is, there are less known, but more vicious, and more dangerous because they reach a class more susceptible to their evil influence, and who are less restrained by the forms of society from following their diabolical teachings.

These books are the principal reading of a large class of girls and youths of the lower and middle orders, and thus the very fountain-head of French society is poisoned. Daudet, though free from the disgusting coarseness of Zola, is not entirely blameless. He does not revel in ille, like Zola, but he divies too deeply beneath the surface of French life, and brings up many things which it would be much better not to expose to the world.

In the Louvre, there are two busts by Houdon, which must attract the attention of all intelligent observers: one represents Franklin, the philosopher of humanity, whose whole life was passed in improving, elevating, and benefiting mankind — whose constant thought seemed to be to make men happier and healthier than they were before. His broad, open benevolent features tell us the story of a life devoted to the highest and best interests of the human race. The other bust is that of a man who called himself a philosopher, but who was really a cynic. His philosophy was not to construct, but to destroy, not to build, but to pull down, not to make men happier, but to make them laugh at their misery.

The sharp, sarcastic, cynical features of Voltaire are as different from those of Franklin as the teachings of the American philosopher differ from the destructive system of the French cynic.

The modern school of French writers make money by their work, but whether they will acquire an enduring fame is another question, about which perhaps they care very little. Arène Housaye, who became known first by his scappy work, Philosophers and Actresses, has grown rich, and recently celebrated his having possession of a splendid residence in the Champs Elysées. On this occasion, he gave a grand fête, at which ladies appeared in masques and dominoes, and gentlemen in Venetian cloaks. Edmond About has been honored by admission to the French Academy, and a fine bronze statue of Alexander Dumas, père, has been erected in the Place Malherbes, just back of the beautiful Church of St. Augustine. The novelist is represented seated, with several figures reclining at his feet, reading his works. It has been proposed to change the name of the place where the statue stands to that of Dumas.

I see in the Literary World an announcement of a new edition of Poe's works in eight volumes, with a life of the poet by Richard H. Stoddard. I hope this is not the memoir of Poe whose glaring plagiarisms were exposed in the Literary World in May, 1882. The author of the Raven is more admired in France than any American writer. His works, which were so faithfully translated by Beaudelaire, have been partly illustrated by Doré. His wild, imaginative stories, The Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Purloined Letter, and The Mystery of Marie Roget, the scenes of which are laid in Paris, first drew attention to his science.

PARIS, April 30, 1884.

PERSONAL.

* Mr. John D. Hylan, whose poetical volumes are not unknown in these shores, and have sometimes been reviewed "under this hand and seal," is a dealer in clay and kaolin used in the manufacture of fine brick, chimney tiles, etc., and in similar materials, at Palmyra, N. Y. This, however, is only one of several branches of business which he carries on, and yet with all these pressing claims upon his time he manages still to "court the muse." Another narrative poem from his hand, running to some 100,000 lines, is set to be published.

* A writer in the London Daily News wrote "Mr. Ruskin against Mr. Richard Grant White, Mr. Matthew Arnold against Mr. Stedman, Mr. George Meredith to pair off with Mr. Howells, while Mr. Browning and the Laureate correspondent of the Daily News are also scenting." He adds, "but the company would have many pleasant elements in all which these gentlemen met." Mr. Ruskin has been showing a London reporter over his house, and the reporter represents the critic as saying: "Sometimes I tire somewhat of Turner, but never of Prout. I wish I could have drawn more myself — not that I should have done anything great; but I could have made such beautiful records of things. It is one of the greatest charms of my life." The field of natural history has lost a devoted lover and servant in the death of Wilson of Oxford, who had that place in his home in Cambridge, Mass. His Woods and By Ways of New England and Birds and Seasons of New England have made many friends for outdoor life.

* Mr. William Beatty-Kingston, the translator into English of Dr. Moritz Busch's new book on Bismarck, formerly, was the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, the Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, for which he is now the musical critic.

* Mr. Labouchere says that Washington Irving told him that he had acquired ease and elegance in writing by a careful study of Addison's essays. He used, he said, to read an "Essay," then write it out from memory, and compare his phrases with those of the original.

* Professor Elliott Coles of Washington sailed this month for Europe as an official visitor from the several American scientific institutions to related bodies abroad.

* Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose four-in-hand trip through England afforded us a pleasant book last season, has given $50,000 to Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, of which he is a trustee.

* The Chevalier Wikoff is dead, whose Reminiscences of an Idler, published in 1880, is one of the most readable of recent volumes of personal gossip. He was an adventurer of the first class.

* Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who has been wintering in Boston, is about returning to London for "the Season," where she has hosts of friends and finds open doors on every hand.

* Mr. Swinburne has mastered to some degree his reckless habits of life, and is living decorously in a quiet nook on the Thames with the support of a company of a confidential friend.

* Mrs. Sherwood, "M. E. W. S." in literature, has gone abroad for the summer, leaving behind her a book on Manners and Usages in Society for immediate publication.

* Mr. George W. Cable is said to have made $5,000 by his readings since Christmas, and he is expected to spend the summer in New England with his family.

* Miss Kate Sanborn has been lecturing in Cleveland, Ohio.

* We have seen a pleasant private note from
THE LITERARY WORLD.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking warmly of his interest in the excavation of Zozan.

* Charles Reade left a fortune amounting to about $10,000, the bulk of it to his godson, Mr. Charles Liston.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The English Browning Society now numbers over 200 members. The gross profits of Chapman & Hall, London publishers, last year amounted to $76,500, largely from the sale of Dickens's works, which cheer their imprint. Anything like a biography of Dean Stanley is said to be despaired of, owing to the indecipherable character of his handwriting and the consequent difficulty of handling his correspondence. Authors are invited to present their photographs suitably lettered to the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Mr. James Russell Lowell presided at a meeting in honor of Wordsworth in London on the 9th, and made an address upon the poet, who, he said, should be placed apart from, if not above, his contemporaries in the faculty of imagination and poetic order of words, whether judged by passages or single poems. Further, Mr. Lowell is represented as saying, Wordsworth had no dramatic and next to no narrative power. When he undertook to tell a story, his personages were apt to be lost in the landscape or to be kept waiting while the poet mused on its suggestions. Wordsworth, he said, had no sense of proportion, and no instinct of discrimination or subordination. All his thoughts and emotions were of equal value in his own eyes. In dealing with the question whether Wordsworth would survive as Lucrécia survived, Mr. Lowell pointed out that if Wordsworth was not a great artist in the technical sense of the word, he had the gift in some respects. He was a rare being, greatly and suddenly inspired.

The Duc d'Andriffet-Pasquier has entered on the 1st of this month his claim to a place in the French Academy by writing a life of the Duc de Richelieu. The late General de Wimpffen left memoirs ready for publication. Daudet's new novel, Les Rêpêchés, is devoted to the savoy subject of a man's struggles to free himself from his mistress. The 97 English MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris have been catalogued by M. Gaston Reynaud. The Paris statues of Voltaire and Rousseau are to be placed on the Quai Malakous.

Mr. J. H. Ingram's new edition of Poe will be ready at once in four volumes. Dr. Williams, one of Queen Victoria's physicians, has published a volume of Memoirs of his life and work. The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot is the title of a curious "character study" by Rev. James Hart, just published in London. Ouida's new novel is called Princess Nopaxatès. Two foreign books of American travel by British writers are Across the Pampos and the Andes by Mr. Robert Crawford of Dublin, and Kanche Notes by Mr. Reginald Aldridge. A second series of posthumous Miscellaneous Essays by the late W. G. Greg is in press. Mr. Browning's last book having been Fenestra, his new one will be entitled The Holy Cross, comprising twelve divisions of Dervish Heresies, written in blank verse, and grouped between a pair of lyrics. Nimmo & Bain have begun a collection of miscellaneous articles, to begin with Marlowe, and follow on with Middleton, Shirley, and Beaumont and Fletcher.

He has gone to Paris.

The late Thomas G. Appleton, who lived in Boston and died in New York, is now believed to be enjoying himself in the gay French capital. He was the originator of the phrase that "when good Americans die they go to Paris," and he was one of the best. — New York World.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

Mr. Marston's Poetry.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

I have read with much interest Mrs. Moulton's sympathetic sketch in your last issue, of the blind young English poet, Marston. She has, however, omitted all reference to one fact of especial importance in that interesting chapter of literary history — the fact, namely, that Mrs. Moulton herself acted for many months as the blind poet's reader and amanuensis, and that most of his later poems are printed from the transcripts thus made. Dr. J. W. Marston, the father of Philip Bourke Marston, expressed to me the deepest gratitude to Mrs. Moulton for her constant kindness and efficient help to his son. It is an act too gracious and too characteristic to be left concealed under her mantle of modesty.

Cambridge, May 5, 1884.

A "Boom" in Immortality.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

There are certainly some curious features about the Critic's list of Forty American Immortals. One of these is the fact that its pyramid rests, unlike those of Egypt, upon the apex. Mr. Francis Parkman certainly ranks very near the head of our living authors, whatever may be his station in the whole system of criticism, yet he stands at the very bottom of the Critic's list. It moreover appears that he would not have occupied even this humble position but for the fact that the two or three gentlemen who had more votes turned out to be foreign-born and therefore ineligible.

Another singular aspect of this poet office academy-making is the fact, of which I am informed by a fellow-immortal ranking high on the list, that he and certain others owed their high places to a special "boom" organized without their knowledge by some young admirers and personal friends. In this instance at least clergymen, that is to say, clergymen. There was also a special scientific "boom," he said, accounting for the especially high position of Dr. Asa Gray and others. These "booms," throwing perhaps twenty-five or thirty votes, were, of course, perfectly innocent transactions and controlling influence upon the list; and this suggestion goes to the proposed Academy a curious combined flavor of Wall Street and Tammany Hall.

Yours respectfully,

ONE OF THE IMMORTALS.

Very neat and pretty is the new ornamental border to J. B. Lippincott's monthly bulletin; but whose are the seven portraits in the head-piece across the top? One might be Dante's, and two others might be altered without great difficulty into Wendell Phillips's and Whittier's; but the others we hesitate to define.

AN ESSAY OF SCARABEE.

An Essay of Scarabae. By W. J. Loftie. [Field & Tuer.]

Mr. Loftie's Essay of Scarabae is distinctly calculated to foster the evil passions of his followers, and to increase the sum of human wickedness. Those who possess it will be selfish, vain, and understanding; those who do not have it will not be covetous, spiteful-minded, and communicative. When I add that the edition is strictly limited to 150 copies, which must at least must be absorbed by the national libraries and the Press, it will be seen that, if those who sin under the first category, but who cannot go to perdition under the second must inevitably be many. Take it, in short, which way one will, every lover of scarabae in particular, and of rare and dainty books in general, is foredoomed.

It is to the former class of virtuosi that an Essay of Scarabae is especially addressed, and it is for them that Mr. Loftie has compiled a catalogue raisonné of which the Essay is prefatory. The catalogue is, in fact, it describes Mr. Loftie's own collection of historical scarabae — a magnificent series of 192 Egyptian amulets, chiefly beetle-shaped, inscribed with the names of kings. Chronologically and dialectically arranged, these little monuments begin with Senen-Pish of the IIInd Dynasty, and end with Ptolemy Phaeno of the XXXIIIrd; so representing a period of time which may be approximately estimated at something like four thousand four hundred years. It is, perhaps, the finest private collection of historical scarabae in the world, and as such it undoubtedly merits the elaborate and costly catalogue. Let those who have omitted to subscribe, and who are too late to buy, imagine a little volume measuring about six inches by eight, full of careful, perfect, flooded without, clothed in white vellum, mystic, wonderful; admirably printed within on handmade paper in delicate italic types; got up with a reckless amount of margin, and containing an average of four illustrations to each page. Let them furthermore imagine that those illustrations represent, and how they are represented. Every one of Mr. Loftie's 192 amulets is there, a few being seen in two points of view; every one of those 192 amulets has set forth a portrait to Mr. W. Flanders Petrie; and by W. Flanders Petrie (of whom the scarabae are not too heavy nor scarabe too light, and who is, moreover, a cunning limner of things old and strange has made of each a most excellent representation — as minutely faithful as a photograph and as artistically true as a Holbein miniature.

An Egyptian scarabae, as every one knows, is a stone sculptured in the form of a beetle, with a short legend, or emblematic device, incised on the reverse. The particular species of beetle thus represented is supposed to be the Scarabaeus sacer of Linnaeus. Its name in Egyptian was Khepera (meaning "he who lives" or "he who is scarabaeus"); and probably our English "Chafers," signifying "To Be" or "To Become." From the earliest period in which we can trace its symbolic use, this beetle, which deposits its eggs in a pellet of clay, and rolls the pellet up to some safe place of burial above the level of the annual inundation, was regarded by the Egyptians as an emblem of human life and of the immortality of the soul. Therefore they made amulets in its likeness. These amulets are found sculptured in a variety of substances, of all dimensions, and of all dimensions, and of different shapes. Some are inscribed with the names of gods; others with the titles of kings; others, again, in a variety of prayers, records of pious sentences, mottoes of greeting; tiny figures of men, beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes; scenes of war and struggle; or landscapes — everything like the like. To the unintelliged it may, perhaps, seem that no great skill can be needed for the correct copying of a little oval field incised with such simple hieroglyphs and devices as these; but
THE LITERARY WORLD.

May 17, 1863

Camping Among Cannibals.*

We do not remember at this moment to have heard of Mr. Alfred St. Johnstone before, and in the absence of any recollection of him we should say that he was one of the younger members of the St. Johnstone family, and that his beard had yet to grow. When he is older, we predict, he will know more, and will not write of the Polynesians and missionaries to them as he does habitually in terms like these:

"It is a marvel to me that they bear so calmly the tyranny of the missionaries, for it is mostly they that have caused them to believe that Polynesian people be taxed, fined, and imprisoned, according to the rules of the civilization of an alien race; that native gods are a slave-like and superstitious race; and that the free-fire doctrine is necessarily produced by these gentle teachers of foreign language and subduing them. I should be sorry to class all missionaries together, for there are some that are, I am sure, earnest and dutiful men, and in some few places they may have done good; . . . but it is universal to know the horrors of cannibalism as it is used to be cant upon them in pages 225-230 to his heart's content. More agreeable is the account of a Fijian dance, a most extraordinary and wildly fascinating performance; and measurably exciting is the account of the trip across the still bar-\[snip\]

MINOR NOTICES.

Men of the Time. [George Routledge & Sons. $5.00.]

Men of the Time, as now published by George Routledge & Sons in London and New York, covers 1,168 pages, against 1,070 in the tenth edition of 1879. The biographical sketches are from two to three to each of 1,177 pages. The sketches confine themselves to mere statements of the fact, occasionally with an expose of the offense; but it abounds in glowing descriptions and presents life-like pictures of Polynesian scenery and character.

Mr. St. Johnstone reached Tongatabu from New Zealand, and thus describes his sensations on first landing:

Standing on the bow of the boat, I wait awaited for a wave to receede and spring ashore. The land is a bright golden sand... Just beyond this belt of gold is a broad strip of soft green turf... kept short by a few horses... and by whole crowds of pigs. Beyond this road of turf commence the cocoa-palms, a great ring of which surrounds the whole island, and amongst their sloping stems, in little clearings, stand the houses and the few sheds that form the capital of Tongatabu. The European traders' buildings, all thatched, with a bright-colored roof, are somewhat like little places, and the native residences are small but comfortable.

At Samoa Mr. St. Johnstone found tattooing carried to the perfection of a high art, as instanced in this portrait of a noted native named Leapai, a fine specimen of a man, who spoke English well.

Leapai is magnificently tattooed, and his dress being almost nothing showed both the man and his decoration to great perfection; he was pleased with my adoration, and let me examine the tattoo, and told me the whole process, which must be a very awful one to undergo. The tattooed parts are rather thicker than the rest of their soft and satiny skin, and are of a deep indigo blue, almost black. The decoration begins below the knee, and completely covers the thighs, back, and front. . . . The men are tattooed at about the age of seventeen. . . . The artist or tattoo men live and do nothing else; and a skilled worker receives very handsome payment. The whole operation occupies several months, as only a small portion can be tattooed in one day; the process is exquisitely painful. . . . The design, which is traced upon the skin of the tattooed man, is closely punctured with a bone instrument with many fine sharp teeth, almost like a comb. . . . The instrument is held so that the whole of the design is imprinted from little taps from a mallet, which drives the teeth through the skin, and leaves behind the colouring matter with which the comb is charged.

When Mr. St. Johnstone fairly reaches the Fiji Islands he softens up a little toward the missionaries, and any reader who desires to know the horrors of cannibalism as it was used to be can feast upon them in pages 225-230 to his heart's content. More agreeable is the account of a Fijian dance, a most extraordinary and wildly fascinating performance; and measurably exciting is the account of the trip across the still barbarous interior of Viti Levu, where cannibalism is believed to linger yet. The book is attractively printed and bound, but has no illustrations.

hands, and these the hands of women. The book takes us to a height whence we have a bird's eye view of what woman is and is doing at the present moment all over the world. We epitomize the contents as follows:

Introduction, Frances Power Cobbe; England, The Women's Suffrage Movement, Milledent; Germany, The Educational Movement, Marie C. Hagen; Women in Medicine, by Frances Elizabeth Hoggan; The Industrial Revolution and Women, by Edith B. L. Leith; Women in the Theatre, Henrietta G. Barnett; Germany, A General Review, by Gertrude C. S. K.; Philosophy, by Jenny Summerson; The National Association, Marie Cahn; Holland, Elsie Van Campen; Switzerland, by Helene Lichtenberger; Norway, Edith Collett; Sweden, Rosalie Ulrika Ornstein; Denmark, Kristine Frederiksen; France, the edition; A General Review, by Edith C. I. de L. D.; The Educational Movement, Doris D'Arcy; Spain, Conception Arevalo; Portugal, Rodrigues de Freitas; Belgium, Isabella van Daint; Switzerland, Marie Georg, Raum; Marie Zehnder; France, Elise Goujon; Belgium, Elise Knebefoshaed. The Orient, Kalippo A. Kehaya.

The volume is provided with Table of Contents and Index, but neither is what it might have been. We find the work unexpectedly readable, dealing as it does almost exclusively with facts and presenting us with clear pictures of the position in different nations of the women of today. The general effect of the picture is to show woman uprisings and advancing. Her rights all over the world are distinctly greater, her liberties larger, her advantages more generous, the dangers that beset her more just and heavy, than twenty-five years ago. The advocates of the "enfran of woman" will find in these instructive pages not only food for much reflection but material for much encouragement. A pleasant feature is a thumb-nail account of each contributor prefixed to her article.

**Christianity Triumphant.** By John P. Newman. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50.]

**The Clerk of the Mose.** By C. H. Spurgeon. [Do, do. 75c.]

**The Brunswick Pussle.** By John Habberton. [Do, do. $1.00.]

**My Musical Memories.** By H. R. Hawes. [Do, do. 60c.]

**Memorie and Ryme.** By Joaquim Miller. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.]

In the Heart of Africa. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. Condensed by E. J. W. [Do, do. $1.00.]

These six books, no two of which are alike, each of which in all are purely alike, belong to the "Standard Library," the design of which seems to be to collect good reading of all sorts. Five different tastes, at least, may be suited by these six books, which are samples of the series at large. The religious taste by the first two on the list, Dr. Newman's *Christianity Triumphant* being a series of apologetic discourses of the "three cheers and a tiger" type, and Mr. Spurgeon's *Clerm of the Mose*, a selection of short pointed reflections, with some longer sketches and addresses, all illustrative of religious truth and duty, and all in Mr. Baker's characteristic style. The taste for fiction of the realistic type will be fed by Mr. Habberton's novel, *The Brunswick Pussle*. Bowsham might be a town on the Ohio River in border days, and the scene is of the frontier when life was new and raw. The "puzzle" relates to a case of personal disappearance and identity, and the style is as vigorous and spirited as the materials are fresh and young. Mr. Hawes's *Musical Memories* are the random sketches of a man who has made music his recreation, and who talks about the masters, and about old violins, and about the musical people he has known, and about the Niebelungen Lied, and similar themes with pleasant instructiveness and entertaining variety of sense, nonsense, science, and sentiment.

Joaquin Miller's *A roaring and a rumbling* is an autobiographical fragment, depicting the poet's wanderings and wonderings, in old world and new, during the past twenty years, and full of the marks of his wild, fresh genius, a genius which is marked and indisputable. The book is one of the most vigorous and original in the present book bearing. If Sir Samuel Baker's name is really a compilation from two works of his, *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia* and *The Albert Nyassa*, in which are recounted the details of his African expeditions beginning in 1861. The field covered by these pages coincides largely with the present theater in the Sudan and along the upper waters of the Nile, and a good map aids the reader. All of these present issues of the "Standard Library" are to be commended.


This reprint is an effective illustration of the liberties taken with standard works by publishers of a certain type, who seem to have no saving knowledge of all that is justly due to literature, authors, or the public. Strictly speaking there is no such work as *The Seven Great Monarchies* by Rawlinson. Rawlinson did publish in 1862 a work on *The Five Great Monarchies*, or Chaldaea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia; in 1873 a supplementary work on *The Sixth Great Monarchy*, or Parthia; and in 1876 a final and completing work on *The Seventh Monarchy*, the Sassanian. And these several works have been republished here substantially in their original English form, by J. D. Dodd, Mead & Co., and Mr. John B. Alden offers a combination of the three in one series of three volumes, under a new and comprehensive title. He reprint in order the prefaces to the three works, but gives no hint, so far as we can discover, of the combination, and in no wise explains to the reader the relation of the title he has employed by the author. This is a liberty. It is treating current literature as common property, which it is not. It is a trespass and an infringement, if not of legal rights then of equitable principles. The books as books are excellent. Paper, type, press-work, illustrations, and binding all are good, and the price extraordinarily low. They should have appeared with a title-page somewhat as follows:

Rawlinson's Seven Great Monarchies: A selection of:
I. The Five Great Monarchies, etc.,
II. The Sixth Great Monarchy, etc.,
III. The Seventh Monarchy, etc.,
Five volumes in three.

*Next year* with an explanatory note by the publisher.

**Science Ladders.** By N. D'Anvers. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.]

This is an English book, reproduced. Six "primers" bound together constitute it. One of them, "The Story of Early Exploration," is hardly a science-ladder. The first is on "Forms of Land and Water," the others, making the larger part, are devoted to vegetable and animal life and aquatic animal life. Simple subjects and complex, easy and recondite, are described in a flow of language adapted to children by a writer who seems to possess about the kind of knowledge which the pupil is expected to get, and to make this kind of teaching sure, some pages of "Questions for Examination" are appended to each primer.

The separating and changing of the elements of plants into food, or new flesh, by the sap, or blood, is called *creativity*, and the part separated changed is a *secretion*. Secretion means anything done unconsciously or without the help of a will, and is used in speaking of the work of chemically changing something naturally. We have now learnt enough for today.

So have we!

**Vignette from Invisible Life.** By John Badcock. [Cassell & Co. $1.25.]

"This is a very pretentious little book," so our author tells us in his opening sentence, and we partly agree with him. It is made up of short popular articles contributed to the *St. James's Gazette*; it treats of the wonders of the microscope as revealed in animal life, in plant-animals, hyraxes, sponges, and the like. This is the invisible life, in these days of cheap microscopes quite within the reach of "any steady mechanic or day-laborer that wishes to have one of his own," armed with which "the desire for immortality is not only awakened, but is intensified by every fresh accession to the store of this divine wealth." "None will ask now the common question, 'Is life worth living?" That depends; it seems, not upon the liver, but upon the possession of the instrument. Seriously, apart from a certain exaltation in style, this little book is quite well adapted to its purpose, and the vignette illustrations are particularly good.

**Food and Feeding.** By Sir Henry Thompson. 3d ed. [London: Frederic Warne & Co. $1.25.]

In some respects this is the best cookery book we ever saw. It is far from being a mere scrapbook of receipts. It begins with the science of foods; a discussion of the principles of alimentation; a consideration of the different values of the various foods; a survey of the comparative advantages of different diets for different people. The author is very independent in his views, dissenting for example bluntly from the received opinion that a fish diet is good for brain workers. The science duly expounded, he gives directions for the practice of it, and here the book takes up the actual details of meals and the preparation of them, confining its remarks chiefly to dinners, and unfolding their true art in truly sensible terms. Sir Henry Thompson is not a cook, but we should like to live where his rational directions ruled the kitchen.

**CURRENT LITERATURE.**

The thoughts of John Ruskin are "apples of gold in pictures of silver," lending themselves readily to arrangement like a collection of coins or gems; and therefore the *Ruskin Birthday Book*. A book no other one filled with the choicest and most edifying, as outwardly it is one of the largest and fairest of the birthday books. It is a handsomely quarto volume, tastefully printed and bound, one page in blank for every three days in the year succeeding every page of selections from Mr. Ruskin's writings, and each page a neat border. There is wisdom, sentiment, beauty enough in this book to stock an ordinary mind for a life-time, and it deals impulses at every turn. Happy they whose days are marked out and illuminated by such pages.

[John Willey & Sons. $2.50.]

Mr. S. R. Koehler's *United States Art Directory*
THE LITERARY WORLD.

and Your Book aims to present in an octavo volume of several hundred pages a complete collection of the data of art in America, viewed as a profession and as a business. It is a directory to the art world on this side of the sea. Its important features are a chronicle of art events, a bibliography of art publications, a list of art schools, collections, and exhibitions throughout the United States, and alphabetical lists of artists and art teachers. Mr. Koehler catalogues 15 art periodicals published in the United States, and might have added the Portfolio which appears here with a New York imprint. Full particulars are given of all the great local institutions in the leading cities. The list of artists comprises some 1,700 names. The last half of the book is occupied with fac-similes of works of art, recently exhibited in the United States, on the French catalogue plan. [Case & Co. $2.00.]

Lord Ronald Gower's Reminiscences, as originally printed in English, filled two luxurious octavo volumes, at a cost in this country of $29. We reviewed the work on p. 205 of our last volume. Roberts Brothers have now reprinted the two volumes in one, at the low price of $1. In this compacted and economical form one of the most entertaining of recent autobiographies ought to find a host of new readers this side the sea. Lord Gower is a "live English lord;" and tells a very interesting story without the least affectation or literary pretense. He is highly connected, has known all the old families, has been familiar with court life, has driven his coach all over England, sauntered through France and Switzerland, visited Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone at their houses, and so forth and so on; and few persons will turn the first pages of his diary without reading through it to the end.

Clubs and hotels may have use for such pons deroisities and extravagancies as The Franco-American Cookery Book, but few private families, except such as live on the Grant & Ward scale, in hundred thousand dollar mansions, with a chef de cuisine and staff, at an expense of twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars a year. This book is a portly octavo of over 600 pages, with an elaborate dinner bill, carte in full and instructions for preparing it, for every day in the year. The author, Felix J. Délisné, is a New York master of the culinary arts, and his repertory in this volume amounts to no less than 3,000 different recipes for soups, meats, vegetables, and desserts of the highest grade. But to live by this book would require a fortune. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.00.]

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Pronunciation of "Balthasar" in Shakespeare. The proper name Balthazar (or Baltha- zar, as often printed) is invariably accented by the author; but the first syllable, as the metre shows; but actors and public readers, so far as we have heard them or heard of them, put the accent on the second syllable. This was the one mispronunciation we noted in the admirable representation of Much Ado by Mr. Irving's company. In that play the word occurs in verse only in ii. 3. 45: "Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again." Compare C. of E. v. 1. 223: "Where Balthasar and I did dine together;" and R. and J. v. 1. 12: "News from Verona!—now, Balthazar!" The imperfect line in M. of V. iii. 4. 45 requires the same accent: "Now, Balthazar." Of course the Scriptural name is properly accented on the penult; but the pronunciation in Shakespeare are should be settled by the metre, as in the case of Andromache, Hypermnestra, and sundry other words which the poet mis-accentuates. Stephano he accents on the penult in the M. of V. (as in v. 1. 28: "Stephano is my name, and I bring word," etc.) but he had learned the correct Italian pronunciation before he wrote the Tempest, where we find (v. r. 277) "Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?"

George Sand and the Bohemian seas- coast. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, to whom we found that we were indebted for our reference to George Sand's Winter's Tale, in the present number, [see the World for Feb. 9, 1884], kindly sends us the following note:

In reply to the query of your correspondent in Hornellsville, N. Y. as to "what chapter of Consuelo contains the reference" respecting the Bohemian seas-coast in the Winter's Tale, I have found a paper in my dear mother's handwriting which solves the query, and which paper forms the basis of the following note: In Act IV. Scene 1 of Winter's Tale, in our Annotated Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, published by Case & Co. The paper is headed, "For my dear Victoria. Extract from the Memoirs of Sand's Consuelo, 6th Vol. account of Jean Ziska." And then follows the passage containing the "reference" in question. I have no copy of Mme. Sand's Consuelo wherein to verify the exact "chapter"; but I may re-mark that 6th volume contains the possibility that the copy from which my mother made the extract for me was one which included both Consuelo and its sequel, La Comtesse de Rudolstadt, in which latter the passage may occur. "Jean Ziska" affords distinct clue.

MARY VICTORIA COWDEN-CLARKE. Villa Novello, Genoa, 1st March, 1884.

The "Rossetti" Shakespeare. A friend who was interested in our remarks on one-volume editions of Shakespeare, has shown us the "Rossetti" edition, published in 1881 by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. of this city. It has an introduction of 162 octavo pages, including a Life by W. M. Rossetti; Dowden's comments on the Chronology of the Works, on the Doubtful Plays, and on the Poems; an historical Sketch of the English Drama, by Arthur Gilman; Schlegel's remarks on the Plays; Lists of Important Editions, of Books Useful to Students, of Noteworthy Scenes, etc. There are also Indexes of Familiar Quotations and of Characters, and a Glossary of Difficult Words, etc. The text is that of the "Moxon" edition. The type is rather small and the press work poor; but on the whole it seems to be the best one-volume edition now in the market for the price—three dollars, retail. We should prefer it to the "Avon" edition, which a correspondent in Indianapolis writes to commend, and which was noticed in the World, April 10th, 1881. This was first published some years ago. That edition has a larger page and type, but the illustrative matter is not so good. The cuts in both editions are of an inferior sort.

Shakespeare in the Magazines. One of the most notable articles, if not the most notable, in the Atlantic for May is Mr. Grant White's on "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare"—the first of a series. There is much that is true in it, with something of "onesidedness" and exaggeration; but we must not attempt to enlarge upon it here. By the by, Charles Kingsley, in Fraser's Magazine as long ago as 1855, referred to a possible future generation which should "study and imitate Shakespeare, instead of anatomizing him."

In the Manhattan Mr. Appleton Morgan, under the heading "Whose Sonnets?" attempts to show that Shakespeare could not have written the poems ascribed to him. We do not think he makes out his case, and he certainly makes some preposterous statements: for example, that "nobody doubts today that William Shakespeare wrote the whole ellipse of the known as 'The Passionate Pilgrim', and every word, line, and parcel thereof." On the contrary, it would be hard to find any editor, critic, or scholar who has any doubt that most of these poems are not Shakespeare's. Again, he says, that "most modern commentators, including Rolfe, doubt if the Two Gentlemen of Verona could possibly be written by the author of Hamlet." We have no doubt of the authenticity of this play, and we know of no recent commentator who does not accept it as an early work of Shakespeare's. We are told also that "all commentators, living and dead, inconsistently reject the Meres list of plays." Dowden, referring to the external evidence as to the chronology of Shakespeare's writings, says that "no single contribution to such evidence is of equal importance with that of the list of plays given by Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury, 1598"; and, so far as we are aware, all the commentators are of the same opinion. The fact that Titus Andronicus is in the list can be explained, in various ways; our view of it is given in our edition of the play, p. 15. We might go on with these illustrations of Mr. Morgan's carelessness, and then add others of what seems to us his sophistry in dealing with his facts and non-facts; but our limits will not permit. With all his unbelief in "Shakespeare the Man," he has a genuine appreciation of "Shakespeare the Poet," and if, as he would devote to the illustration of the latter the time and ink he wastes in the attempt to demolish the former, he could do better service to Shakespearean literature than of some of the "orthodox" commentators and critics.

The May Mankattan also contains a sonnet on "Modjeska as Rosalind" by John W. Chadwick, who imagines Shakespeare as speaking, if he could see her in the part,

O sweet beyond compare! I dreamed of her so fair.

In the American Monthly Magazine for April there is a poem by Mr. William Leighton, entitled "The Poet's Month," into which is ingeniously and gracefully interwoven every allusion Shakespeare has made in his plays and poems to the month of his birth. There are nineteen of these "April" quotations in all.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, to ensure accuracy, must be endorsed, and include the full name and address of the author; and those relating to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notes.]

619. Vermont. Can you furnish a fairly complete list of books relating to the history of Vermont? It is wanted for the purpose of meet-
ing the terms of a bequest to our Public Library. Of course the more common histories, like Hall's and Thompson's, we have.

If this list should be meager, as probably it must, the names of any other books that would come under the head of Vermont bibliography would not be unacceptable. You truly,

West Brattleboro'

C. H. MERRILL


George's Descriptive Sketch of London; 1797. $5.50.

Hunting's Reports of the Geography of Vi. Li. Nat. Soc. Vol. II.


*Newes, 1690. $2.00.

*Newes's Literary Letter-Composing. - - - - - - -

Hunting 75c.

Poets and Poetry of Vi. Turtle. $1.50.

Greeley's Middlebury. 1843. $2.00.


Do. Loomis Almend. Do. do.

Do. May Martin. Do. do.

Do. Reynolds. Do. do.

*Newes's History. Coventry, Middlebury, Montpelier, Pawlet, St. Albans.

Works whose titles are starred in the above list can probably be had of Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati.

650. Philopappus. Who was Philopappus? I find notices of his monument in works on modern Athens, but am unable to discover who he was.

D. H. BRICKER.

The monument belongs probably to the years 141-146 A. D., and was erected to the grandson of Antiochus IV (Epiphanes) of the of the in Asia Minor. C. Julius Antiochus Philopappus was made an Athenian citizen, and enrolled in the deme Bassa. He was notably liberal. "D. H. W. will get a variety of facts, with the references, most conveniently in Dyce's Ancient Athens."

651. He Laughed but Once. An answer to No. 576, Vol. XIV, p. 583, can be found in Harper's Monthly, May, 1873. As that number is now out of print, I copy the passage from article on "Vienna."

In the time of Charles VI the celebrated Porpora lived in Vienna, in poverty, finding little employment. "Too many trials," pronounced the emperor. Hasse, having been asked by his majesty to write an oratorio, proposed that Porpora should be asked to compose the music for it. The emperor consented, and Haase gave Porpora a hint about trials, so that not one was introduced into the piece. The emperor, as he listened, said, "There are no trials here."

But when at the conclusion there came a fugue by which the last verse was introduced to another part there were four necessary notes which had a light operatic effect, the emperor burst into a laugh and said for the thirty time in his life, and from that hour Porpora's fortune was made. C. S.

Monroe, Mich.


M. C. S.

Buffalo, N. Y.

An account of the different Arnolda may be found in the Literary World, Vol. XII, p. 249. Arthur Arnold is a son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, born 1833, was editor of the Edinburgh, and has written several works of political, scientific, and travel.

653. Voltaire and Irving. Oblige me, please, through the columns of your paper as to where I can get the following: One complete set, English edition, of Voltaire's Works; one revised edition, Life and Letters of Washington Irving, by his nephew. Very truly yours,

Elkins, Texas

WILLIAM F. GRAV

We know of no complete set of Voltaire's works, " English editions," if by that it means an English translation. The most complete of the better editions is that by Hakluyt, 1608-15.

The Life and Letters of Irving, edited by his nephew,

Pierre M. Irving, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., in 4 vols., 18mo, at $10; also in later "Geoffrey Crayon" editions in larger and costier style.

654. Heine, and an Atlas. 1. Is there any traduction of Heine's poems? are they translated textually? II. Is there existence a translation of Heine's verses in French or English with the original German verses opposite so as to compare. III. Can you recommend a new atlas and geography, lately published? I would like to have a work a little extensive, that will be very minute, and would comprise all the latest details and discoveries, travels, made in parts of the world, and specially an atlas made upon a large scale, treating particularly about all English, French, Spanish, Dutch, and other colonies.

Convent., P. O., L., Montrose.

Montjoie

I. For a list of English translations of Heine see Literary World, Vol. XIII, p. 590. II. We know of none.

III. The large atlas and geography of the world is probably that published by Rand, McNally & Co. of Chicago.

655. "Eternal Vigilance." Please inform me (I know you can) who the author is of the oft-quoted passage, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and oblige

P. D. T.

Selma, Ala.

This saying belongs with "Consistency is a jewel," and "Though lost to sight to memory day," under the head of "Author unknown." All correspondents please take notice.

656. Idylls of the King. In reply to query No. 606 (a), we would say that the Household Edition of Tennyson's Idylls of the King, published by us, contains all the Idyls and no other poems.

Yours truly,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

657. Quotations Wanted.

(a) Deep in the silent waters, a thousand fathoms low, (used by Rev. E. H. Chaplin in one of his lectures.)

(b) An honest confession is good for the soul.

(c) And in that far off heaven When shadowless seas are passed By angel bands whose singing falls All shall be for ever at rest.

(d) Each may do as his own believing.

As for me my creed is short as any man's may be. 'Tis written in the sermon on the Mount and in the Psalms. And in that he did, Forth from the dust we spring and run About the green earth's patient breast Our little life; at an end, into her bosom creep and rest.

(e) Every instant aspiration is God's angel unseeded: And in every hour, my Father! "slumbers deep.

"Here, my child.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. Wm. H. Mallock's forthcoming volume, Property and Progress, is a direct reply to Mr. Henry George's Progress and Poverty, whose ability it conceals, but some of whose positions it contests. Among the subjects it discusses are: the social problem of persistent poverty; the theory of wages; the question of the pressure upon subsistence due to increased population; rent as a cause of poverty; socialism in England; the real causes of wealth; the statistics of agitation; the growth of wealth since 1843; the increased proportion of this wealth which has been devoted to the poor; the growth of classes and their rate means; the diminishing in the individual income of the rich; the relation between economic theories and revolutions; the condition of English peasantry; the state of pauperism in England; the relation of the rural to the urban populations; the present duty of philanthropists in regard to social problems. The value of Mr. Mallock's ideas as a practical economist remains to be seen.

—Eastes & Lauriat have begun the publication of a series of Masterpieces of Modern German Art, by Fred. H. Allen. The author has personally visited over a hundred of the principal artists of Germany and Austria, and obtained from each that one specimen of his work by which he wished to be represented to the American people. He has also secured from the artist's portraits of themselves which accompany the descriptive text. The work will consist of one hundred large photogravures and etched plates. This will be the first specimen of photogravure made in the United States, as the publishers have obtained the exclusive right for producing it. To those wishing to collect masterpieces of the German man, or to the student who wishes to compare the art of these Northern nations with the more familiar productions of France and Italy, the work will be very valuable. It will be issued in twenty-five folio parts of four or more large pages, and will be wood-cut portraits by W. B. Closson and others.

—The first of Monsignor Capel's twenty-four "Conferences," delivered in Philadelphia during Lent, has been published; its subject Confusion and Absolution. —The Government Printing Office at Washington has just issued a book a foot and four inches broad, and containing 10,000 pages —so the newspapers say.—Mr. Lascadio Hearn of New Orleans has in the press of J. R. Osgood & Co. a collection of queer out-of-the-way literary fragments quite as odd as his name.—Columbia College is to have a "School of Literary Economy" for the training of librarians.—J. E. Porter & Co. of New York have assumed the publication of The Archives of Pediatrics, a monthly medical journal devoted to discus-...
The Literary World.

Great care has been taken to make the directions clear and full. It is said to be the only book of the sort by an American author not issued in the interest of some dealer in photographer's materials.

—Any man who has a realizing sense of the value of illustrations and what is most, stands ready to share his sense with authors who have it not, and to fit out their books with indexes which would otherwise be lacking, deserves well; the support of the public and the thanks of posterity.

Does he, Dr. Allibone? Mr. J. H. Wiggin is such a man, and not in his interests, but in the interest of literature in general we commend to the book-writing guild his modest offer now appearing in these columns.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have nearly ready their enlarged and carefully revised edition of Colburn's Intelectual Arithmetic, with a portrait of the author, and an appended sketch of his life. Accompanying the book is a 10-inch pasteboard box of "Arithmetical Aids" containing counters, materials for keeping store, and hints for arithmetical diversions.

—Sir John Lubbock's book, Chapters in Popular Natural History, with ninety illustrations, is issued by Thomas Whittaker. At the low price at which it is proposed to issue the book it will afford an opportunity to many to read the fascinating lectures of this distinguished naturalist.

—Macmillan & Co. publish immediately "Chinese Gordon's Reflections in Peking," left by him in MS. before he went to the Soudan; Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay on "Emerson" in their May magazine, and a short story by Henry James in the issue for June.

—Ellice Hopkins's Work among Workingmen, of which four large editions have been sold in England, will shortly be published here by Thomas Whittaker. The same publisher also announces Anna Canova, or the Uply Princess, by Sarah Doudney.

—Mr. Edgar Fawcett is becoming one of our most prolific novelists. His story, Threading Cables, which is soon to be completed in the Manhattan, will be published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.

—Col. John Hay, the reputed author of The Bread Winners, is said to have finished his life of Abraham Lincoln, of whom he was private secretary in Civil War days.

—The Andover Review has already reached the point of "a marked success." It is seldom that an attractive appearance and a solid value are more effectively blended.

—D. Lothrop & Co. have issued second editions of The Silver Cup, by Fred A. Ober; and Cambridge Sermons, by Dr. Alex. McN. Cameron.

—No book of the year so far has been more eagerly inquired for than Mr. Watson's Marcus Aurelius, our notice of which waits.

—The Dial of Chicago enters on its fifth year this month, and has the congratulations and good wishes of the Literary World.

—The Roadside Songs of Tuscany, by Miss Francesca Alexander, about which so much has been said in England, has been brought prominently before the public mind by Mr. John Ruskin in his The Art of the English Landscape, and his Fours Clavigera" letters, is finally about for publication. The work will be issued in ten parts. The paper upon which it is printed will be antique and folio in form. Each part will contain reproductions by the platino-type process of two of Miss Alexander's drawings. From a note from the English publisher, we are able to give a full list of the subjects of the songs and illustrations:


—On the 7th of May there was upon exhibition at the delightful rooms of the Tile Club, 637 West 10th Street, New York, a series of photographs of a remarkable collection of pictures just completed by Mr. Elihu Vedder. A year ago Mr. Vedder mysteriously disappeared; he was to return to Rome upon the illustrations of a book the nature of which was kept a profound secret. It now turns out that the book is The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, which was written in the eleventh century, and which, with Mr. Vedder's illustrations, will be published in a large volume by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The series consists in all of a few more than fifty drawings. The artist went to Rome, where he could paint undisturbed, especially to complete this work. He began in May, 1883, completing the last plate in March, 1884. This would seem to be indeed rapid work, which could hardly be done conscientiously, but for the fact that the material for the drawings had been accumulated for a long time, and the whole subject was repeatedly studied and for years worked over in the brain of the painter. As to the drawings themselves, it can only be said that they are entirely delightful, poetic, weird, grotesque, and fantastic, very admirable in their symbolism and direct significance. When in the fall the public exhibition of the original paintings takes place in New York, we shall be able to speak more fully and justly of the collection than it is now possible to do on examining these photographs. The drawings instead of being cut out on wood will be reproduced by some photographic process.

—Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, who is connected with the literary department of the New York Tribune, have compiled A Library of American Literature, which will be published in ten octavo volumes by Messrs. E. Dibble & Co. of Cincinnati. Ohio. Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have been at work gathering the material for these volumes several years. It is to consist of specimens of American literature dating from the earliest settlement to the present time. The editor aims to give distinctive readable examples from authoritative texts of the writings and every class and period; "to form a collection, in fact, which will be to our literature," says the announcement, "what a National Gallery is to national art." The extracts will be longer than those usual in similar compilations. The first two volumes of the series are about ready. The work will be issued by subscription.

—Mr. R. Worthington will publish early next week the Hon. Lucius S. Huntington's novel, Professor Conant. The hero appears first in the story as an Oxford Professor. He becomes a member of Parliament and wins distinction as a scholar and a statesman. The publisher calls it "a novel of incidental humor, which at the moment adds interest to the work." The author is describing the passage of the steamers which brought "Professor Conant" to America tracing through fogs and icebergs along a shore always perilous and often alive with coasters. The ship is wrecked by running into a vagrant brig and are the State of Florida and Nevada a few weeks ago. "The prophetic parallel," says the note, "is completed when the 'Professor,' with the survivors, is brought into Quebec, having been rescued from a life-boat two days out of that port."

—A new novel entitled Henry Vane, by J. S. of Dale," the author of Gurnardle, is in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be published some time during the present month.

LITERARY INDEX.


Appleton, Thomas G. Portraits. Harper's W. J. 1885

Arts Society. The Sir George Brecht, Charlotte, Birthplace of.

Breton, William, Facsimile Illus. Month. Apil.


Dodd, Horace, Aladahid Forbes. The English Lake Districts, Induction of.


Eng. Library, English. Home Science Mag. April

Liberal, Emily Dr. U. Benneche. Deutsche Romantik.

North, Christopher. Vincent Cranbrook. Nat. Rev. April


Stevens, R. W. B. Censorship of the. 1885

Wardsworth and Byron. A. C. Swinburne and Cont. April.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.

CHAPMAN GORDON, A Study of the Account of His Archibald Forbes. S. W. Green's Son.


LIFE OF LIZZY. By Louis Nohl. Tr. by Gen.

JONES, James, McClurg & Co.

MARGARET FELICIE ORELIO. By Theog.

Higinson, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Essays and Sketches.

THE ESSAYIST IN GERMAN. Original Essays. Edited by Thomas Graf.

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Selected by a specialist in this department. References by permission to J. H. Tinkler (Jas. H. Osgood & Co.), Dr. James Freeman Clarke, John Wilson, Esq. (University Press), Mrs. Ellen Russell Emerson, and others. Assistance furnished to authors in preparing works for the press and in proof-reading.

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MARCUS AURELIUS.*

Mr. Paul Barron Watson is a graduate of Harvard College, so lately as 1881. He is at present a student in the University Law School. His only previous publication to this life of Marcus Aurelius is an exhaustive bibliography of the Pre-Columbian Discoveries of America, which appears in one of Prof. R. B. Anderson's works.

Mr. Watson's study of Marcus Aurelius should have a hearty reception. It deserves a place in every library of standard books, and is commended to the attention of students in theology, philosophy, history. No student of early Christianity, of declining Rome, of Stoic thought, of morality in one of its finest exponents, can well afford to leave Mr. Watson's volume unread. To be sure, the volume appears to be, as it is, the work of a beginner, and neither its theology nor its philosophy is particularly thorough. The author seems to be more familiar with law than with the theologians; and the subject itself may have occasioned a certain monotony. But unlike many writers on the famous Antonine, the author keeps carefully out of mere declamation or preaching, and is quite proof against the subtle, seductive insinuations of M. Ernest Renan, whose enchanting volume on Marc. Aurel prefers the morality of the sad Stoic to that of Jesus himself.

Mr. Watson's volume is beautifully printed. The author has inserted some numismatical illustrations; he adds a good index, a fairly complete bibliography, and at


THE HISTORICAL LORD BACON.*

Those who have never read the earliest of the English essayists and the greatest of all English philosophers, will find the life of Lord Bacon in the " English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, the best introduction. After the researches of Mr. Spedding supplemented by those of Mr. Gardiner, it was not to be expected that Mr. Church, the illustrious Dean of St. Paul's, London, would have any new facts to offer. And after the discussion of Bacon's philosophy by Mr. Ellis, M. Rémusat, and Professor Kuno Fischer, there is very little room left for a new summary or a new estimate of the great man who made all knowledge his province and stands at the head of modern thought. In philosophy, it is true, a new departure was taken by Kant; but all England, most Americans, and nearly the whole world of natural history students, still cling to the methods recommended by Lord Bacon. Such an author, such a philosopher, and so influential a thinker, when discussed by the critic of Montaigne, of St. Anselm, of Pascal, Dante, and Spenser — one of the best-informed and most polished of modern English essayists, cannot but be a revelation to the beginner, and a delight to the independent student of French philosophy. Church's Bacon is one of the very best volumes in Mr. Morley's series.

For centuries past the world has been unanimous in thinking the father of inductive philosophy, as Pope expressed it, the wisest and meanest of men. This is Lord Campbell's view; it is also Macaulay's, whose picture of Bacon as a combination of midday and midnight, of angelic wisdom and satanic corruption, occasioned Hepworth Dixon's protest, which goes to the opposite extreme, and glorifies Bacon in order to make sure of his acquittal. Macaulay's extravagant admiration for Lord Bacon's philosophy, on the other hand, is opposed by Liebig and Joseph de Maistre, who unite in trying to prove that Bacon's philosophy is no philosophy at all. The peerless edition of Bacon's works by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath — one of the noblest masterpieces in editing a great writer — has compelled the world to abandon the idea that Lord Bacon was a monster, sublime in wisdom, and abject in moral wretchedness. At last, Mr. Church gives a fair, readable summary of the historical Bacon. The principal charge brought against the lord chancellor, to the effect that he accepted presents from parties whose causes he had decided in court, is maintained, but attenuated on the ground that these presents were not bribes, offered while the suits were pending. To make such presents was a custom of the country in Bacon's time. He liked to accept favors, and begged them of the crown. But his fall was rather in the nature of a political transaction precipitated by the eminent Coke. The people felt aggrieved and clamored for a victim; the court party sacrificed Bacon, who lost his office, his good name, and for a few weeks his standing in the official world. Had Bacon been guilty of accepting bribes, the king could not have pardoned him, pensioned him, and restored him to the House of Lords.

It is useless to say or imagine that Lord Bacon created inductive philosophy. What
he did was to break, both for himself and his age, with the Aristotelianism of the time, and to inaugurate that dogmatic philosophy which compels the facts of nature and history to speak for themselves. However, he would be the lord and master rather than the reporter and servant of nature, his true object being the reign of man, the supremacy of reason, and the rise of his own England.

In temperament, in ambition, in fancy, and in policy, he was the representative Elizabethan, as Hobbes was a representative of Stuart absolutism, and Locke of popular freedom. Lord Bacon looked upon Puritanism as sectarian, upon Protestantism as the necessity of England, and upon inductive philosophy as the hope of his people, if they would be the masters of the world. Two hundred and fifty years of glory and honor in all that Lord Bacon suggested or recommended stamp him one of the greatest of all Englishmen, and by far the greatest of all English philosophers. Incidentally he was also the earliest and greatest of English essayists, as Mr. Church points out with exquisite skill.

**At Home in Italy.**

The author of this book is a Spring- field, Massachusetts, woman, with an Italian husband, and therefore with an Italian home, and an experience in Italy considerably exceeding that of a simple traveler or an ordinary sojourner. In a series of ten sketches she presents her impressions and observations. Five of the ten are pictures of places: of Siena, "city of the winds," nestled on its five or six hills, a thousand feet above the sea, and looking off over a landscape of olive gardens and vineyards, with here and there an ancient castle; of Perugia, another hill city, half as high up again as Siena, "majestic and solemn" of aspect, ancient; and honorably in its antiquity; of the Baths of Lucca, most famous of all the watering places of Italy; of Camaldoli, with its decrepit Benedictine Convent; and of Vallombrosa, celebrated in the song of Milton and Mrs. Browning, eighteen miles only out of Florence, on a mountain plainly visible from the latter city. These are all pleasantly-written papers of observation. A sixth chapter describes a week in Northern Italy at Vicenza, Venice, and Battaglia, where Petrarch had his home; a seventh a mountain excursion near Siena, including a day and a night at the little village of Montecillo, in the midst of real Italian country life; an eighth an April day on the Consuma Pass, from whose bleak bare summit one looks over into the Casentino Valley, dear to every Dante reader. A ninth chapter is founded on the letters of Alessandra Maciaghi, the widow of Mattio Strozzi, and gives a glimpse of Italian do-

**The Church Under the Cross.**

The history of the Reformed Church in Holland is interesting to Americans because of her daughter, the Reformed Church in America. The latter claims the organization of the first Protestant church on this western continent, and the establishment of the first theological school in the United States. The former was one of the churches of the Netherlands, and is "the only Protestant church that ever held an Ecumenical Council." Both are notably confessional, liturgical, zealous for learning, doctrine, and order, and appreciative of their rich and varied history.

In a neatly printed, bound, indexed, and well arranged volume of 330 pages, the Rev. Maurice G. Hansen, formerly domine ascorti, pastor, of the Reformed Church at Coxsackie, N. Y., and an accomplished Hollandish scholar, has "traced in short historical sketches" the history of the Neth-
erlands Reformed Church. The author shows himself critically familiar with first texts, original authorities, standard and rare works. Motley (whose treatment of the religious side of the history of the Dutch Republic is positively shallow), Spinoza, Ueberweg, and D'Aubigné, are drawn upon for illustration. In presenting the outstanding of great principles, Mr. Hansen adopts the biographical plan, so that the great figures in Dutch history come before us in something like flesh and blood. Glimpses into the social life of the burghers of the period also add to the readability of the work. Had the author dropped even more freely the language of the cloister, and written in simple, rapid English, he would have won both his literary spurs and a clientele of readers far beyond the bounds of the little Dutch church in the Hudson and Mohawk valleys.

However, the story is well marked off and in every one of the forty-seven short chapters are compressed abundant facts and graphic statements. The four periods of the semi-millenniums between 1530 A.D. and 1840 A.D. are named respectively "Formative," "Defensive," "Danger," and "Transitional." The first begins with Gerhard Groote, born in 1340 A.D., who founded the company of "Brothers of the Common Life," among whom were Thomas à Kempis, Zerbolt, Wessel Gansvoort, and perhaps Erasmus. The learning which Groote and his kindred spirits diffused awoke the spirit of inquiry, which was followed by reparation, persecution, and martyrdom. During this period, antecedent to the Reformation, "the churches of the Netherlands sitting under the cross," waxed bold in their separation from the papacy, adopted their confessions of faith, formed their liturgy, held first their local, and then national, synods, and grew in favor with God and man. The emblem of the church under the cross was "a lily among thorns;" when the independence of Holland was gained, the state church adopted as its sign the arms of the Prince of Orange, William the Silent, with the seal of the city of Geneva in the center, in token of her acceptance of the theology of Calvin. She added to the national motto Eendracht maakt macht (Unity makes strength) the Scripture words Nisi Dominus frustra. The chapters on the Defensive Period are devoted to the Arminian controversy, and the great Ecumenical Council of 1619 A.D., the Synod of Dort. In treating of the Period of Danger, the influences of the various schools of philosophy and Biblical interpretation are discussed in masterly style. In the fourth group of chapters, the separation of Church and State, and the circumstances which led to the extensive second emigration of Hollanders to America are narrated. Into the wilds of Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, came the Hollanders in large colonies in 1840 and later, as truly Pilgrims and Puritans for conscience sake, as any that left the haven of Delft in free Holland, and landed in New England in the seventeenth century. Thousands from "The Christian Reformed Church of Holland," refusing to abide their rationalistic preachers and teachers, are now emigrating yearly to South Africa or to Dakota. Domine Hansen's book is crowded with interesting episodes. We append two paragraphs as specimens of his style:

"The Voticians wore their hair short; the Cocceians wrote letters and sermons, were preached, and pamphlets were published. For a long time, the Classes had a lemma entitled "long hair." The Voticians called Sunday "the day of rest;" the Cocceians called it "the Lord's Day." .. The Cocceian ladies were in the habit of spilling the ladies of the opposite party by seating themselves on Sunday at their parlour windows, engaged in embroidery. The Voticians dressed plainly and lived moderately. The Cocceians dressed fashionably and lived luxuriously. The common people followed the former, the aristocracy the latter (p. 318)."

And this of Spinoza:

"Nor, indeed, did Spinoza reject the Bible. On the contrary, he held it in the greatest reverence. But to him it was the exhibition of the law of ethics. While it was not to be interpreted so as to agree with human reason, the latter was not to be subordinated to the teachings of the Bible. The same method by which nature must be comprehended, should be applied in the interpretation of the Scripture. Whoever reads Mr. Hansen's little volume will find that the same questions arising in the Robertson Smith controversy, and the R. Heber Newton situation, long ago emerged in Holland. Most of the names of Holland's thinkers and theologians, as well as of her warriors and legislators, are such as the world of law, letters, philosophy, or theology cannot willingly let die.

GEORGE ELIOT'S ESSAYS.*

WITH the growing capacity of the reading public, fostered by the unaccountable vagaries in taste and judgment that mark the literary executor of today, respectable writers may well dread the tender mercies of posthumous friends. In America, and in England too, we have seen the privacy of the most sensitive souls thrown open to the multitude by those who were nearest of kin, and the weaknesses of the most vulnerable reputations paraded by professed friends.

It was a wise forethought, then, that led George Eliot to select from her magazine articles the few which she was willing to have reappearance, revise these with her own hand, and not refuse her sanction to the further republication of her earlier writings. These seven essays, covering a period of nine years, form the chief and indeed the only important contents of the volume before us; for the few "Leaves from a Note-Book" which are added are by no means striking. The thorough and patient work which crowned her native genius, the gifts of analysis, comparison, description, and classification which never forsook her, these all appear in these reviews. Her critical insight, too, is noteworthy, and it is interesting to compare what she has to say of Heine with the essay of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The general fairness and freedom from bias of the writer are admirable, and with all her admiration for German thought, and her work as a translator from the German, she recognizes clearly the defects and limitations of the German genius, and especially the "national deficiency in nicety of perception," remarking that until Heine and the present century, Germany has added nothing classic to the common stock of European wit, as France and Spain, and Italy and England, have so richly done. Two essays reveal a bitterness of spirit and tone which we do not expect from the author of Adam Bede. Neither Edward Young nor Dr. Cumming can be regarded as a particularly amiable type of Evangelical belief, nor do the commonplace rhapsodies and selfish syncophy of the one or the commonplace rhetoric and wild vaticination of the other stir a responsive chord in the heart of this generation. But the reviewer, not content to censure the faults and foibles of these individuals, throws more rancor than reason into her treatment of this whole phase of religious life, and lacks that broad sympathy and delicate interpretation of narrow and unpopular faiths which gained for her novels their unique and supreme position in modern letters.

As a whole, this volume is an interesting disclosure of the author's mind to those who have never seen the magazines of thirty years ago, but will add little to the large honors with which her name is already surrounded.

INDIAN MYTHS.*

THIS bulky and handsomely-printed volume is designed by the writer "to make more evident the capacity of the Indian for moral and intellectual culture." To this end she has industriously gathered from a variety of sources the myths and legends current among the tribes of the Red Man, many of which have been piously handed down by father to son from a remote past. The products of child-like imagination or developing reason the author compares with similar phenomena in other parts of the world; and seeks to show both that they are evidence of not inferior intellectual endowments, and that they point to a primitive unity of the diverse races of man. The title of the work does not fully embrace its contents, for the writer has introduced much other matter relating to symbols, rites, and ceremonies, languages, tribal and domestic.


life, and the like. In the comparison between the legendary and mythical lore of the Indians and that of the more civilized peoples of Europe and Asia, the latter has been naturally treated in a cursory way. The value of such comparisons consists largely in the light that they may throw on the question of the unity of the race, confirming or disproving evidence derived from language and physical structure; while their danger lies in the facility with which accidental resemblances are seized on to prove a common origin. A likeness in some particular between an Indian and a Persian or Hindu myth does not, in itself, prove that they sprang from the same source, any more than a phonetic coincidence between two vocabularies in Hebrew and English proves that the last are sister tongues. We need to trace the history of each myth or legend somewhat as the etymologist follows the history of a word—first among people of near kin, then among those more remotely allied, noting in each case the changes effected by national genius and other local conditions. To jumble together German, Greek, Roman, Persian, Hindi, Chinese, and Indian myths is unphilosophical and unlikely to repay the labor of collecting them.

We have a feeling, too, that the writer's Oriental learning is not such as to give her sure footing in that field. We wish that she had oftener given us the source of her quotations from Oriental books, for we have the impression that she has leaned too much on authorities that are now antiquated. No scholar nowadays looks to Anquetil du Perron or Sir William Jones for information regarding Persian or Hindu literature and religion.

To cite one or two instances where the author trips, on page 111 we are told that the word Vedas comes from a root meaning light, or fire. Now, almost everybody is aware that it is derived from the Sanskrit vid 'to know.' On page 97 she gives us a rendering, too long to quote here, of the famous Gayatri verse of the Rig-Veda—presumably after Sir William Jones, though we have not his works at hand. Though the proper translation for this verse is not in all respects clear, it is substantially as follows: "May we attain that excellent splendor of the god Savitar, who shall inspire our prayers." The reader who compares this with the other version will wonder how so much could have been got out of so little.

We have made these criticisms in order to caution our readers against making too hasty generalizations from the data given in this book, and not because we are blind to its many excellences. The writer has done her work with some literary skill; but not always in clear and easy English, has brought together a rich store of legendary materials, which greatly fascinate one, and, it is hoped, will interest many in the same studies; while she has certainly succeeded in her main purpose, to show "that the Indian race is susceptible of that culture which has been gradually attained by its brother-races."

May this book make us more just and appreciative in our dealings with the much-wronged Red Man!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Mrs. D. A. Lincoln of the Boston Cooking School has compiled a Boston Cook Book, which is dedicated to Mrs. Samuel T. Hooper, which is published by the publishers of Hamerton, Miss Eliot, and Jean Ingelow, and which may therefore be recognized as containing the crème de la crème of the literature of the culinary art. It is a much more modest book than the French chef's poetically treatise which we mentioned in our last; but good as the details are, the English medical man's review in the same number, being a happy combination of scientific principles with practical directions. There are discussions of the laws of food and eating, descriptions of utensils and methods, long series of receipts for dishes under all heads, illustrations, and a general exposition of the science as set forth at the Boston Cooking School. [Roberts Bros. $2.00.]

Ick Marvel's "Rural Studies" appear in the new edition of his works as a collection of "Thee" on the Improvement of Out-of-Town Places; delightful discourses they are on the construction, embellishment, and administration of suburban homes, where country conditions join with city conveniences, and the art of the architect must be supplemented by the taste of the landscape gardener. Mr. Mitchell, though an amateur, combines much of the knowledge and skill of these two professions in himself, and with many original ideas and an independent feeling, stands true to the recognized laws of outdoor taste. Owners of rural homes, or persons about to establish a home a few miles out of town, will find in this pleasant book, not explicit directions for mason, carpenter, and upholsterer, but the general principles of plan, structure, and adornment which make the house most truly framework of the home. The gateway, the porch, the hedge, the village green, these are the little points about which Ick Marvel's fancy loves to linger, and which he touches with the grace of suggestion into the reality of picturesque sequences. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.]

Mr. Stephen Beale believes in the possibility of Profitable Poultry Keeping, and has written a book to prove it, which Mr. Mason C. Weld of Chester, N. J., has edited with additions out of his own wisdom and experience. Mr. Weld says that any old poultry-keeper may study the book with advantage, and that the beginner, if he have a modicum of common sense, and will study it and follow it, can come out well the first year. The work draws on English practice, but observes American conditions; and is guided always by the rules securing the best eggs and the best fowls in the best shape for market. Yards, houses, breeds, foods, artificial incubation, and fattening for the table, all receive attention; there is manual for treatment of diseases, there are chapters on ducks, geese, and turkeys, and there are illustrations. [George Routledge & Sons. $1.50.]

A timely book just at this moment is Martha J. Lamb's Wall Street in History, which follows the changing fortunes of that celebrated New York thoroughfare, from the early days when it superseded the wall of defence which the New Netherlands built across Manhattan Island in 1659 to keep out the New Englanders, down to the later phases of its financial character as the great money center of the Western Hemisphere. Barely fifty years ago Wall Street had its aristocratic private residences, and the story of the changes it has undergone and the scenes it has witnessed reads almost like a romance. Mrs. Lamb illustrates her narrative with a chronological series of prints, some of which are old and curious, with many portraits of notabilities, and with touches of antiquarian lore. [Funk & Wagnalls. $2.00.]

Prof. Campbell of Washington and Lee University, Va., has completed a study of the James River Valley, and has published as the result a book of 119 pages on its Geology and Mineral Resources, with a view of exhibiting the inducements which that region holds out to capitalists for investment. Prof. Campbell finds in the James River Valley iron ore, granite, slate, limestone, coal, manganese, gold in small quantities, soapstone, mica, kaolin, asbestos, and plumag. Forests are extensive, water power is ample, sites for furnaces abound, and there is no reason, says the author, why this valley should not become a great industrial center. A folded map in colors, and numerous geological diagrams illustrate the book. [G. F. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.]

Dr. J. Leonard Comings's essay on Brain Ex- haustion is not, but might be, a member of the "International Scientific Series"; no evidence is its knowledge, experience, and common sense. The author notes a probable increase of mental disorders in this country, and traces the exhaustion of mental power into its various forms—imbecility, mental incompetency, insanity, insanity, hypochondria; and, what is more to the purpose, points out the causes, and, so far as may be, the cure. Heakes his head at temperament in work, late hours, smoking, excess, and indulgence in drink and tobacco; and furnishes a large amount of excellent hygienic advice which brain workers, whether sufferers or not, would do well to consider. He pleads for more sleep, and greater care about food and habits, and prudence in medication, and in general writes like a wise physician whose consents it is well to follow. [D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.]

To their excellent series of "Practical Helps in Natural History" Lee & Shepard have added Beginnings with the Microscope, a working handbook for the use of that instrument and the preparation of objects for examination, which a few simple technical instructions. [Scrib.]—Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody has furnished an English translation of Cicero's De Senectute, prefacing it with a philosophical introduction, and with current expository notes. [Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.]

Prof. J. H. Gilmore's Academic Speaker is a complete history of the most important colleges and universities in the United States, and a comparison between them graded selections in prose and verse, for declamation and recitation, adapted to actual use and to differing tastes and ages. [Rochester, N. Y.: Scramton, Wetmore & Co. $1.25.]

Here is "dear old" Cultural's American again, in a brand new dress, with a few fresh pictures to lead off, and a brief sketch of...
THE LITERARY WORLD.

the author to wind up with; but with the substance all unchang'd: "Dick had five plums, and John gave him four more; how many had Dick then?" [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

MINOR NOTICES.

Tales, Poems, and Essays. By Anna Letitia Barbauld. With a biographical sketch. By Grace A. Oliver. [Roberts Brothers. $1.00.]

About one part "memoir" in this book and three parts "Tales;" which last word is made to include samples of allegory, essay, dialogue, fable, exposition of history, a few poems, and last the familiar "Hymns" in prose for children that are so well remembered by every one who was a little reader in easy lessons somewhere about half a century ago. They were good in her day, but there seems no special call for reproducing many of them now. Half the number as showing her style would have been sufficient. The space might well have been given to some of her excellent hymns which still hold their own in collections for Sunday service.

Mrs. Barbauld, like many another woman writer of her day who put into print good advice in correct English, was vastly superior to her work—rating it at its highest. She was hampered, in her prose, by the pedantic, priggish limitations from which she had not the daring to free herself. She was clearly a person of a great deal of character, a charming conversationalist, vivacious, and witty; and had she lived in these times all that brilliance and spirit would shine out in her writings. Limited nately for her full literary development, she was, from a period not many years after her marriage, which occurred when she was about thirty, under the constant pressure of anxiety about her husband, who was predisposed to insanity, eventually became so violent that he was removed from his home, and died by drowning while not in his right mind. Through all those years, in circumstances far enough from affluent, her heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice show her to have been a woman of most noble spirit.

Mr. Barbauld, descendant of a French Huguenot, made a little family, "a very little, diminutive pillar," so small and inferior in appearance as to be the subject of remark and of the curios anecdotes that at one place, where the husband and wife were calling on an old lady of his parish, he was exceedingly restless and fidgety, and moved about a good deal. Finally the lady turned to Mrs. Barbauld and said, "Would not your little boy like to go and play in the garden, and then we can have a nice long talk?"

Dr. Johnson, who could find only matter for ridicule in Mrs. Barbauld's simple lessons for children, spoke of her as having thrown herself away in "marrying a little Presbyterian parson, who keeps an infant boardingschool." However that may have been, she was gracefully and cheerfully did the duty that came first, looked after her house, wrote for children hymns and stories that have lasted, watched over her husband, kept pace with the times in which she lived, and used her pen for philanthropy and justice, in those respects being even in advance of her time—made warm friends out of the class which had such representatives as the Baillie sisters, Hannah More, Rogers, Mackintosh, Bowring, Walter Scott, and Dr. Channing, and died, honored and lamented, in the eighty-second year of her age, March 9th, 1854, having written "when she was very old" those finest of her lines.

Life, we've been long together, which have a reasonable certainty of immortality, and which are so exquisite that one wonders why there was not more such fruitage from the same source.

A Confederate Soldier in Egypt. By W. W. Loring. Illustrated. [Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.]

This book is a make-up, with a look of having been made as large as possible. The nearly fifty illustrations illustrate Egypt, but do not particularly illustrate the book, and do not always bear relation to the text over against which they appear. The author, General Loring, is a former officer in the Confederate States Army, and writes, he says, out of "an acquaintance of more than a quarter of a century with Eastern lands and peoples, and ten years passed in high command in Egypt itself." The work is in two parts. Part I, in 21 chapters, describes Egypt in full, topographically, politically, and socially. Alexandria, Rosetta, Tanta, Cairo, the Nile, and Thebes are depicted among cities and places; Mehemet Ali, Abbas and Said Pashas, Ismail Pasha, Tewfik and Arabi Pashas, the fellah and his master, among people. Besides upon these leading topics there are chapters on marriage, the harem, the climate of Egypt, the religion of Mahomet, and the future of the country. There is also a detour of two chapters to Mt. Sinai, with an interesting account of a visit to the Convent of St. Catherine. All this—and there are nearly 300 pages of it—by way of preparing the way for Part II, which, in 12 more chapters, recounts the author's military experiences as a servant of the Khedive in high command in Abyssinia. Gen. Loring proceeds more particularly about this, and the narrative is leisurely but happy way. He devotes three chapters to a picture of Abyssinia, geographical and historical, and not until p. 329 of a volume of 450 pages does he get fairly under way for the scenes made memorable by later events. The Abyssinian war was the ante-chamber to present complications in the Sudan; this narrative has the value of getting the reader fairly on the track of events now taking place. The story of the campaign against King John is told with full details. Taking the book as a whole, there is a great deal of matter in it; the descriptive facts ought to outweigh the historical, and there is more of Egypt past than is necessary to an understanding of Egypt present. The work might have been shortened without loss; but as an only book on Egypt it serves a comprehensive purpose.

In the Tennessee Mountains. By Charles Egbert Cragoock. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.]

This mountain region holds a people as unique as any to be found in some obscure province of central Europe, with a dialect as idiotic; a primitive class as far apart from modern ideas and modern civilization as if they belonged to another planet; and now a keen observer and virile writer has found them out, lived among them, and brought them before us in several stories of remarkable power and attractiveness. Collected under the above title are, "Drifting down Lost Creek," "A-Playin' of Old Sleight at the Settlement," "The Star in the Valley," "Electrocutioner on Big Injun Mounting," "The Romance of Sunrise Rock," "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," "Over on the Potholes Mounting," "The 'Harri's' that's called Arabia." For background there are the solemn mountains, against whose vastness the little "settlement" or the solitary cabin are set in a lonesomeness that is pathetic. In the daily lives of the inhabitants there is an undertone of sorrow; they are always in the verge of tragedy. The men are haggard and faded before their time, with such faces "as one never sees except in these mountains—elongated, sorrow, thin, with pathetic, deeply sunken eyes, and high cheekbones," and with a settled "expression of hopeless melancholy," but they have a marvelous pertinacity of affection, and are strong to bear and to sacrifice themselves. Repression, silence under wrongs, endurance, and dumb fidelity dignify the lives that are so bare of beauty and grace. The abused wife cleaves to her husband, with a loyalty that sets a crown upon her poor, hard, ignorant womanhood:

"She air his wife," said the store-keeper of Big Injun Mounting. "An' tom, air that same up with him. I b'ar no woman in 'im better dan' drunk than other men sober. She could b'ar married other men; she didn't suffer with havin' no clorce.'"

The young girl who walked in that vernacular of "we-un's" and "you-un's," have liquid eyes and bright hair, and a winsome way of touching a man's heart and being ready to die for him—the same attachment and silence and staying power that have intensified in the hardened elder ones. The men are crude, ignorant, "full of fight," but chivalric and hospitable. The vices and virtues are all in the rough. It is primitive life, human life before cultivation has rubbed it down to a conventional plane. It was in the midst of such a class that the author made his studies at first hand, materially as to touch, and sympathetic to a degree almost perilous to his judgment. The tone is somber; there is none of the joyousness which pervades the pages of another dialect volume as vigorous and unique—the Tales of Sherwood Bonner; yet without humor are these stories, and one feels that a new episode of the comic in the dancin'-party where Mandy Tyler, the only "first-class coquette," promised five of the boys to ride home with them:

An' what do ye think she done, Mis' Darley? She tol' all five of 'em yes an' an' when the party war over, she war the last ter go, an' when she started out' the door, that war all five of them boys a-standin' that waitin' fur her, an' every one of 'em a-holdin' his horse by the head, an' they all knowed who the others war a-waitin' for. An' this byar Mand' Tyler, when she got ter the door an' seen 'em all a-standin' that, never said one word, jist walked right through 'mongst 'em, an' set out fur the mounting on foot with all them five boys a-followin' an' a-leadin' his horses, an' a-querrelin' enough ter take off each other's heads 'bout which one war a-goin' ter ride with her; which turnd Mis' Darley, fur I b'ar no idea how the whole lay-out footed it all the way ter New Helvashy.

As a transcript of peculiar scenery in its many phases through the whole round of the syriam year, the volume has more than a local value, and the tales and narratives which illustrate "Nature in American Literature."
he could stand over the range and direct the whole process. But the great art of his dinners and breakfasts was the selection of the company, and secondly the exquisite tact and bonhomie with which he fused heterogeneous elements, and so skillfully placed them with his host, his companions, and chief of all, with himself.

A large acquaintance with public personages, especially with foreigners, was one of the requisites of Sam Ward’s position, and he figures in more than one volume of autobiography and reminiscences. If we mistake not he appears in Lord Ronald Gower’s recent and entertaining pages. He was a lover of Horace, well-read in general literature, could make an appropriate quotation on occasion, and turn a fancy of his own into neat verse now and then. He used to boast, says the Advertiser, of numbering among his friends Bismarck, King Humberto, Victor Hugo, Gambetta, President Grévy, Gladstone, Robert Browning, the Prince of Wales, Dom Pedro of Brazil, the Duke of Cambridge, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Czar of Russia, Thomas Hussey, Charles Darwin, Tennyson, the Duke of Manchester, Mrs. Langtry, Hor-tense Schneider, Mary E. Braddon, Cora Pearl, Rhoda Broughton, Leo XIII, Buchner, Paul de Casassag, Cardinal Newman, Don Carlos, Alphonse Daudet, Charles Reade, Baron Grant, Sarah Bernhardt, Ernest Renan, the Archbishop of York, Henri Rochozet, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Roseberry, George Augustus Sala, Dr. Wm. H. Russell, and ever so many other contemporaneous men and women of note.

A true cosmopolitan, a prince of good fellows, was Sam Ward. It was reported two or three years since that he was writing out his recollections. The recollections of this erect, stout, ruddy, brisk, gray-haired, bald-headed, white-moustached, gentleman, with the general look and manner of an old French marshal, ought certainly to be entertaining, and we shall set down into the hope that they will be forthcoming.

A FEW MONTHS ABROAD.

An honorable and honored friend of the Literary World has written to its editor, saying that "if the money comes in and the courage does not give out" he and his wife will sail shortly for a few months’ European trip, and asking for "hints and suggestions" therefor. This is not exactly a literary question, and the editor of the Literary World is not exactly a traveled person; still, as a number of our readers may be in the same inquiring mood, and as advice may be good so far as it has experience behind it, it may not be amiss if such advice as we may have to give we give in public here for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Addressing the expectant tourist, then, we would say to begin with, whatever else you do not take with you on shipboard, do not fail to take a steamer chair, and one of the strongest, best, and most comfortable pat-tern; with a warm lap robe, a generous package of some palatable kind of hard biscuits, and a firm determination to establish yourself on deck and stay there, no matter what happens. It makes comparatively little difference by what line you go, the Cunard, the White Star, the Guion, the Allan, the Anchor, the Inman, the State, or the Nance-coin. The steamer is of more importance than the line. The "Galicia" of the Cunard, the "Britannic" of the White Star, the "Circassia" of the Anchor, are favorite and good ships; the fame of the "Alaska," "Arizona," and "Oregon" of the Guion Line is world-wide, nor does it make much difference whether you land at Southampton, Liverpool, or Glasgow; all roads in Britain lead to London, and lead there quickly.

If you are going to both Scotland and Switzerland, take Scotland first; but remember that traveling in Scotland is more expensive than in any other country of Europe. Give plenty of time for Edinburgh, which is one of the supremely enchanting cities of the world. From Melrose do not fail to visit Dryburgh Abbey, and prepare to be disappointed in Abbotsford. Durham is the one English cathedral and cathedral city to see on your way Londonward, if you can see but one, and the "Three Tuns" inn is the inn to stop at. Do not disoblige the land-lady by refusing the glass of cherry brandy which she will tender you on arrival; "it is a custom of the house, sir." If you must choose between Oxford and Cambridge, let your choice be Cambridge, and your inn "The Castle," provided you can have "the large bedroom," and take your meals in the little coffee-room looking out upon the pretty back yard with its flowers and ivy-covered walls.

In London, to which give twice or three times as many days as to Paris, take the coach from Mrs. Buryer’s "Old Bell" inn on Holborn, near the head of Fetter Lane, for a thirty-five mile drive down into the heart of Buckinghamshire, to Missendean and back, all on the same day; and give our best respects to Mr. Weller, Jr., the coachman thereof, if he still holds the reins as in 1822. Lay out your route in London too for your trip on the Continent, and take a round trip ticket from some of the tourist agents, we prefer E. M. Jenkins & Son, but without hotel coupons. On this ticket you can stop over, and from it you can make detours at any point, and it will save you money and worry. A good limited route, illustrating what we mean, would be as follows:

London, Brighton, New Haven, Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, where you can advantageously connect yourself with Cook’s driving parties for economical sight-seeing in and about the city; Dijon, Macon, Geneva, where you should spend at least a week exploring and enjoying one of the most picturesque and delightful of European cities; Chamonix,
the Tête Noir Pass to Martigny, Lausanne, Berne, and Interlaken, where you will want to spend at least another week, walking or driving to Lauterbrunnen, and climbing up over the falls of the Staubbach to Mürren, and over the Wengernalp to Grindelwald; the Brüni Pass to Lucerne, where another week for excursions around the Lake of the Four Cantons, at Basle, Baden-Baden, on the edge of the Black Forest, Heidelberg, Frankfort, and Mayence; down the Rhine by steamers, stopping off at Coblenz for a trip up the Moselle to delightful old Trier with its Roman ruins, and at Königswinter for the ascent of the romantic Drachenfels and for a dinner at the hotel on the banks of the river over a bottle of genuine Apollinaris water from the original spring just over the other side; Bonn, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp; and so back to dear old England by way of Harwich, whose lying isle will be the most welcome sight you have had since you bade good-bye to New Haven at midnight a few weeks before.

The foregoing is an inexpensive round, but a comprehensive one, and can be tapped at any point for diversions to the right hand or the left as desired. If you can make it throughout with a hand-bag, and in knickerbockers and flannels, with dress shirt, cuffs, and collar for dinner, you will be a happy man. And if any of our readers, literary or otherwise, can make it this summer under any conditions, we congratulate them.

NEW BOOKS ON THE CONTINENT.

Dr. C. C. Hensee has published at Halle a volume of Shakespeare studies, Untersuchungen und Studien, which are illustrative rather than critical, discussing however the extent to which the dramatist may have been influenced by Lely, pointing out some interesting parallels to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," describing German indebtedness to Shakespeare, and emphasizing Shakespeare's growth in humanity and morality more than even in mere dramatic power. These are thoughtful and suggestive essays. [Waienhauses.]

The Christmas Carols of Austria and the Tyrol have been collected by W. Pailler in a volume which, for its beauty, simplicity, and melodiousness as popular verse, ought to have a rendering into English. The carols are derived mostly from MSS. or fly sheets. [Buchdruck:] Wagner.

E. Engel's Geschichte der englischen Literatur is a light and entertaining sketch of English authors, the third part of which, now published, comes down to Ben Jonson, whom he judges with severity, and to Shakespeare, of whom he writes judiciously. [Leipzig:] Friedrich.

Dr. Georg Brandes, the peer of Sainte-Beuve, Talma, and Matthew Arnold, has signalized his recall from Berlin to Copenhagen by publishing in the latter city De Moderne Gjennembrudt Menneske, a poem, with an appendix, a study and a selection of Modern Men, of which the latter is thoroughly American. Within the last year America has not only received many good stories from her established American authors, Harte, Roe, Townsend, Howells, and others, but we have developed F. Marion Crawford, A. S. Hardy, John R. Music, and Barbara Elson and others, from whom we may expect much in the future. We think that henceforth there need be no complaint of the dearth of American novels. [James N. Knowles.]

PERSONAL.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody's 80th birthday was observed on the 16th inst. by a large number of her friends, who called upon her at her Boston residence, to present their congratulations and respects. Flowers came by post from all over the country, and other gifts were included in the tokens of remembrance. Her sister, Mrs. Horace Mann, received, with her, and among her guests were Dr. and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Whipple, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Howells, Lucy Stone, George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. Anna Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Ose Bull, and Colonel T. W. Higginson.

One of Shelley's schoolmates, an old gentleman who recently died in England, described his famous fellow of former days as like a girl in boy's clothes, fighting with open hands, and rolling on the floor when flogged, "not from the pain but from a sense of indignity."

The 13th of December next will be the 100th anniversary of the death of Dr. Johnson, and some sort of a commemoration is called for in England. A centenary edition of Boswell's Life, with notes by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, is already announced.

Dr. A. de Amicis, the Italian traveler and author, is now journeying along the eastern coast of South America, and has met everywhere most flattering receptions. His return to Italy is looked for by way of New York.

Dr. Edward Brooks, for seventeen years Principal of the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa., has been elected to succeed the late Professor Shoemaker as the head of the School of Oratory in Philadelphia.

William A. Mowry has withdrawn from the principalship of a large school at Providence, R. I., to become the editor of that excellent weekly, The New England Journal of Education.

Mr. George W. Cable has been giving readings from his creole romances, in New Orleans, but they are not particularly relished by the public, although the critics are loud in his praise.

Mr. Blackmore, the novelist, is an enthusiastic gardener, and does much of his writing at night after he has been working at his strawberries, roses, and cherries during the day.

Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downa of Andover, Mass., has a new and attractive lecture on "Childhood in Art," illustrated by the stereotyper with copies of the old masters.

If Mrs. Oliphant, the author of The Little Pilgrim and Old Lady Mary, is not the English novelist of that name, as one of our exchanges says, who then is she?

Lord Ronald Gower has just reached San Francisco from China.

A pleasant sign of the times is the establishment by the Lorillard's of a free library and reading room for the benefit of the 3,000 operatives and their families connected with their
THE LITERARY WORLD.

X.

OXFORD IN VACATION.

A visit to Oxford was one of the most interesting events of my European trip. It was during the Easter vacation, and, of the 2,000 students attending the twenty-seven colleges composing the great University of Oxford, only a few dozen remained. Although the absence of caps and gowns was conspicuous on the streets and in the precincts of the colleges, still, it afforded a visitor a better opportunity for viewing the libraries and halls of the University. At Oxford there are three vacations of four weeks each, and the long vacation of three months, leaving only six months out of the twelve for attendance at the exercises of the colleges. And during those six months it may be said of half of the students that more attention is paid to physical development than to mental cultivation. Boat-racing, cricket, and other manly sports are far more attractive to the average English youth than mathematics and philosophy.

Each college is built in the form of a quadrangle, with a smooth green sward in the center. The buildings of some of the colleges cover ten and fifteen acres and the grounds over one hundred. Each college has its own chapel, more or less beautiful. Christ Church has the largest and most elegant; in fact it is almost as large as a cathedral. Madeleine College contains Addison's famous walk, forming a charmingly shady grove, inviting to meditation and study. Here Addison when a student passed many solitary hours. St. Mary's Church contains the remains of Amy Robsart. The slab commemorative of the fact has the following inscription: "In the vault of brick, at the upper end of the choir of this church lie Amy Robsart, the ill-fated heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Kemil." Her body was conveyed from Oxford to Camden Hall, some three or four miles distant."

The discipline of the University is apparently strict but really loose: the students residing in the college cannot leave the gate after 9 p.m., and must be in by 10; those who lodge outside are required to be in their rooms by midnight. Attendance at morning chapel is required from the students who are not excused by reason of sickness, but after that they can pass their time pretty much as they please — study if they are so inclined, and attend lectures as suits their own pleasure and convenience. Each student has two rooms which are furnished according to his taste and means. Card and wine parties are frequent, and in fact an Oxford student very often leads the life of a gentleman of leisure. Of course there are some few exceptions of men who study hard, who are "coached" by their tutors and "ginned" for the examinations. The boathouse, the banks of the classical Isis, are more popular places of resort than the lecture rooms of the colleges. They have all the conveniences of a club, restaurants, magazines, newspapers, etc. The top of each boathouse is arranged with seats for the accommodation of ladies who come to witness the races.

The largest library at Oxford is the celebrated Bodleian Library. It is rich in illuminated manuscripts and early printed works. It contains a Latin Bible, printed by Gutenberg at Mainz in 1455, the first book printed from moveable types; several Latin Psalters of the ninth and tenth centuries, beautiful specimens of Anglo-Saxon art of that period; a Latin manuscript of the Gospels of the sixth century, supposed to be one of the two sent by St. Gregory to St. Austin at Canterbury; the History of Troy printed by Caxton, being the first book printed in the English language; the Psalter of Gregory the Great, translated into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred the Great; the Latin exercise book in the handwriting of King Edward the Sixth, parts of which are supposed to have been written by Queen Elizabeth; an original letter of Henrietta Maria to Charles the First before their marriage; a copy of the Koran, once in the possession of Tippecanoe Salt; two American Psalters printed in Boston, 1709-18, also a collection of three hundred American tracts on the history of New England in forty-one volumes; the library is also rich in other American works; a new Testament of the date of 1625 said to have belonged to Charles the First; a manuscript copy of the Arabian Nights in Arabic, written in the collection of the one thousand and one tales. The library contains 450,000 volumes and 26,000 manuscripts.

On the walls of the library are many interesting portraits — poets, philosophers, soldiers, men of science, kings and queens: Ben Jonson, Addison, Duncius; Bentley, the famous publisher and father of the author of "Estelles," Cowley, William Camden, Charles the First and Henrietta Maria by Van Dyke, a fine bust of Sir Isaac Newton and Holbein's famous portrait of Henry the Eighth and the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots by Zuccheri, said to be the best likeness of her in existence. Among other curiosities in this library is the lantern used by Guy Fawkes and the autograph letter to Lord Mount Eagle. In addition to the magnificent Bodleian, each college has its own library of from ten to fifty thousand volumes.

In front of Queen's College, the eye takes in the finest street view in Europe. A dozen colleges are seen with their stately spires and graceful domes. The last college built at Oxford is named after the Rev. John Keble, author of the "Christian Year." It is of brick and wants the ivy and moss-covered walls which make the other colleges so interesting and picturesque.

May 10.

SYLVIS.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

There was no great need of another Life of Sergeant S. Prentiss, whose memoir, by his brother, Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D.D., was published in two volumes nearly thirty years ago. But the other Life has appeared, in one volume, written by Joseph D. shield, and has this to distinguish it, that it is a portrait from the Southern point of view. S. S. Prentiss was one of the company of American orators. A native of Portland, Maine, he moved to Mississippi, and after passing one term at Bowdoin College, where he graduated a year after Longfellow. His life is marked thread in the political history of the second quarter of this century, and to pick it out is to get an instructive uplift of an important section of American affairs. Mr. Shield has made a readable book on a good subject, with a due blending of narrative, anecdote, and extract; but in furnishing neither table of contents nor index he has shown himself destitute of one of the prime senses of authorship. [B. H. Lippincott & Co. $2.50.]

The life of Frederick the Great in the "New Punter" series has been written by Col. C. B. Brackenbury, in nineteen chapters, the first of which goes back nearly a thousand years after the roots of him. But with the second chapter the author gets fairly a 'hood of his subject, and handles it vigorously, understandingly, and well. This is a good short sketch of the great Prussian soldier, whose men would rather die under him than live under other leaders, who paralleled Napoleon, to whom life was constant and death oblivion. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.]

In the series of "Biographies of Great Musicians" we have a sketch of Liszt the great pianist, who was born in 1811, and is now therefore an old man, though a vigorous one. There is a striking resemblance to Ole Bull in the portrait of him which appears as a frontispiece. The book is a translation by Geo. P. Upton from the German of Louis Nohl, who has written all the volumes in this series. It is a fervent bit of hero worship, as how could it hardly be otherwise, from any one who has been touched by the spell of Liszt's music. He is the near and dear chum of fifty of his principal pupils, among whom are William Mason, Cecilia Gaul, and Amy Fay, Americans. [Jansen, McClurg & Co. $1.25.]

A very different story is that of Richard Baxter, in the "Heroes of Christian History," told by Dean Boyle of Salisbury Cathedral, England, in simple, unaffected terms; but with so large an appreciation of Baxter's talents and service as to give him high place among men who are to be remembered. Seven volumes are now out in this series, and four more are to come. [A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75c.]

Mr. Richard Smith Elliott of St. Louis, Missouri, has written out a volume of "Notes Taken in Sixty Years," traversing the way of his life, from his birth in Pennsylvania in 1817, down to his connection with Mississippi River improvements of the present hour; an excusably rambling, pleasantly egotistical, harmlessly mercurial, personal narrative of an average American life. [Cupples, Upham & Co. $2.00.]

Esra Cornell would have deserved the "Biography" of him which has just appeared, even if he had never founded the great university which bears his name. He was a representative self-made American citizen, born in the early eighties, with the deep sense of the grand public spirit out of which sprang the institution which is his monument, his private worth and his domestic virtues, these are the general traits in a portrait which it is good to look upon, and in which American young men may see the reflection of their own possibilities. [A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.00.]
1884.]

THE LITERARY WORLD.

FICTION.

Eustis. By Robert Atherp Boit. [J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.50.]


Stories by American Authors. Series I, II, and III. [Charles Scribner's Sons. Each 50c.]

A Roman Singer. By F. Marlon Crawford. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.]

Robert Atherp Boit's new name is to us in authorship, and that gentleman's first book, of a showy actress, living as mistress to a noble man; and boying her silence, as he supposes, he abandons conscience, and runs off with Alma Craik in a secret marriage. Discovery ensues, she dies in a dismal Roman Convent, and he follows her from the cottage of Joseph Mair, the actor in the Passion Play, at Ober-Ammersurg. The whole is a strange tissue of improbabilities, exaggerations, grandiloquence, and deceased sentimentality; but a harmless book, perhaps, because it is over-written, and has no special literary attractions, and is unpalatable almost from the start.

There was a time, and that not far distant, when "yellow-covered lilies". The woman in the advertising columns have already given the titles of the seventeen stories and their authors in full. It may suffice for us here to commend the plan and to say of these perishable bits of fiction that they are in the main worth picking up and saving, and that some of them, as for example Mr. Bishop's "One of the Thirty Pieces," and Brander Matthew's "Venetian Glass," are among the better specimens of curious or pleasant invention; while such a narrative as Celia Thaxter's of "A Memorable Murder" rival's in its realistic details of fact anything in Poe's most blood-curdling vein. We should think these light, cheap, readable books would exactly meet a want, and that on the railways, especially, and for shipboard, and at the sea and among the mountains they would find many readers and make many friends. A curious mistake, we may note, is made in the leading story in which is entitled "The Spider's Eye." and is credited to Fitz James O'Brien. It seems that the tale was written by Miss Lucia P. Hale, who printed it anonymously in Putnam's Magazine, nearly thirty years ago. The publishers did not discover the error until a few weeks ago, though they had purchased the story from O'Brien's executor and had every reason to believe that the dead novelist was its author.

After the eastern splendors of Mr. Issacs, the international melodrama of Dr. Claudio, and the unsavory falsities of Mr. Leonard, it is both a surprise and a refreshment to come upon work by the same hand which is so diametrically opposed in character, so temperate and tender, so delicate and so humorous as A Roman Singer. From the graceful cover device, a Roman anemone twisted round a violin string, the most potent word on the pasteboard, and the general Nineteenth Century decay having overtaken his mind, he breaks with his Bishop and his Church, and his beloved heiress thereupon sets him up in London as an independent preacher on the platform of Positivism. Meanwhile his wife appears on the scene in the person of the popular song-writer; and boying her silence, as he supposes, he abandons conscience, and runs off with Alma Craik in a secret marriage. Discovery ensues, she dies in a dismal Roman Convent, and he follows her from the cottage of Joseph Mair, the actor in the Passion Play, at Ober-Ammersurg. The whole is a strange tissue of improbabilities, exaggerations, grandiloquence, and deceased sentimentality; but a harmless book, perhaps, because it is over-written, and has no special literary attractions, and is unpalatable almost from the start.

There was a time, and that not far distant, when "yellow-covered lilies". The woman in the advertising columns have already given the titles of the seventeen stories and their authors in full. It may suffice for us here to commend the plan and to say of these perishable bits of fiction that they are in the main worth picking up and saving, and that some of them, as for example Mr. Bishop's "One of the Thirty Pieces," and Brander Matthew's "Venetian Glass," are among the better specimens of curious or pleasant invention; while such a narrative as Celia Thaxter's of "A Memorable Murder" rival's in its realistic details of fact anything in Poe's most blood-curdling vein. We should think these light, cheap, readable books would exactly meet a want, and that on the railways, especially, and for shipboard, and at the sea and among the mountains they would find many readers and make many friends. A curious mistake, we may note, is made in the leading story in which is entitled "The Spider's Eye." and is credited to Fitz James O'Brien. It seems that the tale was written by Miss Lucia P. Hale, who printed it anonymously in Putnam's Magazine, nearly thirty years ago. The publishers did not discover the error until a few weeks ago, though they had purchased the story from O'Brien's executor and had every reason to believe that the dead novelist was its author.

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A really serviceable book in somewhat the same line, though with a more business-like air, is Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's Brief Handbook of American Authors, a companion to his Handbook of English Authors published last fall. The contents are simply an alphabetical index to the names of American authors of all sorts and sizes, from Irving, Hawthorne, and Emerson, down to the newspaper poets of the day, so far as the latter can be hunted up and identified in their obscurity. Names are given, dates of birth, and of death if not living, home, family, if any, with the best works, and then the leading works, with key to names of publishers. Few authors receive more than three or four lines of notice, each; which compression means that the information is in the nakedest possible form of fact; but the book contains much more than the "pleasingly connected" compass we like to see, and cannot fail to be useful as a dictionary, a sort of directory. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.00.]

One of the best of recent little books for young readers, and in fact for all readers who are making the acquaintance of English literature past and present, is Miss Amanda B. Harris's Pleasure Authors for Young Folks, a series of twelve charmingly-written personal and gently critical sketches of Scott, Miss Mitford, Lamb, Gilbert White, Jane Austen, Leigh Hunt, Kingsley, Dr. John Brown, George MacDonald, Mrs. Craik, Ruskin, and Charlotte Yonge, included with the latter being allusions to Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Gaskell, Jean Ingelow, Thackeray-Ritchie, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mr. Hamerton. Miss Harris has nothing new about these authors that we have not heard before, but she tells the old in a new fresh way, and, what is to the point, tells us where to go for more. There are capital five-minute introductions to literary notabilities, and the selection in the main a good one. The book is daintily illustrated and very prettily printed, and "fits" to the taste at once. [D. Lothrop & Co. $1.00.]

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at Rome, and last descendant of a noble family. Its hero is Nino, or Giovanni Cardegna, son of a peasant on the estate at Castel Servetti, once owned by the Costes Grandi; whom the old man had adopted and educated. The picture given by the simply-subsisting old man of his penuriousy-planned establishment, which is managed by an elderly housekeeper, named Mariuccia, is full of picturesque touches, and is strictly true to Italian nature. The combination of thirst, small peculations, and feudal attachment for her master in the old woman, the picture of Nino at his several stages of growth, first the dirty brown urchin who teases the cat and flings mud into the well, then the rogueish boy who loves philosophy and Leopardi well enough, but far better to sing and thump the ancient piano whose legless corner is supported on three boxes; then the resolute young man, pure-hearted, reserved, with his wonderful gift of voice and his no less wonderful gift of love, all are admirable. No less so is the portrait, unconsciously drawn, as it were, by the old professor of himself, the paradigm which makes him the half-wit's and the half-genius's model. The price of cigars, the open-handed generosity which leads him to sell his little vineyard at less than its value that he may help his boy at the crisis of his fortunes, the disposition to scold and undervalue Nino while loving him all the while, the droll little affectations of worldliness and cynicism which disguises his real simplicity of nature—it is a picture as masterly in its way as the wonderful portrait studies of the early Italian school. The book is full of droll and characteristic touches, as for example when Mariuccia takes the cat with her to the opera on the night of Nino's début, because she dare not leave the beast alone in the house with the provisions which are to make the festival supper after the play is over. The story is a love-story, pure and simple, the love of Nino Cardegna for Hedwig Van Lir; its obstacles and its fulfillment. "The Blossoming of the Thorn" might well have been called, after the pretty allusion with which Nino wooed his mistress, but the love is as true as it is passionate and single-hearted and noble. And so, as Sor Cor- nelius tells us, it is well, for where there is naught else than love, "there can surely be no sinning, or wrong-doing, or weakness, or meanness, nor yet anything else that is not quite pure and undefiled." And one closes the Roman Singer with pleasure, that to the very end it continues to be all that a love story should be.

THE LITERARY WORLD. [May 31.

Mr. Wyman's "Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy." Some two years ago Mr. W. H. Wyman of Cincinnati printed for private circulation a small pamphlet giving 63 titles in the bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. He has since followed up the work in his leisure hours, and now publishes the results in a handsome octavo volume of 134 pages. It contains 255 titles (with about a hundred sub-titles of more or less importance), of which 177 are for Bacon, 14 against his claim, and 6 unclassified. Under many of these are notes or extracts, or both, which give a general idea of the book or article. These will be of special interest and service to the student or critic who may want to read up on the subject. In many cases they will give him all that he will care to know, saving him the trouble of searching for the original in libraries public or private. The index includes the names not only of the writers but also of others who are mentioned as having expressed opinions. When the name of the writer is not known, the articles are indexed to the magazine or other serial in which they appeared. The book is published by Peter G. Thomson, Cincinnati, but we are unable to state the price.

The "Anne Hathaway" Ballad Again. The Critic for May 17 has the following note:

Mr. Rolfe is anxious to trace that one of the two ballads entitled "Anne Hathaway" in which the lady's name is played upon. The verses, which are not at all described to Shakespeare by any of his contemporaries, are of course of analogies of recent date. We are happy to be able to direct Mr. Rolfe to the book in which the ballad first appeared. It is entitled: "A Tour in Quest of a Genealogy through several parts of Wales, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, with a Description of Stonehude and Stonehenge, various anecdotes and curious Fragments from a Manuscript Collection ascribed to Shakespeare.

Commentators have thought that Shakespeare wished to express the idea of cataract by the term pin and web—this is without doubt a mistake; he did not intend to make lovers so cruel that they should desire to deprive everyone else of sight. Pin and web (being a variacre expression of the conjunctiva, sometimes to such an extent as to totally prevent vision) was meant to express a veil, or in other words, the eyelid. This is to be too literal—though in the end not literal enough—and too learned in explaining the passages. The commentaries are clearly quite without right, and the representation of the medical allusions in Shakespeare, and, even as far as it goes, is rather unsatisfactory. The compiler says: "Shakespeare paid considerable attention to medicine, as his remarks on the subject show, but evidently had not a very high idea of the physician; he uses him as a tool by which disease is produced, through the means of poison, and generally treats him with contempt." This shows a very imperfect acquaintance with the medical men of the plays. Cerrinom in Pericles is one of the poet's noblest characters, and we cannot help believing, with Furnivall, that he "represents to some extent the famous Stratford physician, Dr. John Hey, who was the 8th son of Shakespeare's eldest daughter Susanna," about the time his part of the play was written. As Dow- den says, "Cerrinon, who is master of the secrets of nature, who is liberal in his 'learned charity,' who held it ever "Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than those of the profession," is like a first study of Prospero." Cornelius, the physician in Cymbeline, who indirectly thwarts the murderous purpose of the Queen who comes to him for poisons, is a slighter sketch in the same vein, written probably a few years later. Compare also the earlier references to Gerard de Narbon, Helena's father in All's Well, "whose skill was almost as great as his honesty," who was "famous in his profession, and it was his great right to be so;" and the doctor in Macbeth, who is wise enough to see that the Lady Macbeth 'serves his practice,' and that the "more needs she the divine than the physician." These men surely are not treated with contempt by Shakespeare; nor is he of whose management of the poor mad Lear's case Dr. Bucknell says: "We confess almost with shame that although near two centuries and a half have passed since Shakespeare thus wrote [in The Winter's Tale, i. v. 3.] we have very little to add to his method of treating the insane as thus pointed out."

The picture of Finch in the Comedy of Errors, which illustrates the idea of "a mountebank, a threadbare jester, and a fortune-teller"—a quack, not a physician—and we can see nothing contemptuous in passages like that in Sonnet 147:

Angry that his prescriptions are not kept, The physician, . . .

Shallow's (though it is his, not Shakespeare's) remark to Calus concerning Sir Hugh when he does not "come to time" in the duel: "He is the wiser man, master doctor. He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go down in your professions." In minor matters the Doctor is sometimes astray; as in his comment on W. T. i. 2. 291:

wishing . . . all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only, That would unseen be wicked.

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THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.]

("Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng," etc.) was written by Charles Dickens, and is credited to him in the Appendix to the Barton Catalogue, p. 224—where it did not occur to us to look for it. It may be found set to music in the edition of Dickens' Songs, published by Davidson (London, 1848), vol. ii. p. 127.

Shakespeare in the Magazines. Mr. Grant White's second paper on "The Anatomiag of William Shakespeare," in the Atlantic for May, is mainly devoted to answering the review of the "Riverside" edition which appeared in the A. C. Evening Post (and the Nation); and it must be admitted that thus far the reviewer seems to have decidedly the worst of it.

The Haunch of Venison for May has a good article by J. Heard entitled, "Why Women should Study Shakespeare," and in Mr. John Bernard's "Letters on American Stage Art, a most amusing account of a rural performance of Romeo and Juliet in Virginia a century or more ago.

The April and May numbers of Shakesperiana, which come out together, contain much interesting matter, to which we can make only this brief reference. The magazine deserves the patronage of every student of the dramatist. It costs only $1.50 a year.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

Commander William Gibbon of the United States Navy has published in London a translation of The Poems of Goethe, including his ballads, songs, and miscellaneous verse. The volume makes no great claims, and, by all English readers of Goethe who are ignorant of German, deserves a welcome. That Mr. Gibbon's work, though an uneven execution of a difficult task, has respectable merits, is evident from such an example as the following:

"At midnight, when I crept, not very willingly, A small, tall boy, through churchyard calm and cool, To farmer's house, the curate's; light was shining In every star, all was beautiful; At noon of night.

"When, further, as life widened out before me, Drawn at last to blossom, when the world I viewed Of Northern lights and constellations o'er me, I lit a log, breathed beside; At noon of night.

"And now, as beams of the full moon, with lustre, Laid and lofty, lit the dark profound, My thoughts spontaneous across and cluster, Around the past, around the future, wound; At noon of night.

A curious book with a punning title is A Curiosiarty of Swearyings; by Julian Sharman; the conclusion of which, justified by a great array of facts, is that "the prevalence of deliberate swearing will always be found in inverse ratio to the prevalence of truth." [Ninmo.]

Mr. C. A. Swainson has edited a volume of Greek Lightings, some ten in all, from the original texts; showing their earliest forms with accuracy, and in several instances giving the differing texts in parallel columns. [Cambridge: University Press.]

Robert Crawford, the author of Across the Pampas and the Andes, was engineer-in-chief of an expedition sent from England in 1871 to survey a route for a proposed railway over the Andes. This book collects the scientific information acquired during this trip. There are good descriptions of South American scenery, some clever notes in natural history, several striking illustrations after drawings by the author, a good index, and a large map. [Longmans.]

The Glimpses of Greek Life afforded by Miss Agnes Smith, are those of a party of three ladies who rode about Greece under Cook's auspices at a price of 50 francs each a day. The routes are shown on an excellent map, and the narrative has the interest of adventure, while it exemplifies the comparative safety of Greek travel. [Hurst & Blackett.]

Brigadier General Mac Iver has served Under Fourteen Flags, and covered himself with glory under every one. So writes his biographer, Capt. W. D. L'Entraigre; but whether he be a real or an imaginary hero, and his exploits fact or fiction, it would be hard to tell from this book, which is a most extraordinary narrative of campaigns, battles, duels, ambushes, attempted assassinations, sieges, assaults, sword thrusts, saber cuts, bursting shells, singing bullets, deadly perils, and hairbreadth escapes; the sum total of which would overstock the property room of an Alexander Dumas. [Tinsley.] The book ought to be reprinted here, for it is fascinating. [Sampson Low.]

The best account of Samos in English, if not in any language, is doubtless Dr. George Turner's. The author is a missionary of nineteen years' residence in the Pacific Islands, but he has eliminated all personal elements from his book, and given us only such facts relating to the people as have come under his observation. The work has great value for students of ethnology, and is full of curious bits of information, e.g., the Samoan's word for a white man is "papalangi," which means "heaven-burner." [Macmillan.]

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

Mr. Richard Jeffreys has a new volume about ready, with the characteristic title of Life in the Fields. — Mr. James Payn is writing for the Cornell interesting recollections of literary Edinburgh a quarter of a century ago. — The collected Poems by Henry Palmore have been printed at the private press of Rev. Henry Daniel, Worcester College, Oxford. — Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips has privately printed a list of his drawings and engravings illustrative of Shakespeare's life. — Scenes in the House of Commons, by Mr. David Anderson, will be immediately published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. — A copy of Burns's poems, printed at Kilmarnoch in 1793, has lately been sold at Edinburgh for £40. — John Bull and his island is going into an Italian version. — A new Edinburgh series of books, to be called the "Round Table Series," and to be written by University men, is to discuss the writings of eminent modern authors; among the earliest to be dealt with being Emerson and George Eliot.

Another Englishman's book on North America is coming along, Mr. W. H. Barney's Life and Labors among Indians, receiving especial attention to Canada and British Columbia. — Mr. Egmont Hake and Mr. J. G. Lefevere are about to publish The New Dance of Death, a novel of their joint authorship. — Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. have brought out an English edition of John James Piatt's Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley, of which a late number of the Edinburgh Courant has a pleasant notice.

The memory of Charlotte Brontë has been honored by the erection of a window in the new church at Haworth, the donor being "an American citizen" who does not publish his name. — The outcome of the recent Wyndham Commemoration in England is a resolution to raise a consider able sum of money to increase the publication of his writings. — The Revised Old Testament is so nearly completed that its appearance in print may be expected early in the fall. — The Papyrus Collection lately bought by the Archduke Rainier of Austria, contains fragments of Isocrates and Thucydides hitherto unknown, and a portion of the Iliad, with a paraphrase of the Fourth Book. — The Prolegomena to the 8th edition of Tischendorf's New Testament, by Dr. Gregory of Leipzig, the revision of which was the last work of the late Dr. Ezra Abbot, is just published; connected with it being a brief life of Tischendorf, a history of the text, and a collation of the editions of Tregelles and Westcott and Hort.

The Fletcher, Massinger, and Shirley MSS. discovered last year by Mr. A. H. Bullen in the British Museum, are likely to be included in the new series of "Elizabethan Dramatists," the announcement of which has just appeared. — The seven volumes of the new Library Edition of Tennyson's works, in press by Macmillan & Co., will appear one a month at $1.75 each. — Mr. Browning has carefully revised two volumes of selections from his poems, to be printed in a cheap edition. — Mr. J. A. Symonds, says the Academy, is engaged on a treatise upon Latin Mediaeval Student Songs, translating a large portion of these songs into rhyming meters corresponding closely with the originals, the whole intended as a study of the earliest Renaissance.

A Celebrator's Birthday, by Mr. J. R. Trollope, has been received from Hamilton, Adams & Co. — The University of Edinburgh will issue a memorial volume, recording its tercentennial celebration.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Astor Library has received from Mr. Astor a gift, which adds very much to its bibliographical rarities, of which in truth it has at present no great store. There are in this lot nearly a score of rare books. Among them are two manuscripts, one an evangelistary, supposed to have been made for Charles the Bold, another a missal of the 15th century, formerly belonging to St. Stephen's Chapel, London; a perfect MSS. on vellum of Wyklyf's New Testament, containing the autograph of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; two valuable books from the press of Faust and Schiller, which were bought at the Sunderland sale, and are dated 1499 and 1487 respectively; Codereale's Bible in black letter dated 1535; a Latin Bible in a Grotier binding; and Eliot's Indian Bible, with the English title and dedication.

Walt Whitman's publisher reports that his poems are having an excellent sale. — Mr. Mygginson's papers on American history in Harper's Monthly will be concluded in the July number, and will then, as we suppose, be gathered into a volume. — Ford, Howard & Hubbert will publish at once Blanché Roosevelt's new story,
Stage Struck.—Prang & Co. have in preparation an illustrated poem by Joaquin Miller on wedded happiness. — Harper & Brothers have ready for publication in the fall an edition for 1884 of their Guide-Book to Europe and the East.—A translation of M. de Manuipa’s Notices sur le Second Empire has been made for Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.—Mr. H. C. Bunner has written a love story for the June number of his magazine, entitled “The Red Silk Handkerchief.”—G. P. Putnam’s Sons have for some time been in preparation of Mr. Guthrie’s new book, The Giant’s Robe, which was published as a serial in the Cornhill Magazine. Mr. Guthrie, it will be remembered, is the author of Vice Versa, which was issued under the pseudonym of F. Ansteys. They have also just announced to the public of the provinces the publication of a volume of their own. — Boston, and traveled there for several weeks. Some notes of that journey by a member of the party are now to be presented in a book entitled A Western Journey, which Little, Brown & Co. have in press.—The city of Malden, suburb to Boston, is to have a new public library building, the gift of Hon. E. S. Converse, in memory of his son.—The structure will be L-shaped, of stone, and will have capacity for 35,000 volumes, with reading room, art gallery, and other apartments.—An interesting little book for readers of rural inclinations is about to be published by W. T. Comstock, New York. It is called Cottages or,Hints on Economical Building. Designs are contributed by many famous architects, and the text is edited by Mr. H. W. Brunner.—J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish this spring a Dictionary of Miracles, by E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D., author of The Reader’s Handbook, containing about sixty and fifty pages, in dictionary form, with a very complete index.—Mr. F. P. Poole asks for subscriptions to a supplement to his invaluable Periodical Index, bringing the same down to the close of 1883; and he will also publish an annual supplement if sufficient encouragement is given.—Two new volumes are announced in Bohn’s Library, published in this country by Scribner & Welford: Coleridge’s Aids to Reflection and Confessions, and The Student’s Handbook of Physical Geography, by A. Jukes-Browne.—Mr. McMaster has completed the second volume of his History of the People of the United States, a part of the MSS. of which was lost last summer. Messrs. Appleton are now putting the book in type.—A new edition of the Teachings of the Twelve Apostles is to be issued by the Messrs. Scribner, very shortly, with fuller notes and comments by Professors Hitchcock and Brown.—Cassell & Co. announce for immediate publication Among the Mission Stations of his Life and Adventures as a traveler in Europe and Asia.—Mr. George Alfred Townsend has written a play, the hero of which is Oliver Cromwell.

LITERARY INDEX.


PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.

CRÉDIT GORDON. A Sunrise Record of his Life. By Archibald Fraser. June. $3.00.

Our Famous Women: comprising the Lives and Deeds of Armentrail, Sibylla, Margaret, Kate, and other Women of the World. By Laura C. Holloway. Illustrated. Fisher & Walsingham. $3.00.

Essays and Sketches.


NOTES TAKEN IN SIXTY YEARS. By Richard Edwards of St. Louis. Cupples, Upham & Co. $3.00.


Fiction.


History.


Laura Dower’s. A Selection of Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern. The Century Co. $1.50.

Scientific and Technical.


The Chief of Sermettwa. (On Old Age.) By Andrew F. Peabody. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.


Theological and Religious.


Travel and Observation.

In the Heart of Africa. By Sir Samuel Baker. F.R.G.S. $1.50.


A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN EGYPT. By W. L. Mau- zey. $1.50.

Fifth Avenue to Alaska. By Edwards Pierce, B.A. With maps. G. P. Putnam’s Sons. $2.00.

The World. By Andrew Carnegie. Charles Scribner’s Sons. $2.00.


CLYTIA.

A Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By George Taylor. Author of "From the German." William S. Gottsberger, Pub. 11 Murray St., New York. $2.50.
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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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Two Centuries of Bath. Illustrated. 220. 80 cents.
Dor Tod als Freund. George Du Maurier. H.载体ithdrawal.
An Unprofitable Journey through Cornwall. The Author of "John Halifax." Illustrated.
The Author of "Belaire." Henry James. Illustrated.
The Archaeologist's Frescos. Ch. M. Yonge. Illustrators XVII-XIII.
ORNAMENTS, INITIAL LETTERS, Etc.

GENERAL GORDON'S NEW BOOK.

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It is unquestionably true that Dr. Schliemann is not a great literary master whom Matthew Arnold would praise; but his books are remarkably good reading, and contain everything in the way of pictures, maps, and indexes, that non-professional archæologists can possibly wish for. The handsomely

nation of the author must admit, also, that Dr. Schleimann reports veritable news, and that his account is both romantic as well as transparently honest. His latest volume, a splendid piece of substantial book-making, is a supplement of Ilias, and tries to prove that, contrary to his former conclusion, the hill of Hissarlik is not so much the site of the Homeric Troy as its citadel, and that Ilium of old extended far into the surrounding plain. At the same time he is led to believe that the old Trojans were an Aryan tribe from Thrace. Professor R. C. Jebb, however, is not convinced; he is disposed to think that Homer's Troy may have been on the Ball Dagh, above Bunarbash, the hill of Hissarlik being too insignificant for a great town, and the scenery near Bunarbash corresponding better with the topographical allusions in the Homeric poem. Dr. Schleimann's answer is very dashing.

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BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The passion, toil, hardship, peril, and general expenditure of mountaineering have seldom had a more striking exposition than in the Rev. William Spotswood Green's book on The High Alps of New Zealand. Mr. Green is an English clergyman, and a member of the Alpine Club. Having done about all there was to be done among the mountains of Switzerland, and not succeeded in breaking his neck, he signed for new risks, and studying over his atlas, pitched upon Mount Cook in New Zealand as a suitable peak to attack and conquer. What did he do therefore but send to Switzerland for a trustworthy guide whom he had there employed, and set sail on a voyage of 14,000 miles for the sake of climbing a mountain 13,000 feet high; an undertaking which nobody but a fat-pocked, clerical member of the English Alpine Club would probably ever think of. About one third of Mr. Green's resulting book is occupied with a narrative of the voyage out, which was perilous, untoward, and obstructed by quarantine complications in Australia; another third is devoted to general descriptions, scientific, and otherwise, of New Zealand, of which he gives on the whole an attractive picture; the rest is the account proper of the ascent of the mountain. After disembarking at Christchurch Mr. Green traversed the island, partly by rail and partly by wagon, until he and his companions were obliged to take to their feet; and then their real work began. Beyond this point we do not see the "fun" in the undertaking. No words can describe the labor, the exposure, the danger which beset them at every step. Near the summit they were overtaken by a furious storm, and were obliged to spend the night clinging by hands and feet in an upright posture to a narrow shelf on the face of the precipice, like a fly against a wall, to fall from which would have been instant and terrible death. The description of this night presents one of the most frightful pictures of adventure to be found in literature. Doubtless the annals of mountaineering are full of such experiences, but they do not often get into print. Mr. Green got nearly as near to the top of Mount Cook, which is by far the finest mountain in the world, as any other man, and remains therefore a prize to some other foolhardy adventurer of the future. The book has maps, one picture, some scientific information, pleasant views of New Zealand scenery and life, and is interesting reading of its kind, but its exciting passages are enough to make one shudder. As we read this book in a rail-car on the other day, a clergyman in the seat behind, attracted by its title, bent forward and said that he had known New Zealand well, having been settled for a time over the English church at Christchurch, and that Mr. Green's exploit was a famous one. He concurred in his inviting presentation of New Zealand as a home for the colonist. [Macmillan & Co. $2.25.]

Edward Pierrpont, author of Fifth Avenue to Alaska, styles himself a B. A. of Christ Church, Oxford, and also a member of the Alpine Club, which does not mean however that he is an Englishman, except in the Henry James sense; for he is a son of the Hon. Edwards Pierrpont, Attorney-General in the Cabinet of General Grant, and though his book might have been written by an Englishman, it is the work of an American. And with some success, perhaps, but on the whole readable. Its subject is a pleasure trip of about 12,000 miles, occupying four months in 1883, from New York by the Union Pacific R. R. to San Francisco, stopping at Salt Lake City; thence through the round of the attractions of California; thence by steamer northward to Astoria, and up to Columbia and Willamette rivers to Portland; thence out on the Northern Pacific R. R. to Glendale, its terminus at that time, and back to Portland; thence through Puget Sound to Victoria, and from Victoria on into the sounds, fords, straits, bays, and inlets of Alaska. Returning to Portland the party proceeded under a government escort to the Yellowstone Park, whence young Mr. Pierrpont made a diversion to the Hoodoo Mountains in Wyoming to shoot elk and big-horn. Finally the party got back by way of Chicago to New York. Mr. Pierrpont kept full notes of the doings and sights of each day, and out of these notes his book is made. The first part is unimportant. Salt Lake City, the Mormon, the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, the big trees, the grandeur of the Yosemite, all these topics are stale, and the pages which describe them here can be skipped without great loss. When, about midway of the book, Victoria, Puget Sound, and Alaska are reached, there is more on comparatively new ground, and can follow Mr. Pierrpont with more interest. Much of what is said of Alaska, however, is in quotations from other writers. There is a good chapter on the Yellowstone Park, and the account of adventures in the Hoodoo Mountains will be read by many with a positive relish for its graphic pictures of perilous and exciting sport. The book has excellent maps, and is handsomely printed. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.]

With Red and Lime in Colorado Waters is sent to us as the first book published by the new firm whose imprint it bears. We have to say at the outset that it exhibits a comprehension of some of the things belonging to a book which would do credit to many an older house at the East, and which promises well for the industry of book-making in the future West. The book is not a consecutive story, but a series of sketches of fishing adventure, and so a novel in the strict sense of the title-page. Yet the publishers have thought it worth while to fit out the reading matter with taking little initial vignettes and tall-pieces which are drawn with spirit and talent, and to preface it with a map which shows the reader just the ground covered by the excursions of this Colorado disciple of Isaac Walton. A true fisherman is he, whatever his name; and if the refinement of the parlor is not always in his pages, the breeze of the mountains is, the tumble of the brooks, and the splash of the glittering trout. Barring an occasional colloquialism or two, the author is strong in his strength, as well as his publishers to print, and the book is altogether a pleasant sign of that Interior development of which the city of Denver is a notable center. [Chain, Hardy & Co. $1.00.]

"Medicus," who has written in less than seventy-five pages a little account of Twelve Days in the Saddle, is apparently a physician living at Chestnut Hill in the environs of Boston, who took this horseback journey through Massachusetts for a vacation trip in the summer of 1883. His story is simple and pleasant, enlivened with unperturbing descriptions of the scenery as well as with some touches of local history and tradition; its value lies in its practical recommendations of the trip and directions for making it a success. No exercise is better, urges the author, than horseback riding; no enjoyment can be keener for the lover of outdoor life; the expenses need not be so large as by the ordinaries means of traveling; $4.00 a day should pay for the horse, and $2.00 more for "keep" of man and beast; the hotels along the way in New England are generally comfortable and pleasant; the roads are always good, of course, for the equestrian; and all the conditions are favorable to health and pleasure. June, or the month from the middle of September
the contributions of the others, in the form of letters, follow. One of Judge Neilson's most important and suggestive chapters is that on Chinese tiles, founded on a laborious and exhaustive analysis of all his words found in print; from which it appears that he used 11,693 unrepeated words, to Milton's 9,000 and Shakespeare's 15,000; of which 3,424 were from the Germanic stock, 7,323 from the Latin, 736 Greek, and the rest scattering. A companion table is a valuable table of comparison on this point between the styles of Chief Justice Marshall, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Wm. M. Evarts, R. S. Storrs, Mr. Froude, Dean Stanley, Mr. Burks, Sydney Smith, Mr. Gladstone, and a number of other masters of the English tongue. Another chapter studiously compares Mr. Choate with Macaulay to Mr. Choate's advantage. A steel portrait, and steel engraving of Mr. Choate's birth-place and burial-place, illustrate the book, which also has, as do books generally emanating from the Riverside Press, a beautiful index.

[In the following pages of this book the author is too delicate to resist the temptation to insert too much information about the life and works of Mr. Choate, which would be too prolix and tedious to the reader.]

One of the five foremost Europeans of the hour is certainly Prince Bismarck, and in any historical picture of the 19th century his figure would stand out above most others. Moritz Busch's sketch of him, under the title of Our Chancellor, is rather more than a "sketch," as to reprint Mr. Beattye-Kingston's English translation of the German original, the two volumes in one, requires upward of 700 compact pages, about 350 words to a page. The translation tries hard to be an improvement of the original, which is a thoroughly German piece of work, massive and heavy. Herr Busch compares his "studies" to an "artist's observations and drawings, executed as a preliminary to the painting of his picture." While their tone is affectionate they are yet discriminating, and do not hesitate at criticism. It is the same Bismarck rather than Bismarck the man who is the subject of the author; and the flavor of the work is therefore distinctly political and historical; the Prince's figure being shown in the changing lights and shadows of the events in which he plays so important a part. To Bismarck he attributes the apostleship of Prussian monarchy and German unity; gives him, at the present time, a profoundly religious spirit, but makes him always willing to sacrifice his religious convictions to his political purposes; and describes him as eloquent in the rough, nervous, poorly voiced, but happily humorous, admirable recitateur, an effective letter writer, once a practical joker, a bluster and happy husband and father, a susceptible and generous friend, a lover of nature, handy with words in describing scenery and incident, fond of animals, a skillful sportsman, a bold hunter, an expert fencer and the hero of a score and a half of duels, a master of French, English, Italian, Polish, and Russian, words from which languages he does not hesitate to use in speech when they will serve his purpose, well read in politics and economics, with preferences for Goethe and Shakespeare, tasteful in the arts, musical, not a musician, not a bow D'Erance, but not the best of health, short-sighted, an adept in farming and forestry, and the owner of six estates, but not a highly prosperous man financially. His official salary is $13,500 a year; to which he adds about $25,000 from his landed property. His latest photographs (1883) show him with a full white beard, but the beard covers his energetic chin. The bulk of this book is a task for the student of contemporary European politics.

[Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.]

Two spacious octavo volumes next before us embrace each other in offering a literary tribute to woman. The Mothers of Great Men and Women Who Wrote Great Men, by Laura C. Holloway [Frank W. Wills, $3.50]; and Our Famous Women, by twenty authors [A. D. Worthington & Co. Sold by subscription] are the two. Miss or Mrs. Holloway's volume is the more pretentious of the two in its aim, and is a medley of historical portraits, arranged in any order that happens, and written and illustrated in a generally grandiloquent style. It opens with a steel portrait of Mary the Virgin and the infant Jesus, the other portraits on wood being of the mothers of Mendelssohn, Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln, Goethe, and so forth and so on, up to seventy in all. In the reading matter the author of Dickens's side with the mother of the Wesleys, Thackeray's mother with Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, Byron's with Rev. John Newton's, Martin Luther's with Stonewall Jackson's, Sheridan's with Trollope's, Garfield's with Humboldt's, Kant's with Cromwell's, etc., etc. The other volume is a more sensible one, containing sketches of thirty-one American women eminent in literature and reform, beginning with Miss Alcott, running alphabetically through to Miss Willard, and including Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Clemmer, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Moulton, Miss Phelps, and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney among the living notabilities. The authors of the several sketches are Mrs. Stowe, Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Spofford, Miss Phelps, "Susan Coolidge," and fifteen other women, several of whom are in turn among the subjects described. Mrs. Spofford, for example, writes of Miss Cooke, and Miss Cooke of Mrs. Spofford; Miss Maud Howe of her mother, Julia Ward Howe, and Mrs. Stowe of her sister, Catharine Beecher. These are rather dangerous principles on which to prepare contemporaneous biography. There are sixteen portraits on wood, from photographs taken expressly for the work, and some of them are very good likenesses. The book is well made.

FICTION.

John Holdsworth, Chief Mate. By W. Clark Russell. [Harper & Brothers. 30c.]

Prudie. From the German of E. Eckstine by Clara Bell. [W. S. Gottsberger. $1.00.]


The Dish. By Robinson and Wall. [Cuples, Upham & Co. $1.00.]

Barbara Thayer. Her glorious Career. By Annette Miller. [Lee & Shepard. 1.00.]

An Average Man. By Robert Grant. [J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.25.]

One Among Many. By Mrs. H. B. Goodwin. [Cuples, Upham & Co. $1.00.]

Times of Lisnawas. By Z. Topelius. Translated from the original Swedish. [Jansen, M. & Co. $1.50.]

Archbishop Malmstrom. By Julian Hawthorne. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.]

In his latest story, John Holdsworth, Chief Mate, Mr. Clark Russell gets aered, so to speak, about at the middle, and the second half,
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being on land, is not nearly so effective as the first half, which is spent at sea. Mr. Russell is undoubtedly doing a magnificent thing— evening the career of a ship over the waves, the magnificence of a storm, the ways and fortunes of sailors; but when he comes ashore he is not nearly so much at home. The point of the present story is a seaman's loss of memory incurred through hardship. John Holdsworth, chief mate of the "Meteor," is rescued from Gravesend-on-the- Thames in fine style, and down the Channel, and out upon the Atlantic, leaving a young wife behind him. A hurricane ensues, the ship is "taken aback," and founders, and John, with one boat containing part of the passengers and crew, is set adrift. Provisions and water give out, one after another of his companions succumbs to the inevitable, and he alone is left to be rescued alive on the tenth day by a ship bound to Australia. But the shock and strain have been so severe, that his memory has utterly fled, and nothing avails to restore the connection of events. Undaunted, he sets forth with his raft, and at length discovers the suddenness of his departure, and the path of the final meeting when John discloses his identity. The sufferings of the shipwrecked boat-load are harrowing in the recital. The best part of the book is the account of the "Meteor" outward bound, a department of literary art in which Mr. Clark Russell is without a peer.

Dr. Eckstein's last historical romance, Prutias, is a further utilization of his stores of Roman knowledge. Prutias is an Athenian philosopher who has come to Italy as tutor to a young Roman, and who instigates the revolt in which Spartacus and his gladiators figure, which is the historical background of the tale. As a picture of its period, alive with incident and Modern with historic forms, it is brilliant and impressive, but the tone is somber to painfulness.

Mr. George II. Bartlett, if not himself a commercial traveler, is a student of the ways of such, and has made in A Commercial Trip an amusing recital of adventures "on the road." His hero starts out for Pittsburgh, gets nearly shot on the sleeping car for a "car thief," soos himself through and through in the "Smoky City," undergoes all sorts of receptions at the hands of various customers, pushes on to Columbus, Cincinnati, Terre Haute, and Louisville, varies railroad travel with a trip down the Ohio by steamer, and at Chicago is switched off from business upon the matrimonial track by the sudden death of an old chum, Tom Park, whom he has not seen for years, and so brings his trip to its "uncommercial ending" on the Great Lakes. For a trifle this is a good one, a book to read through in half an hour, and to make one laugh heartily over the haps and mishaps it relates.

The strange story of The Disk might have been told by Julian Verne, with Edison for his hero and the actual speculations of the future for his materials. The "disk" is a wonderful invention of John Alder, whereby light is transmitted from a distance by wire like sound, and so the magic of the telephone is repeated in the realm of vision. By its means the spectators of the stage are reproduced in the drawing-room, and where the latter is blown up to make way for the Canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, dividing the Continents of North and South America in two, the convulsion is witnessed securely in the offices of the Photo- Electrophone Company. Mr. Alder is also the inventor of a mysterious illuminating system, somewhat after the principle of the luminous clock-face and match-safe, whereby the walls of a dwelling are made to light up its interior; and further of a life-saving process which puts consumptive and scrofulous tendencies to flight. The disk is also made to play a part in bringing about a reconciliation between a wife and her husband, who has all been paramount, so that the supreme passions and sorrows of human life are mixed up in rather melodramatic incongruity with the scientific marvels. The book is soberly and cleverly written, and there are no stranger things in it to the imagination than have presented themselves to the senses as fact during the past ten years. The photo-electrophone we may actually live to see.

The "glorious career" of Barbara Thayer consisted, first, in her going out for one summer as a governess under circumstances which were calculated to be trying to her pride; secondly, in her taking the platform as a public reader, in which role she achieved an immediate and glowing success; thirdly, in breaking off an engagement of marriage with the brilliant General Laurens when she found that in earlier years he had betrayed a woman, who still lived, and who had steadfastly refused to marry. Gen. Laurens thought he had a defence; but no, Barbara's ideal was too high to admit it for a moment, and she never swerved from the path she felt it belonged to her to take. The story is of average merit, and the scenes at Hawkinswood, where Barbara spends her summer as governess, have individuality.

There is more than one "average man" in Mr. Robert Grant's new novel of that name; which is a respectable society novel, full of the super-ficial, hollow, worthless life of the period, with an undertone of seriousness and better purpose. Mr. Grant has evidently no sympathy with his empty-headed puppets, but writes to prove that life is worth living, despite the mockery that is made of it in Wall Street and at Newport. Woodbury Stoughton and Arthur Remington are two of the "average" young men of the period, friends at Harvard, launched on the feverish waters of New York life, with occasional dips at Newport. Finchley, the low-grade broker, is another "average man." Mr. Idlewild, the bloated capitalist, another. Of "average" women there is Idlewild's daughter, with ambition, a heart, and no brains; Dorothy Crosby, with brains, heart, and no ambition; and Mrs. Tom Fielding, with ambition, but neither heart nor brains, who deceives her husband and seduces Woodbury Stoughton, and drags the trail of the serpent over the whole picture. Stock speculations, Newport flirtations, and dirty ward politics, make up the staple of this novel, and the reader comes away from it the disreputable side of it. Let those look at it who like to. Mr. Grant has a good motive, but we prefer novelists who lead us into different scenes.

Mrs. Goodwin's One Among Many would hardly claim a place among novels pretending pretentiousness. But rather is it a simple story of a woman's fidelity to duty under stress of great trial, told with the aim of encouraging others like her to hold their ground. The heroine, Honora Humphreys, marries a man whom she esteems worthy of her, but against the wishes of her brother, who is estranged from her by his marriage. Her husband realizes her brother's worst fears, turns out a rascal, and runs away, and Honora is left to care for herself and her child, and bear her own burden in her own strength with the help which God gives her. Afterwards her husband dies, she is left free to fashion her own life, and her brother, after learning her real nobility of character, is reconciled to her.

The Times of Linnaeus is not a botanical book, but a story-book, part of the series which bears the general title of "The Surgeon's Stories." Our opinion of the series has already been expressed. The "archiater Linnaeus" is brought into this number of the series to no special purpose. One is pleased to find that he is called Linnaeus, and not Linne in his native country. After he was emblazoned he had the weakness to change his Linnean name into Carolus a Linne, a sad mixture of Latin and French, and to use this Frenchified form upon some of his title-pages.

Mr. Hawthorne's latest work, striking as it is, hardly calls for detailed criticism, being simply a wild fantasy without a semblance of character painting, or even of plot strictly so-called. A simple reader might easily be beguiled into believing the author's grave statement as to the veracity of the narrative which he makes in the introductory pages, but no one could mistake it, after reading, for anything but a daring invention of the writer's own. Fantastically surreal as the conception of the book is, its interest depends wholly upon the manner of the narration, and this is excellent, in its brevity, simplicity, and vividness. There is always an imaginative quality to be found in the writings of the younger Hawthorne that proves him the son of his father, and it appears in Archibald Malmaison as much in the setting of the scenes, and the style of the dialogue, as in the original idea of the character, or rather the subjective state of the last of the doomed family of Malmaison. The interest of the weird narrative increases to the end, more than fulfilling the promise of the earliest chapters. The abrupt dialogue between Penroyal and his wife, just before the death of the former, paints his state of mind as well as pages of disquisition could, and the same is true of the few words that Kate utters after the murder and before Archibald leaves her in the room. We think there would take time to write a novel wherein his whole literary strength should be put forth in a way in which we, as of opinion, it has not yet been shown. Dust contained a great deal of excellent work, but the book failed to make the impression on the reader's mind that it
might have done if the latter portion had equaled the first. The fault, it seems to us, lay in conception, not in execution; something of inconsistency in Marion's character—inconsistency in the author's treatment, we mean, of course—marred our interest in her, and consequently in the whole story as such.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Life and Poems of Theodor Winthrop. Edited by his Sister. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.] We realize how remote our civil conflict has become, when we think of the dinness that gathers around names once bright with the glory of loyalty, heroism, and sacrifice. When Wendell Phillips spoke of "Baker and Lyon and Ellsworth and Winthrop and Putnam and Wescott," the very mention made a thrill run through his audience. But to this later generation these names have become, if not vox et gravitas nihilo, at least a vague historical reminiscence. To restore and revive these fading memories is a worthy task, and in this light the book before us deserves credit. Born in what Dr. Holmes has styled the Brahmin caste of New England, allied by blood to the Winthrope, Woolsey, and Davenport on one side, and to the Huguenot Linsenbars on the other, Theodore Winthrop began life with every advantage. He was graduated at Yale College, took the usual tour through Europe, and spent some time in business and for health in Panama, California, and Oregon. Several years of desultory writing and law-work followed; and at the outbreak of the rebellion, he entered the army, became an aid on the staff of Gen. Butler, and was killed in a heroic charge at the battle of Gettysburg, in June, 1863.

We know of no book like this. As respects its subject it is at once historical, descriptive, technical, illustrative, and commercial. That is to say it reviews the development of book illustration as an element of literature; it describes the different styles in use at the present day, and steel and wood-engraving, etching, lithography, heliotypes, photogravures, and the various mechanical processes which modern invention has devised to simplify and cheapen the work of illustrating books and papers; it explains these different methods in full technical terms, so that almost the reader can become an artisan if he should so choose by the book's aid; finally it presents specimens of all the various work described, some of which are extremely beautiful. We do not know when we have seen a piece of steel engraving which for delicacy of light and shade and geometrical precision of form and line equals the ornamental design facing p. 46, with the two medallion heads introduced like portraits in a panel; the work of Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co., London. And among the photographs, a picture of the famous surpass the stiff and lifeless effects of the example in George's photogravure facing p. 192, the fishing-boat off Dieppe; a simply admirable reproduction in black and white of one of Auguste Flameng's masterpieces. How solid the hulk, how thick and real the sail, how soft and liquid the water! Osgood's heliotype are represented by a view of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and a Kate Greenaway picture is a theme for one chapter of description. There is also a Woodbury type portrait of Sir John Gilbert, R. A., a choice specimen.


Dr. J. Dunbar Hylton, as he is made to be known by the title-page of his last volume, will be remembered perhaps as the author of The Heir of Lydym, reviewed on p. 359 of our last volume. With that reader and condescending student of these compositions is fully equipped to hear them performed without this book before him. To hold it is almost to have the score in hand, and at the ear the voice of a competent critic analyzing its effects and pointing out its characteristics and its beauties. The musical public should be grateful for such books as this.

Beethoven's Nine Symphonies. Analytical Essays by Sir George Grove. [Geo. H. Ellis, $3.50.] Mr. Georg Henschel introduces this useful work to American readers with a commendatory but needless preface. The essays composing it were prepared by Dr. Grove for the Saturday Concerts at the Sydenham Palace, England. Dr. Grove is not a musician, but he has a deep meaning of course in the technical and professional sense, nor even an amateur; but we all know that he is a very competent authority in musical history and criticism. What he has undertaken in these nine essays, which are also separately published in pamphlet form, is to account for the several symphonies, to show them in their relations, to analyze the structure and intent of each, and to put a listener to the performance of them in possession of a key to a full intellectual understanding of them and therefore to a profounder spiritual enjoyment. The composition of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies extended over a period of nearly twenty-five years, beginning in 1800. Dr. Grove gives the date of the first performance of each, and the circumstances of its production. The autograph of the First Symphony is lost, but its first performance was at Vienna in 1800. The Second, which, in some respects, is the most interesting of the nine, is dated Nov. 24, 1802. The Third, one of Beethoven's periods of depression owing to his deafness. The Third, of heroic dimensions, and spirit, was designed as a tribute to the First Napoleon; but the latter's assumption of imperial dignity incensed Beethoven that he cancelled his complimentary design, though the symphony remained unfinished. Similarly, Dr. Grove introduces each of the remaining six in the series, and reads each with descriptive and critical comments, effectively illustrating his remarks by copious citations from the musical text. This feature of the book gives it a capital value for the reader and one can see that a student of these compositions is fully equipped to hear them performed without this book before him. To hold it is almost to have the score in hand, and at the ear the voice of a competent critic analyzing its effects and pointing out its characteristics and its beauties. The musical public should be grateful for such books as this.

Above the Grave of John Osbornur, a Cosmopolite. By J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D. [New York: Howard Challen, 1884.]

Dr. J. Dunbar Hylton, as he is made to be known by the title-page of his latest volume, will be remembered perhaps as the author of The Heir of Lydym, reviewed on p. 359 of our last volume. With that reader and condescending student of these compositions is fully equipped to hear them performed without this book before him. To hold it is almost to have the score in hand, and at the ear the voice of a competent critic analyzing its effects and pointing out its characteristics and its beauties. The musical public should be grateful for such books as this.

As this book is only written for the perusal of true admirers of genuine poetry — those who can appreciate lofty imagination, grand conception and combination of ideas — graceful flowing numbers — choicest harmony of cadence and rhyme, weighted with high and noble aspirations, filled with feeling and pathos, adorned with simile and metaphor — for such persons of exquisite taste and feeling of heart this poet is written. He [the author] is not so arrogant as to declare this the finest poetical production of the century, but it has been written with a beauty of thought and expression, be it said, by one who will be so kind as to show it to him. If some parts of this poem are found to be inferior to others, it was so meant to be by the author. No scenery is grand, beautiful, and sublime, without undulations and breaks. A further impression of himself Dr. Hylton gives us by means of a heliotype portrait in the third of the volumes named above, which shows him as a stout, full-bearded, good-natured looking business man, of about fifty years.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, JUNE 14, 1884.

Dr. Holmes, the Spade, and Zoaan.

Rev. William C. Winslow:

My Dear Sir,—I have read with great interest the accounts of the projected exploration of Zoaan. It is said to be inhabited by a tribe of nomads, living in tents, and speaking a language resembling that of the ancient Egyptians. The region is said to be rich in gold, silver, and other minerals.

Very truly yours,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston, May 11.

The above letter, as does almost everything he writes, deserves a place in any complete collection of Dr. Holmes's works. We copy it therefore here. Who turns a paragraph more neatly with the pen than he? Who has more life and eloquence? Who handles ideas and facts with more masterly grace and skill? Who is more in love with truth and beauty, and more confident in the power of his own words to convey them?

The Graves of Keats and Shelley.

I was on a bright, lovely day in February that I drove to the Protestant Cemetery near Rome to visit the graves of Keats and Shelley. Leaving the city by the famous Appian Way, almost every step of the road is full of historical interest. On the left is the Aventine Hill, once crowned by stately temples and imperial palaces. On the right flows the Tiber, and its banks are lined with the ruins of ancient buildings. The striking pyramid of Caius Cestius stands just back of the cemetery, while some distance beyond, the lofty tomb of Cecilia Metella forms one of the most conspicuous objects in the landscape. The road is flanked by stone walls, which are peculiar to Italy, and are intended to afford shade for the peasants during the heat of the Italian summers. This same road passes by the tomb of Scipio, the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, and the magnificent new basilica of St. Paul, which is only surpassed in beauty by St. Peter's itself. At length, this road terminates in Ostia, the former port of Rome, about thirty miles distant, where the Tiber empties into the sea.

The grave of Keats is in the old cemetery, which is now no longer used for burial purposes. The walls around this cemetery, except that on the road, are only about half high, and were made so low in order that the Cestius pyramid should not be hidden from view. The cemetery is entered by a small covered stone doorway on the north side. The attention of the visitor is attracted by a marble slab set in the exterior wall of the cemetery. This slab or stele has a profile likeness of Keats in bas-relief, enclosed by a laurel wreath. The profile
was made from a cast taken by Keats's devoted friend, Joseph Severn, while the poet was on his death-bed. General Sir Vincent Eyre raised a subscription for the purpose of placing the medallion in its present position, and wrote the following lines which are inscribed under the bas-relief:

Keats! if thy cherished name be "wide in water," Read as a eulogium from some mourner's check
A sacred tribute, such as heroes seek,
Though the bier nor livid form nor blood atop
Sleep at rest! not honored less for Epithet so meek!

It will be observed that the lines form an acrostic of the poet's name. A little to the right of the doorway already mentioned is Keats's grave. It is surrounded by a small marble coping. A white-pine-tree stands at the head of the grave, and a small laurel-tree to the right. Over the grave is a marble slab containing an antique lyre worked in bas-relief. The strings of the instrument are broken, and underneath it I read the following melancholy inscription:

This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet who on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, in these words to be found engraved upon his tombstone—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Feb. 24th, 1821.

By the side of the poet lies the body of his lifelong friend, Severn. His tombstone bears this inscription:

To the memory of Joseph Severn, devoted friend to the death-bed companion of John Keats, whom he lived to see numbered among the immortal poets of England. An artist eminent for his illustrations of Italian life and nature. British Consul at Rome from 1851 to 1872, and officer of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his services to Freedom and Humanity. Died 4 August, 1879, aged 85.

Joseph Severn was originally interred in the modern cemetery, but about two years ago his remains were removed to the side of Keats's. Roses and violets grow over the graves of the two friends, who are united in death as they were in life.

While in Rome, I visited the house in the Piazza di Spagna, where Keats died. His bedroom faced the south, and overlooked the most animated street scene in Rome. Just below the windows is the Fontana della Barcaccia, a boat-shaped fountain, while opposite is the Via Condotti, which leads to the Tiber. From the base of the fountain ascends the magnificent flight of stairs leading to the beautiful promenade on the Pincian Hill, and finally terminating at the lofty Church of the Trinità de Monte from the portico of which the eye takes in one of the most superb architectural views in Europe.

Keats's mournful apprehension that his name would be forgotten has not been realized. Byron said all must revere the name of Keats, even the water in which his name "was writ" would respect it and freeze. Shelley immortalized the memory of his friend in his fine poem, "Adonis, " while his own genius will forever keep his name from oblivion.

All readers of Trelawny's Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron will remember the graphic description of the burning of Shelley's body as he lay on the banks of the Gulf of Spezia, in whose treacherous waters the most graceful poet of his age had been drowned a few days before. His ashes were placed in a box and taken to Rome and buried in the Protestant Cemetery, in a recess in the Roman wall, immediately below the pyramid of Cestius. It is one of the most elevated spots in the cemetery. In front of the grave Trelawny planted seven cypress trees, seven of which are still standing, and have grown to a height of about fifty feet. A solitary cypress keeps watch at the foot of the poet's grave. The small marble tombstone has this simple inscription:

Percy B. Shelley
Cor Cordeum
Natus IV Aug. MDCCXVIII
Obiit VIII Jul. MDCCXXI.
"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

Nature has not forgotten the poet who loved her so passionately and expressed his love with such exquisite beauty. Over his seceded grave wild violets bloom and the classic acacia clings lovingly to the grassy mound above the remains of the poet of nature.

Mr. Geo. S. Hillard, in his admirable work, _Six Months in Italy_, thus names at Shelley's grave:

Shelley—that intense and ethereal spirit who was called away from earth before he had completed his twentieth year—just as his wild visions were yielding to truth and experience, and his fervid mind was working itself clear by its own efforts—a fact which should always be borne in mind, both in estimating his genius and forming an opinion of his character.

The vacant space in the recess where Shelley lies was filled a year ago by the body of an enthusiastic admirer, Trelawny, who survived him sixty years, and dying in England, requested to be buried by the side of the poet in Rome.

_Eugene L. Didier._

MRS. BROWNING.

_Collections Toward a Bibliography._

1856. _An Essay on Mind, and Other Poems._

No part of this volume appears in the authorized collections of her works.

1859. _Prometheus Bound, translated from the Greek of Aeschylus, and Miscellaneous Poems._

The translations from Aeschylus were afterwards replaced.

1859. _The Seraphim, and Other Poems._

The title poem is a lyrical drama portraying the crucifixion as a spectacle to angels.

1859. _The Romances of the Page._

1851. _Chaucer's Poems Modernised._

Jointly with Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, Bell, and others.


First collected edition, presenting revision of some of her earlier work, and many new writings now first published.

1851. _Casida Guildar._

Social and political aspects of life in Italy.


1855. _Prometheus Bound, and Other Poems, including translations from the Portuguese._

Social and political aspects of life in Italy.

1856. _Aurora Leigh._

Narrative of English Life.

1860. _Poems before the Congress._ [Villa Franca.]

1880. _Poems._ 2d ed.

1884. _Last Poems._

1873. _Poetical Works._ 10th ed. 5 vols.


With a memoir by Theodore Tilton.


_The Book of the Poets._ With some account of the Greek poets.

—_A New Spirit of the Age._ 2 vols.

Jointly with R. H. Horne.

2. _Biography and Criticism._

Ainsworth, W. _Major Women._

Bayes, Peter. _Essays in Biography._

Chorley, _Personal Reminiscences._ "Bric-a-Brac Series." I


Curtis, G. W. _Harper's M. Easy Chair._ xxiii., p. 555.

Gilliéon, _Literary Portraits._

Hawthorne, N. _Passages from Italian Notebooks._ I. p. 371.


Macready, _Journal._


Ossoli, M. F. _Art, Literature, etc._

Paton, James. _Eminent Women of the Age._

Smiles, S. _Brief Biographies._

Stedman, C. _Victorian Poets._ Chap. V.

Taylor, B. _At Home and Abroad._

Whipple, E. F. "English Poets of the 19th Century._" Essays and Reviews. I.


"Mrs. Browning and Miss Low._" _Eclectic._ M., 23: 337.

"Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Adama._" W. J. Fox. _People's Journal._ 1: 130.

"Recollections of Mrs. Browning._" R. H. Horne. _St. James._ 35: 466.

"A Day with Mr. and Mrs. Browning._" E. C. Kinsey. _Scriblerian._ M., 1: 185.

_World Biographies._

Cornelius Walford. This well-known antiquarian writer and statistical authority was born in London in 1827; being descended from an Essex family of the old yeomanry stock, with a clear pedigree from the time of Edward II. He was as a lad slow to fix upon any future profession, while quite determined not to lead a life of gentile idleness such as had been too customary with his progenitors. He wanted to see the world and make an independent mark in it; and to do this as far as possible by his own unaided exertions. This latter problem it was that caused some apparent vacillation of purpose. He was placed in an attorney's office to learn business, and in turn studied medicine, the actuarial profession (of which he became and remains an expert), and at last settled down as a barrister-at-law (member of the ancient Corporation of the Middle Temple, London), with a training that made his services of peculiar value in connection with Insurance Law practice. Mr. Walford commenced to write for the press at a very early age, and became an expert short-hand writer;
earning his guinea, we suspect, by reporting and press writing, pending their advent from higher professional work. But the love of literature once acquired seldom leaves a man; and so it is in the case of every system of money and of weights and measures. Mr. Walford’s next work was one well known on this side of the Atlantic, *The Insurance Guide and Handbook*, published anonymously in 1857–8. The author was unknown as an insurance authority then, and he adopted the anonymity as a means of securing fair play for his book. It soon proclaimed itself, and brought its author fame and professional practice. We have heard the author say that he forgives the publisher of the pirated edition over here, because it made him so many friends on this side—as he found during his first visit, in 1857 (by the way, the secret of authorship was a whip that had transpired), and has continued to find on all his visits to the United States and Canada, since. It was then known as the “red book.” The work has gone through several editions. It was the preparation of this work that Mr. Walford’s love for statistical research became developed, and he afterwards became, and has remained for more than a quarter of a century, a prominent member of the Statistical Society of London, and the author of many valuable papers in its journal. We ought to add that one of the results of his first visit to the United States was a small work containing a careful review of the early educational laws in the New England and other States. He also contributed to the Statistical Society several papers on the progress of the United States, regarding population and material wealth; and has continued to take a marked interest in the progress of this country, which he has since visited on various occasions and knows pretty thoroughly east, north, and west, including California. Encouraged by the success of his first work on life insurance, Mr. Walford about 1871 commenced the publication of the *Insurance Cyclopaedia*, a work purporting to deal with all branches of insurance, so practical in all ages—a work wherein you may familiarly read the Maritime Insurance Contract, upon which Denoonises pleaded against Lacrus B.C. 340, on the one hand, and the latest improvement in the fire engines, or in calculating machines, on the other—all the articles being written by the author himself. The work is now in its sixth volume, and may be regarded as about half completed. It is well known on this side of the Atlantic. The London Times, in reviewing it a few years since, spoke of it as a work “of national importance.” It may be said that of late years Mr. Walford has confined his professional labors almost entirely to insurance specialties, and to international law. He is a member of the Executive Council of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, and has contributed to its proceedings some of the most important papers. He is also on the history of the operations of the “Hanseatic League” in the United Kingdom; another upon the “Commercial Greatness of Liverpool.” There is hardly a

nation in Europe by which he has not been consulted regarding its insurance regulations; and on this side he has long been extensively known in a like connection. He speaks in glowing terms upon the advantages and beauties of our own city. In 1875 he published a work upon *The Famines of the World*, involving great research, and has written the article in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* on the same subject. This led him to an investigation of the subject of markets and fairs, and upon the latter he has published an important work, forming one of the volumes of the antiquary’s library. A work on markets is in course of preparation. In 1880 our author published an historical work upon *Gilds* which have played an important part in the social economy, and municipal and commercial history of England. A new edition is now in preparation—indeed, the first having been very speedily exhausted. These elaborate historical works brought Mr. Walford some honors, and he was elected a Vice-President of the Royal Historical Society; to whose transactions he has contributed various papers of great interest. He is a Vice-President of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, and has contributed a variety of papers to the annual volumes of its proceedings—especially one on “Book Fairs” to the volume just issued. Mr. Walford has, during these various researches, brought together a very large library—one of the largest private libraries existing in England. It is especially rich in literature bearing upon insurance—that being indeed one of its specialties; also in short-hand systems and short-hand literature generally; again, in subjects connected with the library of the press and the history of particular journals, editors, etc. He has in contemplation the preparation of a Dictionary of Periodical Publications—a work designed to be of general utility, as also of much interest. It is supposed that it will contain histories, more or less in detail, of some thirty thousand newspapers, magazines, reviews, etc., as also a number of editors, critics, contributors, etc. In addition to the foregoing Mr. Walford has contributed largely to the daily, the weekly, and especially to the insurance press, in his own country as in this also. The pages of *Notes and Queries*, the *Journal of the Institute of Actuaries*, and the transactions of the Social Science Association; the *Antiquary*, the *Biblographer*, all contain evidence of his literary activity. He talks of other works on which he has projected, such as, a “History of the River Thames”—a magnificent subject, but requiring great research. The river Thames is associated at all points with the history of the nation. Then again, a “History of Wool,” once the great staple trade of the kingdom. No doubt researches into these subjects can be carried on simultaneously; but the wear and tear is great. We know that a history of the Great Trading Companies was engaging his attention several years since. He has just retired from the Presidency of the Short-hand Society. We need only add that Mr. Walford has been twice married, and has a family of nine children—his eldest son having adopted the United States for his home. This completes the outline; it seems to me that published at the same prices, Maurice’s biography would have a large sale. Of course, brought out in this way, publishers’ “padding” would have to be omitted.

The British Association in Canada in August next.

There was inquiry in our columns not long since for Mr. Dawson’s study of Tennyson’s *Princess*. We have a copy of the book, with the compliments of the publishers, Dawson Bros. of Montreal, for the inquirer, if she will send us her address.

Apropos to what was said in our last issue of a short, cheap trip to Europe, we may state that E. M. Jenkins, 237 Broadway, New York, has issued the prospectus of a Thirty Days’ Excursion from New York to London and Paris, for $400, all expenses paid; which we commend to the attention of busy people.

**OCCURRENCES.**

(The conditions of admission to this department of the *Literary World* are, something in the nature of an ability to say it, brevity, and the writer’s full name and address.)

**Cheaper Books, etc.**

To the Editor of the *Literary World*:

I have been wondering if something could be done to put a certain class of new books, as they come out, into the hands of a wider circle of readers. I refer especially to biographical works. Within about fifteen months four or five excellent biographies have been given to the world, every one of them at so high a price as to keep them out of the reach of ordinary readers. The lives of Clerk Maxwell, Lord Lawrence, Professor Palmer, and F. D. Maurice I recall just now. Three of these have been two-volume editions, the price being $6.00 and $5.00; Professor Palmer’s was in one volume at $3.00. Noticing that several of the reviewers—among them the *Literary World*—called attention to the fact that this latter work lacked an index, and believing it had been received favorably enough to put upon the market by some of the more or less "piratical" publishers. Now I am not arguing for that sort of thing; I believe literary theft is as bad as any sort of theft; but it seems to me that a respectable house might put out a one-volume edition of such books at a low price, and that the venture would be financially successful. Mr. Roberts Bros. sold a large number of Thirlwall’s *Letters to a Friend*, at $1.50. I think the books I have mentioned would appeal to at least as wide a circle of readers. Of the Carlyle *Reminiscences*, etc., we had four or five editions, from 15 cents to two or three dollars, and the venture would be financially successful.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.]

Will you tell me what you think about the matter?

I am glad to see that the success of Macmillan's New Illustrated Magazine seems now to be assured. The illustrations in the May number were superb — I think equal to The Century or Harper's; there were also one or two good stories, and Crane's poem was above the standard of ordinary magazine verses.

Copenhagen, N. Y.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

Karshiah — an Explanation.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Touching some answers to certain difficult passages in Mr. Browning's poems in the Literary World, March 8, the Academy of April 5, its comment on the same, remarks on the anachronism that "Karshiah reasons from a Mahometan standpoint." The writer, Mr. Corwin, mentioned, and should have said cabalistic standpoint, and the anachronism then is justified. It is a conviction, based on Karshiah's spiritual mindedness and scientific preoccupations, that he was under such influence, and that the "sage" who lived in the Pyramid alone was one of those initiates who taught in the interests of occultism. Karshiah attributes the earthquake which followed upon the death of Christ to a manifestation perpetuating the loss occult science sustained in the death of his own Pyramid-sage — possibly, why not, a precursor of Mahomet? Now the Kabbala, said to be the tradition of the children of Seth, carried into Chaldia by Abraham, caught by Joseph to the Egyptian priesthood, purified again by Moses, and concealed in the Bible under symbolism, contained in germ all religions — Mahometanism included. It is, say the cabalists, the same doctrine revealed to St. John in the Apocalypse by the Saviour himself. It was essentially spiritualistic and scientific in its teachings. In his search for the universal medicine, the cabalistic physician looked for the crowning result of all science — the remedy against Evil — the moral regeneration of man, and which his teachers contended would only be effected by the conjunction of Science and Faith — Wisdom and Love. It is this reflection, the writer thinks, which haunts Karshiah when he says:

The very God! think about it! do thou think To the All-Great were the All-Loving too?

Thus, in a deeper sense, the historical fact of the Hegira (622) might be viewed and Karshiah might still reason from a Mahometan standpoint.

An interesting companion study to the Epistle of the Arab Physician, is the poem of Cleon; contrasting the cabalistic Karshiah with the fatalist Cleon.

Ithaca, N. Y.

WANTED — A NEW PROONON.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

The English language with all its boasted copiousness is still in want of a word, and hardly a day passes that any one speaking the language does not feel the want. The word is a word that shall express personality without denoting gender — a word that can be used in place of either he or she. The need of such a word is too strongly felt by every one to require much argument. At present two ways are devised to overcome the difficulty; ordinarily one would say, "Every one is the architect of their own fortune" — incorrect but expressive. If the speaker is one accustomed to speak by the card, he says, "Every one is the architect of his or her own fortune." — cumbersome but exact. Cannot some of our scholars devise a word that shall predicate nothing whatever about gender, that can be used indifferently for he or she? We are told that language is constantly receiving additions; can this really necessary word not be added to our vocabulary? Let us hear suggestions on the subject. Yours truly,

W. M. D. ARMS.

Oakland, Cal.

A Paralellism.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Has this parallelism already been noted?

True love transcends the unworthy object; God gives us love. Some unmerited object is loved. God lends us. But when love is a groove, To rejoin that on which it falls off, and love is left alone.

EMERSON: FRIENDSHIP.

Jacksonville, Ill.

J. H. W.

MINOR NOTICES.


Charming and graceful as the poetry of Cowper is at his best, his letters are even more graceful and charming. He was long ago styled the best of English letter-writers, and in these days, when this pleasant and unselfish accomplishment has fallen largely into disuse, no new rival surely can dispute his title. Mrs. Olliphant's selection of his poems in the Golden Treasury Series is therefore fitly followed by this volume of his letters, prepared by Mr. Benham, the competent editor of the Golden Cowper. The introduction briefly outlines the writer's life, indicates the course and changes of his acquaintance, and adds sufficient detail to set each correspondent in an intelligible light. The special charm of the letters lies in the perfect reflection they give to each shade and phase of the poet's life, a reflection undimmed by the first breath of self-consciousness or display, and mirrored in the purest, choicest, simplest English. His correspondent seems always present with him, and the moods of his mind change with the invisible influence of those with whom he communes. The spiritual tyranny of Newton casts its shade over all of Cowper's letters to his pastor, but the melancholy is happily lifted and lightened when he takes his pen to salute his cousins, Lady Hasketh and John Johnson, and is always softened by the affectionate tenderness of his relations to the Unwins. The range of Cowper's interest is wider than many suppose, and the delights of the garden or the social circle mingle with indignation at the taxation of the poor, sarcasm for the stupid mistakes of the British Cabinet, and generous but discriminating criticism upon books and their authors. A vein of pleasantry is often discernible, and occasionally the genial humor bubbles over into a running stream. The letters have been carefully collated with the original manuscripts, numerous omissions have been filled out, and the order of composition has been followed. These advantages, added to the convenience in size and print, will make this collection a classic edition of this classic work.

Leibniz. By John Theodore Merz. [J. B. Lipscott & Co. $1.25.]

This is the eighth volume in the series of "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," edited by Professor F. Jackson. It is equal to any of the preceding seven. Of course it has not the poetic fascination of the volume on Berkeley, for Leibniz does not furnish (except in the tragic loneliness of his last days, and in his funeral, when he was buried more like a robber than what he really was, the ornament of his country) so much material for romantic interest. But he was one of the giants of that seventeenth century — the age of scientific Peisai — and has left a deep mark upon the history of civilized man. In Mers' modest little volume there is not only an interesting sketch of his life and personal appearance, but a very clear statement of his various contributions to human science and philosophy. The writer shows an accurate knowledge of mathematics also, and gives an impartial and discriminating view of the controversy concerning the invention of the calculus. All is told in a way to be understood by the general reader; and a descriptive list of the best editions of Leibniz' writings is added, for the guidance of those who would pursue the subject further.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Wordsworth Birthday Book has arrived direct from London, and proves to be a small quarto on the conventional plan, not any better made than average American books, daintily bound in pale green, with a photographic profile of Wordsworth for a frontispiece. [Hamilton, Adams & Co.]

There is some amusement in the little book called Broken English, which, by means of alternating pages in English and French, endeavors to illustrate the difficulties of a Frenchman in the use of the English language. For example, Mr. Debois in his dialogue with Mr. Brown, narrates as follows:

I am going to leave my hotel. I paid my bill yesterday, and I said to the landlord, "Do I owe anything else?" He said, "Yes, sir." "What am I?" He said again, "You are square." "That's strange!" I said, "I lived so long I never knew I was square before." Then he said he was going away be shook me by the hand, saying, "I hope you'll be round soon." I said, "I thought you said I was square. Now you say you hope I'll be round." He laughed and said, "When I tell you you'll be round, I mean you won't be long." I did not know how many words he wished to use to assume, however, I was glad he did not call me flat.

A good deal of real wit has gone into the writing of this book, which is quite worthy of a place on the table alongside of English as She is Spoke. [Lee & Shepard. 90c.]

Dr. Dixon's What is to be Done may be described as a handbook of directions for meeting emergencies in the nursery and playground, with special reference to the accidents and seeds
of childhood; so that nurses and young mothers may consult it with advantage. [Lee & Shepard. 30c.]

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's Fat and Blood, of which a 3d edition revised and enlarged, is at hand, is an essay descriptive of the author's method of treating cases of impaired vitality by a combination of nutritious feeding, in connection with "massage" and electricity; chiefly among women of a certain nervous temperament and worn-out condition. "Massage" is probably the best element in Dr. Mitchell's treatment; a remedial process which is yet in its infancy, and of which American physicians have much to learn. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.50.]

The whole philosophy of the "movement cure," and the system of "massage," which is a thoroughly scientific system, receive exposition in Health by Exercise, a book by Dr. George H. Taylor; which will give to the student a good idea of principles, and to the beginner, who wants to put the principles into practice, as much help as a book can give. The best way to learn the "movement cure" and its adjunct "massage" is to put one's self under the personal instruction of a master; but the masters are not plenty, and a person apt to manipulation can doubtless make some progress under Dr. Taylor's directions. [John B. Alden.]

Dr. Shirk's Female Hygiene and Female Diseases is a short essay in sixteen chapters, concerned with the subjects covered by its title, discussing them in simple language adapted to women of average intelligence, fitted to instruct them as to physiological duties and to guard them against physiological dangers; a good sensible book. [Lancaster, Pa., Pub. Co.]

The interest of Books for the People, 3d series, edited by Charles G. Bolton, lies in its exhibition of the ingenious, enterprising, and every way capital methods employed by the Cleveland Educational Bureau to instruct, entertain, and generally elevate and benefit the masses of that city on a grand scale. Concerts, lectures, readings, and good literature are the leading instrumentalities, so combined as to be dealt out by system at a low price within the reach of everybody. To these ends here presented excites admiration, and deserves careful study by all concerned with efforts for the welfare of the people. [Cleveland Educational Bureau.]

Under the title of A Day in Athens with Socrates an editor unnamed has collected a series of translated extracts from the "Protagoras" and "Republic" of Plato, prefacing them with an expository and critical essay, and supplementing them with explanatory notes; the whole in compact form and paper covers for pocket use. [Charles Scribner's Sons. 50c.]

Mr. Burton has ready the Catalogue Illustrated of the Paris Salon for 1884, with its 300 reproductions of leading works on exhibition, frequent and conspicuous among which are the pictures of naked women. [81:25] Companion to it is the National Academy Art Notes, which aims to do a show of modest worth (a more two senses) for the New York Academy of Design. Here are 122 illustrations, mostly reproduced from drawings by the artists; with a descriptive catalogue in full. [Cassell & Co. 50c.]

Emelyn Washburn's Spanish Masters given in eleven chapters an historical review of Spanish art, first by periods, next by schools, finally and more explicitly by persons, chief among whom of course are Velasquez and Murillo. A chapter is devoted to Murillo's contemporaries and followers; and an alphabetical index to the names of all Spanish painters is appended. Of these there are upwards of 300. Nine heliotype copies of representative paintings are also given. The subject is a difficult one to traverse; good Spanish authorities being scarce. The author enlivens its annals with a good deal of anecdote, some of which is doubtless apocryphal, but none the less entertaining. Her work does not pro

The latest translation of Dante's Inferno into English verse is by James Romanes Sibbald, with notes and an introductory essay. The last is excellent. The translation is conscientious, painstaking, and good, without being masterly. We quote this stanza:

As starting in the winter-time combined
Float on the wing in crouded phalanx wide,
For these had spirit, driven by the wind.
Float up and down and veer from side to side;
No steady course, nor any high or low
Of rest, or even of suffering mollified.
And as the cranes in long-drawn company
Pursue their flight while uttering their song,
So I beheld approach with wailing cry
Shades laden upward by that whirring sound.

"Master, what folk are these," I therefore said,
"Who by the murky air are whirred along?"

The book is prettily printed, and has a portrait of Dante and a full index of proper names. [Edinburgh: Douglas.]

The specimens and extracts of The Poetry of Modern Greece, translated by Florence McPherson, make an attractive and instructive book, like which there has been nothing heretofore. The collection is divided into two parts, of which the first is made up of ballads, the second of the work them, and poets of the present century. Brief remarks are appended to all the specimens given, and historical events referred to are described. [Macmillan.]

And now we have A History of the Irish People, by Mr. W. A. O'Connor, which seems to aim to do for Ireland what Mr. J. R. Green has done for England. The work is strongly recommended by Mr. H. S. Fagan in the Academy for its freshness of thought, candor, and vigor of style, of which the following sentences about O'Connell may be taken as an example:

A constitutionalist by nature, and3 shocked by the sight of the revolutionary excesses in France, he chose moral agitation as the means of his deliverance. But this peaceful struggle was conducted with the shout and the onset of the warrior. He roused, united, and informed the people of the wrongs of oppressed Ireland, and made it potentially a nation. . . . His gait, as he trod the streets, was a challenge to any man who claimed a servile demeanour.20 One of his most characteristic scenes is the passage in which his address is so vividly described that the reader can scarcely now realize that the character as he stood alone in the centre of the street with the skeletons of caddies and the swarthy upturned faces of Irish thieving him had on his side, with a hulking, sinewy, and, and called the his words and actions indescribable. His words and actions and they stood on their feet an ex.
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The work is in two volumes. [Simpkin, Marshall & Co.]

A readable book, and sometimes an amusing one, is Lady Jackson's Court of the Twenties from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe, which presents a graphic, lively picture of French society, much after the pattern of her former history, which was written at Trinity, not always fresh or well written, but full of entertainment with its pen portraits of famous people, like Chateaubriand and Madame Recamier, and with its racy anecdotes of kings, queens, and weavers of the purple. [Bentley.]

What Lady Jackson has done for the life of the French Court, Mr. Fitzgerald has done for The Life and Times of William IV, giving in two bulky volumes a view of society and manners during his reign. Work of this sort, which is of course wholly compilation from the writings of others, is not the highest type of literature, but it certainly requires art to do it well, and Mr. Fitzgerald is an adept in the art, such as it is. Portraits, personalities, gossip, abound in these pages — that small talk about large people which furnishes so large a part of the intellectual delight of the hour. [Tinsley.]

A second series has been collected of Mr. W. R. W. Sellar's Essays, contributed mainly to the Edinburgh, Westminster, and North British Reviews, in 1831 and '32, when this brilliant writer but not very happy thinker was a comparatively young man. "France," he says in the first sentence of the opening essay in this book, "is the land of experiment, England the land of compromise." A delightful little book for lovers of out-door life is Hours in a Garden, by "E. V. B. B," which describes a pleasant horticultural undertaking in Buckinghamshire, including a variety of experiences with gardeners, hedges, flowers, birds, fruits, and cobwebs; the whole made additionally attractive by means of pretty vignettes inserted in the text. [Stock.]

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

— Mr. Shorthouse's story of The Little Schoolmaster Maré is to have a sequel. — Copies of the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey are to be presented to Harvard and Bowdoin Colleges by vote of the English Longfellow Memorial Committee. — Under the title of The Victorian Era W. H. Allen & Co. are about to publish a dictionary of all persons of note who have lived during the reign of her present Majesty. — The late Mr. James Crossley left a private library of about 20,000 volumes, which has just been sold by auction in Manchester. — Mr. E. W. Gosse succeeds Mr. Leslie Stephen as Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, the latter being obliged to resign on account of other pressing engagements. — Mr. Spencer's essay on "Education" has been translated into Chinese. — The French Colony in Berlin is preparing a history of the French settlement in that capital.

— Mr. Henry Lucy will gather out of the London Daily News his recent letters thereto descriptive of a journey to the United States, Japan, and India, calling the book East by West. — Mr. T. F. O'Connor's biography of Lord Beaconsfield has reached a sixth edition. — The memorial addresses and other tributes called forth by the death of the late Prince Leopold have been gathered into a volume of Garlands for a Royal Grave. — Dr. Ginsburg has completed his text of the Massorah, and given a dinner to several scholars and other friends interested in the work by way of celebrating the event. — Death and Disease behind the Counter is the title of a forthcoming work by Mr. Sutherst which will discuss the evils of long hours and overwork in shops and warehouses. — The third and fourth volumes of the Duc D'Aumale's History of the House of Condé are in press in Paris. — A volume of the correspondence of Paul de Saint Victor is in preparation at the hands of M. Paul de Saint Victor. — Edouard Calderon is called by Mr. Wentworth Webster in the Academy the Charles Lamb of Spain. His Biographie has been written by Don A. A. del Castillo, and published at Madrid in two volumes. The author, who is Prime Minister of Spain, is the nephew of the man whose life he has written.

SHAKESPEARIAN.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Thoughts on Shakespeare's Historical Plays," by Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. This is an octavo of 296 pages, lately published by W. H. Allen & Co. of London. Besides the English historical plays it includes Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, and Much Ado. A sketch of each play is given, followed by a summary of the critical comments of the leading Shakespearian and historical authorities, with references in foot-notes to the works cited, accompanied in many cases with illustrative quotations. This makes it a useful book for the teacher who has not a large library at hand.

Mrs. Pott's Baconian Tracts. W. H. Guest & Co. of London have published a three-volume pamphlet by Mrs. Henry Pott (editor of Bacon's Promus) entitled Shakespeare's "32 Reasons for Believing that he Did." We can cordially commend it as a cheap and convenient substitute for all the bigger books on the subject. It gives in the compass of about twenty pages the gist of all that can be said in favor of the Baconian theory. Under some of the "reasons" the "author" may find "examples" are given. Thus, for instance, under the statement that "Bacon's most familiar expressions and terms of speech are common in Shakespeare, although not common to the language of the period," we find:

EXAMPLES: — Take note, Let it be noted, Note that, etc., very frequent throughout Bacon's scientific and professional works, and to be found upwards of 1,000 times in the plays. "What is the cause?" "The cause is," etc. This habit of inquiring into the cause of everything is reflected nearly 330 times in the plays. "In brief, briefly," etc., may be found nearly 100 times. "To conclude, in conclusion," etc., 80 times. "Set it down." "Out of question," "I conceive," "It is strange," "or interred, inquired, examined," etc., "Certainly, it is certain," and a quantity of such expressions, not commonly used by other writers, are common to both groups of works.

Reviewers of the Promus have proved that Mrs. Pott is not to be trusted in these sweeping statements as to the vocabulary of the contemporaries of Bacon and Shakespeare. In this pamphlet she asks that "any student who may find grounds for disputing or contradicting any of her propositions will send her his discoveries, corrections, or suggestions;" and she promises to give a summary of these in future editions of her brochure. She also announces a second pamphlet, "comparing the principal events in the life of Bacon with the Shakespeare plays and their dates;" and a third on "Bacon's Science in Shakespeare." 

Mr. Geo. H. Browne's "Notes on Shakespeare's Verification." This little pamphlet, published by Ginn, Heath & Co. of this city, is the best treatise on the subject in compact form that I have seen. A college teacher is likely to use with his students; and we understand that it has been adopted by Prof. Child for his Shakespeare classes at Harvard.

The "Friendly Edition" in Harvard College. Speaking of Prof. Child reminds us that he sent us the following, under date of May 31, 1884, with permission to print it, which we are proud to do:

"Having now used nearly twenty of the plays of Shakespeare in Mr. Rolfe's edition, I have found his notes useful in college classes, I wish to say that they answer my purpose entirely, and to repeat what I have said before, that these notes are not in judgment and keep pace with scholarship. Though prepared with special reference to students, they will prove not less acceptable to readers of all kinds, equally those who think they require no notes and those who find that Shakespeare's plays are of too much difficulty for them. Evidently the notes, though copious, are at the end of the book, and may be neglected at will. The text is carefully attended to, and the volumes are pretty and handy."

"The Law in Shakespeare," by Cushman K. Davis. A second edition of this interesting book has been issued by the West Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn. It is a well-printed volume of more than three hundred pages, and cites and discusses 312 passages in which Shakespeare uses legal technicalities. The frequent cross-references and the good index of sixteen pages will be appreciated by the student.

We have not taken pains to compare the matter minutely with that of preceding books on the same subject, but we are inclined to think that it is more complete than any of them; while the clearness with which even the commonest law terms are defined renders it especially useful to those who are unversed in legal lore.

The Baconian delusion is incidentally criticised and condemned in pages 37-48. Mr. Appleton Morgan, in an article in the St. Paul Pioneer Press of February 24, 1884, says of this portion of the book: "Gov. Davis has added a notable contribution to the material accumulating to answer this question, if answered it ever is to be. . . . Shakespearians will puff him for his heavy blows at the Baconians; Baconians will secretly approve him for building better than he knew when he traced an aristocratic lawyer in every Shakespearean line; and the neutral student will add to his book to Shakespeareans, among the fresh rather than the stale matter, with pleasure and thanksgiving."

Shakespeare at the Whist Table. Our poet is an inexhaustible source of quotations for all sorts of subjects and occasions; and it is wonderful how well these excerpts often are, though used in connections of which their author
would never have dreamed. A correspondent in Columbus, Ohio, has sent us a capital illustration of this in the shape of an elegantly printed little souvenir of a series of games played by the Whist Club of that city. A few of the passages will serve as samples of the whole, and the point of each will be clear to every whist-player:

Whatever else shall hap to-night, give it an understanding, but no tongue ('Hum. l. 2). I am lain to shuffle ('M. W. 11. 2). Who leads? ('Hem. IV. iv. 1). The most patient man in loss, the most cold that ever turned up ace (Cymb. ii. 3). I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds ('Hum. v. 2). Have not here the best cards for the game, to win this easy match ('A. John. i. 2). One out of suits with Fortune, that could give more but that her hand lacks means (O. E. L. i. 2). Our sport shall be to take what they mistake ('M. W. D. v. 11. i). I'll mark the play ('Hum. iii. 3). Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally ('Hem. F. iv. 7)."

A Queer Misprint of a Shakespearean Quotation. In the 14th ed. of Mr. R. H. Shepherd's Tennysoniana (London, 1879), p. 88, the following from Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3, 151, is cited as a parallel to a passage in Tennyson's Ulysses: 'To have done is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail In monumental mockery.'

It is hardly necessary to say that "nail" should be "mail."

Appearances of Tennyson, can any reader of the World inform us where we can borrow or have the privilege of examining a copy of the third (1839) edition of The Princess? We should also be glad to see the fourth (1851), though we have the American edition which appears from internal evidence to be a reprint of it.

The conditions of Tennyson's edition of the Poems of 1833 and 1835, published in 1835, are similar to that of the Selection published in 1845.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author: and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.)

659. Richard Reaff. Will you tell me if any collection of the poems of Richard Reaff, or any sketch of his life has ever been published? I have been having interest, ever since his untimely death, for the promised publication, as I was charmed with what I had seen of his writing.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The life of Reaff is not yet published, but is in active preparation by Mr. Reaff, who has long been engaged in collecting materials, and has secured a Boston publisher. Last summer Prof. Supplee visited England, and saw Reaff's mother, sister, brother, and many of his friends, as well as his early home. His work will probably appear in October or November next.

660. Head of the Table. Did the expression, "Where Macdonald sits is the head of the table," originate?

J. C.

With Cervantes, in Don Quixote, chap. xiv. Quoted both by Emerson and Theodore Parker.

661. Study of Mrs. Browning. May I ask you to furnish me a list of the best sources for careful reading and close study of the life and works of Mrs. Elizabeth Browning?

CHRISTIANBURG, PA.

B. W.

An answer to this question will be found on p. 197 of this paper, in the form of "Collections Toward a Bibliography of Mrs. Browning."


663. "W. Lehman, N. H."

T. C. PEASE.

NEWS AND NOTES.

— Mr. W. J. Linton, whose History of Wood-Engraving in America called forth some approval in England and much adverse criticism in America, has just prepared a Manual of Instruction on Wood-Engraving. The author confines his attentions mainly to the technicalities of the art, though the earliest chapters are devoted to a history of wood-engraving. Another chapter is occupied by "the methods in process of printing," and the wood-engraver's use of the tools he has used, the scope of photography, its use and abuse, and various interesting matters of a practical and helpful nature. While Mr. Linton's book is supposed to be simply a manual, it must be remembered that he is a strong hater of what he chooses to call the new school of engraving, and very many of the conclusions he draws should be accepted with this in mind. In a chapter entitled "What Constitutes an Artist," he gives an interesting and extremely valuable essay. Another very important feature of the book is the bibliography of wood-engraving with which the book is concluded. Messrs. Bell & Sons are the London publishers.

— Mr. Charles Burr Todd, who has been engaged for some years on a life of Joel Barlow, one of America's early men of letters, has come into possession of a large and valuable collection of Barlow's literary remains, made by the late Professor Olmstead. Besides several unpublished poems, the collection contains some 1,500 letters, touching almost every topic of public interest from 1780 to 1812. Among Barlow's correspondents were Lafayette, Volney, Hayley, the early Presidents of the United States, Oliver Wolcott, Robert Fulton, Noah Webster, and John Trumbull. Fulton lived seven years in Barlow's family in Paris, and the letters between them have very interesting references to the steamboat.

— The Rev. Samuel Longfellow is progressing steadily but not rapidly with the biography of his brother, the poet. The work, which was expected to be ready this fall, cannot now possibly appear before another spring. It will make at least two large octavo volumes. The material is abundant, and requires careful sitting. Mr. Longfellow left no masses of letters with single correspondents, like the Emerson-Carlyle volume, but he wrote many letters to many people, and received many. The late Sam Ward was a frequent correspondent, and there is an interesting batch of Freiligrath letters. Mr. Longfellow also kept for many years minute diaries, and these will be liberally utilized.

— The School of Languages to be held the coming season at Burlington, Vt., under the leadership of Dr. L. Sauveur, has for the past six years held its annual sessions at Amherst, Mass., with great success. Programmes giving full particulars may be had at the bookstores of Carl Schoenbof, Boston, Mass.; F. W. Christer, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O.

— The latest volume in the new "Theological Library" is entitled Is God Knowable? by Rev. J. Iverach, M.A., of Aberdeen. The next will attempt to answer the question, What is a Saving Faith? by the Rev. Prof. J. J. Given. The series has thus far been a decided success. Mr. Whitaker will also issue a third edition of Bishop Kip's Unnoticed Things of Scripture.

— Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, have ready The Labor-Value Fallacy, a discussion of Socialism and Henry George's theories, by Mr. M. L. Scudder, Jr., author of Congested Prices, etc. The same firm will also bring out simultaneously with this The Times of Alchemy, the sixth and concluding volume of the "Surgeon's Stories."

— Etes & Lutari have in preparation a sumptuously illustrated edition of Moore's Lalla Rookh, the illustrations being colored photographs of the engravings used with the text. This house has secured the exclusive right to use the photogravure process in this country.

— Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the N. Y. Tribune, has written a volume called Notes on the Cultivation of Choral Music and the Oratorio Society of New York, which will be brought out by Messrs. Schubert & Co., the musical publishers.

— Phillips & Hunt will shortly issue Professor W. C. Wilkinson's Greek Course in English, the third volume in the "After School Series," of which in all nearly 50,000 copies have been sold.

— The Maccabean Publishing Company is a new firm in New York, whose special field seems to be the publication of literature illustrative of Hebrew life.

— Dr. McConahy's next issue in the Philosophic Series will be entitled The Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley, with a notice of the Scottish School.

— S. E. Casiano announces for publication A Manual of the Museums of North America, illustrated.

— The title of "J. S. of Dale's" new novel is changed from Henry Vane to The Crane of Henry Vane.
The Literary World.

1884.

Fact and Opinion.

It was a very great help to him [F. D. Maurice] to compile his books by dictation, and as a result of his literary writing in various manner of dictation was to sit with a pillow on his knees, hugged tightly in his arms, or to walk up and down the room still clutching the pillow, or suddenly sitting down, or standing before the fire, with the pillow still on his knees or under his left arm, to seize a pointer and voice attack the fire, then to walk away from it to the furthest end of the room, return, and poke violently at the fire. Then, thinking the business unbusiness of what he was doing, poking the whole contents of the fire-place through the bars into the biological sketches of living writers, essays upon distinguished authors not living, criticisms of famous or important works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each entry is subject-title, se-
teed by leading name, word of name, word of periodical (foreign periodicals in italic), date, or volume, number, and page. Subjects towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.

Clarke, Mary Cowden. Boston Advertiser, June 4, 7, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 27, 31.


Irving and his Life of Washington. Independent, June 5.


PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.


Essays and Sketches.


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FORTNIGHTLY.

Vol. XXV. No. 12.
Wholesale No. 93.
Charleston, June 28, 1884.

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One peculiarity of Brockhaus consists in its frequent encroachment upon the dictionary. The latest number, for instance, explains such words and terms as "Grabstech" or burial; "Greek fides;" "Greek sunt, non leguntur;" "grâce;" "gradation;" "gradation;" "graduale;" "gradus ad Parnassum;" "Graham bread," etc. Another peculiarity of the work consists in its avoidance of general articles, it being intended for quickly-satisfied reference rather than for elaborate reading. In fact, the work will have about 70,000 entries, or enough to satisfy all general readers. For this reason the Brockhaus *Conversations-Lexikon* deserves a place in every reference library where any visitors, students, or general readers understand the German language.

**THE PRINCESS ALICE.**

From its plain cover of blue linen, stamped with a gilt coronet in the upper left-hand corner, on to the minute and careful index at the close, through all its outward rich simplicity of paper and print, in its abundant inner material of heart-baring letters, and in the true, pure, sweet womanly character and life which it depicts, this is a royal book; a book the fact and possibility of which should be a proud gem in the crown of England’s queen. In 1843 the Princess Alice was born, the third child and daughter of Victoria and the Prince Consort. Alice Maud Mary was her full baptismal name. An archbishop christened her, a king, a prince, and two princesses were her sponsors; her childhood was spent in a palace, and in 1861 she was married to the German Prince Louis of Hesse. Yet she was woodel and won like any other daughter.

"After dinner," writes the Queen mother in her diary,

I perceived Alice and Louis talking before the fire-place more earnestly than usual, and I walked over to the other room, both came up to me, and Alice in much agitation said he had proposed to her, and he begged for my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand and say ‘Certainly,’ and that we would see him in our room later."

The rest of the Princess’s life was spent in her new home in Hesse, at Darmstadt, Krinichstein, Gotha, and Berlin, or at Fishbach in Silesia, with occasional visits back to London and to Italy. Her life therefore was an English portrait in a German frame; the portrait of a sincere, unaffected, conscientious, benevolent, well-endowed Englishwoman, born to a princely station, and intent on doing well what she found appointed to do. Domestic in her tastes, devoted to her husband and her children, spotless, her heart was also open to public duties, and she ministered freely of such things as she had received. She entered heartily into her sphere. Hospitals, homes, the poor, the sick, the studious, withal, in the hope of reforming, these were the objects of her thoughts rather than balls, banquets, fêtes, fashion, and the usual occupations of royalty. She was true daughter of her intelligent and benign father and her sedate and sensible mother. Her manners were simple and natural, without ever betraying forgetfulness of her rank and station. Deeply religious in spirit, she was bright and animated in temper. With everybody to wait on her,

her hands were always busy for herself or others. Her needlework was ever ready for unoccupied moments. She was frank, generous, independent. Her powers expanded to fill emergencies. She was attentive to her servants' wants, as well as considerate toward the social world over which she presided. Her preferred acquaintances were found among scholars, artists, and men of science. She delighted in music and painting, and attained proficiency in both arts. She spoke German with a slight accent, but well. The classic drama she enjoyed. Thoroughly and unalterably English, she adapted herself with tact to the peculiarities of her German situation. Her life was not all sunshine; but the trials of anxiety in danger, of sorrow under bereavement, of pain and distress in sickness and the dying hour she met with perfect trust in God and entire submission to his will. She died of diphtheria, of which her husband and children had been ill, on the 14th of December, 1878. "It is supposed that she must have taken the infection, when one day, in her grief and despair, she had laid her head on her sick husband's pillow." Thus human nature was again displayed in its unchanged features; and heart was seen answering to heart the world over.

The short and simple story of this lofty but unpretending life, thus tragically abbreviated, is here told in an English translation by the Princess Helena from the German of Dr. Sell, a clergyman of Darmstadt who had been selected to write it as having known the Princess Alice well and appreciated her. To aid him, Queen Victoria placed in his hands her daughter's letters to herself, and copious extracts from these letters so overlay the narrative as to make the work almost autobiographical in character. They are the letters not of a Princess to a Queen, but of a heart to a heart, and there is certainly something to be grateful for in the freedom with which Her Majesty has surrendered these sacred private letters to be read by all German and English-speaking peoples. Few chapters of royal history exceed in sweetness and light that which Queen Victoria of England is the central figure; so from that chapter these are some of the most charming and affecting pages. Two portraits of the lamented Princess adorn the volume, one a bust in profile, from a photograph taken the year of her death; the other a three quarters length, also in profile, from a photograph of 1860, two years before her marriage. In both is there a striking resemblance to the royal mother.

God save the Queen!

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.*

It is a wise father," wrote Shakespeare, "that knows his own child." It is a wise publisher, we might add, who knows his own book. The publishers of this book,

in their private announcement to the book-reviewing fraternity, introduce it by saying:

About six years ago a number of mothers in a certain town in Virginia formed themselves into a club for the purpose of discussing the best methods of disciplining their little ones in the direction of the young people of their families. A careful record was kept of the conversations and discussions in which the circle engaged, and this has just been brought out by Harper & Brothers in the form of a handsome little book, entitled Mothers in Council.

The "mothers" here shown in "council" will laugh at being thus transported from their New England home to Virginia. True, the preface of the book is dated "Washington County, Va., July, 1883;" but the Mothers' Club whose deliberations it describes and reports is a club of Cambridge, Massachusetts, mothers. The secretary of the club, who edits the book, completed her manuscript during a summer vacation in Virginia, whence the accident of the date of its preface. The story goes that the publishers, somewhat surprised by the disappearance of a large part of the first edition in the direction of Cambridge, have been heard innocently asking what should be done to meet the expected great demand from the region round about "Abingdon," Virginia!

The staple of the book is a report of meetings and conversations. The members appear under fictitious names, generally taken from the streets of Cambridge, as Mrs. "Brattle," Mrs. "Follen," Mrs. "Mason," and Mrs. "Shepard." Only one real name is used, but that is not applied to the person to whom it belongs, and is misspelled. The editor has taken further, and, we should say, a needless liberty with her materials, assigning to Mrs. "Berkeley," for example, opinions which were advanced by Mrs. "Lee," and charging Mrs. "Way" with objections thereto which were really urged by Mrs. "Washington." But as the names are all fictitious, and nobody is supposed to know "which is which," little harm will be done by this confusing of identities except to the sensitive feelings of the misrepresented parties, some of whom will not like to be held responsible even in the dark for sentiments which they did not express and do not hold.

The idea of this "Mothers' Club" is admirable; its deliberations, as here reported, are marked by great diversity of view, but are eminently practical, and the book will be found suggestive and helpful. The range of topics is wide, including obedience, work for women, self-support, the unconscious influence of parents, bathing, amusements, holidays, what to do with Sundays, reading, early rising, education, putting things in their right places, servants, sugar, hot bread, and sweet things, deference to parents, truthfulness and how to secure it, etc., etc. The club started with the reading of extracts from writers of repute on the training of children, such as Jacob Abbott and Miss Martinez. Gaining confidence, they advanced to the preparation of original papers. Out of readings and papers discussions easily proceeded, marked by entire freedom and by abundant citations from personal experience. The course of the meetings is sketched in chronological order, some of the more important papers are given in full, others are mentioned by title, conversations are reported at length, and in general the reader is admitted to membership in the club and allowed to enjoy its proceedings; the faces of the speakers only being masked.

The value of this book lies in the fact that it presents not theories, spun out by bachelors like Herbert Spencer and spinsters like Miss Martinez, but the actual experiments, difficulties, failures, and successes, of real mothers, belonging to this Year of our Lord, 1884; mothers with beating hearts and burdened lives; mothers whose peculiarities and position entitled them to be heard with as much respect as any mothers in the world. We commend the book earnestly to the attention of all parents, and to the attention of fathers as well as of mothers.

A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND.*

THIS is the best of recent books professing to give an interior view of English public life at the present day. It is a little remarkable that such a book should be the work not of an Englishman, but of a Frenchman. Yet the fact is not so remarkable when we reflect that the English things which are most likely to be most interesting to an outsider are not those which an insider would be most likely to see. And, therefore, as Mr. Richard Grant White, American, has given us about the best book on English public life at the present day, we must, after all, it is not so remarkable that the best book on English public life should be given us by M. Philippe Daryl, Frenchman.

M. Daryl is a journalist, who has lived in Great Britain ten years, and has studied its people, institutions, language, literature, and manners with the insight, sagacity, and enthusiasm of his national character. The author of John Bull and his Island, also a Frenchman, attempted a caricature; M. Daryl, in Public Life in England, executes an historical picture, whose colors are truth and sobriety. His purpose is honest and sincere; his feeling that of interest and sympathy tempered by a critical faculty; his touch is light and graceful. He is a not unworthy countryman of Taine.

Letters to the Paris Temps, carefully composed and deliberately written, form the staple of the book, but are here presented in an English translation, further and finally revised by the author. They offer in a series of twelve chapters observations and

opinions of English books and newspapers, of the theater, philosophy, and literature in general, of the Houses of Parliament, a parliamentary election, and the administration of London, of life at court, the army and the navy, and the judicial system. One of the first objects to strike M. Daryl in London is the circulating library, and the English novel, as a form of "reading for all," excites his surprise. The resources, enterprise, and energy of the London newspapers command his undisguised admiration, and of Mr. Archibald Forbes he makes a striking portrait in his character of a typical journalist of the time:

He has at home two campaigning outfits, one for winter or a cold climate, the other for summer or a hot climate. Arms, clothing, camping implements, saddlery, everything is ready even to a purse of gold, passports, and letters of credit to every capital. Let the order come by telephone from Fleet Street, and he will start at once for Constantinople or Russia as the case may be.

The British theater M. Daryl finds in a state of decadence, which he attributes finally to the lack of a "National Institution" which shall preserve the traditions, purify the tastes, elevate the general level of dramatic production, and attract the best writers toward things theatrical, that is to say a Théâtre Français. His chapter on "Philosophy and Poetry" consists chiefly of remarks upon Mr. Darwin, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Tyndall, Ruskin, and Tennyson, and discerns an "immeasurable intellectual movement" which is to "eventuate in a considerable renovation of English institutions." The Houses of Commons and Lords may be visited as if in reality, so clear and graphic are his descriptions of the scene, the actors in it, and the order of public business; and the account of a parliamentary election has special interest to every American voter just at the present juncture. An amusing picture of the obligations of citizenship constitutes a part of the chapter on "London and Municipal Corporations."

The most interesting chapter in the book to us is that on the Queen and the life of the royal family; but the whole book is exceptionally readable from beginning to end; while its truthfulness as to matters of fact and its candor and fairness in most matters of opinion are self-evident.

PRINTING IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

THE Mazarine Bible, so called because the first identified copy of it was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin at Paris, is believed to have been the first edition printed of the Bible, and the first book printed with movable types. We may call it, therefore, the first printed book in the scientific sense. It is a point worth noting by all who watch for the meanings of things that the first book to be printed was the Christian Scriptures. It was the world's introduction to Gutenberg at Ments, whence it is also called the Gutenberg Bible, and its date may be set down as 1450, though the production of it actually occupied five years. That, then, may be called the date of the invention of printing. Caxton set up his press at Westminster, London, in 1470. By the end of the century the art was fairly under way. There was an eruption of printing-presses all over Europe. But it was nearly a hundred years before the first newspaper appeared, and the 17th century was more than a third gone before any printing was done in America.

It is the object of the luxurious quartos before us to give a list "of all the cities, towns, monasteries, and other places in which printing-presses are known to have been established before the end of the 15th century; also the title of the first book issued from each of the places stated, and, when known, the name of the printer and date." The work is thus a chronicle of the beginnings of printing. It is an enumeration of fountain heads, not a survey of streams. Its author does not profess the work of an original investigator, but confines himself to the use of the researches of others. Yet many of the books he has described he has personally examined.

It is easier to name first printers than to name first books, and Mr. Hawkins, whom we have known of as a soldier but have not known of as a bibliophile, speaks with becoming modesty of the certitude, of his conclusions his judgment will carry with it, the more weight in confirming Gutenberg's place at the head of the list of printers. The claim in his behalf has been lately disputed, notably by J. H. Hessel, in favor of Coster of Harlem; Mr. Hawkins reviews the case with candor, sums up the evidence with clearness, and gives his vote for Gutenberg.

Mr. Hawkins finds 236 different places in which the printing-press was at work before the end of the 15th century, which is a somewhat larger number than has been reported by previous explorers in this field. Of these 236, the largest share were in Italy, namely 71; 50 were in Germany, 36 in France, 26 in Spain, and only 3 in England; the rest being scattered between Belgium, Switzerland, Bohemia, Denmark, Portugal, Sweden, Savoy, Montenegro, Turkey, Hungary, and Poland. In chronological order, Turkey, Portugal, and Montenegro came last, where books were first printed respectively in 1488, 1489, and 1494.

The Turkish, Jewish, and Constantine's; the Montenegrin had evidently learned its trade at Venice.

Mr. Hawkins gives titles of his first books in full, annotates them with both fact and conjecture, inserts numerous fac-similes of fine old texts which show how perfect was the printing art in its infancy, and has in general made of his book a sumptuous and imposing one. It is printed only on the obverse of each leaf. The margins are very wide. The edges are uncut. The binding is tasteful. And there are only 300 copies, each numbered.

THE MOTT: THEIR LIVES AND LETTERS.

The life of Lucretia Mott, which was lengthened out to eighty-seven years, ceasing on the eleventh of November, 1880, covered an important period of Quaker history in this country as well as the momentous anti-slavery movement, besides the agitation of two other subjects in which she had great interest—that of the individual rights of woman and the cause of liberal religion. Any memoir of her must, necessarily, include a summary of the events in which she took such an active, not to say aggressive part. Very early in her married life she became concerned about the right of traffic in articles produced by slave labor, her husband at that time being successfully engaged in the "domestic commission business" which included the sale of cotton. Coming into harmony with her fine instinct of right, James Mott made the sacrifice required, passed through a spiritual crisis, and emerged on the high ground which gained him his own self-respect and placed this married pair at once in the front rank of the reformers, ready to bide by their post through the many years of trial that were before them. When the question of private right and judgment came up among the Friends, they left the orthodox ranks and sided with the Hicksites; and it was not from that time that Lucretia, feeling herself called to a use of her "gift," became more and more convinced that her work must include also the advocacy of freedom to the slave, the advancement of woman, the cause of temperance, peace, and liberal thought in general. She was then hardly at middle age, a woman of domestic tastes with a young family, fragile, modest, and low-spoken; but, guided by what she recognized as "the Inner Light," and countenanced and often accompanied by her husband, she began that career of public ministry, teaching, and testimony, and going out "into the mixture," with which her name in a half century of honorable record has been associated.

All this is familiar; and it is the other side, the home side, which the majority of readers will now care to know about. Fortunately for such, Mrs. Hallowell has thrown open the doors of her grandparents' house, showing us the "baggis' chairs" in the hall so habitually in use by persons who...
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wanted something; admitting us to the very penetralia where the coconuts of preserves and puddings was going on; giving account of the material for the ag-carpet which were always being woven for somebody; and telling us of the comings of people who were fed as in feudal days at the table in the dining-room which was nearly thirty feet long, where every one was welcome, whether black or white, and there was always room for one more. In short, she lets us see Lucretia Mott in the sphere she best loved, proving that the greater comprehended the less, and that she was tidy, prudent, industrious, wise, and shrewd in her household management. A good hint for mistresses towards servants is in the two principles of conduct she had learned from one of her Nantucket grandmothers: one, "I make it a rule never to ask them to do what I know they will not do;" the other, through "Black Amy," who "didn't like to be told to do what she was just going to do."

This is the way Mrs. Mott, even in the midst of anniversary meetings and conventions, writes to some of her relatives:

I sent for extra help, but with our large family there is still much to be done; so this morning I have ironed four dozen pieces, made soft custards, attended to stewing blackberries, and posted some Dutch herring, besides doing all the dusting, and receiving several callers. . . . Our family party Seventh-day was pleasant; fifteen at dinner, and twenty at tea. I worked like a beaver that morning, so as to be ready to sit down with them early; did my sweeping and dusting, raking the grass plot, &c., made milk-biscuit, a plum-pudding, and a lemon-pudding. . . . If I did not iron twelve shirts, like Cousin Mary, I had forty other things with which I accomplished; for we had a large wash, and hurried to get the ironing away before the people flocked in. I came just before dinner. I prepared mince for forty pies, doing every part myself even to meat-chopping; picked over lots of apples, stewed a quantity, chopped some more, and made milk-biscuits, all of which kept me on my feet till almost two o'clock, having to come into the house every now and then to receive guests.

This active, vivacious, brilliant little woman had almost no sentiment about her; used the family letters to kindle fires with, and was "curiously lacking" in the perception of natural beauty; according to her granddaughter a drive was merely an uncomfortable but necessary kind of locomotion which pleasant company might make endurable; obviouls of the fine scenery through which she was passing unless her attention was called to it, as once, when she said:

Yes, it is beautiful, now that thee points it out, but I should not have noticed it. I have always taken more interest in human nature.

Writing never came easy to Lucretia Mott; she made no notes of what she was to speak about in public, trusting to her memory and the "moving of the spirit." Her fervor and eloquence were the natural endowments which carried conviction; her personal magnetism was always a power. Her fearlessness, which never forsook her in the midst of a mob, is illustrated in another way by the call she made on President Tyler, to tell him her mission on the subject of emancipa-

was received with utter neglect. Twenty-five years passed before a second edition was called for, forty years before a third appeared. At last, however, he gained a hearing, and, to say nothing of his recent influence in Germany, one of the foremost philosophical teachers of America confesses that he has found his writings more instructive than "those of any other metaphysician of this century." Only a book of rare vitality could endure so long a quiescence, and at last put forth its powers to produce so large an effect.

Two chief doctrines underlie the system of Schopenhauer, and both of these are indicated in the title of his great work. The world is to him, first, an idea, or presentation: it has no existence except as a picture in the beholder's mind: it is only an appearance. In this, Schopenhauer would be simply an idealist. But this presentation he analyzes into two equally necessary and inseparable elements, the subject and the object, to adopt the philosophical terms. But neither of these elements can be held to have caused the other, since both are merely diverse aspects of a single phenomenon, and the bases of idealism and of materialism are both swept away.

Taken by itself, this theory would be the climax of Pyrrhonism or pure negation. But this, says Schopenhauer, is only one half of the truth. The World is not only Idea, it is Will also. Each observing subject is conscious of Will, and these countless individual wills are merely successive or simultaneous manifestations of the one universal Will, which rises to consciousness in humanity, but finds its largest sphere in the unconsciousness of nature, and is therefore akin to the universal Substance of Spinoza.

The Will and the Idea—beside these there is nothing in the universe. Matter is but the objectification of Will, as phenomena are but aspects of the Idea.

With these metaphysical dogmas, Schopenhauer unites a thorough-going pessimism. The Buddhist classics at the time of his earliest writings were just becoming known to Europe, and the teaching of Nirvana had a strange fascination for his mind, and colored the whole current of his thought. The unconscious Will is the ideal of happiness, and it should be the effort of each to renounce desire, until he sinks again into the one great Will at death. His argument against suicide, which would seem the logical outcome of his doctrine, is unusually ingenious and subtle. The assertion of Will, in every form, is evil, and the source of all evil; and into such assertion he resolves even suicide itself.

The man and his system were alike gloomy, morose, and full of bitterness. As a whole, and even in its outline, his teaching can attract only a morbid mind. But so vast is his range of information, so fertile and
happy his gift of illustration, and so cogent his reasoning that the student of metaphysics cannot afford to ignore his work. Nor can the reader resist the fascination of style—a quality whose conspicuous absence in German metaphysicians from Kant to Hegel he touches with pitiless sarcasm and unbounded wit.

Of the present translation, which has as yet reached only a single volume, we have but one criticism to offer. The essay upon the Fourth Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason, which the author regarded as the fitting introduction to the whole work, should not have been relegated to a later volume. For the rest, we shall wait with interest the completion of the system in English.

MISS JEWETT'S FIRST NOVEL.*

W]E do not know whether Miss Jewett has written A Country Doctor in obedience to a spontaneous impulse or in compliance with the suggestion of her publishers or of some of her critics. The story is pleasant reading, like everything that we have hitherto had from her hand; but it cannot be said to be the revelation of any new or any greater power. It is simply an expanded sketch, characterized by the same agreeable literary qualities with which we have become familiar in her previous writings. There is not in it the material for a novel proper, and it makes no pretence to being such. It is quite free from "padding" of any sort, and within its limitations it is neatly finished. The young heroine's individuality is defined in lines of simple grace; the character of the elder physician is set before us with the reality of a portrait from the life, while their worthy neighbors, the inhabitants of rustic Oldfields appear in the truth of the mental and moral differences underlying the homely speech and unsophisticated manners common to them all. In Miss Jewett's writings there is always something to be prized beyond a refined and graceful style and a faculty of delicate perception; these are the evident outcome of womanly sentiment, and of a sincere humanity that finds its chief food for thought in the fact of the kinship and mutual dependence of men, high and low, wise and ignorant, strong and weak.

A Country Doctor is the third recent fiction by an American author which has had for its heroine a practicing physician. Yet there is little resemblance between the three. Mr. Howells's Dr. Breen is a clever and good young woman whom, the author makes it plain, has mistaken a temporary discontent with life consequent on an unhappy experience for a true calling to the physician's career, and who is lucky enough to discover the error in time to transfer her

womannal activities to a strictly domestic sphere. Miss Phelps's Dr. Zay makes up her mind after a distressing mental conflict, that she can contrive to combine matrimony with the exercise of her professional abilities in a more limited area than she originally intended. Miss Jewett's Nan, avoiding sweeping theories and heated argument, and speaking with modest conviction only for herself and the few who resemble her, declares her decision to follow and abide by the dictates of her nature.

We cannot leave A Country Doctor without one further word. However agreeable the cultured reader may pronounce it to be, he must add the qualification that it is, nevertheless, a less satisfactory literary product than most of the author's shorter works. The book, in spite of its added pages, remains but a sketch, and a sketch is never bettered by being extended beyond its natural limits; its best effect is mainly dependent upon its right proportion. Mr. Jewett's best writing has taken the shape of sketches: Madame des Maupoux and A Passionate Pilgrim are better pieces of work than The Portrait of a Lady. An author may no doubt be capable of producing both novels and sketches equally good in their way, but the qualities requisite for the one kind of writing by no means imply possession of those needful for the other. To write a thoroughly good sketch or short story is not an easy task, and it is not to undervalue the literary gift of an author who can do this to say that powers of another and a greater kind go to the making of a novel of the first order.

MINOR NOTICES.


The reprint of these memoirs is most opportune, coming between Mrs. Howe's monograph and Mr. Higginson's study and analysis, though noticed here out of its proper place. The work would like the means of correctly estimating Margaret Fuller; and it would seem that the time is now coming to do so. The first edition of the present work appeared when her death was painfully fresh in the hearts of her friends; the writers were three men who knew her intimately, and who, by their own acknowledgment, came under the spell of her personal magnetism—Mr. Emerson resisting but soon conquered; and the memorials were endorsed by two of her surviving brothers, thus making sure that the emotional and the purely feminine side of her nature should not be without a fair setting forth. It was the way of "Mighty Men" to insist upon their mental superiority, but these were associates who appreciated heart as well as intellect; who saw what she was in the relations of daughter, sister, and friend; who exalted her womanhood with all its admirable heroism, obedience to duty and self-sacrifice, and could give a reason for the remarkable egotism and arrogance which repelled so many en first acquaintance; as when Mr. Emerson said she told him that no man gave such invitation to her mind as to tempt her to a full expression; that she felt a power to enrich her thought with such wealth and variety of embellishment as would, no doubt, be tedious to such as she conversed with. And he heard this as a "mere statement of fact, and nowise as unbecoming." Probably no success would have fulfilled Margaret Fuller's aspirations. "I feel within myself," she said, "an immense force, but I cannot bring it out." Margaret Fuller set out with the resolve "never to act a mean, ungenerous, or useless part," and truth and nobleness irradiated her whole life with a pure, white light. She had the rare good fortune to inspire such confidence in her friends that they trusted her entirely, requiring no explanations even of the mystery in which her marriage was for a time enshrouded. Paradoxical as it may seem, her character has been found puzzling from its very simplicity. The over-sagacious critic who tries to reconcile complexities and inconsistencies might be spared the effort, by keeping in mind the one thing that is crystallized in these tributes, letters, and private journals—the sincerity and absolute veracity of her nature. "Now there will be no place which does not lie open to the light," she once wrote to a friend. Again she writes: "My own entire sincerity in every passage of life, gives me a right to expect that I shall be met by no unmeaning phrases or attentions." The representation of her intellect in print, is inadequate and disappointing—it was far more so to herself than it could possibly be to any other. The chances are that if she had reached her native land she would have met with further disappointments in literary work, as well as wounds to her pride and trust. If she could have done what she hoped and aspired to, and deplored not doing, her place would have been in the company of two other large-hearted and large-brained women, George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning.


This fourth volume of the "Revised Bancroft" brings the history of the American Revolution down to the Declaration of Independence. The extent of the revision will be understood when it is considered that these 455 pages contain all the relevant matter of the five hundred pages in the seventh and eighth volumes of the original edition; and we are not sure but that a further pruning would be advantageous. The venerable author has abridged rather than revised this portion of his work by an unspiring use of the scissors, and the reader now jumps from one part of the country to another with a much more pleasing and far less unpleasant journey. For our part we prefer the old editions, which have as much historical merit as this, and possess, besides, the charm, if charm it was, of the historical writing of fifty years ago. As to the period covered by this volume nothing need be said, for the history of the Boston Port Act, of the battles of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker's Hill, and of the Declarations of Virginia, and of Independence are among the best known facts of American history. But it may not be out of place to point out that the latter declaration was merely a manifesto of a revolutionary body, and was made a fundamental law by the martial deeds of "the people of the United States."
The Literary World.

BOSTON, JUNE 28, 1884.

The Literary World.

"Avesta" Mr. Mills went to Germany, put himself in communication with almost every "Zend" scholar in that country and in France, mastered the "Zend" text, and has spent eight years in collecting materials for a translation of the "Gathas." The text he has already transliterated into Latin, with two translations, one literal into Latin, the other more free into English and metrical, and the volume containing this contains other parallel texts, the results of his labors. This volume, so far privately printed only, is now in the hands of specialists in Europe and America undergoing examination. A second volume is to contain notes and a glossary. Translations of the other parts of the "Avesta" Mr. Mills is also preparing for the press; the whole to appear finally in Max Müller's series of "Sacred Books of the East," and many of them are the first translations yet made into any European language.

PERSONAL.

* Another break in the line of elder American authors is occasioned by the death of Charles Fenno Hoffman, which took place in the asylum at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the 8th. Mr. Hoffman had reached his 78th year. He was the founder of the Knickerbocker Magazine, and afterwards successively editor of the American Monthly Magazine and of the former Literary World. He was also the author of one or two works of fiction and of a volume or two of sketches and poems.

Since 1845 mental derangement had interrupted his literary work. His malady was not of a violent type except during thunder storms, when he would imagine himself to be undergoing attack from Indians, and would assume conditions of defence.

* Mr. James Russell Lowell and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, warm friends and fellow-workers, attended together recently the tercentenary celebration of Emmanuel College, Oxford, in connection with which Mr. Norton received the honorary degree of LL.D. Mr. Lowell embellished the occasion with his usual humor, astonishing the college dons with the remark that "considering how long the Americans have been divided from you, you speak English remarkably well."

* The vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Dr. Ezra Abbot in the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School has been filled by the appointment of Professor J. H. Thayer, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, than which a better could scarcely have been made. Professor Thayer is now at work upon a new edition of Grimm's Legends of a New Testament Grace.

* Mrs. Clara Clement Waters, the well-known American editor of works on art, is now in Europe with her husband, formerly the publisher of the Boston Advertiser, and was last heard of at Constantinople; which city General Lew Wallace, the author of The Fair God, and American Minister to Turkey, has just left for a four months' visit.

* Mr. Browning is having his portrait painted by his son. The picture is destined for Balliol College, of which he is a Honorary Fellow, and shows the poet in all the glory of his scarlet Oxford gown, sitting in one of the old carved chairs belonging to the drawing-room of his former home in Florence.

* A distinguished British arrival this week is that of Professor R. C. Jebb of the University of Glasgow, who comes to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard College. Professor Jebb is one of the foremost classical scholars of the time.

* Oscar Wilde is married. The happy bride is Miss Constance Lloyd. St. James's Church, Paddington, London, was the scene of the marriage service, and the 26th of May the day. Admittance was by ticket.

* Mr. Francis Parkman, like the Hon. George Bancroft, is said to be an enthusiastic cultivator of flowers, and has a rare garden at his summer home in Jamaica Plain, Boston.

* Jay Gould, the broker, has a fine library, has written at least a couple of books, and is understood to be the financial backer of the Manhattan Magazine.

* Miss Helen Zimmer, a clever English writer, especially in the line of literary biography, has become a correspondent of the Boston Advertiser.

* Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the Virginia poet, accompanied by her husband and her son, sailed for Europe June 14th in the "Germanic."

* Mr. Aldrich is off for a summer abroad, and during his absence the Advocate Monthly will be under the charge of Mr. Scudder.

* Charles Dudley Warner will take his vacation this summer on horseback among the mountains of North Carolina.

* Sarcey, the French critic, who had been afflicted with catarrh in both eyes, has been relieved by an operation.

* Mr. Justin McCarthy has been again elected to the British Parliament.

World Biographies.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, of the younger race of British authors of the lighter type, now living in seclusion in a pines of a seaside town with an outlook upon the Mediterranean, is a pure Scotchman by birth. Edinburgh was his native place in 1850, his family one of lighthouse engineers. He was educated for an engineer, called to the Scotch bar, and made his first steps in authorship in 1873, in the Port of Gold, under the guidance of Mrs. Hamilton, and in the Corsair under that of Mr. Leslie Stephen. Of late years he has lived much in France. He came to America in 1879. See his articles of last summer, "Across the Plains," in Longman's Magazine; see also his Indiana wife, whom he married in San Francisco. His publications thus far in book form are (1) Edinburgh; (2) Port of Gold; (3) Treasure Island; (4) The Silverado Squatters.

A Poem that Walt Whitman Never Published.

One of the best things in Mr. Richard Grant White's new story, the Fate of Manfield Humfrey, is the following parody. Mr. Washington Adams, who is being passed off at the residence of an English nobleman as a typical American, produces the piece out of his pocket as "one that Walt Whitman's never published yet; but I kerry it rous'n," he says, "to read sorter 'between whiles.'"
In everything that he writes of her he shows a chirality which is just delightful.

"Why, I owe nearly all my progress in the woman movement to him; for one day, some time since, I was descending upon this unseen knight of mine when some one spoke of his weekly editorials in the Woman's Journal."

"What," I exclaimed, "does he write for that?"

"Most certainly he does," was the reply.

"And then I had to confess that the sneering way in which my older brothers had always spoken of that Journal as nothing but a woman's paper had somewhat prejudiced me against it, foolish girl that I was, and so ignorant too — but on hearing that Mr. Higginson wrote for it I determined to buy the very next number published. And I did. I read the article on the first page signed T. W. H., and have read every single page since, never once falling to the well-known initials. Indeed, now, the Journal has become a necessity to me to keep me well-informed on this great question of the day."

"And what is more — I find my brothers as much interested in it as I am; not quite though, or at least they will not acknowledge it, conservative men are so queer while they are being converted."

"And all this through Colonel Higginson. Don't I owe him something? . . ."

Now if Mr. Higginson can inspire such enthusiastic words as these from the heart of a handsome, intelligent young woman who's chivalric nature be pleased to know it? And won't the readers of The Literary World be glad to know it too?

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

Chilton, Mass.

COLLECTIONS TOWARDS A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Arthur Hugh Clough, an English author, born in Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1819, died in Florence, Italy, Nov. 13, 1861; educated at Rugby and Oxford, traveled on the Continent, Professor of the English Language and Literature in University College, London, visited the United States in 1859, and resided at Cambridge, Mass., afterwards connected with the educational system in England.

1. WRITINGS.

1849. The Book of Toha-na-Vulich. A long-visioned pastoral; poem, in 26 stanzas, which quickly gave it its author fame. The scenery is of the Scotch Highlands. The figures are those of a reading party. The vehicle of the author's thought is their discussions.

1849. Ambrosia. A collection of poems, the composition of which dates back as far as 1845, all relating to the inner life, and for which the author has been claimed "beside those of Tennyson and Browning."

1858. Amours de Voyage. A story in verse suggested by the siege of Rome in 1849, kept nine years in MS., and published first in the Atlantic Monthly. The poem is in form of letters from one character to another.

1859. Dryden's Translation of Plutarch's Lives. Revised. This work was begun at least as early as 1856.


1895. Poems and Prose Remains. Ed. by his wife, with selections from his letters and a memoir. 3 vols. Macmillan. $6.00.
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2. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM.


Currie, G. W.,山坡上的易厥椅, 25: 710.

Dowden, J., Do., Contemp., 121: 513; same in Littell, 105: 56.


Palgrave, F. T., Do., Fraser, 65: 527.

Pease, T., Do., 37: 409.


"Clough and Charles Kingsley, Poetry of...

St. James, 40: 426.


SPADES FOR ZOAN.

See Literary World, June 14, p. 196.

We have received the following additional contributions toward the Fund for the Excavation of Zoaan, represented in this country by the Rev. Wm. C. Winlow:

M. W. B. Brown, Jr., Philadelphia $10

E. M. Greenway, Jr., Baltimore, Md. $10

A Spade for Zoaan.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Like "our much esteemed Doctor" and yourself, I protest against letting "Well" enough alone, by sending a contribution for the Zoaan "drop" bucket which is to elevate "Truth" from her accustomed abode in the bottom of said correspondence. I enclose $30 which, as I understand, will purchase the use of one spade for a year. Verily our love for Zoaan can be expressed without a large expenditure of federal currency but we exclaim in the words of the poet:

Hast thou loved me before I go,
Zoaan thou now see'st ago.

Baltimore, Md.

E. M. G. JR.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

Even so inveterate a hater of literature as the Calif, who conquered Alexandria and gave its precious volumes to the flames, would not have been disposed to destroy the Vatican. Not a book is to be seen—not a shelf is visible, and there is nothing to inform the visitor that he is in the most famous library in the world. Provided with a card from a gentleman of the Pope's household, I was admitted into a stately hall, whose ceiling is adorned by frescoes of incomparable beauty. The eye is bewildered by innumerable busts, statues, and columns. The walls are gaiy with brilliant arabesques, and the visitor passes through lofty corridors and along splendid galleries, finding in every direction something to please and interest him. Here is the Sèvres China bason used for the baptism of the Prince Imperial of France, and afterwards presented by Napoleon III to Pius IX, who performed the ceremony; a magnificent malachite cross, a present from Prince Demidoff to Pius IX; a pair of exquisite candelabra given by Napoleon I to Pius VII after the Coronation of the Emperor; a superb alabaster vase formed from one of the blocks sent to Pius IX by the Viceroy of Egypt; a rich Mazarin cup presented to Pius IX by the Swiss nation in 1798; a rich plate given to Gregory XVI; two Sèvres china vases given by Charles X to Leo XII; these are a few among many similar objects scattered through the library of the Vatican.

Among the departments of special interest in this vast library is the Sacred Museums, founded by Benedict XIV. It contains a precious collection of articles used by the early Christians in the Catacombs and elsewhere: crosses, lamps, ciborium, and sacred vessels of various kinds and all sizes. It has a beautiful bas-relief in ivory of the Deposition, executed from a design by Michael Angelo; also a spirited composition of Cellini, representing the Triumph of Charles V, and several paintings upon wood by Greek masters before the Renaissance. The Hall of Ancient Pictures also possesses a peculiar interest, containing as it does, some finely preserved paintings of antiquity immediately preceding the Christian Era. This hall also has some paintings of the 13th and 14th centuries; among them are works of Cimabue, Giotto, Blessed Angelico, and others of that period. Their style is hard, the figures stiff, and the background wanting in depth, but they are full of interest as representatives of the earliest period of the revival of art. When Macaulay entered the Chiaromonti Museum, a rare collection of beautiful marbles and porphyry, he said he was "quite distracted by the multitude and magnificence of the objects it contained. The splendor of the ancient marbles, the alabaster, the huge masses of porphyry, the granites of various colors, made the whole seem like a fairy region. I wonder that nobody in this moneved and luxurious age attempts to open quarries like those which supplied the ancients."

The printed books number about one hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes and there are about twenty-five thousand manuscripts. The books and manuscripts are enclosed in low wooden cases around the walls of the various apartments, the cases are painted in white and gold colors, and thus harmonize with the gay appearance of the walls and ceilings. Among the most interesting of the manuscripts are the following: the famous Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, a precious literary treasure embellished with fifty miniatures, including a portrait of Virgil; the Cicerio de Republica, the palimpsest in which Ceresa Malvolio of the Sala Regia, the Roman orator hidden under a version of Saint Augustine's Commentary on Psalms—this is considered the oldest Latin manuscript in existence; a Greek Calendar of the 10th century, a splendid specimen of Byzantine art, brilliantly illuminated with pictures of Basilicas, monasteries, and scenes in the life of the Greek Church; and a manuscript of Dante's works, in the beautiful handwriting of Boccaccio which contains notes by Petrarch; and thus groups together three of the most illustrious names in Italian literature; and the famous Jewish books, and in folio, for which the Jews of Venice offered its weight in gold, is a work of great interest. There is a large collection of both prose and poetry in the handwriting of Tasso and Petrarch; including the first draft of the first three cantos of the Gerusalemme of the former, and the Rime of the latter. The manuscripts most inquired for are the seventeen love-letters written by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, all three of the Bolshoy and night in English. The sight of these letters inspired the following fine paragraph in Hillard's Six Months in Italy:

Few of the walls and strays which have floated down to us upon the stream of the past are more curious and interesting than these letters. It seems odd enough that time, which has consumed so many great documents, solemn titles and weighty records, should have spared these airy trifles—these momentary effusions of feeling—addressed to one eye and heart, and so little significant to any other. They are silent memorials of a sad tale of passion and cruelty; of selfish appetite on the one side, and of vanity and godliness on the other; and when I thought of the end of it all—of the fierce hatred which expelled the fierce love in the royal voluptuary's breast, and of the cruel words once endure, give to the character of Anne Boleyn all of the interest which dignifies it in the eyes of a visible shadow; I could not but wonder over the pen and the words to be written in blood.

One of the most famous printed books in the library is Henry VIII's work against Luther. It is a dedication copy, printed on vellum at London in 1521. It contains the King's signature and the autograph inscription on the last page but one, "Pinia, Henry Rex." The dedication to Pope Leo X reads as follows:

Anglicus rex, Hdonis, Leo Deinde, mittis, hoc opus et sine testis aliquis.

The honor of founding the Vatican Library belongs to Pope Nicholas V, who, in 1447, transferred to the Palace of the Vatican the manuscripts which had been collected in the Lateran. At his death the library contained nine thousand manuscripts, but many of them were dispersed under his successor, Callixtus III. Sixtus IV was very active in restoring and increasing the library. In 1538, the present library building was erected by Sixtus V, to receive the immense collection obtained by Leo X. In the year 1600 the value of the library was greatly augmented by the acquisition of the collection of Fulvius Ursinus and the valuable manuscripts from the Benedictine Monastery of Bobbio, composed chiefly of palimpsests (manuscripts which have been written upon twice, the first having been erased to make place for the second). The library contained at that time 10,560 manuscripts—8,900 in Latin, and 1,650 in Greek. The next acquisition was the Library of the Elector Palatine, captured in 1621, at Heidelberg, by De Tilley, who presented it to Gregory XV. It numbered 2,625 manuscripts, 1,522 in Latin, and 432 in Greek. In 1658 the Library founded by Deke Fedegado de Urbino—1,771 Greek and Latin manuscripts—was added to the valuable collection. One of the most valuable acquisitions was the collection of Queen Christina of Sweden, containing all the literary works which her father, Gottavus Adolphus, had collected, that of Bremen, etc., amounting to 2,591 manuscripts, Greek and Latin. In 1746 the magnificent library of the Ottoboni family, containing 3,863 Greek and Latin manuscripts, enriched the Vatican collection. After the downfall of Napoleon in 1797, the destruction of the palace of the Pope, and in 1815, the King of Prussia, at the suggestion of Humboldt, applied to Pope Pius VII for the restoration of some of the manuscripts which De Tilley had plundered from the Heidelberg...
1884.]

Library. The Pope, mindful of the prominent part he played in the restoration of the Papal See, immediately complied with the royal request, and many manuscripts of great value to the German historians were sent back to Germany.

At the present time the Vatican Library contains the Oriental collection 500 Hebrew, 187 Arabic, 80 Coptic, 71 Ethiopic, 490 Syriac, 64 Turkish, 65 Persian, 1 Samaritan, 13 Armenian, 2 Iberian, 22 Indian, to Chinese, and 18 Slavonic manuscripts. The amount of the whole collection of Greek, Latin, and Oriental manuscripts is 23,550, the finest collection in the world. The printed books include the collection of Cardinal Mai, a munificent donation of Pius IX to the library of the Vatican.

EUGENE L. DIDIER.

Charles Robert Newman.

Mr. Thomas Parnell, in the Afternoon, makes a picturesque drawing of the late Charles R. Newman, the brother of Cardinal Newman, and an older brother of Francis William Newman. Mr. Charles R. Newman, though a man of rare intellectual equipment, lived at Tenby for the last thirty years the life of a recluse. Though Tenby included among its residents during many years the mother of Lord Tennyson, and among its visitors Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Darwin, Mr. Lewes, and Mr. E. A. Freeman, all of them were unknown to Charles Newman, and he was known to none of them:

He seldom left the house, and when he went out he never entered the town, but walked for his exercise along the road which led from his door into the country. This was generally in the evening or at night. . . . His figure was indeed "striking." Dressed in a pea-jacket, with a shawl or a rug thrown across his shoulders, and with a sou-westerner over his head, he marched rapidly, erect, with elastic step, looking not to the right nor to the left. He wore shoes (sometimes slippers), and, as his trunk was as rigid, and wide in the legs, a considerable interval of his white socks was left exposed. . . . His health and means and inclination to literary society. The rector called on him, but was not admitted; visitors to the town who had known his brothers would send their cards, but they received no response; local medical men, when they heard he was ill, volun-erected their services, but they were declined with courteous thanks, conveyed by letter.

I was more fortunate. One afternoon, about to be caught in a shower of rain on the Marsh Road, I sought shelter in one of those cottages overlooking the lake created by the little stream which finds its way from the Vale of St. Florence to the sea through a series of sand dunes forming the shore of Tenby Bay. While waiting for the weather to clear, I casually took up a weekly newspaper strangely annotated in manuscript. Such marginalia had surely never before been encountered by me. I inquired as to the authorship, and then, for the first time, discovered that Charles Newman resided at Tenby and in this house. The landlady . . . readily undertook that I should see him. Two days afterwards I called at the house in the Marsh Road, and was at once ushered into the presence of Newman. He stood at the top of the topmost stair. I cannot imagine a more distinguished head. His nose was a touch of diaphanous togophore in him. There was also a touch of Jupiter Olympus. Although dressed in ill-fitting clothes, he wore a sort of blanket over his shoulders, he appeared to me to be the ideal of courtly grace. He bowed me, without a word, into his apartment. This was in the roof of the building, and the only light came from a window which opened with a notched iron bar. The room was as meagerly furnished as Goethe's study in Weimar. A bed, a chest of drawers, a table, and two or three chairs, with a few books, constituted the whole of the goods and chattels. The owner of the room, having closed the door, mouthed for the fire, took me by one for himself, and bowed again, leaving me to open conversation.

SHAKESPEARIAN.

EDITED BY WM. J. HOLMES, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A "Shakespearean Show-Book." We are indebted to Mr. Furnivall for a copy of the Shakespearean Show-Book got up for the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women — a unique and interesting volume, filled with original literary contributions, illustrations, and music from eminent writers, artists, and composers. Browning, for example, furnishes the following sonnet:

THE NAME.

Shakespeare! — to such name's sounding, what succeeds Fitly as chime to psalm. Act follows word, the speaker knows full well.

Two scenes before, and then the Hebraic words With his soul only; it if from lips it fell. Echo, back to straw, like heir and bell, Would own "Thou didst create us!" Nought impedes We voice the other name, man's might of might.

Among the other writers are Herman Merivale, Oscar Wilde, Lady Brassey, Lady Constance Howard, "Violet Fan," etc. The illustrations, of which there are many, are both serious and humorous; and all are capital. In the way of music there is a new setting of "Take, O take those lips away," by Mr. F. H. Cowan, and a Grand March, from the music to King John, by Mr. A. L. Tamplin.

One of the features of the show was an exhibition of Shakespearean relics and curiosities, including the recently discovered reading-table in carved oak, which competent judges are disposed to accept as really Shakespeare's own; and the "Shakespeare brooch," found in 1828 in excavations on the site of New Palace at Stratford, also generally believed to be a genuine relic. There were several portraits of the poet, never before exhibited and of more or less interest. The descriptive list of these curiosities fills eleven pages in the Show-Book.

Chesney's "Shakespeare as a Physician." Messrs. J. H. Chambers & Co., of Chicago, have just published Shakespeare as a Physician, by J. Portman Chesney, M.D. ($2.50). This is an octavo octavo, a feat of compression. "every word in any way relates to medicine, surgery, or obstetrics, found in the complete works of Shakespeare, with criticisms and comparison of the same with the medical thoughts of today." It shows little critical acquaintance with the poet, and less literary skill, being a strange hodgepodge of episcopalian quotations, free-and-easy comments on the same, professional theory and practice, gossip of the day, Jacobitism, and what not. An extract from the table of contents will be the briefest illustration of the character of the book. The analysis of Chapter I begins thus:

Blue-eyed bag — Go to "Texas" — The "fly young man" — Dr. Rosenweig and Madam Mc- Carder — the "ballad singer" — "Miss Jennie Cramer — The horsewhip and "navy" — The poor duke's constable — Longing for strew'd flowers — "L. D." — The "clavwy" appetite in females — The blood is the life — anorexia and delirium — and so on for half a page or more. The "illustrations" are of equally miscellaneous character, ranging from "Romeo and the Apocalypse of Man" to the famous 'Dr. Sunfiy's' visiting the good people of St. Joseph.

Dr. Chesney says that he has no knowledge of any previous work on Shakespeare's medical allusions, and that the conception of this volume is "therefore probably original." The book must certainly be regarded as "original," though, as we have stated before, the subject has been treated by several former writers.

Another "Ann Hathaway" Poem. A lady friend in New York State sends us the following, the manuscript of which is said to be in the Chester Museum; and, if our memory serves us right, it is the poem ascribed to Shakespeare in the Tour in Quest of a Genealogy, noticed in the World for May 31, 1884:

SHAKESPEARE TO ANN HATHAWAY.

Is there line hereon in more than one line Than thou, sweet symbole of thy sweet thyre? Is there hereafter a more sweet Swiss Than Willy Shakespeare is to you? Thou lucky fortune prove unkynde, Still doth she leave here well walled bynde; She doth the heart goodly grace assume, Nor make thy Willy's love unsonne.

Yet though Age wither hand doe stykys The formes most fayre, the face most brights, Stile doth she leave ununostached and trewes Thy Willy's love and freyneshopye too.

Though deathes with seuerely faynges blowe Doth manye and others syke lyke wyne, Yet doth she tyme and dye for thee, Thy Willy's syncre and mende trowe.

The attempt to imitate the old spelling is an obvious failure, and it is needless to say that the poem is not Shakespeare's.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Adventures and Discoveries of Captain John Smith. Newly ordered by John Ashton. [Cassiell & Co. $1.25.]

The first John Smith certainly is fortunate in having Mr. John Ashton, the author of Chap-Book of the Eighteenth Century, as his pseudo-Boswell. For Mr. Ashton, disregarding the gulf of two hundred years, would fain have us believe that he has merely published an account of that worthy's life, as he gathered it from his own lips, or, to let him use his own words:

Of all our father's friends, the one we boys loved most was our near neighbour, Captain John Smith, for he liked us well, and would tell us tales of his life by the hour together.

To heighten the illusion, Captain Smith is made to tell the story in the first person; and the narrative continues in this vein for some three or four pages until Pocahontas is buried at Gravesend and "Jo Smith" has returned to private life. The author has evidently made a careful study of the True Travels and the Generall Historie, although he has not adhered in any slavish way to the account which Smith therein gives of himself; neither has he scrupled to add to it what to him seemed proper and enter-
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... making fact and fiction in a most reckless way. The result is an interesting little romance that will well repay a careless perusal. The few slips in it are hardly worth noting. Mr. Ashton is a steadfast believer in Smith, and also in Pocohontas; the story of whose saving of his life has been relegated to the realm of false on insufficient grounds; but his reason for faith in it is by no means as convincing as he seems to think. Briefly, it is as follows: Smith says that when Pocahontas was in England in 1616 he wrote a letter to Queen Anne (consort of James I), giving an account of his rescue from the clubs of the Indians by Powhatan's daughter. Mr. Ashton argues that he would not have written this letter had the story been false, as Pocahontas might have contradicted it. Now Pocahontas died in 1617, and the letter is not known except through the General History, which was first published in 1644, when there was no danger of contradictions; and if Smith lied about the story, why should he have told the truth concerning the letter? The book is illustrated with some poor woodcut copies of the pictures in Smith's writings, a slight bibliography of which may be found in the last line of "Eaglev"—the statement containing the inscription supposed to have been on a tablet in St. Sepulchers, London, and a copy of Smith's will. To this last is appended a facsimile signature which does not belong there, as it is stated in the will that Smith made his mark, possibly because he was too weak to sign his name, the will having been made on the day of his death. The signature is probably a copy of that affixed to the letter to Lord Bacon, which, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, has been taken to be that of the gallant captain. An appendix contains the Charter of Virginia of 1606, and Smith's caustic letter to the Treasurer of the Company, together with a copy of the Company's seal. The book is beautifully printed in old-fashioned type on good paper, and — barring the pictures — does credit to the publishers.

Key to North American Birds: Second edition. Revised to date, and entirely rewritten; with which are included General Ornithology, an outline of the structure and classification of Birds, and Field Ornithology, a Manual of Collecting, Preparing, and Preserving. By Eliot Copes. [Eaton & Lauriat. $1.00.]

We have here a greatly enlarged and improved edition of, or rather substitute for, a work which appeared in 1872; the standard book for our time, as was its predecessor for its time. A dozen years well improved by a naturalist devoted to and abreast of his subject, may amount to a revolution. We have given above the leading portions of the title. It is right to add the portion which declares that the book contains a concise account of every species of living and fossil bird at present known from the continent north of the Mexican and United States Boundary, inclusive of Greenland; and that it is "much illustrated." The illustrations are excellent. The historical preface is finest (almost superfluous) written, and is very interesting, especially in its tribute to the memory of John Lawson, founder for this country of the "Pre-Linnean Epoch in Ornithology," of the younger Barrington, and of Wilson, "the father of American Ornithology," "a poet by nature, a naturalist by force of circumstances, an American ornithologist by mere accident—that is, if anything can be accidental in the life of a man of genius." The services of Charles Lucien Bonaparte in the cause of sound nomenclature are likewise appreciated. We are glad to see that the names of the genera and species are accredited, and are sorry to say that the accents are sometimes wrong. The author has quite forgotten that a vowel before any two consonants, except a mute and liquid, is long by position; and he has not hesitated to carry back the accent now and then beyond the antepenult.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. An Essay by John Morley. [Macmillan & Co. 20c.]

Here is another English limitation applied to an American god, reducing the infinite to the finite. Mr. Morley, who is an Oxford graduate of 1859, a former editor of the Fortnightly, and has practiced his biographic pen on Burke, Byron, Carlyle, and Rousseau, here gives it free course through some fifty pages on Emerson. The origin of the essay is not stated; it is dated December last. Its tone is respectful, if not deferential; appreciative, but questioning. It is not an attempt to place Emerson, which it is not soon, and Morley, who looks through the record of his life, than which, he truly and feelingly says, "no purer, simpler, and more harmonious story can be found in the annals of far-shining men." The facts of Emerson's life are given with brevity and precision. There is a pretty pen-picture of his Concord home. There are notes on his writings. There follows a judgment; the sum of which is that to philosophy proper Emerson made no contribution of his own; that his literary style has quality and favor, but is not free from secondary faults; that his work is "full of literature" by which is meant "breadth of literary reference;" that his poetry is not "inimitable," but the "outcome of a discontent with prose;" that on giddy heights of events he "kept his eye on the fixed stars;" and that he was a teacher of "vigor, moral purity with the formality of dogma." At Emerson's feet the nation has not fallen down and worship, though he allows him standing room on the pedestal of fame among the master "persuasive and inspiring minds of history.


If Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, the author of Old Landmarks of Boston, Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex, Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast, and similar books of antiquarian rambles, were to transform himself into an Englishman, and into the city of London to make a corresponding study of its environs, the volume above entitled would be about the result. Mr. Walford is an English Drakc; with the same historical leanings, the same antiquarian tastes, the same fondness for exploring old towns, old houses, and old roads, the same curiosity to know the names and histories of old inhabitants and old occupants, and an infinite capacity for embroidering a landscape with all sorts of tradition, anecdote, personality, gossip, and the general accretion of human interest, so that lands and buildings, roads and meadows, gates and stiles, rivers and forests become alive with the associations of the past, and at every step one touches its nerves. A work on Old and New London of similar cast. Mr. Walford has already helped to give us. Now he sets out into Greater London, as he calls the concentric rings of villages, towns, boroughs, and hamlets, which have grown up around and blended into London as the vast metropolis of Great Britain. Sixty-one chapters take the reader one upon the long roads that stretch away in every direction, up and down the Thames and other rivers that intersect the region, through one after another of the districts and communities that lie clustered on these roads and rivers, into the old mansions, lodging under the venerable trunks with all that is knowable and learnable about every object which is passed on the way. The houses that have become historic through the famous men that once lived in them, the schools that knew the boyhood of these great men, the parks where kings hunted, the places where the queens feasted, the lordly halls where great families have lived one generation after another, the quaint streets, and inns, and shops; old churches, abbeys, and priories; Hampton and its Court, Eton and its Towers, Harrow on its Hill, the Thames in its meadows, Epping Forest, and the hedges, but not least the great docks at the east of London; such are the scenes through which these 600 quarto pages take us, with profuse wood-cuts to illustrate the text, and with great enjoyment to both mind and heart. It is as good almost as a month in London to read this book.

Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets. By Frances L. Mace. [Cupplins, Upham & Company.]

Fond Noodles, or Sonnets and Songs. By Heloise Durant. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.]

"Only Waiting" has been sung and said a thousand times, and is undoubtedly the most familiar piece from the pen of Frances L. Mace. But in this case, as in many others, it is by no means a writer's best work that first attracts notice, and a strain of somewhat commonplace sentiment meets with instant popularity, while finer and subtler tones remain long unheard. The present volume gives a broader and better balance than poetic republics from the transient life of the magazines some verses that deserve to be remembered. That much of the collection is mediocre cannot be denied, but in each of its three departments, Legends, Lyrics, Sonnets, there are genuine poetic voices. "Israel," the first of the legends, is also the best, betraying both delicacy and skill in construction, although "The First at the Feast" is perhaps the noblest. Of the Lyrics, the longest, "A Buddhist Vision," with "Isa" and above all "Indian Summer," is the last quite worn, but "Bryant in Hand" is fresh, claim especial mention. Of the Sonnets, "The Seven Days" are unique in plan and conception, and "Friendship," which we quote, is the most noteworthy:

It matters not if no more face to face
I lean on thee, no friend but thee indeed To clasp thy hand in mine, there is no need; The sweetest delight of friendship known Is heart reaches heart across unmeasured space, Good is the sunshine from yonder cloudless sky. Dura is one hope, one life-work and one creed,

One destiny the flying moments trace. The shadow of thy grief cannot depart Till it is fallen on me; thy sweet delight Shines with succeeding brilliance over land and sea. Friendship is an Eden for the heart, In which it grows to blossom without blight, Gives itself wholly and is wholly free.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.]

Heloise Durant's collection of sonnets and songs is freely and not without some signs of carelessness. Judea is printed for India on page 136, and occasionally a phrase or word is left without translation. The chief of Latin theologians is repeatedly cited as St. Thomas of Aquinas, and we see no reason for disguising Haggai and Belshazzar as Aggeus and Belshazzar.

Chapters in Popular Natural History. Sir John Lubbock, F.S.C.

This little book consists of extracts and abstracts of Lubbock's books upon ants, bees, and wasps, metamorphoses of insects, British wild flowers, etc., which the National Society for Common School Education have caused to be republished as a reading book. It is an excellent volume. The little volume is another illustration of the fact that the men of original research are far the best writers of popular and elementary books. They know what to say and what to omit. The amateur book-makers rarely have a sense of proportion, and their use of technical terms is usually in inverse ratio to their knowledge. There is, accordingly, a refreshing freedom from technical words in the present volume.

FICTION.

The Shadow of the War. A Story of the South in Reconstruction Times. [Jansen, Mo. Cling & Co. Advance sheets.]


The Giant's Robe. By F. Anstey. [D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.]

"No. 40." A Romance of Fortress Monroe and the Yorktown. 22d edition. [Richmond, Va. Randolph & English. 75c.]

The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Uppmore, Bart., M. P. formerly known as "Tommy Uppmore." By K. D. Blackmore. [Harper & Brothers. Franklin Sq. Library. 20c. 16mo. paper, 35c.]

The Shadow of the War, though by an un-named author, is worthy of mention alongside of Judge Goosey's A Foot's Errand among the better stories of life at the South during the stormy period succeeding the Civil War. It is a carefully-written book, founded evidently on facts, avoiding extremes and exaggerations, yet maintaining a good degree of dramatic interest, and presenting natural and life-like pictures of the scenes with which it is concerned. It is so temperate and equitable in tone as to leave room for doubt on which side of the Great Conflict the author stands. The story follows the fortunes of a Northern family of Gildersevees, father, mother, and daughter, who remove to the South at the close of the war, Mr. Gildersevee to engage in the cotton manufacture. Carrollton, near which he settles, is apparently meant for Charleston. Mr. Gildersevee and his family here make the acquaintance of two young Southerners, Maurice Graham and Edward Gravois, one of whom in the end marries the daughter. A yachting trip in the harbor followed by a shipwreck begins the tale. Political complications follow, obstructing Mr. Gildersevee's plans. The lynching of a negro incendiary, an election riot, a legislative scene in the days when the negroes held the balance of power, and a judicial trial of two white men charged with murder, contribute to the incidents, and a thread of political history binds them together. Without being exceptionally strong or striking, the story has strength and point, a good average merit of style, freshness of material, self-evident naturalness and truthfulness, and the interest of an eye-witness's picture of memorable times. In enumerating hereafter the literature of Reconstruction, The Shadow of the War must not be omitted.

Old Mark Langston is another tale of Southern life; but here the interest is not in the historical background, as with The Shadow of the War, or the interest lies in the characters and the incidents in The Enlisted Man; but in a quiet, steady, studious portrayal of old social aspects now fast passing away under the influence of new ideas. Duke's Creek, the locality of the story, is in Middle Georgia. Lucas Woodbridge, a Vermont, is at the head of a good school there. These are Quillians, Dukes, Jarrels, and other notable families in the community. The book has a strong domestic fiber. Politics are remote. Religion is at the front, with the rude society of the village, and commencement times. The village is sketched in with a laborious hand:

The traveler, say he began at the beginning—nameless, innumerable crows and black-birds, in a minute the house to the left and the grave-yard to the right. . . . Keeping his eyes to the right, he would now take a view at convenient distances themselves apart, first Griffin's shoe-shop, in the rear of which Griffin himself swelt in a house not much bigger than the shop; then the Duke mansion on the hill, one hundred and fifty yards from the street; then Barfield's.

The book has its Southern dialect, too, as thus in the lips of Mrs. Toliver, a tall, stout woman of sixty-five, in her second widowhood, whose "two husbands slept side by side in the lower part of the garden at her plantation:"

"El Miss Woodige were a Baptist' f'should any she were the religious att person in this town, no matter of what sect or sects; for . . . I tell you now, Sister Quilliam, that young 'man co' more pryan' than any person of whoms per orderions I know anything about, not even of exceptin' of olther Quillians, who, as we all know, have to do a right smart o' pryan' more 'n othar's. What to try and make up for 'bein' of a Methodis' ."

Sister Catlin was the only "Methodis'" in Dukesborough. Mr. Johnson's book is full of historical coloring, and though it requires to be read slowly, has an entertaining faculty after one gets fairly into it.

Mr. Anstey, whose clever Vice versa was one of the successes of a previous season, has undertaken in The Giant's Robe a larger and more pretentious work, showing less originality than the former, but more invention, and bringing to bear upon a good piece of trashy powers of elaboration. The hero of the story is a young Louisiana Macedonia Ashburn, a teacher in a boys' school, who, by a singular chain of circumstances becomes involved with the authorship—"the giant's robe"—of a book he did not write, and also wins the love of Mabel Langston, whose former lover, Vincent Bent, was the real author of the book and his own friend. Holroyd had gone to Cre- tion and was supposed to have been lost at sea. When his book has been published to Ashburn's credit, and just as Ashburn's marriage to Mabel is approaching, Holroyd puts in an appearance. Further deceptions follow, Holroyd is left on the losing side, as the world comes low, and Mr. Ashburn carries off the prize with the load of
a guilty conscience and the ruin of a broken faith. Besides the ingenuity of its plan the book effect- 
ively pictures interesting aspects of English middle-class life, though with a fullness of detail which might have been abridged. The opening 
glimpses of St. Peter's School is graphic; so are 
the scenes in the Ashburn family, especially when 
Uncle Solomon Lightowler is making one of 
his visits. The story is greatly helped by the pretty 
little initial vignettes at the beginning of each 
chapter, which, without profaning the dignity of 
illustrations, are in perfect sympathy with the au-
thor's purpose and interpret it tellingly to the 
eye.

The "Hygeia" is an immense, famous, and 
popular hotel at Fortress Monroe, and the 
romance which has been woven out of the gay, list-
less, sunny life which goes on there winter and 
summer, under the title of "No. 42," well deserves 
a second edition; we should not be surprised to 
hear at any time of its going into a third and even 
a fourth. It is anonymous, but capitally written, 
without a trace of effort or art, and with clear 
verisimilitude to facts. It tells of a lovable young 
girl, a student at the Hygeia, who fires the affec-
tions of two gentlemen there, one a Bostonian who 
loses the prize, the other an old friend of her 
mother's, who wins it. It is a pleasing little 
tale, with a fresh piquant taste to it, and is prett-
ily printed. We are glad to see such a book as 
this coming out of the South.

The Harpers have reprinted Mr. Blackmore's 
"Tommy Upright" in two forms. It is not worth 
reprinting in one. Alas! that the author of 
"Lorna Dune" should have become so blind of 
the literary eye as to see any maintenance to his 
reputation, to say nothing of fresh credit, or of 
pleasure to his readers, in such an artificial, 
affected, flat, tedious book as this. 

So far as we can discern its intent it is offered as a 
political satire of the times; but a duller weapon, a 
more pointless one, is seldom brandished. If 
Mr. Blackmore values his good name he will not 
venture to imprint it again after this stupid, sense-
less fashion.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Most of us have been through the mill 
know that the only way of learning to spell is— 
to learn to spell. Hazen's Complete Speller is 
by an experienced educator, and so far as aid can 
be given toward acquiring "most difficult 
and unknown of all arts," spelling, seems to 
leave nothing to be desired. [Gina, Heath & Co. 
3.50.] 

Miss Lucretia Crocker, of the Boston Super-
visors, is well known as one of the clearest-
headed and most judicious of our educators, 
and anything from her pen is sure of a hearty 
welcome. Her Methods of Teaching Geography 
is the result of a series of Saturday lectures to 
the Board, and is printed at the request 
of those who heard them. The book abounds in 
the result of large experience and of painstaking 
study; and it deserves the painstaking study of 
all who may have to teach geography. While 
many would follow a widely different order, 
introducing some hard things later, and making 
most of the immediate hurdles of the child, yet 
the working plans and general system of the book are beyond all praise, far ahead of any-
thing of the sort we remember to have seen. 
[Boston School Supply Co.]

The little book on "Home and School Training, 
by Mrs. H. E. G. Arey, A.M., while it does not 
touch bottom on anything, is yet a book of pleas-
ant and mostly valuable hints on many important 
points too often lost sight of by parents and 
teachers. It will be read it with profit. 
There is much carelessness writing in the book; as, 
"But where one of these branches are made prominent?" "If the classical student wishes to pursue mathematics or draughting 
to the extent to which they are carried" (both p. 
133). [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $2.50.]

Dr. Winchell of the University of Michigan, 
by his "Preadamites" and his various geological 
publications, has won an enviable reputation in 
the scientific literature of the day. He has just 
now got down from his high horse and mounted 
a pony with the children; and, if we mistake 
not, he will have a pretty large, not to say 
enthusiastic and happy following. With hammer 
and tongs and other geological implements he is 
taking a series of "Geological Excursions," to the 
garden, the gravel-bank, the boulders, the stone-
cutter's, the marble-yard, the clay-pit, etc., etc., 
knocking things to pieces generally, or rather 
letting his children do it, and studying every 
piece of stone he finds, in a delightful yet thor-
oughly accurate and scientific manner. The book 
is hardly a text-book, it is rather a hand-
book for the geological laboratory, and is by far 
the best elementary book on geology published: 
Teachers will find it a gem, both for 
themselves and their classes. [S. C. Griggs & 
Co. $1.50.]

Political studies are deservedly coming to 
the front for the past few years, and a multitude of 
books, good, bad, and indifferent, has been 
thrown upon the public. One of the best of 
these is Politics, by William W. Crate and 
Bernard Moses, Ph.D. While not so thorough 
in its treatment, or so hard reading, as Dr. 
Mulford's "The Nation," it is a philosophical 
study of our political machinery of much learning 
and great value, and not easy reading by any means. 
Many readers will object to some of its conclu-
sions; but most of them are drawn from a broad 
comparative study, and will challenge thought if 
not approval. Indeed the secondary title of 
the book is "An Introduction to the Study of 
Comparative Constitutional Law," and it is a 
very good book to put into the hands of the 
somewhat mature student or congressman than 
most of the light treatises on the subject which they 
read. As to the congressmen, we have 
very few who could write such a book, or who 
would not much improve their statemanship by 
its careful perusal. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. 
$1.50.]

Van Nostrand's Science Series is a series of 
handbooks reprinted from Van Nostrand's 
Magazine, and must be of much value to engi-
neers and others for whom they are intended. 
Later issues, Nos. 71 and 72, are "Dynamic Elec-
tricity and Lighting," by Dr. John Hopkins, F.R.S.; II, 
On the Measurement of Electricity for Commer-
cial Purposes, by James N. Schoolbred, C.E.; II, 
Electric Light Arithmetic, by R. E. Day, 
M.A.; and Topographical Surveying, including 
 autonomograph Surveying, by G. J. Sprecht, 
I, Topographical Surveying, by Geo. J. Sprecht, 
C.E.; II, New Methods in Topographical Sur-
veying, by Prof. A. S. Hardy; III, Geometry of 
Position applied to Surveying, by John B. Mc-
Master, C.E.; IV, Coordinate Surveying, by 
50 cents each.]

The poor wood-cuts and generally cheap 
looking interior of Cassell's Guide to Paris are 
about to prejudice one against it, but it must 
be said that it is better than its appearance, 
and a careful examination will justify the opinion 
that it is intelligent, instructive, and intelligible. 
It is made on the dictionary plan, except that 
there is no alphabetical arrangement of contents. 
The information is systematic, however, con-
densed, and business-like; and the directions and 
hints are enough to make the stranger quickly 
at home in the gay French capital. An excellent 
map of Paris precedes the book, which is in 
paper covers, and well worth its little cost. 
[Cassell & Co. 40c.]

The Bible Student's Cyclopaedia is a curi-
sity of invention in itself; first, 150 pages of 
questions, like the several chapters of a cate-
chism, on some thirty or forty leading Biblical 
topics; then 180 pages more of answers to the 
questions, arranged in corresponding series; 
with a sprinkling in between of Biblical tables, 
liturgical arts, chronology, genealogy, puzzles, 
acroats, enigmas, and what not; the whole 
a sort of Biblical old curiosity shop, with con-
tents classified, labeled, numbered, and cata-
logued. [N. Tubbals & Sons. $1.00.]

Economic Traits is the title of a small volume 
containing bound up together eight political 
tracts issued by the Society for Political Edu-
cation in 1881-2. The value of the series will be 
shown by some of the leading names—Edward 
Atkinson, What is a Bank? A. Courtous, Polit-
ical Economy in One Lesson; Prof. A. D. White, 
Paper Money Inflation in France; P. W. With-
ridge, The Cursus System. One of the most 
interesting of the series is that on Unley, con-
taining John Calvin's remarkable letter on the 
subject (1579), Jeremy Bentham's seven letters 
(1875), and by no means least, Richard H. Dana, 
Jr.'s admirable speech against the usury laws, 
delivered in Massachusetts House of Represen-
tatives (1867). To many the most valuable of 
the collection will be the second, containing a 
list of several hundred of the most important 
books on Political Economy and Social Science, 
compiled under separate titles by such competent 
editors as Prof. Sumner of Yale, David A. 
Wells, and others. [Society for Political Edu-
cation, New York. $1.00.]

According to Mr. Jacob Straub, in his work 
on The Consolations of Science, "It is now be-
come a matter of sincere congratulation that by 
due attention to the force of the facts of science 
as they are commonly received in this age of the 
world, the ordinary deficiencies for discerning 
facts of a spiritual character may be overcome," 
and "proof of a future world not only, but of 
life's endlessness," may be attained. And so to 
"the science of today" the optimistic author of 
this and the volume "directs the suffering heart 
of man for consolation." This is not being quite 
the ordinary view, the book which maintains 
the thesis, and elaborately oppugns "the min-
isterial theory of life" (a new name for material-
istic), should possess uncommon interest. We 
have more than once endeavored to read it; 
but, to our sorrow, we have not yet succeeded. 
[Collegrove Book Co., Chicago.]

— The upshot of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland's 
 studies of Allegroin Lounds, soon to be issued.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

in book form, is said to be a conviction that the substance of these legends is the fragments of a great epic identical with the Eddas.

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

— Vienna is rejoicing over the discovery of two long missing canzatas by Beethoven written in 1790 and 1792. One is a requiem on the death of the Emperor Joseph II, the other a jubilee for the accession of the Emperor Leopold II.

— Dr. Karl Müller of Stuttgart has nearly completed a German translation of Appleton's 'Shakespearean Myth,' which, with an introduction by the translator, the Messrs. Taschitzki will publish early in the fall.

— The united Beckford and Hamilton libraries recently sold at auction in London fetched £86,444, and Mr. Quaritch, the dealer in rare books, bought more than half in value, a quarter at least on his own account.

— The late Madame Taglioni, the famous danseuse, left several manuscripts of memoirs, containing piquant revelations of society and life in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris a generation ago, and they are likely to be published.

— Wilson & McCormick of Glasgow announce for publication this month a translation by E. W. Gibb of 'The History of Tendik,' a Turkish romance by Ali Aziz Efendi of Crete, the author of 'Ottoman Poems.'

— A collection of about two hundred manuscript letters by Jane Austen to a niece have lately been found in an old box in England, and their publication is promised in the coming fall by Bentley.

— The London Religious Tract Society announces a popular edition of Leech's 'Life of Wyclif,' which is the standard biography. A complete index will be appended, and a few notes.

— Captain Burton is putting the finishing touches to his new translation of the 'Arabian Nights.' The work will be ready for print within a year, but will be issued only to subscribers.

— Chapman & Hall will soon publish Chinese Gordon's 'Correspondence' during the first part of his military career.

— Bentley & Sons will have ready early in July the last novel written by the late Charles Reade, the title of which is 'A Perilous Secret.'

— A Bible that belonged to John Milton has come into the possession of the British Museum.

NEWS AND NOTES.

— Lieut. Edward S. Farrow, U. S. A., instructor in tactics and gymnastics at West Point, and author of books on 'Mountain Scouting, Gymnastics, etc.,' has for several years been engaged in the laborious task of compiling a 'Military Encyclopedia,' which will be the only thorough and modern work of the sort. It will be illustrated with many hundred cuts, will fill two large volumes, and will be published in the autumn by Green's, New York.

— Professor Beers of Yale College, who sketched 'A Hundred Years of American Literature' at the time of the Centennial, is at work on a life of N. P. Willis, for which he has accumulated a large stock of new material. The Willis family have placed in his hands a mass of the poet's correspondence, containing many letters from eminent people in this country and in Europe thirty and forty years ago.

— Encouraged by successes in operettas on the other side of the water Mr. Howells and Mr. Heneschel are engaged on the words and music of a new comic opera, the scene of which is laid on an Atlantic steamer in the mid-ocean. The piece arouses considerable expectation. 'A Sea Change' is its title, and it will be produced on the Boston stage the coming season.

— Fords, Howard & Hubert have in press 'Black and White,' a study of the negro problem in the United States, by T. T. Fortune; 'The Democratic Party, Its Political History and Influences,' by Prof. J. H. Patton, and paper-covered editions of Judge Tourgey's 'Foot Erroc每每 and 'Bricks Without Straw.'

— G. P. Putnam's Sons have in preparation a limited letter-press edition of the 'Works of Alexander Hamilton,' including his contributions to the 'Federalist.' The set will be edited by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, author of the 'Life of Hamilton,' in the series of 'American Statesmen.'

— The Century Company announces a 2d 'Nicholas' Song Book,' the words for which will be taken mainly from the magazine of that name, the music written especially for it by various composers. We hear also rumors of a 'Century Dictionary' in preparation by the same house.

— The first edition of Mr. Davis's 'Law in Shakespeare,' published in February last, was sold entirely to lawyers. The author is a well-known member of the legal profession, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and has been Governor of Minnesota.

— Winthrop Pierce has compiled a calendar from Thackeray's Works, which will be published by Prang & Co., and the same firm have in preparation a Tennyson Calendar, the 'mount' for which is the work of Mrs. E. Whitman.

— McPherson's 'Handbook of Politics for 1884' will make the ninth volume of the series, and has especial value in its bearings upon the coming presidential election. It will be published by J. J. Chapman of Washington.

— The latest edition of Mr. Crawford's 'Roman Singer' was 12,500 copies, and nearly all are sold. The work receives very generally the same commendatory notice which has been given it by the Literary World.

— The literature of Alaska is increasing, the latest addition being 'A Trip to Alaska' by Mr. George Wardman, to be published this month by S. Carson & Co. of San Francisco.

— D. Lothrop & Co. are to commence in July the publication of a new illustrated magazine addressed to the members of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union.

— The Riverside Press in Cambridge gives its 9000 work people a half holiday every Saturday from now until September without reduction of pay.

— A Miss Hannah Calligan of Machias, Me., claims the doubtful honor of the authorship of 'The Bread Yarn,' welcome to it.

— Professor Palmer's translation of the Odyssey, of which we have already spoken, will not be published until September.

— Porter & Coates of Philadelphia announce 'Life and Travels in India' by Mrs. Leounwena.

LITERARY INDEX.

[Under the above head we keep an alphabetical index to such articles on strictly literary topics in current periodicals as, by reason of their intrinsic character, their authorship, or the pages in which they appear, are likely to deserve the notice of readers of the Literary World. Biographical sketches of living writers, essays upon distinguished authors not living, criticisms of famous or important works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each entry is subject-titles, entered by leading word, name of writer, name of periodical (foreign periodicals in italics), date, or volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.]


PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.


PICTURES OF LIFE IN CAMP AND FIELD. By Baden, F. Taylor. 3d edition. S. C. Griffin & Co. $1.00.

The Professional Life of Our Civilisation. From the German of Max Nordau. Chicago: L. Schott. $2.50.


Stray Leaves from Strange Literature. By Lathrop, Hano. $2. Octogon & Co.

The Mother and Her Children. A Story for Young Mothers. Presbyterian Board of Publication.


STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. By Charles Scribner's Sons. 50c.


HENRY HOLT & CO.

HAVE JUST READY:

LIFE OF JOHN KALB.

Major General in the Revolutionary Army. By Frederick Kapp. 12mo. $1.25.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

[June 28, 1884.]

THE-poetical romances

of

J. DUNBAR HYTON.

BELOW A Northern Tale in seven parts. One volume, 50c, 358 pages, price $1.25.

THE BRIDE OF GETTYSBURG.

An Episode of 1863. In three parts. One volume, 50c, 173 pages, price $1.25.

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A Tale of Sea and Land, in seven parts; Lays of Ancient Times; Song of the Engineer to his Engine while conveying President Garfield from Washington to Long Branch, etc.; and numerous Charades and Riddles. One volume, 50c, 540 pages, price $2.00.

All the above volumes will be sent, post-paid, upon receipt of the price by the Publisher,

J. DUNBAR HYTON,
Palmyra, New Jersey.

The four volumes for $5.00, free of postage.

NOTICES FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

"The 'Bride of Gettysburg' is a majestic epic poem."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"The 'Heir of Lionyyn' is a thrilling account of shipwrecks, told in well-chosen language, and reaches flights of poetic fancy that are really magnificent."—The Enterprise, Worcester, Massachusetts.

"Those who are fond of reading bold, wild, daring flights of fancy will find them to their heart's content in Mr. Hylton's poems."—Mount Holly Herald, New Jersey.

"My Hylton is an indomitable man, whether as farmer, miner, or poet. As an agriculturist and business man, his reputation has been established; as a bard, he has now shot his arrow to the mark."—West Jersey Press, Camden, N.J.

"The 'Heir of Lionyyn' is a weird tale told in rhyme and measure, imparting to the reader all the fascination and delight that attends the most charming romance."—Poetry, Evening Bee.

"Hylton's verses are free, rapid, and picturesque, and richly freighted with simile and metaphor."—Participating Liar.

"Hylton seems to have a never-failing power of expressing his thoughts in the most harmonious rhyme. He is rich in landscape description, and his delineation of character is a study."—Harvard Harbinger.

ABOVE THE GRAVE OF JOHN ODENWURGE.

A Cosmopolite. By

J. D. HYTON.

"The wide range of subjects embraced in this volume will, without doubt, secure for it readers from all true lovers of literature. Mr. Hylton shows throughout the entire book power and talent of the highest order."—Pittsburg Daily Post.

"There is a vast amount of humor of the refined and lofty style in 'Above the Grave.' . . . It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that these poems are suggested by an actual heart experience. . . . There is a tone of real agony in the poetic call for the Jerry girl, immersed in a distant ocean."—The New York Sun.

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School of Education and Oratory, 414 & 416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
THE LITERARY WORLD.
FORTNIGHTLY.

Vol. XV, No. 14. [Office, 233 Second St., Room 11.] 10 Cents per Copy. 50.00 per Year.
Wholesale, 50.00 per 100. BOSTON, JULY 12, 1884.


THE GREAT REPUBLIC.
By Sir Leop. Henry Griffin. Crown, 8vo, cloth, $1.50.
The noble author states his views of the United States, its government, politics, people, scenery, cities, etc., from which we believe he has derived much delight, and, having had command of civil matters in Afghanistan, his experience of the world makes his conclusions interesting.

SHAKESPEAREAN SHOW-BOOK.
With Original Literary Contributions, Illustrations and Music, by over 50 Writers, Artists and Composers, including Tennant, Browning, "Violet Fane," Oscar Wilde; Caldecott, Walter Crane, Thos. Faed, Val Prinsep, F. H. Cowen, etc. All specially contributed "For Charity," for the benefit of the "Cheslea Hospital for Women." Oblong 12mo, boards, $2.00.

* An interesting souvenir of a most curious exhibition, the "Shakespeare Show-Book," a quaint and artistic production upon which much ingenuity of taste and fancy have been lavished.—Pall Mall Gazette.

* The copies of this "Shakespeare Broker" were sold at the exhibition in the "Royal Albert Hall." London, and the few copies secured by Scribner & Welford are the only ones accessible to American purchasers who may wish to preserve a unique memento of the occasion.

MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL BUGEAUD.
From his Private Correspondence and Original Documents, 1784-1849. By Count H. d’Irbyville. Edited from the French by Charlotte M. Yonge. 2 volumes, 8vo, cloth, $12.00.

* This is a work of great value to the student of French history. A record of the book will enable any reader of the Bugeaud energy, his patriotism, his usefulness, and his philosophy and humanity. He was, indeed, a general who may serve as a pattern to all countries, and his name deserves to live long in the memory of his countrymen. His sagacity, far-seeing opinions on military as well as civil matters they will do well to ponder and take to heart.—Atlantic.

THE RIGHT SORT.
A Romance of the Shires. By Mrs. E. Kennard. Illustrated by E. Giberna. 12mo, cloth, $2.50.

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For July.

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lowed by June 3, 1853, June 3, 1856, by June 4, 1852, June 17, 1854, by June 18, 1840. In other words, to secure a con-
sequeitiveness of days, Mr. Blake, in making
his extracts, has skipped about among the
years in most reckless fashion. Inasmuch,
however, as the general average of seasons
in New England does not greatly vary in a
course of ten or twenty years, the effect is
pretty much the same, and the artificiality of
the arrangement has an offset in the pleas-
urable illusion of advancing through the
summer day by day.

In this book the hermit of Concord, as he
has been called, lies prone upon the earth,
so to speak, with ear and eye intent to
catch the faintest signs and motions of the
life of nature. He walks, he camps; he is
out long before sunrise, it is long after
moonlight that he returns; he is a collector,
not of specimen objects, but of sights,
sounds, and impressions. His mind is a sen-
sitive tablet on which every lineament of the
animal and vegetable world leaves its mark.
Nothing escapes his sense of sight, nothing
eludes his sense of hearing. His eye is like
a fly's eyes, with their four thousand facets; his
ear is like an ear-trumpet, preternatur-
ally enlarged and sensitized, so that it
catches every pulse and wave of sound in
the heavens above or from the earth be-
neath. The attitude of this man is atten-
tion, his watchword "hark!" he rests on one
foot with the other lifted, he bends over
the turtle crawling in the sand, he counts
the warbles in the bobolink's throat, the
young partridge squats in his hand while
the mother walks importantly within three
feet of him, he graps a struggling wood-
chuck by his tail and pulls him out of his
hole, with groping hand he follows the horn-
poot to her watery nest and feels of the soft
eggs which she will presently hatch there.
His dog sniffs after him as he sails up and
down the river, he studies the sun as it goes
down red in the haze, he has a theory for
the drifting pollen of the pine, he sits on a
boulder in the pasture and muses on the white
under sides of the maple leaves, on the red
skinned cattle, on the gray rocks, he hunts
the screech-owl's nest and analyzes it, he
sits half an hour in his boat listening to the
bull-frogs, he snuffs a dozen fragrances at
once, vegetation passes before him like a
procession, the lightning is his candle, the
woods are his library, the clouds his pic-
tures, the grass his carpet, the foliage his
tapestry, berries are his reflection, the open-
ning and shutting of the flowers mark for him
the time of day.

So far this landscape with this man in it
has its attractions, but when the man forgets
his mission and drops into commonplace
like the following, he tries our faith in him
sorely. He has heard a clarionet "far off"
and it makes him exclaim:

How cultivated, how sweet and glorious is
music! Men have brought this art to great per-
fection, the art of modulating sound, by long
practice, since the world began.

Fudge!
The book has a good index, and a striking
portrait of Thoreau is to be seen "between
the lines."

TINKLING CYMBALS.*

THERE seems a tendency of late among
our story-writers to choose Newport as a
good setting or background for their char-
acters, very much as artists put cool distances
of shadowy-gray behind bright stalks of
flowers to throw them boldly into relief.
Newport, however, is not all cool gray. It
has a social, as well as a physical atmos-
phere, and it has a dazzling color of its own,
not so easy to render as the soft fog banks
which hover on the sea horizon, or the spar-
ing mists which caress and nourish the buds
of red geranium.

Following the example of his predeces-
sors, Messrs. James, Higginson, Lathrop,
Curtis, et omnes, Mr. Fawcett also brings the
characters of his last novel to Newport.

Tinkling Cymbals — a poor title, by the way,
— is designed to show the hollowness of
modern fashion as contrasted with that land
of ideas and ideals which borders on the
beach of that other land called Schismia.
Leah Romilly, its heroine, is the daughter
of a lady who, in her ardent youth, had
scaled the lecturer's platform at a time when
to do so involved grave things.

In not a few conventional households her
name had been cited with derision and contempt;
she had been pointed at as a brazen image of vulg-
arity and immorality; she had been drawn by
roguish caricaturists in a hundred varieties of
Amazonian costume; her convictions had been
denounced as braggadocio; her headstrong cour-
age had been declared cheap ostentation; her
resolute teachings had been termed anti immo-
rotality. Journalism had written of her in acid
ink and with a barbed pen. ... The final result
of it all had been disheartenment though never
intimation. Slowly, and with that grudging
surrender of vantage which is given only by
intrepid self-believers, she withdrew from the con-
test. ... It was no loss of serve which made her
retreat. It was rather a sense of the mighty in-
equality in her own determination, however
finessless, and the task she had so self-reliantly
attempted.

The end of this experience is to leave Mrs.
Romilly stigmatized for life as a person of
eccentric or immoral notions. Her young
and beautiful daughter, brought up among
reformers and "earnest thinkers," hankers,
with a perfectly natural reaction, after that
other world where people are content to
be beautiful and well mannered and well
dressed, to take things lightly, amused them-
selves easily and constantly, and not worry
about "subjects." This world she finds in
Newport, and she marries one of its deni-
sens, a pet of society, charming and accom-
plished, who, with a rapidity of decadence
only known to the theater, becomes within a
twelve-month an unmitigated, drunken brute;


and poor Leah only arrives at her real happiness after his opportune death farther on in the story.

There is a good deal of broad over-drawing and caricature in Mr. Fawcett's delineation of the fashionable world. Tracy Tremaine and his relatives are caricatured beyond recognition. Dr. Pragley is as impossible to real life as Chadband; but, on the other hand, there are many clever and some happy hits, such as Bertie Forbes and his American wife; and so is the great Mrs. Chichester with her "sorrows of my Lord Plum-Cake," to borrow a phrase from Miss Edgeworth.

We could wish that Mr. Fawcett, who has undoubted gifts, would study his own language more carefully. "Loudening her voice" is not admissible as English. Such blemishes should not be in a style which is generally easy and clear, and with an author who has the art of painting a character as well as a picture.

WITH MR. EMERSON TO CALIFORNIA.*

In the spring of 1871 a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen, of which Mr. Emerson was one, made an excursion by rail to California, stopping at Salt Lake City on the way out, and visiting the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees. Professor James B. Thayer of the Harvard Law School, who was also of the party, wrote a little account of the excursion, with special reference to Mr. Emerson's place and part in it, which was first read at a club and is now made public. It preserves a pleasant memory of Mr. Emerson, and will be valued now that he has gone, for its setting of him in a little of a new light, and its admitting the public at large to a degree of fellowship with him in one of his unstudied moods.

The party had a Pullman car of their own all the way from Boston, were given a good send-off from Chicago by Mr. Pullman himself, and traveled generally under exceptionally favorable conditions. Mr. Emerson had a purple patchel of books and manuscripts with him, occupied himself some of the time with putting the last touches to his *Parnassus*, and joined his companions in occasional discussions of Wordsworth, Goethe, and Scott. Now and then he would pull out his pocket German dictionary and fall to studying the language. He was usually an early riser, and would leave the train at convenient points of stoppage to ramble up into the towns by the way. He maintained friendly relations with all the party, not holding himself aloof, but entering heartily into the feelings of all, in a way to make each think more and better of himself.

At Salt Lake City Mr. Emerson was one of seven to attend a rather melancholy performance of "Marriage by Moonlight," or the Wild Cat's Revenge," a piece which ended tragically with the timely rescue of the head of the drunken hero from a "real pile-driver" in active operation. He called on Brigham Young, and talked with a "charming power" and "homespun sense." In a sermon of Young's reported in the Deseret News. On the way back from Salt Lake City, the train skirted the lake:

The northern edge of its large expanse... lay right under the car windows; ducks in profusion were floating and settling on the water; purple mountains were in the distance, and behind these the sun was setting in majesty. Presently we were running down a snow-covered range of mountains, and the soft tints and changes of light on these engaged every one's attention. And then it was over. Mr. Emerson had dropped his writing to see it all, and now turned to one of the ladies: "Well, what are you going to do about this—all this beauty?" She answered: "You say something that it is better to die for beauty than to live for bread." At which he murmured a little, and was silent.

So the journey proceeded: on into Nevada, through the canyons of the Humboldt River, which Mr. Emerson said reminded him of the Bible and of Asia; and along the tops and down the tremendous slopes of the Sierras, during which exciting and absorbing stage Mr. Emerson rode with a single companion in silence on the rear platform of the train, looking off in awe and admiration upon the sea of mountains, valleys, forests, and precipices.

In San Francisco Mr. Emerson had a hearty reception from the Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Starr King's successor; gazed on the Pacific with delight at seeing a "great new ocean;" visited the Chinese quarters, where he said there was not much of "inspiration" or "inspiration;" and lectured on immortality in such terms as left the Alta California feeling "that an elegant tribute had been paid to the creative genius of the First Great Cause, and that a masterly use of the English language had contributed to that end;" at which compliment nobody in the party laughed more heartily than Mr. Emerson himself. He also did his best to attend the performances of The Skatorial Queen," a Concord girl whom he knew; and in the Yosemite Valley he found a young and ardent admirer, a Scotchman and graduate of Madison University, who was running a saw-mill there, but who knew Mr. Emerson by his books, and came forth out of his seclusion to greet him. Pie at breakfast was one of Mr. Emerson's weaknesses, in the Yosemite Valley as everywhere. On one occasion he offered to help somebody from it, who declined; and then Mr. —; he too declined. "But Mr. —?" Mr. Emerson remonstrated, with earnestness, "with humanity, thrusting the knife under a piece of the pie, and putting the entire weight of his character into his manner — but Mr. —, what is it?"

In the Big Tree grove Mr. Emerson chose one of the giants for his own, and named it, at the request of the proprietor; a vigorous and handsome tree, not one of the largest, though measuring fifty feet in circumference at two and a half feet from the ground. He named it Samoset, ... having at first doubted a little over Logan."

Mr. Thayer has given a very pleasant account of a very pleasant excursion, in excellent taste in every particular; and while Mr. Emerson is the central figure, and all the perspective of incident is calculated with respect to him, yet at the same time, without knowing it perhaps, the author has managed to give one of the best general pictures of the conventional California excursion which we remember to have seen in print. As a piece of literary work it is admirable, and shows how good and impressive a book can be made within the compass of one hundred and twenty-two small pages.

Appended is a defense by Mr. Thayer of Matthew Arnold's estimate of Emerson.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S NOVEL.*

So far as we know this is Mr. Richard Grant White's first attempt at story writing. The book is a natural product out of the soil of his studies of English life and character, fertilized by reflections on American life and character. It is a leveling stroke between the two nationalities. Its aim is to show that all Americans are not boors, any more than all Englishmen are gods; that bad grammar and bad manners may exist over there as well as good grammar and good manners over here; in short, that honors are more nearly even between the two peoples than some recent writers would have us suppose. Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, and Matthew Arnold are roundly rapped over the knuckles, there is an immensely effective caricature of Walt Whitman's poetry in the form of a parody, and the "Author's Apology for his Book," which is printed as an appendix in some seventy-five pages of fine type, is a sober-sided essay on British judgments of America and American judgments of Britain. This "Apology" is a pretty ponderous piece of literary staging, with notes, and notes upon notes, and extracts, and digressions; but, like the postscript to a woman's letter, is rather the more important part of the book. A part of it, as far as to the bottom of p. 412, should be read before the story; the rest afterward.

Mr. Mansfield Humphreys, the hero of the fiction, is a fine young American visiting in England. He has there made an agreeable traveling acquaintance with Lord Tippingham, and is invited by him to Tippingham's Priory, where he has an Insight not only of typical English nobility home and family, but an introduction to a lovely young English woman, Margaret Duffield, who proves to be the fate foreshadowed in the title. As a preparatory contrast to the refinements and attractions of Tippingham

1884.]

THE LITERARY WORLD.

the most important financial documents of our time, and give by far the best account of our federal and national bank currency for that period, which includes the resumption of specie payments. It is needless to say, therefore, that whatever Mr. Knox may have to say on any topic connected with the money formerly or now current in the United States is entitled to the greatest respect, and may be accepted as entirely trustworthy, unless clearly and specifically proved to be otherwise.

It is due to the financial students not of Mr. Knox’s mind to state that he prefers the gold standard to every other, that he is not a bimetallist, and that he does not take any satisfaction in the decision pronounced by the Supreme Court of the United States on March 3, 1884, to the effect that Congress may lawfully issue as much paper money as it pleases, and that this paper money may be made a legal tender for all amounts. Mr. Knox intimates that the framers and former exponents of the United States Constitution did not share this belief, and that Mr. Justice Gray’s decision inaugurates a new era in the American history of paper money. He is the historian of our federal paper issues up to the time of Mr. Justice Gray’s very sweeping and most important judgment, and a better qualified historian of that subject it would be difficult to find.

Mr. Knox’s volume on United States notes is very compact, occupying the golden mean between a purely technical compilation, like Mr. R. A. Bayley’s National Laws of the United States, and a popular work giving the pictures and some statistical or historical account of our federal paper money. He has given the essential subject arranged historically, and adds some cautious comment as to transactions which he thinks wise or imprudent. He adds a few illustrations of the notes issued, and gives Mr. Justice Gray’s decision in full. But he treats of metallic money only in so far as it is represented by paper certificates, while the national bank notes, a subject on which Mr. Knox is particularly well-informed, are hardly alluded to, not being a part of the federal money issue.

On the subject of federal notes Mr. Knox’s volume, which is written with great simplicity, is a final authority up to March 3, 1884. It deserves a place in every American banking house, in every public library, and whenever men have occasion to study our federal currency. Most people prefer to study currency questions as a matter of reason or mathematics. But the safest, though also the hardest, method is that purely historical inquiry which ascertains the actual facts and traces the consequences, not in theory or reason, but in real experience. And no thoughtful mind will question the statement that experience is the safest of all teachers. In matters of coinage and paper currency it is very difficult to advance a proposition which either our own country or some other nation has not tried. Accordingly in all such questions it is probably safer to appeal to the teachings of history, in the interests of reason or the fancied infallibility of new prophets. And Mr. Knox’s luminous volume may be very safely recommended to the studious attention of all persons who wish to ascertain the true character of paper money, which, like honor, is a most delicate subject, and needs a stronger foundation than statute law, strong assurances, or proud boasting. The beginners in the study of finance will find Mr. Knox a sure guide, and the most advanced students will find him a companion most modest and most delightful.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

A great heart fell when the Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn of New York died. We are glad, all good people ought to be thankful, for another collection of his sermons; strong, plain, truthful, manly, quickening sermons on The Beatitudes. The eight on the Beatitudes, which give countenance to the volume, are followed by sixteen others, all, it may be said, on spiritual topics which the Beatitudes suggest. There is no claptrap in these sermons, no cant, no goody-goody Sunday-school talk, no sectarian narrowness; but the broad, square, up-and-down teaching of a mind and heart fully possessed by the principles of Jesus Christ in their application to character and life. “The ministry,” said Mr. Emerson, “is not losing its position. It stands for the moral sense and the humanities.” Such a ministry as this does, certainly. [E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.]

The late Rev. F. C. Ewer, D.D., was one of the “ritualistic” lights of the same church which Dr. Washburn represented, the Episcopalian, but two men more unlike it would be difficult to find in one and the same religious communion. Both were men of tremendous earnestness; but Dr. Washburn’s was the earnestness of Niagara, Dr. Ewer’s that of a fountain. Dr. Washburn was a great man on fire; Dr. Ewer was a smaller man at a white heat. Dr. Ewer was the more intense of the two, but Dr. Washburn’s intensity went deeper. A collection of Dr. Ewer’s sermons has been published, under the general title of Serenity, bearing an introduction by Bishop Seymour of Springfield (Ill.), and a memoir by Charles T. Congdon, the venerable New York journalist. The sermons are hortatory rather than argumentative. In this they reflect the intellectual cast of their author. But both sermons and memoir give a pleasanter impression of the mental and moral force of Dr. Ewer than he gave of himself to the public at large while he was living. [E. & J. B. Young & Co. $2.00.]

Few preachers on either side of the Atlantic excel the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of London in vivid apprehension of the teachings of the Bible or in graphic power of putting them to the people. One of the distinguishing features of his ministry at the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, is a Thursday noon lecture to business men, which has come to have an immense hold on the public mind. A first volume of pulpit discourses on Apostolic Life, as revealed in the Acts of the Apostles, exhibits much of Dr.

UNITED STATES NOTES.*

Mr. JOHN JAY KNOX has been the comptroller of the American currency from 1872 to 1884, and is probably the greatest living authority on the quality and validity of the money now found in the United States. During twelve memorable years Mr. Knox has been the official chief of the national banks. He is the author of the famous coinage act, which was passed in 1873, and has since been repealed. His annual reports from 1872 to 1883 are among

THE LITERARY WORLD.

[July 12.

THE CRIME OF HENRY VANCE. By J. S. of Dale.

[Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

A MIDSUMMER MADNESS. By Ellen Olney Kirk.

[Fords. $1.45.

MISS TOOLEY'S MISSION, AND LADDIE. [Robertas Brothers. 75c.

TROJAGAR. From the Spanish of Perez Galdos.

[Clara H. Blotz. 90c.

THE MISTRESS OF BICKSTEAD. Translated from the German of Fr. Henkel. By S. E. Boggs.


The young novelist who calls himself "J. S. of Dale," and whose first distinction was the authorship of "Gurndoll," in 1883, now presents us with a second work of fiction, named The Crime of Henry Vance. He calls it "a study with a moral." The "study" concerns two figures only, a young man and a young woman, and the "moral" is that young women should not play fast and loose with young men's affections, and that young men with affections, exposed to the wiles of coquettes, should not leave old revilers in the drawers of shaming-stands where the eye may fall on them and the hand seize them in moments of disappointment and depression. Henry Vance's crime was not murder; but it was committed with a revolver; let the reader himself find out what it was. He takes less than four lines to describe Vance; and the abruptness, the stiffness of the telling, like a peal of thunder on a fair day, is a startling stroke. The book is clever and adroit throughout; but clever and adroit in its manner rather than its matter. Its plot is so extremely simple as to be plotless. No people in it are of any consequence except the two, Vance and Thomas, whose story, given in ginning in comedy, ends in tragedy. The story is told in strokes and touches; in bold, strong lines and brilliant bits of color which stand out for undeniable talent. There are no waste words; and a few of this writer's words sometimes go far. Graphic, for instance, is this bit out of the picture of Vance's landing in the harbor.

There was the familiar chalk cliff and the wide estuary, and the people seated on little, iron, painted chairs, in the café, reading, figure, just as he had left them, with nothing changed but the date in the newspaper. The sentences in this book are short, crisp, suocient. The handwriting is that of a man of business; a well-informed, well-bred, well-versed mind. Vance interests us, as a man whose misfortunes are entitled to our sympathy, whose efforts and successes command our respect, who deserved a better fate. The book faces toward both the United States and France, but is without an "international episode"; save the incarceration of Vance's mother in the French asylum. The whole of it will hardly cost an hour's time of the reader, but he will not grudge the price.

A MIDSUMMER MADNESS was that of a Mr. Francis Medhurst, who was connected with a New York daily paper in a subordinate capacity, and whose chief found for him a lucrative position as private secretary to a gentleman by the name of Haxton, living in a venerable old country house on the Delaware, who was immersed in the preparation of a great epic on "The Identity of the Primitive Epic of All Nations." There was an Alec Haxton, with skeptical views as to the value of primitive epics, and what is more to the purpose, a Ceci Haxton; there is also a Rodney Heriot, who is uncomfortably in the way, and there are one or two other people, whose names are boisterous and the outcome of the "Midsummer Madness," along in September, is as follows:

"Ceci," said Medhurst, turning to her, and putting his hand on her shoulder, "look up at me." She looked up. It was too real to her, too vivid, too overwhelming; the tears came to her eyes and the lids drooped over them. "Heriot was generous," Medhurst said, softly, "I thought he would use his advantages." Ceci said nothing, if you are not his, you shall be mine," Medhurst went on. There came a little, fluttering, half-smile on Ceci's lips. "Can you—can you forgive me?" Medhurst asked. "What is there to forgive?"

This is a well-written and fairly-interesting novel, of the better quality.

Pleasant reading for an hour may be found in the two little English stories about Miss Tooley and Laddie; the characters in which have a certain quaintness and freshness for American readers. They are of the easy style of which Miss Grant is so good, and the lessons of which are kindly and useful. Miss Tooley was a funny old lady in black silk, who was seized with an insane idea to go on a mission to the heathen, but was persuaded out of it, and contented herself instead with opening a contribution box of her own in behalf of them. And Laddie was a well-to-do physician in the great city, who felt a little ashamed of his good old countryfied mother when she came unexpectedly to live with him, but was cured of his coldness when he found her a few days later in the hospital suffering from accident which she had encountered in trying to get away from him back to her country home.

The battle of Trafalgar, one of the memorable naval battles of history, was fought between the English under Nelson and the combined fleets of France and Spain off the Spanish cap of that name, near Gibraltar, on the 21st of October, 1805. It was in this battle that Nelson first hailed the famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," and then died of a wound in the shoulder by a musket ball, with the name of his country and of Lady Hamilton adorning his lips. As seen from the dock of the Spanish man-of-war, "Santissima Trinidad," is the subject of Galdos's novel, the latest of Clara Bell's translations from the Spanish. The story purports to be told by a boy Gabriel, who has enlisted as a volunteer on board the "Trinidad." A splendid old ship was the "Trinidad," of the historic pattern, built at Havana in 1799.

She measured 250 feet from stem to stem, 38 feet in the waist, that is to say in width, and 36 feet deep from the keel to the deck, measurements which no other ship could approach. Her huge ribs, which were a perfect forest, supported four decks. When she was new fitted in 1803 she was made to carry 400 guns, cannons, and carronades. The interior was a marvel of arrangement; there were decks for the guns, the forecastle for the crew, hold for stores of all kinds, state-cabin for the officers, the galley, the cook-pit, and other offices. She was quite bewildered as I ran through the passageways and endless nooks of this floating fortress. The stern cabins on the main deck were a little thatched hovel, and outside a lighthouse on some (fanciful) castle; the galleries, the flag-turrets at the corners of the poop—exactly like the orbits of a Gothic tower—looked down to the sea, whence the eye could command three quarters of the horizon. Nothing could be more picturesque than the rigging, the shrouds, stays, braces, halyards, and other ropes used to haul and reef the various sails.

This ship, with the events in which it participated, makes a fine background for a story of considerable dramatic power, in which the scenes of naval warfare, the evolved
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1884.

the fleets, the firing, the boarding, and the carnage, are depicted with a graphic pen.

The Mistress of Ithickstein belongs to a class of novels with which we have grown familiar of late years, as translations from German fiction, and which have gone on increasing in number and merit. Most of the characters of this book we seem to have met before in other combinations. The beautiful, haughty, restive heroine is familiar to us; so is the majestic aunt who confronts poverty with a deep dignity of demeanor, the other aunt whose cheerfulness and constant knock to the family pride, the little spoiled princess who amuses herself with human beings as if they were bonbons, the impulsive young prince longing for nature and fresh experiences, the courtier who plays Mephistopheles to this callow Faust, the mysterious recluse who goes through life hugging a bitter secret to her breast, etc., etc., etc. It is but the shifting and rearrangement of the brilliant particles in a well-known kaleidoscope, but there is always a certain charm in the adept rearrangement of old material, and the readers of The Mistress of Ithickstein will find themselves sufficiently entertained for a summer afternoon.

MINOR NOTICES.

Henry Irving's Impressions of America. By Joseph Hatton. [J. R. Ogood & Co. $1.50.]

As the recent visit to the United States of Mr. Henry Irving, the distinguished English actor, Mr. Joseph Hatton played Boswell to his, Irving's, Johnson. That is to say, in this 12mo of towards 500 pages he undertakes to give a detailed account of Irving's tour between New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Toronto, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Washington. Irving is Allah and Hatton is his prophet. The book is a London Journalist. His book is evidence that the tribe of Jenkins is not simply and purely American. Some persons, we suppose, may find entertainment in it; but as a whole a more unimportant book under so serious a cover we have not seen. The title is turned end for end. It should read "America's Impressions of Henry Irving." What Mr. Irving did and what he did not, what he thought and what he did not think, who was invited to meet him at dinner, who sat on his right hand and who on his left, what was had to eat and to drink, the compliments, the flattery, the praises of the press, the playbills of the theaters, and so on verbatim & literam & ad nauseam is such his staple. As a typical reporter's account of a great actor's professional excursion the book has biographical value; but as for Mr. Henry Irving's Impressions of America they are of little account.

Rapid Rambings in Europe. By W. C. Falkner. Illustrated. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $2.00.]

This is a turbidly written, badly printed narrative of the last year's pleasure-trip of an American party through England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Holland; not penetrating the interior of these countries, but touching the principal cities, and seeing life as the ordinary tourist sees it. The author has an impression that he is a humorist after the order of Mark Twain, and he has tried hard to promote another "Auntie Arnow." As a funny book it is in consequence a failure. The effort to be amusing is always evident, sometimes laborious, and becomes tedious. The reader longs to have his responsibilities let alone, especially by one who has no better success than Mr. Falker in exciting them. To illustrate this futile quality of the book it is enough to open at almost any page. Thus, on p. 266:

"If all the good people in the world had for pictures attributed to Raphael's brush was sewed together, it would be nearly enough to cover Manhattan Island. They have the Arno bridged with them. This is no galvanized statement, but it is an eighteen-carat fac. The gallery not only runs across the Arno, but it makes an extensive journey on both banks. I did not measure the canvas that Raphael had wasted with the pictures of the Medici family, but I do not think it would exceed nine hundred acres. I despise exaggeration; hence I usually try to keep on the safe side of truth. Another example of the allliness there is in this book is the following:

The first move I made after reaching Florence was to call on Dante at his residence, No. 25. Biblioteca; but he was absent. The housekeeper said he had been absent about fifty years. I apologized for not having called sooner, left my card, and was afterwards invited to the residence of Michael Angelo, No. 64 Gibellina Street, etc., etc. A whole book written in this tone has distinction, doubtless, but not an enviable one. The author has inserted a steel portrait of himself and portraits on wood of several other members of the party, none of whom, we regret to have to say, since our opinion is challenged, is very good looking.

Harold. A Tragedy in Five Acts by Ernest von Wildenbruch. Translated by Marie von Zglinitska. [Hanover : Carl Schuessel. 1884.]

Marie von Zglinitska is an English lady, the daughter of the late Dr. Wilson, Professor of Sanskrit. The lives in Hanover, Germany, and is now the widow of the late German General, of Polish birth, Baron von Zglinitska. The entirely British spirit of the drama prompted her to this translation.

The first question which the reading of this remarkable drama suggests is; is it really a translation? Undoubtedly the reader turns back to the "dramatis personae," then to the title-page, and is even wont to say that he is not interested in purusing an English tragedy; so well fitted is the original for the English mind, so admirable is its translation, or rather its re-creation in the English language in faultless blank verse. It is an historical drama based on the conquest of England by the Normans and introducing as leading characters: Edward, King of England, William the Conqueror, Harold, Duke of East Anglia, Gytha, his mother, and Adelé, daughter of William the Conqueror. The leading idea of the play is the fervent, passionate, all overruling passion of Harold, to which even his pure and strong love for Gytha is secondary. Around that holy passion, love of country, cluster the boldly conceived and well threaded lines of the plot, and that passion, in conflict with fate, of course expires only with his death, the closing scene being on the battlefield of Hastings, with William the Conqueror contemplating his fallen rival, and Harold bidding us to give him back the plot. The author shows a deep insight into the history of the age he describes, and depicts its leading characters strongly and truthfully. As an example of the drama one scene from the fourth act may be here adduced. Harold, through misrepresentation on part of King Edward, and repeated treachery on part of Duke William, had been induced to take an oath to help the latter to all which the former had promised. The purported meaning was, to help him to the possession of certain lands, the real meaning, not understood by Harold, was to help him, the Norman, to the crown of England. When Harold discovers this he swears to break that oath, and in for his claim to his beloved Adelé rather than become faithless to his country. And this resolve is made with the full conviction on his part, that he "who breaks it is accursed."

Harold, the son of Godwin, pursued! pursued!" Harold, the son of Godwin, pursued! pursued!"

"Here at the feet I lie—Almighty God, Maker of human beings and their frailties, Hear freely do I forfeit and renounce All that has since adored my noble manhood! Yet ere in horror at my balmy crime Thou turned from me, hear me, 0 my God: Thou wouldest that my pain should be the food of men; Thou giv'st to man his heart of pure strength, Unpremeditated, self-created; That he should watch o'er and protect the land That gave him birth and lent to him his language; That world's heritage of beauty and peace Might be preserved forever. Cast me forever from thy holy presence, Yet let the arrows that hereafter shall bring desolation to the traitor's heart!"

The drama has been successfully performed at the royal theater of Berlin. It has, if anything, gained in the translation, and its English version may ere long be seen on the American stage.


This book has long been wanted and waited for. Both amateur and more serious-minded botanists, soon exhaust their range among the common flowering plants of their vicinity, and also the attractive but not numerous ferns, look wistfully for fresh fields among the lower cryptogamous plants. They naturally turn to the algae of the sea-shores, and to the mosses of the land. Mr. Sullivant, in the first edition of Gray's Manual, opened the way to a knowledge of the mosses of 30 years ago. In the second edition the study was made clearer and easier by more extended descriptions and by plates. Afterwards, Mr. Sullivant provisioning to prepare a separate and fuller manual for the mosses of the whole country, this portion was dropped from Dr. Gray's volume. Then, in 1873, Mr. Sullivant died. His associate, Mr. Lesquereux, took up the task, but other and very pressing engagements long delayed the performance, and increasing age and impaired vision seemed wholly to forbid it, when the late Thomas P. James—a bryologist of equal acute descriptions and more leisured, an experimental microscopical investigation and delineation in this department, came to the rescue. He was suddenly taken from his work, but not until he had brought it so far forward that the venerable Mr. Lesquereux, with some friendly editorial aid, could bring it to a conclusion. Here then we have it at length the result of an exhaustive microscopical examination and delineation in this department, the mosses of the whole country, scientifically arranged upon the most approved system, and the diligent student, provided with this book, a fairly good miroscope, and a persevering disposition, may now make his knowledge of the interesting portion of the vegetable creation. The book is handsomely printed in a fair, large type,
The Literary World.

BOSTON, JULY 12, 1854.

[Article about Schiller's literary works and influence.]

SCHILLER.

The Schiller bibliography, which is published in this issue of the Literary World, should not go before our readers without a word of homage to the great poet who has gladdened and inspired so many minds, not only in his own country, but wherever the world responds to the voice of idealism. And Schiller is emphatically the poet of idealism, while the present age is one of realism. Not that idealism and realism are unrecognised contrasts in fact and in reason. But the things and facts which interest the present century most profoundly were either unknown to the mind of Schiller or failed to satisfy his hungry heart and imagination. It is a matter of history that Schiller inspired Coleridge, the elder Bulwer, Carlyle, and the New England transcendentalists, while at the present time he is read in some of our schools, and his popularity with the lovers of literature does not equal that of Goethe.

Is it difficult to account for this change of taste. In the conventional sense of the terms, Goethe was a realist, while Schiller was an idealist, and disliked the annoying and commonplace realities of everyday life. Schiller was at one time a devoted reader and interpreter of Kant, while Goethe avoided metaphysics, and studied botany or mineralogy, for which Schiller cared very little. It is not strange, therefore, that the former popularity of Schiller has suffered a temporary decline. But as long as the world of ideas and idealism is recognized by the side of physical facts, so long the works of Schiller will not only commend themselves to thoughtful minds, but will be a never-failing source of pure inspiration and a pure well of undefiled spirituality.

Schiller's title to special regard in this country and throughout the English-speaking world rests, moreover, on the fact that he is in a special sense the poet of freedom. No poet of the last hundred years has been a more impassioned lover of liberty, political and social, intellectual and moral, than was the author of Wallenstein and William Tell. The French politicians who gave him the freedom of their country seem to have felt correctly that in his burning love of freedom Schiller was equally removed from the political Philistinism of Goethe and the reckless license of Byron. Indeed, Schiller recognized moral freedom as the foundation of all freedom, and he illustrated his aspiring faith by a life of spotless purity, such as no woman need fear to probe to the very foundation. Schiller lacked the thrift and,

perhaps, the common sense of our American poets; in the exquisite sweetness of his private life he was the equal of Longfellow and Whittier, who have much in common with him.

In one respect Schiller's prose resembles Johnson's: he was fond of elaborate sentences. But Schiller's prose is never ponderous. His most intricate sentences have a swing not unlike Johnson's, while his snap and his grace are his own, and might be studied to advantage were not the taste of modern prose opposite to intricacy and that rhetorical stateliness which Schiller and his contemporaries affected. Quite likely, the world has the institutions for which Schiller hoped. But whatever our institutions, every young man and woman had to struggle for the full possession of moral or ideal freedom, and for such a struggle no nobler pattern is extant in modern literature than the young poet who wrote Don Carlos, and the great master who held that the stage itself should be a model of good taste as well as an illustration of fine morality.

SCHILLER.

Collections toward a Bibliography.

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, a German poet; born at Marbach in Württemberg, Nov. 10, 1759, died at Weimar, May 9, 1805; educated at Ludwigsburg and Stuttgart; destined first for the church and then for the law; in 1780 a surgeon in the army; from 1781 with an unpublished name, in 1784 an officer and a resident of Baden, Bauernhaus, Leipzig, Dresden, Jena (near Goethe) and Weimar; at Jena Professor of History; of Goethe a constant friend; of Kant a profound student; an apostle of intellectual, moral, and social liberty; a picturesque assailant of the loftiest type; in person tall and slender; in complexion pale; with features of exquisite fineness and beauty; blue-eyed and auburn-haired. His remains were entombed at Weimar, and for a graphic account of their identification see Dr. Inglis's Shakespeare's Rome, re-read in Literary World, etc., 1894, pp. 332-3. There is a noted statue to Schiller at Stuttgart (by Thorwaldsen) and at Weimar, and there is a wealthy Schiller Fund for the relief of indigent German authors. Would we were such?

1. Writings.
2. Editions.
3. Correspondence.
4. Schiller in English.
5. Biography and Criticism.
6. Miscellaneous.

I. WRITINGS.

1776. [I] The Student of Mannau.
A drama written while in the Academy at Stuttgart, and destroyed in MS.

1776. [I] Cosmus von Medici.
A tragedy similar to the above in origin and fate.

1776. [I] Der Erbesser [The Conqueror].
One of several lyrics printed in the Swedish Magazine.

1781. Die Räuber [The Robbers].
An idealization of brigandage, which created an immense sensation, and frightened the Duke of Württemberg out of his political wits. The first edition was published at the author's risk, and without his name. Remodeled for the stage.

1781. [I] Der Verrümmungen [The Chariot of Venus].
A satirically poetic poem, published soon after The Robbers, intended to illustrate the ruinous consequences of unbridled passion.

1782. [I] Württemberg Reiterkostum.
A quarterly periodical, jointly with two friends. Only three numbers appeared.

1783. Die Verschönerung des Fiesco [The Conspiracy of Fiesco].
A drama, suggested by a remark of Rousseau, and founded on the conspiracy of Count Fiesco, a Genoese nobleman against the Doria's; Schiller has taken the liberty in getting it accepted for the stage, and finally in a strain said the MS. for 10 livres, a sum equal to about $40.

1783. [I] Kabale und Liebe [Intigue and Love].
A tragedy of middle-class life, at first called Louise Miller. Those are laid in one of the petty German courts of the 18th century.

1784. Philosophische Briefe [Philosophical Letters].
Affording hints of Schiller's religious opinions.

1785. Rheinische Thalia.
A periodical edited. The first number appeared in March. Continued until 1792.

1787. Don Carlos.
A drama, the opening chapters of which were printed in the Rheinische Thalia. Had a great success and was considered Schiller's second great work. The hero is the son of Philip II of Spain.

1788. Geschichte des Abfalls der vereinigten Niederlande von der Spanischen Regierung [History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands].
One only volume appeared, carrying the history to the arrival of Alva in the Netherlands, but it presents an unequaled picture of William of Orange.

1790. Der Grießacker [The Ghost-Beer, or the Visionary].
A strange fragment of a story. The hero is a German prince, heir to a throne, living in retirement in Venosa, who is driven to find in the Roman Church an asylum from his difficulties. First published in the Thalia.

1792. Die Neue Thalia [The New Thalia].
A new periodical miscellany edited. Two volumes to be issued annually, six numbers to each volume. Issued two years.

1793. Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Krieges [History of the Thirty Years' War].
A literary rather than a historical work; nevertheless Cylph calls it "the best historical performances which Germany could boast of."

1794. Horne [Horne, the Hours].
A periodical edited, to which Schiller contributed philosophical and critical articles, etc. Lived less than four years.

1795-9. Ueber die ästhetische Erziehung des Menschen [Concerning the Rhetoric Education of Man].
27 letters in three installments, the first of 9, the second of 10, the third of 11. Represent Schiller's best prose style.

1795. Musikalischer Almanach [Almanac of the Musicians].
An annual of lyrics, edited with Goethe's cooperation. During this year Schiller wrote more than 40 poems. A second volume appeared the following year, with the music of numerous songs.

In 3 installments.

The greatest of Schiller's dramas, the result of many years of preparation. 1st part: I. Wallenstein's Lager [Wallenstein's Camp]. II. Die Piccolomini (The Piccolomini). III. Wallenstein's Tod (Wallenstein's Death).

1799. Das Lied von der Glocke [The Song of the Bell].
Only one of many songs and ballads of this period, but "next to his greatest dramas this is the poem by which Schiller is best known." Yuma Stein.

1800. Mary Stuart.
A tragedy, to write which he studied Robertson and Homer.

1801. Turundel.
A version of a play by Gozzi, an Italian dramatist of the last century.

1801. Die Jungfrau von Orleans [The Maid of Orleans].
A tragedy.

1803. Der Paravicini [The Parasites].
1884.]  

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A translation of Picard’s comedy, *Krene des Menestrels*.  
1869. Der Nifft als Onkel [The Neophyte as Uncle].  
A translation of Picard’s comedy, *Médicôre a Ramant*.  
1869. *Die Braut von Messina [The Bride of Messina]*. 
A tragedy imitating Greek forms.  
1864. [?] Máceth.  
A translation made at Weimar.  
1864. *Wilhelm Tell*.  
Schiller’s last complete original work, and one of his noblest and strongest.  
1865. *Phædre*.  
A translation of Racine’s work.  
1865. *Déméterius*.  
A fragment of a play, the first act and part of the second only. Schiller’s last work. Its closing lines were found in his portfolio after his death.  

2. EDITIONS OF SCHILLER.  
1867. Schiller’s Dramatische Entwürfe. Edited by his youngest daughter.  
*De* 1847. 12 vols.  
*De* Kólher. $9.00.  

3. SCHILLER’S CORRESPONDENCE.  
With Humboldt. 2d ed. 1876.  
Schiller’s Briefe. 3 vols. Leipzig. The same with historical comments, 1854-7.  
With his Sister Christine and her Husband, Remusat. Ed. by Maltzahn. Leipzig, 1875.  
Schiller’s Verklinken zu dem Publikum seiner Zeit. Oskar Breslin. 1875.  

4. SCHILLER IN ENGLISH.  
*De*, tr. by R. Thompson, London.  
*Fight with the Dragon.* By H. M. New York. 1844.  

History of the Thirty Years’ War, tr. by A. J. W. Morrison. Harper. $1.00.  
Letters Selected from his Private Correspondence, prior to his marriage. Tr. by L. J. Weise. Boston: S. N. Dickinson. 1841.  
The Maid of Orleans, and Other Poems. Tr. by W. Peter. Cambridge. 1826.  
*De*, with notes by H. Thomson. London. 18—.  
*De*, by Lewis Filimore. London. 1882.  
Maria Stuard as performed by Mlle. Janauschek, German and English. New York. 18—  
*De*, as performed by Mad. Seelach and her company of German artists. New York. 1871.  
*De*, adapted expressly for Mad. Ristori and her Italian Company. Tr. from the Italian version of A. Maffei by T. Williams. Ital. and Eng. 1866.  
Metrical Versions from the German of Schiller. William Nind. In the *German Lyric*, 1856.  
*De*, ed. and tr. by H. D. Wierman. Kopleur. $1.25.  
Poems and Ballads. Tr. by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1844. Clark & M. $1.50.  
Select Minor Poems. Tr. with notes by J. S. Dwight. 1839.  
*De*, Tr. by Bulwer, Illus. by Retzsch. Roberts. 75.  
*De*, and adapted to music of Romberg by S. A. Elliot. Ditson. 80c.  
*De*, selected from best translations, and edited by C. J. Hempel. 2 vols. Kohler. $6.00.  

5. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM.  
Schiller’s Leben und Werke. H. J. Heller.  
Schiller und seine Zeit. Johannes Scherr. 1859.  
*De*, in English by Elis. McClellan. Illus. Kohler. $2.00.  
Life, by Schwab. 1840. 4th ed. 1859.  
*Schiller’s Leben, Geistesentwicklung und Werke*, etc. H. Viehoff. Stuttgart. 1874-5.  
*Schiller’s Kalender*, 1795-1805. Emilie von Gleichen-Rauwurm [Schiller’s daughter]. 1864.  
*Goethe und Schiller.* Goedeke. Hannover, 1859.  
*Goethe und Schiller.* H. Hottnet. 1876.  
*Schiller, Gottschall.* Der Neue Flutarch. 1879.  
*Schiller, Karl Grün.* Leipzig, 1884.  
*Schiller als Mensch. Geschichtsschreiber, Denker, und Richter. C. Grün.*  
*Schiller als Historiker. J. Janssen.* Freiburg, 1863.  
*Die Schiller-Literatur in Deutschland von 1875 bis 1879.* L. Unsdorf. Munich. 1876.  
*Die Goethe, Schiller ... Literatur in Deutschland.* 1750-1851. Cassel, 1853.  
*Die Goethe, Schiller ... Maximiliane Prose Works.* 1846. 1: 325-345.  
*Life, by T. Carlyle.* 1845. With an examination of his writings. Tr. into German with an introduction by Goethe. 1830.  
poem, together with a rhyming charade by some person, answered in rhyme by our poetess. The frontispiece is a wood-engraving of Phillis, who is seated on the old-fashioned high-back chair at the oval table.

This article gives the date of Phillis’s death as "1780 or 1784." Other authorities, with more particularity, say 1794.

**THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, VOL. XVII.**

The Encyclopædia Britannica approaches completion, and is constantly improving, the latest volume containing very few of those technical treatises in natural history or the mathematical sciences which delight the biological specialist or the professional physicist, but have no direct value to the literary student. The current volume presents such an article on the subject of numbers and that of navigation, not to mention the nerves and optics, while the article on ophthalmology may be consulted with profit by educated persons not familiar with medical specialties. The Britannica is indeed a treasure house for naturalists and physicists, but only less valuable to the lover of general studies. It places science and natural history first; but some of its general articles are the very best to be had in a modern encyclopedia employing the English language. These articles are in geography, history, theology, biography, art, sociology, and philosophy. All the information contained in the Britannica is corrected up to the time of publication, except that no biographies of living person are inserted.

The latest volume of the Britannica abounds in American and geographical articles, nearly all of them perfect in their way, though special praise is due to Mr. George W. Cable’s description of New Orleans, Mr. Edwin L. Godkin’s highly condensed account of New York City, and Professor Daniel fence’s account of Canada.

The articles on Nebraska, Nevada, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York State, North Carolina, Nova Scotia, Ohio, and Oregon are surely a great array of American topics, and they have been handled by excellent pen, than which Professor Bayes, the editor, could not have found better for his purpose. It is sufficient to add that W. W. Hunter describes the cities and empires of India, that Colonel Yule discusses Asiatic topics, and that Prince Krapotkine reports on the cities and countries of Russia; this if it be necessary to prove the geographical excellence of the Britannica. Such articles as those on the navies, the astronomical observatories, and the newspapers of the world are invaluable for reference purposes and comparative studies.

The general student will turn with much satisfaction to the treatises on the Elesinian mysteries, on medieval mysticism, and on Müller’s and Spencer’s theories of mythology, to Professor E. A. Freeman’s article on the nobility of Europe, and to Harnack’s account of Neoplatonism. Professor R. C. Jebb’s article on Olympia is almost purely architectural and archeological, while more purely literary work has been done in Professor Sellar’s account of Navius, in Principal Tullock’s Neander, in Professor Gellius’s Murchison, in Lindsay’s Occam, in Dr. Garnett’s Niebuhr, and in H. M. Taylor’s Newton. The article on names is unsatisfactory, the subject being almost a science by itself and highly interesting. The article on negroes is in error as to the United States, where the negroes fairly outweigh the foreign element in numbers and political importance. But the Britannica shows real progress in its remarks on the letter N, and there is hardly a specialist but will consult its broad pages with some substantial profit. The Britannica is brought out in three American editions, that of Little, Brown & Co. being the handsomest, while that of Charles Scribner’s Sons is cheaper, and the Philadelphia edition is a reprint not authorized by the Messrs. Black, the original publishers.

**WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.**

A considerable increase has been noticeable the past two or three years in the fine art of horsemanship. In the larger American cities and towns at the East, and for aught we know at the West also, horseback-riders of both sexes and all ages are almost as numerous—but not quite—as the bicyclists. One of the best horsemen about President Eliot of Harvard College; the names of our best horsewomen we forbear to give. The horsewoman clothes her person in long skirts and garters a well about her head, if not over her face, as if to signify the reserve which she wishes to mark her appearance in the saddle; but one of the prettiest figures we ever see on the streets of the town in which this article is written is that of a trim young lady in dark green, who takes the horse-car, her flowing skirts in one hand, her riding whip in the other, and a close-fitting jockey-cap on her head, to travel thereby as far as the stable where her horse is kept, where she modestly alights to pursue her further way by trot and canter into the country ways beyond.

It will not be the fault of Mrs. Elizabeth Carr if the number of American horse women is not considerably further increased.
during the two or three years to come. The preface to her book is dated from North Bend, Ohio, where lived President Harrison, and where now stands his tomb on a knoll above the river. Mrs. Karr professes many years' experience and the benefit of European instruction. It is not much to say that the book she has written is the best on the subject; for it is the only book on the subject we know of; there is nothing with which to compare it; its merits and defects are absolute. Its defects are a little too-much-ness. There are a great many trivialities of detail in Mrs. Karr's instructions; as, for example:

To turn the horse to the right, the right rein must be shortened so as to be felt at the right side of his mouth.

To turn the horse to the left, the left rein must be shortened.

as if anybody old enough to mount a horse needed to be told which rein to pull to turn the horse to the one side or the other. And again:

When both the reins are held in the left hand, the rider has not so much command over her horse as when they are bined one in each hand.

Such passages as these give a general level to the book which adapts it about to the comprehension of children in their teens. It is primer and catechism as well as text-book and treatise all in one.

The merits of the book are its large, full minute treatment of a subject that has its fascinations no matter from what side you approach it. There is a general introduction on the manifold benefits and pleasures of horseback riding, with a reproof of tight-lacing—not of the horse but of the rider. Chapter I classifies and describes horses, selects the best, and encourages the lady to look after her own steed in his stall. Chapter II analyses and prescribes the riding-habit, even to corsets, coiffure, and whip. Chapter III takes up for discussion saddle and bridle, historically, structurally, and critically, recommending English patterns and pointing out their advantage for considerations of comfort and safety. In Chapters IV to XI the pupil is taught successively, with great patience and pains of method, how to mount and dismount with courage and ease, and with or without a gentleman's assistance; how to sit correctly, gracefully, firmly, and without "curvature of the spine;" how to manipulate the reins and manage the horse with the least effort; and how to walk, trot, amble, pace, rack, canter, gallop, and leap; the different gaits being fully described and illustrated. A twelfth chapter reviews the faults and tricks of horses, and shows how to meet emergencies on the road. "Thirty-four points necessary to be learned, and to be well understood by equestriennes," are summed up in a fine-print chapter of Addenda; such, namely, as on which side of the lady her gentleman escort should ride, what she should do with her whip when she stops to make a call, and so forth and so on. There is also a glossary and an index, and thirty-five rough-drawn sketches illustrate the text.

EASTERN TALES.*

M.
R. HEARN, who is a New Orleans literary workman, has collected in this small book a series of twenty-five or thirty short stories, translated, adapted, or otherwise for Oriental literatures. They are a cross between the tales of the Arabian Nights, the legends of sacred books, and the folk-lore of the people; tropical plants of the imagination, all sensuous, highly colored, flowery in speech, dealing with beautiful women, gallant princes, mysteries, deeds, and the generally sublimated materials of Eastern thought. A list of the contents is sufficiently descriptive:

Stray Leaves: The Book of Thoth, from an Egyptian papyrus; The Fountain Maiden, a legend of the Ganges Valley; The Bird Wife, an Esquimaux tradition.


Stories from the Kuthva: The Magical Words, The First Musician, The Healing of Vainamoinen.


One of these stories, as an example of the lot, we will reprint in full:

The Lion.

Intelligence is better than much learning; intelligent is better than the man that hath not intelligence shall perish like those who made unto themselves a lion. . . And this is the story of the lion, and the Brahman Vichnauarman in the Panchopakhyan.

In days of old there were four youths of the Brahman caste—brothers, who loved each other with strong affection, and had resolved to travel all together into a neighboring empire to seek fortune and fame. Of these four brothers three had deeply studied all sciences, knowing magic, astronomy, alchemy, and occult arts most difficult to learn; while the fourth had no knowledge whatever of science, possessing intelligence only. Now, as they were traveling together, one of the learned brothers observed: "Why should a brother without knowledge gain profit by our wisdom? Traveling with us he can be only a burden upon us. Never will he be able to obtain the fruits of our knowledge, therefore he must remain a disgrace to us. Rather let him return home." But the eldest of all answered: "Nay! let him share our good luck; for he is our loving brother, and we may perhaps find some position for him which he can fill without being a disgrace to us. When they journeyed along; and after a time, while passing through a forest, they beheld the bones of a lion scattered along the path. The Laos were white as the snow, and hard as flint, so dry and so bleached they were. Then said he who had first condemned the ignorance of his brother: "If we now use our brother what science we may accomplish; let us put his ignorance to shame by giving life to these lion-bones, and creating another lion from them! By a few magical words I can summon the dry bones together, making each fit into its place. Therewith he spake that the dry bones came together with a clattering sound—each fitting to its socket—and the skeleton rejoined itself. Then spake the second brother, "Can by a few words spread tendons over the bones—each in its first place—and knit them with blood, and create the humour, the veins, the glands, the narrow, the internal organs, and the exterior skin?" Then the third brother, "Can you write the words; and the body of the lion appear upon the ground at their feet, perfect, shaggy, huge, and fierce?" said the fourth brother, "Can by one word call the warmest of the sun's rays to the heart, so that the animal shall live and breathe and devour beast and shall hear him roar?" But ere he could utter the word, the fourth brother, who knew nothing about science, placed his hand over his mouth. "Nay!" he cried, "do not utter the word. That is a lion! If thou givest him life, he will devour us." But the others laughed at him, saying: "Go and call the lion to him. Thou art the master of science!" Then he answered them: "At least, delay the making of the lion until thy brother shall have climbed up this tree. This is but the first trick. But hardly had he ascended the tree when the word was spoken, and the lion moved and his eyes shone with yellow eyes. The brother stabbed himself, and arose, and roared. Then he turned upon the three wise men, and slew them, and devoured them. But after the slaughter, the youth who knew nothing of science descended from the tree unharmed, and returned to his brothers.

One of the sweetest stories of all is "Esther's Choice." Esther was the beautiful wife of a Sidonian merchant, who had ships and jewels, but no children, and his heart was sore. He determined to avail himself of the statute which allowed him, after ten years of fruitless marriage, to give his wife her dower and put her away. So he made a great feast, and in the presence of all the guests the husband extolled Esther, and explained the reason of the separation, and bade them take from his house whatever she desired for her portion. Let the rest of the story be told in its own words:

So the wine went round, and the night passed in mirth and song, until the heads of the guests grew strangely heavy, and there came a buzzing in their ears as of innumerable bees, and their heads ceased to wag with laughter, and a deep sleep fell upon them. Then Esther summoned her handmaids, and said to them: "Behold my husband sleeps heavily! I go to the house of my father; bear him thither also as he sleepeth."

And awaking in the morning the husband found himself in a strange chamber and in a strange house! For what seemed to be a woman's presence, and the ivory fingers that caressed his beard, and the softness of the knees that bowed his back, and the attitude which looked into his own awakening—these were not strange; for he knew that his head was resting in the lap of Esther. And bewildered with the grief-born dreams of the night, he cried out, "Woman, what hast thou done?" Then, sweeter than the voice of doves-tree, came the voice of Esther: "Didst thou bid me, husband, that I should choose and take my seat in the house which thou didst require? And I have chosen thee, and have brought thee hither, to my father's house, . . . loving thee more than all else I have, thou drivest me from thee now?" And he could not see her face for tears of joy; yet he heard her speaking on the words of Ruth, which are so old yet so young to the hearts of all that love: "Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will also go, and whithersoever thou shalt dwell, I will also dwell. And the Angel

of Death only may part us; for thou art all in all to me."... And in the golden sunlight at the doorway so tenderly stood, like a staff of Babylonian silver, the grand gray figure of Rabbi Simon Ben Yochai, lifting his hands in benediction. "Schach-Jesef! — the Lord our God, who is One, bless ye with everlasting benediction! May your hearts be welded by love, as gold with gold, because the running of gold with gold... May the Lord, who coupieth and setteth the single in families, watch over ye! The Lord make this valiant woman as the running of gold with gold... As Lisa, who built up the house of Israel! And ye shall behold your children and your children's children in the House of the Lord." Even so the Lord blessed them; and Esther became as the fruitful vine, and they saw their children's children in Israel. Forasmuch as it is written: "He will regard the prayer of the destitute."

Few of the tales presented by Mr. Hearn have the tender grace of humanity displayed above. They touch more on the grotesque, the magical, the supernatural. But they have the interest of strange gems from remote corners of the earth, appealing to one's love of the uncommon and curious. A bibliography of some twenty-three titles shows the original sources of the collection.

VAMBÉRY.*

THIS ought to be an entertaining book. It lacks something; we do not know exactly what, but the indispensable something which makes an autobiographical narrative of travel and adventure interesting. Not wealth of material, surely, for here are many years of personal experiences; and not picturesqueness of materials, surely, for the experiences belong to the Old World, and to a remote precinct of the Old World, to Turkey, and Persia, and Teheran, and Bokhara. But, somehow, Mr. Vambéry, though he has knowledge, and has seen men and things, and dips a ready pen into fluid ink, does not so make his pages flow with an intense personal element as do some other travelers over the same fields. Is it against the laws of nature for a Hungarian to write the most readable of books?

Arminius Vambéry is a Hungarian. In this book he does not tell us his birthplace, perhaps because he feared we would not credit his spelling of its name. It was Szerdahely, near Pressburg. The year of his birth was 1832. His home was a poor one, and at the age of twelve he was set adrift to take care of himself. Struggle was good for him, however, as it has been for so many other boys. He proved a diligent scholar, with a special gift for languages; and by the time he was sixteen had mastered French, German, Sclavonian, Latin, Greek, Danish, Swedish, afterwards adding Turkish thereto. An amusing story illustrating his gift of tongues will be found on pp. 125, 126. When he was twenty-one, with a knapsack on his back, and fifteen Austrian florins in his pocket, he set forth to see the world.

His first resting-place was Constantinople, where he found pupils in the languages; and in Stambool, in 1858, he published his first book, a German-Turkish dictionary. This, with other similar studies, brought him an election to the Hungarian Academy, and out of such advancement sprang the purpose to travel towards the interior of Asia. By 1863 he was deep in explorations of Khiva, Bokhara, as Samarkand, and was at times disguised as a dervish. From his many descriptions of the Eastern landscape we select the following:

The sight of Shiraz, standing in the midst of groves of thickly planted cypress trees, is quite a relief for the eye, wearied with the monotonous look upon the barren desert and bare rocks. The natives say that looking at the enchanting capital of Soor is like stepping into a desert and seeing a well. I first saw it, the stranger in his admiration involuntarily bursts out into the customary crying of Allah Ekber (Allah be exalted), and that the place owes its appellation to this exclamation. The eye, wandering over the extensive valley, meets now and then as far as it can reach, the exquisite dark green of the cypress. The city is fringed by a garland of cypress gardens, through which Mecca meanders like a silvery rivulet. Proud edifices rear their heads both inside and outside the walls of the city, the brilliant cupola of the Shah Tchirah mosque looming up most conspicuously. Beyond and opposite to it the far-stretching plain is bordered by a lofty chain of mountains stretching through Kazerun as far as the shores of the Gulf of Persia. Shiraz owes its fertility especially to its great abundance of water. Its vegetation is so luxuriant that roses and other flowers are blooming throughout the whole year, the plants renewing their sweet-smelling crops every month. The fields are covered with a green swathe, and whilst in other parts of Persia the favorite mutton can be got but twice in the year, it can be obtained here throughout all seasons. But what challenges most the admiration of the western traveler is the exquisitely pure air, the beauty of its blue sky, excelling in these all other parts of Persia, the whole of Asia, and, I may add, every country in the world.

At Shiraz Vambéry witnessed a terrifying earthquake. Near by the city he visited the grave of Saadi, the celebrated Persian poet. Among the Balkans, in May, he struck hot weather, the thermometer registering about 152 in the sun. At Khiva he had an interview with the Khan, who stroked his beard by way of saying amen to the prayer of salutation and presented him with a strong ass and twenty pieces of silver. The ass Vambéry accepted, but the money he declined. He did not find much to see at Khiva, but was pestered by invitations to dine with the nobilities, and had to sit down six or eight times a day to plates of rice swimming in mutton fat gravy. The men of Khiva wear tall fur caps and boots of Russian leather; the women immense turbans made of fifteen or twenty pocket handkerchiefs.

From Khiva Vambéry went on to Bokhara, fording the yellow Oxus swollen with the spring rains, so as suffering severely from heat and thirst in the several days' march. One of the features of life in Bokhara is the Richee, with which every tenth person is afflicted, and which begins with an itching:

The itching is followed after a while by a red spot, from the center of which a wound the thickness of a thread issues to the length, at times, of several yards, and it must be carefully unwound in the course and covered cotely. This is the regular course of the disease, which is otherwise unaccompanied by any pain.

The barbarous methods of Bokhara treat the Richee with success.

Bokhara has a metropolitan character, and supplies the traveler with good bread, tea, fruits, etc., and covered camels. This is the usual costume of the time. It is clever. It is able. It is important as disclosing the attitude and temper of the destructionist party. As such it deserves study by those who man the defences of church

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and state, and are interested not only for the preservation of law and order, but for the reconciliation of discontented minds.

The Great Composers. By Heretiah Butterworth. [D. Lohr and Co. $1.00.]

Mr. Heretiah Butterworth, who is one of the editors of the Youth's Companion, knows the art of making books for the mass reader, and has practiced it again in this pretty little volume, which is true mate to Miss Harris's collection of sketches of famous authors recently noticed here. In a series of fourteen chapters Mr. Butterworth passes lightly over what may be called the biographical development of music, starting with Tubal Cain of Hebrew times, touching on Ambrose, Handel and Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, and Rossini, and ending with the hymn-writers and the national songs of America. There is a pleasant mingling of anecdote with fact, and a careful discrimination between fact and tradition. The book is thoroughly readable, sets many interesting points in a clear light, and is full of a sweet and pure spirit. The pictures, of which there are several, include portraits and parlor music scenes, but are of uneven artistic merit. One, in which Ambrose and his priests appear, clothes them in ecclesiastical habits which were hardly known in the early church. The mitre, certainly, did not come into use until the 8th or 9th century. But for this trifling anachronism the author perhaps is not to be held responsible.


For Sunday-school teachers and for church-members in general has the Rev. John Reid designed this Pocket System of Theology. His materials are arranged in five parts, and he summarizes in turn the doctrines concerning God, Man, the Mediator, the Holy Spirit, and the Last Things. The perspective of doctrine is poorly kept, and the church and the sacraments are whoresonated with modern considerations. Theological theory are contested with undue proportion of space and detail. But the five points of Calvinism are indicated with distinctness and firmness, the coloring of the book is purely Presbyterian, and the introduction by Dr. John Hall will commend it to people of that persuasion. The style is clear and intelligible, the spirit considered and fair, and the treatment varies from the poor and fragmentary account of the intermediate state to the careful and admirable chapter on the resurrection of the dead.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The champion silly book of the present season appears to be Makeable Hopkins and Her Travels, written by herself. At least, after waiting some time, nothing has come along under our eye to dispute its claim, and we shall give it the prize. Mrs. Hopkins is a Central New Yorker, with a tendency to dialect and a poor spell, who goes across the continent by rail to San Francisco. Coarse pictures embellish the coarse story of her adventures, but where the laugh comes in we do not see. [Denver and Chicago: W. H. Lawrence & Co.]

Mr. Whitaker has published a third edition of Bishop Kip's Unnatural Things of Scripture, a thoughtful and profitable book of discourse on things to be seen between the lines of the Bible, such as "Personal Appearance of our Lord;" with some brief studies on obscure or difficult points, as "Nephew," "Prevent." [Price $1.00. — Funk & Wagnalls have reprinted in a thin 12mo number of their "Archibald's" Archibald Forbes's stirring record of the life of Chinese Gordon, but without illustrations. [53c.] — The principal parts of Rev. J. D. Fulton's Rome in America — not in bulk but in place and purpose — seem to be the portrait of the author and a sketch of his life; a man who has lived for years under as virulent an attack of Romophobia as any man we know. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.]

— John B. Alden, the cheap book-maker of New York, has reprinted in tasteful form Mr. George Wm. Curtis's recent Boston oration on Wendell Phillips. The text is that as given in the New York Tribune. Included with it is Wendell Phillips's oration on "The War for the Union," delivered in Boston in December, 1861. — From the same publisher with the foregoing comes a "Little Classic" edition of Mill on Liberty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

Cazenovia.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Hiding away among the verdant valleys of Central New York, and around the shores of a lovely lake (which enjoys three names, nearly one to a mile, Indian, Dutch, and French) is the village of Cazenovia. A Frenchman gave it a name, a Holland, Colonel John Lininka, who in 1793 bought the land, founded it; and New England people laid it out. Hence the charming wide streets, named Albany, Lininka, etc., full of homes of wealth and culture, embowered amid grand old trees; hence also the quadrangular open space or green, with the white meeting-house at one end, for the rural like a Connecticut or Massachusetts village. Purists who scout the later lake names, cling to the aboriginal Haugéan.

Less than two thousand people inhabit Cazenovia, though in summer Southern people, visitors from New Orleans and Philadelphia, increase the number, and one drinks "Owego," instead of "Saratoga" water. The history of the country, containing much about the pretty village, was written in 1863 by Mrs. Hammond, an old resident. Like most local histories, its posthumous fame exceeded the honor accorded it while the ink was damp. Now one may read for the real like a Connecticut or Massachusetts village.

In the clever story of Only an Incident, one may read of Cazenovia and its people and characters under the chapter headed "Joppa." It describes the place perfectly, and is from the pen of Miss Grace Litchfield, a lady of travel and culture, whose girlhood was spent near Lake Haugéan. Another book by a Cazenovia rare and costly. In the clever story of Only an Incident, one may read of Cazenovia and its people and characters under the chapter headed "Joppa." It describes the place perfectly, and is from the pen of Miss Grace Litchfield, a lady of travel and culture, whose girlhood was spent near Lake Haugéan. Another book by a Cazenovia rare and costly. It is quite as fine as the old, and the new is just as good. If Tennyson had written of the lake, he must have been in a "fine frenzy" indeed, and we need not wonder that he deleted it when he came to his senses. What he did write, and what was printed in the 1st and 2d editions of the poem, is this:

Go, sitter thee for narrowest neighbourhoods,
Old, buried haunt, where (of the "branched and rooted, And leaves and leaves of provincial sloth," etc.)

If Tennyson had written that, it must have been in a "fine frenzy" indeed, and we need not wonder that he deleted it when he came to his senses. What he did write, and what was printed in the 1st and 2d editions of the poem, is this:

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Old, buried haunt, where (of the "branched and rooted, And leaves and leaves of provincial sloth," etc.)

We can imagine some curious critic who is unable to consult the rare early editions and has to depend on Mr. Wace for the various editions, wondering what Tennyson could have meant by a "dog-eared haunt," and perhaps suggesting "dog-eared haunt" as an "emendation." (It would be quite as "happy") as some of the readings that Mr. Hudson and other editors who suffer from the itch of emendation have foisted into the text of Shakespeare, and giving very subtle and metaphysical reasons why old Lady Blanche should be endowed with the canne of critical mirth.

Even so careful a writer as the Hon. J. Leicester Warren appears to be, gives "breathes" for "breeds" when citing the above passage in his interesting "Bibliography of Tennyson," in the Fortnightly Review for October 1, 1865.

We have learned by vexatious experience never to depend on others for a quotation or a
reading when it is possible to refer to the original.

Shakespeare's Method of Work. In attempting to draw conclusions as to Shakespeare's manner of writing plays, let me at the outset state my theory. Such a plan, though not strictly logical, I believe in this place serve the purposes of clearness and precision.

Shakespeare's plan, as I take it, was not to make first a sketch, but an entire play; and, as he never abandoned his ideas as they occurred to him; rather to shape the conduct, catastrophe, and perhaps the very language of his imagination before he committed a single word to paper. In this way his plays were always written at a fever heat, but thought out with that calm, deliberate judgment which is one of his main excellences. The subject of a given play may thus have lain a long time dormant in his mind. To this general rule, of course, the poems should be excepted, and perhaps the early comedies, written before the poet was wholly conscious of his own powers.

In the first place, the mixed metaphors, which so greatly disturbed the eighteenth century critics, indicate not only superabundant imagination (the common excuse) but extreme haste in composition. Indeed, from this evidence alone, I am almost disposed to affirm that Shakespeare never revised his work. It is the fault of white heat that the correct use of English; declares that a poet's images shall be not only lofty, fit, noble, but consistent with one another. If a poet is.Rather that this carried his subject about with him a long time before he committed a single word to paper. In the same manner, this is amply verified by the many references to the subject in earlier plays. The conflict between "blood" and judgment was an important part of the poet's philosophy of life, and in Romeo and Juliet his fragmentary ideas are embodied in their struggle between their minds and their hearts, and "thought," everywhere present to the mind of the poet, takes in Hamlet entire possession of the field. Thus when Shakespeare came to write his plays, he was at the outset so thoroughly impressed with the spirit and substance of the scene that the very case of the actors strikes the keynote of the drama. A few examples will suffice. In Twelfth Night the first scene, and in Judith (i. 115) 501 says the poet says two and forty hours, when — according to the ingenious critics — he reckoned it four and twenty hours — wrong — he means to say two and thirty hours. If Shakespeare had carefully revised his work, these mistakes and all the others would be consistent with himself.

Another class of mistakes frequently occurs that goes far to prove the truth of the poet having written them. In the even the best plays there are needless confusions which ordinary accuracy might easily be corrected. In the middle of Henry VIII. "dumb-show" is stupidly introduced, which forces us to suppose that during the performance of the King's attention is thus engaged and the audience have never stayed to hear the play that followed. In As You Like It there are blanks in the French forest of Arden. In the Winter's Tale, Bohemia has a sea-coast; and Macbeth, after he has fought and vanquished "that most diabolical traitor, thethane of Cawdor," says (i. 73), "The thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous and happy man." A hundred other similar instances might be cited. Do not these facts clearly point one way?

E. R.

**NEWS AND NOTES.**

Lippincott's for July has an interesting chapter of "Recollections of Ralph Waldo Emerson." The latter is described by Frank Hall as a "sage" and "genius." It was in 1855 says Mr. Bellows, that he "walked up the nave of Concord," and first met Emerson. Mr. Emerson invited him to various rambles through the woods, in the course of which they visited Walden Pond, got caught in a thunder shower, and had various adventures. Mr. Emerson was at this time engaged on the proofs of *English Traits*, a fourth set, which he hoped would be the last. Of the incidents narrated in Mr. Bellows's new book, we will quote the following in full:

One day, when I was calling upon Emerson, he drew my attention to some of the poems he had just received from New York, over which he was in raptures. It was called *Leaves of Grass*, by Walt Whitman; written off post-haste to thank him, he said, "It is really a most wonderful production, and gives promise of the greatest things, and it is his first writing, seems almost incredible. He must have taken a long run to make such a jump at this."

How? When? Have you been to New York? "No; I read it in the New York Tribune." "In the New York Tribune? No, no, impossible!" answered the author calmly, and exclaimed, "I have never read it with such surprise. I assure him that I had read it a few weeks before in that paper. "Dear, dear, he muttered, very much wrong, very wrong. Indeed that was merely a private letter of congratulation. Had I intended it for publication I should have enlarged the butt, but repeated the "butt" twice and biting the "butt" off with his lips, and for a moment his face quite left the window. Then he continued his talk about the book, the impression it had made on men's minds, the future of the author, etc.

The charge recently made that Harper's is getting to be more of an English than an American magazine finds an offset in the July number: which gives, in true, three finely illustrated articles on European topics, namely the defeat of the schools at Kansas Green, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the English beauties of the Last Century, who were sitters to Sir Joshua Reynolds and other famous painters. But to match these we have three articles as finely illustrated on as purely American subjects: "Summer Resorts on the St. Lawrence," "Approaches to New York," which gives the harbor and shipping, and an eighth installment of Mr. Roe's "Nature's Serial Story," with delicious wood-cuts of outdoor life. Mr. Higginson's article on "Old Hickory," with its portraits of Jackson and Webster, confirms the home element, and, with Sir Francis Leighton's striking sketch of "A Daughter of the Nile," confirms the truly cosmopolitan character of the number. Of strictly literary topics it has none whatever.

A recent number of the *Philadelphia Press* contains a column article of Dr. J. Dunbar Hyston of Palmyra, N. J., whose poetical works we have occasionally mentioned. Dr. Hyston, it seems, is a retired physician of venerable propensities, one of which directs itself towards the erection of an asylum for "decayed literati." Dr. Hyston's house is an old-fashioned mansion, antedating the Revolution, built of granite, with walls nearly two feet thick. It looks like a fortress. The grounds are magnificent, the slope incline through a bower of pines. Near by are the extensive clay banks, which are the source of the Doctor's ample income. The clay is particularly colored and pretty to look upon. Dr. Hyston "tips the beam" at $500 a pound, and is given to wearing one of his trousers' legs tucked into his boot. His instincts are uncommonly humane, and he is particularly attached to animals. He has one horse which has attained the good old age of 40, and another is 27, both of which have been placed on the retired list.

A volume of sketches, *Among the Indians of the Great Lakes* by Edward F. Thurn, an Oxford Bachelor of Arts, contains almost everything that any one could want to know about British Guiana, country, resources, and people. Guiana has interest as being the only British possession in North America, and Mr. Thurn's descriptions abound with vivid touches like this:

In the distance an Indian canoe appeared from behind a bend in the river. The naked skin of the Indians in it literally flashed red in the intense light. A scarlet bits (the red star) — the only one, by the way, that I ever saw so high up on this river — flew by and settled upon a tree between us and the approaching canoe; but it hardly looked more red than did the Indians.

The *Miss Mass*, which Harper & Brothers publish this week, is an entertaining story related by means of letters addressed to each other by the different personages of the tale. It is rollicking and entertaining, and the interest of the reader is closely held to the end. The nine writers who have co-operated in its production have worked admirably together, and while the rivalry of authorship has not disturbed the unity and consistency of the plot, it has given to the characters their proper share of outline, and the outlines wrought together, as it were, in the novels of the day.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's story, *I Say No*, which has been for several months one of the leading attractions of *Harper's Weekly*, has just been issued in book-form by Harper & Brothers. This novel, has, like Mr. Collins's previous works, all the intense interest which results from skilful construction and careful elaboration of plot, in which the author excels. The characters are life-like and the style is strong and graphic. Mr. Collins's hand has not lost its cunning.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

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after in peace and quiet in London and Edin-
burgh, with variations of Continental travel.
[Editor's Notes.]

— Miss Ida Duffus Hardy calls her new book of
American travels Between Two Oceans. In
company with her mother she visited Quebec,
Niagara, New York, crossed the Continent to
California, looked in on Maryland, Virginia,
South Carolina, and Georgia, and writes on the
white and the black, and in good taste of what
she saw. The journey was made two years
ago. [Hurt & Blackett.]

— Mears. James R. Osgood & Co. have pre-
pared a new and popular edition of their "Round
Robin" novels, at the low price of fifty cents
per volume. They are in richly decorated paper
covers, and for the first time bear the names
of their authors. The first four volumes (now
ready) are: A Nameless Nobleman, The Georgians, A Lesson
in Love, Paty's Perventricies.

— Roberts Brothers have in press a new book
by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, called Human
Imagination, a sort of counterpart to his Intel-
llectual Life. Love and marriage, family ties,
parentage, guests and hospitality, are among
the topics treated in what is said to be an Emer-
ssonian style.

— D. Appleton & Co. will bring out at once,
Lal, by Dr. Hammond. Not the least interest-
ning feature of the novel is that relating to the
education of woman, and Dr. Hammond has
discussed this, as well as other social ques-
tions of the day, with boldness and thoroughness.

— Roberts Brothers have a new "No Name"
series in hand which will be out soon. The title
is Almeta a Duchess; the scene is laid in France,
and the author, according to Mr. Niles, is "one
of the most popular of the writers who have con-
ducted the 'No Name Series.'"

— Mears. Funk & Wagnalls have just pub-
lished a new edition of Mamma, and The Diary
of a Plain Man, by J. Osgood & Co. The first
edition of 10,000 being wholly exhausted. Sev-
eral slips in translation are corrected in this edi-
tion.

— A. S. Barnes & Co. publish The Book Shelf,
a useful little bulletin of information about new
books. A novel feature of it is its production from
celluloid plates which are made in less than
twenty minutes.

— Cha's Scribner's Sons have just brought out
the fourth volume of Stories by American Authors.
N. P. Willis, Constance Fenimore Woolson, H. C.
Bunner, and others contribute to its pages.

— Mr. Charles Dudley Warner will write the
article on Christmas in the Christmas number
of Harper's Monthly, the English orders for
which already exceed 35,000 copies.

— Mr. Swinburne places Byron in the scale of
the English Poets below Wordsworth, Shelley,
Coleridge, and Keats; which is one of the signs of
reason returning to Mr. Swinburne.

— There is trouble in the Public Library at
Cleveland, Ohio, whose librarian is charged with
incompetence and malfeasance in office. An
investigation is now in progress.

— Miss Timby, the serial story just begun in
Harper's Bazaar, promises to be one of those
charming love tales written by the author of
John Halifax, Gentleman.

— Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued the first
two volumes of their new edition of Pepys's
Diary, and the rest will follow at the rate of two
a month.

THE LITERARY INDEX.

(Under the above head we keep an alphabetical in-
dex to such articles on strictly literary topics in current
periodicals as, by reason of the character, their
authorship, or the pages in which they appear, are likely
to deserve the notice of readers of the Literary World.
Biographical sketches of authors always upon distin-
guished authors not living, criticisms of famous or
important works, and the materials of literary history, will be
chiefly repassed. The order of each entry is subject to
change, as decided by leading works of the period (foreign
periodicals in italics), date, or volume, number, and
pages. Suggestions towards making this index as useful
as possible will be welcomed.

Academic Degrees, Especially Honorary
Chicago's Book Trade, Chicago Times, June 14.
Emerick, Reminiscences of, P. Swallow, Lippincott's, June.
Grecian, Greek Play at Cambridge, G. W. Brothert, Century.
Guy Hawthorne's Romances, Scenes of, Century, July.
Underwood in Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Atlantic, July.
W. C. Lawson.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.
HARRIS MORSHELL. A Memoir. By the Rev. T. T.
Carver. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Essays and Sketches.
TALisman, Essays and Sketches by James, J. Osgood & Co.

Academy Lectures. By J. E. Hodgson, R. A. Lon-
don: Trübner.

Fiction.
Miss LUCINDA SOUTHER. A Romance of Immortality.
By Edward Bendall. Funk & Wagnalls.


Music, and The Diary of a Superfluous Man. By
Mrs. Ursula Jennings Strong. Second edition. Funk &
Wagnalls.

Disquieting Views. By Mrs. Andrew Lang. Harper
Brothers.

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Lippincott & Co.

GOFFREY HILTON. By Georgia M. Creel. [Franklin Sq. Lib.] Harper & Bros.

A FAIR DAY. By Charles Dibble Baezter. L. W. Lewell Co.

MY DOULAH AND MY DAUGHTER. A Novel. [Frank-

THE MISTRESS OF INCHINOC. A Novel. By Fr.
Henkel. Henry Holt & Co.

STAGE STRUCK. By She Would be an Opera Singer.
By Blanche Roosevelt. Ford, Howard & Hulbert.

TIME OF ALCHEMY. By T. Tepelin. [The Surgeon's
Stories.] McClure & Co. $1.25.


GOOD STORIES. By Charles Read. Harper & Bros. $1.00.

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brand. Tr. by Clara Bell. Wm. S. Gottschalk.

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Lady Collett. New Edition. Illustrated. T. Y. Craw-
field & Co.

UNITED STATES NOTES. A History of the Various Issues of
By John Jay Keaton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Language and Literature.
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Righter. Edited by Giles F. Hawley. Funk & Wagn-
alls.

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ish Language. By Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal. In 15
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THREATS OF THOUGHT. By Annie Armstrong.
Washington: Brearley Brothers.

THE LADY'S PERIPLUS, by F. G. Nowland. New 
York: A. W. Bayard. 1859.

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The work contains a mass of anecdotes quite new and marvelous beyond credulity. The authorities cited date back to 1800.

* For sale by all booksellers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publisher, 715 & 717 Market St., Philadelphia.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

The Literary World.

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RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

BABOO RAM CHANDRA BOSE is a Hindo of high caste by birth, who has become a Christian convert, teacher, and preacher, and has served this year for a second time as a delegate from India to the general conference of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. His book on Brahmoism is made up for substance of a series of lectures upon the diverse phases and aspects of reformed Hinduism.

The first chapter opens with an irrelevant discussion of the theologies (β) of Mormonism and of Auguste Comte, strangely associated together as the new religions of our age, and set in contrast with Brahmoism to the evident advantage of the latter. The good work of the Somaj movement he recognizes in its firm and consistent protest against idolatry and polytheism, its resistance to the tide of atheism in India, its growing opposition to the caste system, its activity in social and political reform, its popularization of European and Christian ideas, and its inculcation of reverence for Christ. The chief mistakes in the move-

ment he characterizes as the rejection of intuitive beliefs—such as the reality of supernatural influence and revelation, and the need of mediation, atonement, and incarnation—the misrepresentation of Christian teaching, and the too speedy assumption of the rôle of teachers of the world. With these perhaps should be associated the vacillation and temporizing which have marked even its greatest leaders. Successive chapters trace the development of Brahmoism of which he has constructed an Adi Somaj, of Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, the Progressive Somaj, the New Dispensation, and the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj. An interesting chapter upon Rajah Ram Mohun Roy as a hymnologist follows, and the book closes with an address upon the Aspirations of Young India.

Mr. Bose writes with knowledge and general fairness, not, however, without occasional asperity of spirit, and a proneness to push inferences beyond proper bounds. His interpretations of Mr. Sen, for instance, take a little of the cast of his oration, and the passage where he utters, and thrust his aspirations and intuitions too roughly into the straight-jacket of dogma. Mr. Bose uses the English language with force and clearness, but he has nothing of that wonderful ease and facility which mark Mr. Mozoomdar's discourse whether spoken or written.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

THE arrival at Newfoundland last week of Lieutenant Greely and the remnant of his party, disclosing the details of another disaster in polar regions, gives great timeliness to the appearance of Professor Nourse's volume. The author, who is an officer of the United States Navy, has had before him the long line of published narratives of Arctic exploration, together with official documents belonging to the government, and out of these he has prepared an encyclopedic review of the whole subject of American enterprise in Arctic seas.

American participation in the perils and honors of Arctic exploration is scarcely a third of a century old, having practically begun with the Grinnell Expeditions for the discovery of Sir John Franklin in 1850-55.

It was in the second of these expeditions that the famous Dr. Kane came into notice, whose story may be set down as the first thrilling chapter of Arctic romance by an American contributor. Professor Nourse's volume begins at this point, and follows step by step along the subsequent course, devoting a just measure of attention in turn to the successive expeditions of Commander Rodgers, Dr. Hayes, Hall, Schwatka, and De Long. Two supplementary chapters describe the preliminary and general Antarctic cruise of Wilkes in 1839 and 40, and the second of these chapters gives some twenty pages to the first part of the history of the ill-fated Greely expedition, whose pitiful conclusion the public press has just now supplied. A large pocket map of the polar regions, the fullest and best that we have seen, shows the point reached by Lt. Greely in August, 1881.

The reader of Prof. Nourse's book will be especially interested in its epitome of Kane's story, in its chapter on Schwatka's memorable siege of the Eskimo house, in which the hero, for fifteen months, kept up his fire while his ínlin's remains, in the sad details of DeLong's fate in the "Jeansette," and in such graphic touches as the following out of the scanty references to the Gleeley expedition:

August 5 Greely went ashore at Cape Lieber, with Lieutenant Lockwood, Doctor Pavy, and a party, to examine the ice from the cliffs. Lieutenant Lockwood erected a cabin on the highest peak. No other cabin could be seen on it or from it, nor on other peaks visited by Greely and Doctor Pavy. Occasionally lanes of water could be seen through the rifts of the fog-cloud which covered Hall-basin; but the main pack was firm and unchangeable.

Up to the point of his writing Professor Nourse, who takes the scientific view of his subject, is by no means dismayed or disheartened by the long record of Arctic enterprise. He says:

The loss of life in these Arctic explorations has been remarkably small. The number of deaths occurring in all the ships of the expeditions sent for the relief of Franklin, and on those engaged in later Arctic explorations up to the date of 1873, had not equaled two per cent of the officers and men employed, nor have the casualties in the recent German, English, Swedish, and American expeditions equalled those ordinarily occurring among the ships on fateful duty in other regions of the globe. They bear an inappreciable proportion to the losses in the Merchant, and especially the Whaling Marine, in proof of which it is enough to recall the statement of Lieutenant Murray, that the loss from wreck around the British Isles during a single year exceeded the aggregate of all those within the history of Arctic explorations.

In conclusion Professor Nourse concedes that hopes of a navigable route through the North American land-bridge are at an end, but claims that in other ways, chiefly scientific, much is to be gained by further prosecution of Arctic research, and rejoices in the assurance that "volunteers for the paths of discovery will, as now, freely offer themselves until the fullest additions to the domain of science have had their ingathering."

Professor Nourse's book bears the credentials of accuracy and authority, is well printed and bound, has numerous engravings and useful maps, showing some portraits on steel, has a suitable index and table of contents, and furthermore is provided with a bibliography of chief publications on Arctic research since 1818. In every respect, then, it is a well-made book, a solid contribution to popular reading.

—Callaghan & Co. of Chicago have ready a new and comprehensive work on The Law of Railroads by David Robey, at $12.50. It contains no less than sixty-six chapters, covering the whole field of railroad law—

* Brahmoism; or, History of Reformed Hinduism. By Ram Chandra Bose, A.M., of Lucknow, India. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

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construction, operation, liabilities, damages, etc.

Railroads are now so large a factor in American

life, indeed in life all over the globe, that the

laws relating to them are what other people than

lawyers need to understand.

THE PARABOLIC TEACHING OF

CHRIST.*

PROF. BRUCE, so favorably known by

his work on The Training of the

Twelve, has published another volume of

somewhat kindred tenor, upon The Para-

bolie Teaching of Christ. Homiletical and

devotional expositions of the parables in the

Gospels are already abundant, as the preface

suggests; but the number of more elaborate

discussions of the subject, in the English

language at least, is still small, and to this

class the systematic and critical study of

Prof. Bruce belongs. Dismissing the curi-
os and countless allegorical interpretations

with which Archbishop Trench has made us

familiar, he follows the simpler and truer

method of historical exegesis, seeks "help

from the moderns more than from the an-
cients," and relies on the sober judgment of

the commentator rather than on the meteoric

vagaries of patriotic fancy.

As a Teacher, he makes our Lord to stand

in three relations, and his teaching ministry

falls accordingly under three heads. He

was a Master, or Rabbi, intent upon instruct-
ing his immediate disciples; he was the

Evangelist of the poor, to whom he brought

the glad tidings of the kingdom; and he was

the Prophet of the whole people, announcing

to an unwilling generation the verities of
divine government and the sure doom of his

race. These three aspects of Christ's min-

istry suggest a natural grouping for the

parables, and indicate the order and contents of

the three books into which Prof. Bruce

divides his work. We have, first, the Theo-

retic or Didactic Parables, spoken for the

sake of the disciples, and embodying those

essential principles that make up what is

called the "metaphysic" of the divine king-
dom; then, the Parables of Grace, unfold-
to the poor in spirit the love of the Father

as shown in the salvation of the lost; lastly,

the Parables of Judgment, declaring to all

hearers the righteousness of God as the

ruler and rewarder of nations and of men.

Of the two Gospels in which the parabolic

form of teaching is chiefly found, most of

the theoretic and prophetical parables are

given by St. Matthew, while St. Luke records

almost exclusively the evangelic class.

Expositors often dwell on the physical sit-
suation from which the parables spring, but,

as Prof. Bruce remarks, the moral situation

is more important for a right interpretation.

No mere fondness for picturesque statement,

no intellectual liking for symbolic utterance,

led Jesus to choose this mode of speech. In-

deed the parables do not belong to the initial

*The Parabolic Teaching of Christ. By Alexander B.

Bruce, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2.50.

stage of his ministry, and hence are not his

first choice in method. They are largely

apologetic or defensive in character. They

are spoken after his plainer language has

been heard, but not heeded, and grow out of

his sense of isolation, amid the dull minds

and hard hearts of those around him, and

even too often of his disciples. "He uttered

beatitudes before He uttered similitudes, and

He uttered similitudes because the beat-

itudes had not been understood or appre-
ciated." Their human pathos is part of

their very charm, and speaks of a mood like

that of the prophet, misunderstood and de-

spised.

The Theoretic or Didactic Parables are

designed to prepare the disciples for their

work, by explaining its nature, its sphere,

its limitations, and its success. The Sower

points out the diverse moral conditions that

will be found among their hearers, and the

influence of these conditions over the results

of their preaching. The Tares and the Drag

Net warn them against the extremes of con-

fidence and despair, against optimism and

pessimism alike, by showing the presence of

evil and good side by side within the king-

dom until the end. The Hid Treasure and

the Pearl reveal the supreme excellence of

the kingdom as an individual possession.

The Mustard Seed and the Leaven declare

the final and inevitable destiny of the word

in the world, while in the Blade, the Ear, and

the Full Corn, emphasis is laid upon its slow

and gradual growth. In the Sibyl's Neigh-

bor and the Unjust Judge we read the delays

of Providence and the duty of prayer, and

the Unprofitable Servants—or the Parable

of Extra Service, as our author prefers to

call it—reveals the exacting and unceas-

ing demands which the kingdom makes of

its subjects. The three closing parables,

The Hours of Labor, the Talents, and The

Pounds, disclose the relation between work

and wages in the service of God, a relation

conditioned upon three things, the quantity

of the work, the ability of the worker, and

his motive.

The Parables of Grace are at once the

most poetic in form and the most distinct-

ively Christ-like in substance of the three

classes. From them we may learn the spirit

of genuine evangelical piety which, unlike

much that masquerades under that guise,

combines conscience with sweetness and

light, a fervent love for the lost with large

and genial culture and with thorough mani-

dness of character. The five chief parables

of this class are apologetic in intent: The

Two Debtors, The Lost Coin, The Lost

Sheep, and The Lost Son giving the grounds

of Christ's love for sinners, and The Chi-

ldren of the Bride-Chamber presenting the

reason for the joy of his disciples. From

The Lower Servant we learn that the king-

dom of God is for the humble, a lesson

repeated in The Pharisee and The Publici-

can, from The Great Supper that it is for

the hungry. The Good Samaritan and The

Unjust Steward dwell on the sacredness of

charity and its redeeming power, and The

Rich Man and Lazarus with The Unmerci-

ful Servant make inhumanity and implaca-

bility unpardonable sins.

The little similitude of The Children in

the Market-Place forms a fitting introduc-

tion to the Parables of Judgment, and gives

the broad verdict of Jesus upon his own

generation. The Barren Fig-Tree foreshad-

ows the withdrawal of Israel's privilege and

its bestowal upon the Gentiles, and The Two

Sons and The Wicked Husbandmen expose the

insincerity and iniquity of Israel's lead-

ers. In the three last parables we pass to

judgments of a wider bearing, and read in

The Wedding R obe, The Unfaithful Upper

Servant, and The Ten Virgins the doom of
dispersers of grace, and of degenerate minis-
ters and foolish citizens within the kingdom.

The parable last named is further illustrated

by a study of the two builders described at

the close of the Sermon on the Mount.

Prof. Bruce's translations of the passages

quoted, and his few but incisive notes upon

the text, show that he has kept abreast of the

latest textual investigation, and is ready

to accept and interpret whatever facts an

accurate and unprejudiced criticism can fur-

nish. His philosophic method, his sympa-

thetic insight, and his practical purpose
deserve especial notice. Content with find-

ing the clear meaning of each parabolic utter-

ance, he does not burden his readers with
doubtful senses, but draws a just distinc-
tion between the plain lesson of the par-

able and its curious felicity of language.

His interpretation of certain parables, such

as The Blade, The Ear, and the Full Corn,

and Extra Service, is striking and original,

and the whole work is thorough in treatment

and full of useful suggestion.

* System of Christian Theology. By Henry B. Smith,

D. D., L.L.D. Edited by William S. Karr, D. D., Pro-

fessor of Theology in Hartford Seminary. A. C. Arm-

strong & Son. $1.50.

SMITH'S CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.*

THE pupils of Prof. Smith—and many

who never heard his voice will count them-

selves in that number—have waited for

this volume with unusual interest. The

two small volumes which preceded it, his

Lectures on Apologetics and his Intro-

cution to Christian Theology, were at one so clear,

so profound, and so suggestive, that the

reader anticipated the largest helpfulness

from the complete system.

Prof. Smith's theology was thoroughly

Christo-centric, and that too at a time when

such views, now happily prevalent, were

novel if not offensive to our theologians.

Indeed he was the first to build a system

upon this basis in America. For him re-

demption is the fundamental thought, and

redemption finds its center in the person of

the Redeemer. The Incarnation he regards
simply as the mode of mediation between God and a lost world, and from this viewpoint his whole subject falls naturally under three heads, the antecedents of redemption, redemption itself, and the consequents, or, better yet, the kingdom of redemption.

These divisions are very unequal in extent, and in the first we find the great questions of theology proper, or the doctrine concerning God, cosmology, and anthropology, with the special doctrines of virtue and of sin. A further antecedent, the possibility of redemption, upon both sides the divine and the human, is left with only a hint. For a fresh and full discussion of this topic we might well have been spared a renewal of the Taylor-Tyler controversy, with the idle threshing of old straw regarding the "best possible" and the "only possible" moral systems. We hope it will not always be necessary for New England theologians to perpetuate the traditions of this provincial and unseemly conflict. The second division opens with the general nature and objects of the Incarnation, and passes thence to the person and work of the Redeemer. The treatment of the Incarnation in relation to man's moral wants is marked by unusual fullness and force, and forms one of the most satisfactory portions of the book. The various theories of the atonement are analyzed and weighed with discrimination, and the limitations of each are recognized. A more detailed and sympathetic development would have been fitting here, but the weakness of the author's method comes out clearly at such points. The large view of Christ as related to the creation, even apart from sin, and the universal significance of the Incarnation as outlined in the Epistles to the Ephesians and the Colossians and in the prologue to the Fourth Gospel, are treated in a hasty and superficial manner, while the author stoops to cast a slur upon the character of those who advocate such doctrines, and ignores the fact that each of his arguments for the necessity of an Incarnation in order to redemption applies with equal force, mutatis mutandis, to the necessity of an Incarnation in its cosmical and universal relations. The third division of the work traces the progress of the kingdom of redemption in the individual, the church, and the world, and closes with the author's outlook upon eschatology. The last topic, which has become so prominent in recent discussions, finds a fragmentary and unsatisfactory treatment in stereotyped and forced interpretations of difficult texts with which we are unhappily too familiar. The chapter upon the intercession of Christ is eloquent with the pathos of a noble soul let loose from the chains of logical formulas.

It must be a source of regret to the friends of Prof. Smith that he could not have left his system in a more finished state, and yet more that he could not have lived to share in the new and earnest movements in our theological world. His free, fearless, candid spirit, and his incisive strength and clearness of statement, would have been welcome in present discussions. And without disparaging the faithful and painstaking revision and collation of the excellent editor, we question whether the mechanical methods that appear throughout the volume would not have been softened and even quickened into life if the hand of the master had given them the final touch. But with all its disappointing features, and compared with the earlier volumes this book has many, we are grateful for the healthful stimulus and inspiration it will afford to every mind that comes fairly under its influence.

**PROTECTION.**

There has been for some years in this country a reaction against the time-honored American or Protection System, and in favor of Free Trade. This has been owing to a variety of causes, partly that our leading manufactures are well "established," partly that men are taking broader views, partly that the slavery and reconstruction questions of the last quarter of a century have done diverting attention from these subjects, largely that since Clay and Carey and Greeley, no advocates of protection have been found to take their places, while men of great ability — Sumner, the Walkers, Perry, Wells — have pushed the other side into prominence. Tariff questions are again political issues; but the fate of the Morrisson bill, and the attitude of both the great parties, show that a majority of the people still hold to the traditional theories. Yet there is felt everywhere the need of a thorough re-discussion of the whole subject in the light of the broader and more philosophical methods, and of the wider research and vastly accumulated data of present political science.

Few men in the country are better fitted for this work, so far as one side, at least, is concerned, than the accomplished editor of the *Utica Herald.* His studies run back, as he says, to the times "when Henry Clay was in his sunset splendor." As a member for four years of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, and as editor for years of one of our most influential journals, Mr. Roberts has a mastery of the facts and arguments of the revenue question equaled by very few and hardly surpassed by any in the country. The book before us bears ample evidence of this from beginning to end. In few works of this kind do we find indications of a wider reading, or a more pains-taking study of figures and facts upon which alone any sound conclusions can be based.

Mr. Robert's work is both disappointing and gratifying. It was addressed as lectures to the upper classes of both Cornell and Hamilton; hence it is popular, vigorous, bristling with strong figures and strong statements, but lacking in that large and philosophical view which has rendered, for instance, Walker's *Wages Question or Roger's Work and Wages* authoritative and exhaustive on those subjects. The book is for the politician rather than the statesman, and will be valuable for the partisan rather than the investigator; in a word, it is one-sided rather than all-sided. Yet its arguments are strong and fortified by facts and figures from almost every source, and it presents a wide, all but comparative view of the subject. Its introduction gives a brief outline of the theories of government and revenue. Then follow chapters on ancient methods of revenue — Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, etc., to German, French, English; and on the "modern practices at home and abroad." The other chapters are: American methods and results; the incidence of imposts; freedom of production; commerce broader than barter; fallacies about markets; duties, wages, and prices; alternatives of protection; the rivalries of commerce; and the conclusion of the whole matter. Thanks for the excellent index which most works of the sort leave out. No better or stronger presentation of the modern view of protection has ever been made. Its opponents will have to do their best. Hence we shall doubtless soon have on the other side a similar book of equal if not greater value; and there, doubtless, at the present stage of the discussion, we must for some time rest content.

**PROPERTY, PROGRESS, AND POVERTY.**

Mr. HENRY GEORGE'S *Progress and Poverty* is a work of wonderful power, fallacy, and success. In this country it has practically gained no following, since it strikes at one of the chief cornerstones of our progress. In England it has been read by hundreds of thousands, its specious arguments have been widely accepted, not always by the lower classes, and it is doing a work that may readily turn out to the last degree evil. Its foundation principle is, "Make land common property." This strikes at the roots of things, and whenever the English or any other people fully accept it, there will be a volcano. The English conservatives see this, not without misgivings, and one of the ablest of them has written from their standpoint a most able reply.

Mr. Mallock's *Is Life Worth Living?* and *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century* marked him as a powerful thinker and
writer, and this new effort fully sustains his high reputation. Mr. George is vigorous and brilliant; Mr. Mallock is more than his equal—less brilliant, perhaps, and so less effective on the popular reader, but much more logical, forceful, and convincing. Indeed, for clean, sustained argument, Mr. Mallock's reply to Mr. George is almost a model; every sentence adds weight, every paragraph contributes to the force of a mathematical demonstration. The thousands who have been carried away by Mr. George's plausible sophistries and brilliant rhetoric should read and appreciate.

The second part of Mr. Mallock's book treats with equal vigor and conclusiveness the question of English Socialism, examining Karl Marx and Mr. George in general, and Mr. Hyndman's England for All and Socialism Made Plain, in particular. In his third essay, Mr. Mallock reviews the "statistics of agitation," and certainly makes a bad showing for the agitators. If, indeed, in a matter of £1,200,000,000, Mr. Hyndman is wrong to the extent of £800,000,000, and if Mr. Mallock estimates certain landed incomes at £800,000,000 which are only £150,000,000, and if, as Mr. Mallock implies, this sort of exaggeration runs all through their figures and argument, the sincerity and honesty of these men which has heretofore been allowed becomes more than questionable, and we must relegate the whole set to the realm of unscrupulous demagogues.

Unfortunately we have not the English statistical reports, to which both refer, to verify either party, but there is some pretty smart lying somewhere. In fact there is about this whole discussion too much of the old country lyricism flavor. We seem to hear the Squire and the Colonel again at their oratorical fisticuffs, each bringing an array of facts and figures that completely demolished his opponent till the other proved him all wrong and demolished in his turn. The social problem is one of the most serious of modern times, and demands the most candid and honest discussion. Both sides are right, and both are woful wrong. The argument of the Colonel and the Squire will never settle the debate—God grant it be not settled in strife and blood, as such supreme questions have always been settled before!

Mr. Mallock's is one of the best books yet written on the subject, but unfortunately there is the odor of the pleader all through it. Apparently he sees that while logically and demonstrably right, he is morally and radically wrong. Apparently he knows that there is a tremendous evil which these agitators are right in attacking, though utterly wrong in their methods, and feels in some degree what they in their blind excitement do not feel, that the true remedy lies in a vastly different direction from what either party has indicated. For, however much

many may still smile at it, the social science and political economy of the future are to be based on a higher foundation than any of these men have ever yet thought of, and the Golden Rule alone is to prove the true and final solution of these crying human evils.

FICTION.

Among the Cherokees. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.]
Stage Struck. [Fords, Howard & Hubert. $1.50.]
Mingo, and Other Sketches in Black and White. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00.]}

[July 26,
without weapons to fight with. If Mr. Newell was anxious to put a theory into print, he would have shown better judgment and taste to have made an essay of it by itself. So far as the human story goes, it is well enough, and some of the people are well drawn, as perhaps also are the scenes of Indian life, but burdened as it is with the "by" hand, the reader cannot have only one opinion — that it is stupid, if not worse.

After Wanda, with its scenes of domestic life and married happiness, its faithful wife and fond mother, its powerful portrayal of the pure and noble heroine, its vivid lesson of charity and sharp suggestion of what remorse might be, it is natural that one should open a new book by "Ouida" with expectations heightened for something worthier than she has often had credit for. But for such an expectation there is nothing sweet and fresh except in the exquisite Yseult, whom "Ouida" predetermines to hapless fate. With the same hand she fashions this innocent girl, with the other the woman of the world, binding all her power to bear on the side of wickedness. It is a brilliant and fascinating story, written with wonderful skill and charm of language, strewn with the biting truths of her "wit and wisdom," cast in epigrammatic sentences, but depicting a state of morals for France to be ashamed of, and having for its one theme unlawful love and a steady gravitation towards sin on the part of a magnificently-endowed man and woman, who had not purpose or principle to resist, and who evil triumph in the end. Innocence, purity, fidelity, and devoted love go for nothing; the advantages are all with passion and license; the motif the conquest of wrong right.

MINOR NOTICES.

"Studies in History." By Henry Cabot Lodge. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.]

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, whose name finds honorable mention in our current politics, continues his patient study of the politics of the past. Of the essays contained in this volume, several lie in the line of his former work, and almost all are closely connected with American history, a field in which he has proved so careful and so constant a student. The first paper, "The Puritans and the Restoration," is perhaps the least satisfactory of all, falling utterly to account for the phenomenon on which it dwells, the decline of Puritan power and Puritan character in the age of Charles II. "A Puritan Pepys" is the felicitous title under which the very interesting diary of Sewall is discussed. "Colonialism in the United States" is a supplement to his Short History of the English Colonies in America, and touches upon certain distinctive features of our present life which go back to the colonial days for source and explanation. The essays upon Daniel Webster and Alexander Hamilton recall the able monographs which Mr. Lodge has contributed to the American Men"s series. Two English publicists, Fox and Carlyle, are the early American biographers, Timothy Pickering, Albert Gallatin, and the less known Caleb Strong, make up the list of character studies, while the volume closes with an amusing and instructive contrapuntal drawn between two French opinions of America, of M. de Boncourt and the Vicomte d'Haussonville, separated one from the other by forty years.

Intelligent, patriotic, and readable, these essays are well worth the reader's attention, and will add to his familiarity with many phases of our national history.

Symbolic Algebra, or the Algebra of Algebraic Numbers, Together with Critical Notes on the Methods of Reasoning Employed in Geometry. By Prof. William Cain, C. E., etc. [D. Van Nostrand. $2.00.]

This little volume of 130 pages is No. 73 in Van Nostrand's Science Series. It may be of value to a certain class of mathematical students, who like or need amplification of the simpler parts of mathematics; but it is difficult for us to imagine a student knowing enough mathematics to read Prof. Cain's critical notes, and yet ignorant enough to need them. The first sixty pages are, for example, almost wholly occupied with showing that a negative number is not to be considered less than nothing; but as a number indicating a quantity to be measured in the opposite direction. Thus a man with assets of eight thousand, and debts of ten thousand, is not to be considered as possessed of two thousand less than nothing; but as owing two thousand more than he has means to pay. Very true; but every mathematical student in this quarter of the century, one would think, might see it without sixty pages of palaver.

"Testing Machines, their History, Construction, and Use." By Arthur V. Abbott. [D. Van Nostrand. 50 cents.]

This is No. 74, in the same series in which "Symbolic Algebra" is No. 73, but is a book of a different character. Its 130 pages are crowded with facts, lucidly arranged and described; no one could fail to understand it; nor could any man be so familiar with the subject as to be uninterested in it. Mr. Abbott describes the modern methods of testing the strength of every form of material used in architecture, and in works of constructive engineering; gives tables of results obtained in regard to American materials; and makes many acute and valuable suggestions as to the use of such results, and the liabilities to error arising from variations in specimens, changes produced by time, new forms of strain, etc. Altogether the work, small as it is, will be of very great value to all architects, builders, and engineers of construction who consult it.

The Book of the Beginnings. By R. Heber Newton. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.]

The Rev. R. Heber Newton, who was asked by his bishop to discontinue his Sunday talks upon the Bible, yielded to the request, but reserved the right to appeal to a wider public through the press, and has now sent forth his volume on The Book of the Beginnings. Genesis is, of course, the special subject under treatment, but the first twenty chapters, including nearly half the book, discuss questions that concern the Pentateuch as a whole. The composite structure of the five books, their internal unity in matter and spirit, their threefold authorship, with a possibility of still other writers and revisers, takes up the first chapter of the three. The second exposes the objections to the traditional theory of a Mosaic authorship, drawn from the several fields of geography, history, archaeology, and law. The third chapter traces the growth of the work as constructed by the new criticism, and the bearing of this later view upon the spiritual uses of the book for mankind. The remaining chapters analyse the contents of Genesis, considering successively the primal sagas and the traditions of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. The volume makes no pretense to scientific thoroughness and detail, and is intended for popular readers who are not satisfied with traditional views of the Scriptures. The value of the opinions here presented, and the wisdom of expounding them before an audience without special familiarity with Biblical study, may be mooted questions, but we are glad to find less of a flippant tone and a hastily spirit than appeared in his earlier volume on Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible.


In a small handbook of an hundred and twenty pages, the Rev. Dr. Harut presents a concise and comprehensive summary of the Reformation era with its manifold aspects and relations and its influence upon all parts of Europe. In the Paris Reformers and the German mystics he sees the heralds of Protestantism, and he recognizes the important work of preparation wrought in the humanism of Italy by the Reformation Councils. The effects of the mighty movement, too, he traces far beyond the bounds of Germany and Switzerland, not only in England, Scotland, and the Netherlands, but also through France, Spain, Italy, Scandinavia, and the Slavic lands. The closing chapter makes fit allusion to the four-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, and to the widespread commemoration of the event. Within so narrow compass there is room for nothing beyond the merest outline, but this little book opens to the beginner a broad bird's-eye view of the vast field, while even to more familiar eyes it gives a fresh and deep spirit and purpose that underlies the whole course of the Reformation.

Ballades and Verses Vain. By Andrew Lang. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.]

As a graceful favor both to a fellow-poet and to his readers, Mr. Austin Dobson has gathered, arranged, and introduced with verses of his own these Ballades and Verses Vain by Mr. Andrew Lang. Only variety in theme and differences in line and meter could keep the ballade-form from becoming monotonous, repeated through a series of thirty-six poems. To the credit of poet and of collector alike it must be said that no reader could find the peep of style and monotony. Beside the ballades and a dozen verses vain, Mr. Dobson has chosen for us a cluster of Homeric memories, a handful of sonnets, and a score of translations from various sources. Mr. Lang lacks something of Mr. Dobson's vigor and skill, but his lightness of touch, his occasional picturesqueness of style, and his frequent melody of tone, joined to a pervasive air of gentle pensiveness, give his verses a pleasant charm. Once or twice, too, he strikes a deeper vein, and in the noble lines on "The Shade of Helen" we find hints of unusual strength and a creative genius.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, JULY 26, 1844.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

THERE is no country on earth whose official documents are in proportion remotely comparable to those issued by our federal, state, city, and town authorities. It probably would not be an exaggeration to add that these documents are extremely valuable, and contain very much less rubbish than most people imagine. Such documents, for instance, as those of the park commissioners of Buffalo and Boston, of the secretary of internal affairs at Harrisburg, of the Massachusetts labor bureau, of the Illinois tax commissioners, of the Kansas agricultural bureau, of the Michigan department of education, and scores of similar boards have permanent value. The amount of solid information packed away in the generally neglected pages of the Congressional Record is very great, and the purely scientific publications of the national government, including the surveys, form a vast storehouse of permanent importance.

There is not a library in the United States which collects all these documents; the best work is done in the Boston Public Library and in the Congressional Library. But more might be attempted. Indeed, the documents now stored in Washington and Boston, if catalogued by themselves, would reveal a source of information too little appreciated even by students. Reference books like the Britannica, for instance, fail to mention under the head of New York and Ohio that these States issue annual documents of the highest value to the scientific student and the man of affairs. The educational publications of the Interior Department at Washington and the several States teem with sound information; but very few people read them, though they can be had for the asking. Collectors, publicists, students, merchants, and professional men generally, underrate the value of our American government documents.

Here, then, is a field for an ambitious bibliographer willing to work in virgin soil, and disposed to magnify his country by telling the world something specific, say in a catalogue raisonné of its federal and municipal government publications. It is perhaps within bounds to say that the practical value of such a work would exceed that of Poole's Index, which might serve as a model. When well started, such a work might count on government aid, nearly every government office in the country, the legislative bodies included, being constantly in want of just such an index, and willing to pay for it. It is very singular that our law courts almost alone have established a regular and complete system of collections and exchanges, while the state and city offices proceed at haphazard, and often lose the benefit of what has been achieved in the very subjects on which they seek after light. It is in the interests of literature and public utility to plead for a special catalogue of properly described and duly characterized government publications, because these documents cover nearly every branch of knowledge, including philology, natural history, geography, and art.

PERSONAL.

Madame Adam is coming to America to study our institutions, and will probably make a book out of her impressions. Scarcely twenty-one was Madame Adam when she wrote her first book, which was a fiery reply to Proudhon's attack on George Sand. Soon after the Commune she was dining with Victor Hugo, she says, and told him of the journal she had kept during the dreadful days of that reign of terror. "Have you it still?" asked the poet. "It is possible that my daughter may have answered. 'Yes, and I must see it, I must have it tonight,' continued my host. 'But it is too late to send it tonight,' I remarked. 'No, my servant shall accompany you, and he can bring it back,' he replied. I obeyed. Victor Hugo had my journal that very night, and the next morning the Raphael, his organ, began its publication." Lord Tennyson in a white waistcoat was a chief attraction at the recent wedding of his son at Westminster Abbey. Lady Tennyson's health, says the London World, rendered it doubtful almost to the last if she would be present; "as it was, a bally-chair conveyed her from the deanery to the chapel and back, and, robed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, she remained in it throughout the ceremony. The beautiful children of Mr. Lionel Tennyson were greatly admired. The sight of the Laureate, Lord Houghton, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Locker, in a group together, was probably one witnessed for this occasion only. I confess that I missed Mr. Swinburne, whose place was only inadequately filled by Mr. Macintosh."

The late Mr. Gaskell, whose wife was the distinguished novelist, was a "felicitous expositor of English literature," says the Academys, and delivered many bright and suggestive lectures at the Owens College, Manchester. His intellectual and literary influence in that busy mart of manufactures was great, but his life was so crowded with duties that it is feared that he left no autobiographical writings which might have been abundant and abundantly interesting. Wordsworth, "Barry Cornwall," and Charlotte Brontë were among his friends. He had a tall, thin figure, a fine head, a benevolent aspect, and held a generally patriarchial place.

Rev. Dr. J. W. White, editor in chief of the Congregationalist, has gone abroad for two or three months, after a few more tracts on Pilgrim history, we suppose, and to aid in furthering a suitable memorial to John Robinson at Leyden. But with Mr. Richardson in the office, and Mr. Morton Dexter, and Mr. Bliss, and Miss Dyer, not to mention Dr. Clapp in New York and Dr. Gilbert in Chicago, the readers of what is in many respects the foremost religious weekly in America will not suffer.

The late venerable Professor Packard of Bowdoin College was a classmate of George Bancroft at Phillips Academy, Exeter, and graduated at Bowdoin College as far back as 1816. This was nine years before the poet Longfellow's time, and it was to Mr. Packard that Longfellow, in his anniversary poem, "Moririi Salutatus," addressed these words:

They are all gone into the land of shadows — all save one.
But a remnant of the voice, and reverence and the grace
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
But the abode where living we shall see.

A current item in the papers says that Mrs. Abby Morton Dias is passing her summer "at Belmont, Mass., near the old Howells estate." The only old Howells estate in Belmont we know of is the very new and highly fantastic Queen Anne cottage built a few years since by one of Mr. Howells's admirers who lived there, in the hopes that he would settle down in it for a home.

Max Müller is one of the most interesting of present figures. At eighteen he was a student of Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Arabic, and at twenty-one he was an expert in Oriental learning. A German by birth, he came to England on a mission to the British Museum in 1847, and the end of it was his being settled there as professor of philology at Oxford, a place which was created for him.

The late Mr. William Bragg of Sheffield, England, left not only a marvelous collection of the tobacco pipes of all ages, now in the possession of the British Museum, but an almost complete collection of the works of Cervantes and of the commentaries upon them, which he presented to the library at Birmingham.

Mr. George W. Cable has arrived with his family in the Connecticut village of Simsbury, half an hour's ride from Hartford, where he has leased an old-fashioned house not far from the residence of Miss Sallie McLean, the author of Cape Cod Folks. Mr. Cable and his family would better take care.

Congratulations are in order on the recent marriage of Mr. William Huntington Smith and Miss Annie Harris, both of Boston. Mr. Smith, whose literary editor of the Boston Traveller, has been for several years a highly valued contributor to the Literary World.

Will Carleton, the people's poet, has gone abroad to collect materials for a volume of ballads. It remains to be seen whether the traditions of the old world will serve his pen as well as the farm life of the new.

Florence Marryat (Mrs. Rosa-Church), who is coming to this country this fall to give a series of entertainments, is a daughter of Capt. Marryat, whose Life and Correspondence she edited in 1879, and is herself a novelist, singer, actress, and reader.

The mother of Artemus Ward died last week, at her home in Waterford, Me., at an advanced age. She was Mrs. Caroline E. Browne, and held fast and lovingly to the memory of her famous son.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, from whom we should greatly like to have some more books, is resting for the summer at Manchester-by-the-Sea on Cape Ann.

Mr. Rolfe is again going abroad in a few weeks, but while our Shakespearean columns will suffer in his absence, the Saucer Guide will be the gainer.

Charles Reade directed in his will that a
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Public exhibition should be given at his house for two years of all his note-books and scrap-books.

Novel Writing.

Why don't you write a novel, Margaret, you know so much?

"I sometimes think that I know too much, that is too much to be a second or third-rate target for the criticism of the world. I have always felt that unless I could surpass the great novelists I would rather serve them; that is, teach others the art and philosophy of their work, and so prepare the way for the still greater ones to come. There must always be the John the Baptist, you know."

"But if all feel as you do, we shouldn't have any novels, I am afraid."

"If more feel as I do, we should not have so much trash, surely. If the novel is the chosen vehicle for the complex thought of this century—which I truly believe—then the great lesson to be learned is that it were better to do well the smallest menial service than to step upon its ground unprepared."

"Not many feel that way, but I suppose that many write just to make some kind of a living."

"What of it, but much make it a business merely; there is no art in it worthy of the name. When the primary existence of the novel is money-making, its days are numbered. It is a question of time only. And so when the end is merely fame, it indirectly kills itself, since the author has Ais personality rather than that of new creations. And so true art is sacrificed."

"But isn't there danger even in working for mere art's sake?"

"Yes, the danger of insuring a good form at the expense of the largest human interest. The perfect work is the result of an equal and full knowledge of the law of art and humanity. And this lack of a perfect union is what retards the birth of our great novel. Hawthorne has come the nearest to it, but both his art and his humanity are tinged with localism and a morbid melancholy which consigns him to the centuries rather than the ages. He has not the hope and eternal youth of a Scott. Only such live forever. And among our novelists of to-day there are a few who tell artistically some superficial and even broad visions; but they do not see deep and high enough, and so their work is more artistic than human, more seen than felt. While others hasten to give their deep, soul-felt visions or experiences before they have melted into a perfect form; so their work is more human than artistic."

"But don't you think Mrs. Burnett's Last of the Lawrié's is both human and artistic?"

"Yes, human, surely, and perhaps, on the whole, one of the best stories that has been written in America, taking all things into consideration; its prompt movement, its good dialect, its genuine humor, and its nobility and variety of characters not too much shaded by analysis. Mrs. Burnett has certainly let her characters work out their own history, given them their own mission and do their own preaching, even to her, so to speak. And that is an important thing in art surely. Indeed the book is a healthful one."

"Yes, so I think; but what is a novel anyway? It seems to me so different in different atmospheres. Just think of the difference between James's Portrait of a Lady and the Last of Lawrié's; and yet they are both good."

"You could hardly have chosen two novels so different. Analysis—so often overdrawn—which has characterized this era of the novel, has reached its artistic height in America in The Portrait of a Lady, while That Last of Lawrié is almost altogether free from it; I leave them both upon the world's heart and That Last of Lawrié will feel its warmest throbings. That touches depths of heart-life which come forth without an author's analysis, or explanation even. And so in this way is ever produced the true novel, which, to my mind, is only the healthy breathing of humanity in the pure atmosphere of high art. Its morale is gauged by its responsibilities and dangers, and its power by its genuine loyalty to humanity's possibilities. Its weight as an educator and refiner depends upon the quality of mind giving and receiving it. Its—"

"Oh, do stop and let me think—'quality of mind giving and receiving it'—then the reader has equal responsibility with the writer, is that so?"

"Yes, in the weight it has to educate public opinion and refine public taste. All the novels in the world would be useless if there were no readers to assimilate them. So you see the necessity of a good reading atmosphere to reflect an author's mind; indeed, not only to inspire his creations, but, in many cases, to preclude their origin. The very history of the novel shows this. The production of the eleven original vol-

NEW FOREIGN BOOKS.

Mr. Roden Noel says in the Academy that The Gospel of Divine Humanity appears to him to be one of "the weightiest and most remarkable books lately published on the teachings of Christ, so far as these appeal to reason and conscience, not to mere external authority." The author, who does not give his name, is "a mystic in a good sense," a grave and dignified teacher, and profoundly suggestive. [Elliot Stock.]

Mr. T. W. Evans has translated into passable English the German volume of Heine's Memoirs, to which we have already referred, adding thereto an introductory essay on Heine's life and works, which attempts to prove that he was a religious man and that Charles Godfrey Leland's translations of his poems are the best. These memoirs of Heine are however not very important. [Bell.]

The Viscountess Enefield has published a second series of extracts Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville, covering the four and a half years whose central event in England was the death of the Duke of Wellington. The diary is largely occupied with public affairs, and Disraeli and Gladstone are prominent figures. The book is full of quotable bits, of which here is one:

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Nasmyth and Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell dined here. The latter is the Viscountess of Merry Burton, Ruth, and Cranford, and other excellent novels. She is remarkably pleasing, unaffected, and easy in her manner, with a melodious voice in speaking. Mr. Gaskell is a Unitarian preacher at Manchester. He and Mr. Nasmyth had a discussion dinner on the theory lately started by a writer in the Athenaeum (and who wrote a letter to Eliesmere on the subject), that Lord Bacon's plays were Shakespeare's plays. Nasmyth is much bittten with this notion, and said that although he thought Shakespeare had put the plays on the stage, it seems probable that Lord Bacon should have written them, because he was known to have had a strong dramatic taste, and to be very philosophical and had probably more knowledge of Italian and other foreign languages, from which the subjects of so many of the plays were taken, than Shakespeare,
of whose education so little was known. Mr. Gaskell objected to this that if Bacon had written the plays, it was very unlikely, considering the character of the man, that he would have composed comedies. Moreover, contemporary authors, like Ben Jonson, for instance, who was known to have been very jealous of Shakespeare, would have plucked the lilies from his bow had they been able. Nasmyth did not seem shaken, which shocks Esleemarie, who has no hesitation in opinion of him; and he said, "He might as well think Brougham wrote the Waverley Novels."

In Sig. Bartoli's Storia Della Letteratura Italiana the spirit of historical criticism, so-called, attacks Dante and his works divine, questioning first the generally accepted year of his birth, arguing that the Vita Nuova is not founded on fact, and attempting to rub out some of the received facts in the poet's life. The gravamen of the book is that a new and corrected life of Dante needs to be written. [Florence: Sansoni.] If it has been said that the early Capeta of France have no history, the contrary is abundantly proved in M. Achille Luchaire's two volumes of Histoire des Institutions Monarchiques de la France sous les Premiers Capitains 1687-1789. This is a wide and comprehensive essay, founded on the study of original documents, and prepared with pains, care, and skill. There are five books, with notes and appendices, the subjects of the several books being the kingship, the royal administration, the king's public functions, the relations of the king and the lords, the church, and the people, and the biographies of the first six Capeta. [Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.]

A very pleasant book on Venice is Mr. H. F. Brown's Life on the Lagoons, written with a passion of adorer, but not exaggerating the charms of this unique city of the sea. The fruit of five years' acquaintance with Venice and the Venetians is gathered in this volume. Especially interesting are the accounts of gondoliers and the gondoliers, and at all points the book is a notable and capital contribution to the literature of its captivating subject. We should be glad to announce its republication here. [Kegan Paul & Co.]

A most admirable work by the late Dr. J. M. Ross of Edinburgh on Scottish History and Literature in the Period of the Reformation describes well the political unification of Scotland, and traces out of the soil thereof its literary products. The larger part of the volume is given to this second branch of the subject, and in it may be found good sketches of Henderson, Dunhart, Douglas, Lyndsay, Bocc, and Maig. [Maclehose & Sons.]

Mr. George T. Clark's two volumes on Medieval Architecture in England form a work of original research and unquestionable authority on a subject of considerable historical and antiquarian interest. Elaborate descriptions of 120 fortresses are comprised within it, with exact details and plans drawn to scale, and comprehensive introductory chapters. Timber houses were the earliest type of castle in England, built on the tops of mounds from 20 to 60 feet high, and here by ditches and palings. Better sites were near the banks of navigable rivers.

The Athenaeum describes Principal Tulloch's new volume of nine essays on Modern Theories in Philosophy and Religion as reducing Christianity to the deism of Pope and Shaftesbury, arguing against Comte and Tyndall, acutely criticizing pessimists, and somewhat overestimating the present Kantian revival in the British Isles and elsewhere. [Blackwood.]

Mr. W. Henry Barneby has published a handsomework on Life and Labor in the Far West, meaning thereby the country along the lines of the Canadian and Northern Pacific railroads. Mr. Barneby is a Herefordshire squire who made his visit in company with two friends, to inquire into the capabilities of the region, and he writes with clearness, conscientiousness, candor, and in the main good taste. [Cassell.]

Exposition is the title of two volumes of studies of the antique and the medieval in the renaissance, by Vernon Lee, an author from whom we are to expect, says the Athenaeum, serious study, an independent spirit, and a cultivated diction. Per contra she is a little over-critical, and sometimes diffuse. These qualities are seen in the present work on a large scale, the book being described as one of bold, broad, clear, and vigorous ideas, well expressed. [Unwin.]

At last we have a large and comprehensive history of Australia by G. W. Rusden, in three volumes, which is about as good as it could be expected to be at the present time, and which maps out a great future for this far away continental island. [Chapman & Hall.]

Justus Perthes, the German, has just published his Annuaire Diplomatiques et Consulaires for 1884. The Annuaire is a supplement of the Almanach de Gotha, and enumerates under every country all its diplomatic and consular officers. The price of the little volume is about one dollar.

E. Westermann & Co, New York, are the agents for the sale of an interesting volume, entitled Amerika, Studien aus der Union, collected by Armin Terner. The work is written by Germans for Germans, discusses American society and affairs, and contains a vast amount of encyclopaedia matter.

The Belgien Institut National is publishing a valuable atlas of Belgian towns in the sixteenth century. The atlas will contain a hundred separate plates.

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

On January 1, 1884, Messrs Hodder & Stoughton of London had sold 100,000 copies of W. M. Thayer's life of Garfield, From Log Cabin to the White House. In January they issued a cheap edition of 10,000 at a price equal to 37 1-2 cents a copy. Up to that time no other English publisher had undertaken to print and sell the book. But when the aforesaid edition for 37 1-2 cents appeared, Ward, Locke & Co. followed it with a well illustrated edition for 25 cents; and this was followed by an issue from the press of Frederick Warne & Co. for 12 1-2 cents. Ward, Locke & Co. also issued the work in a handsome bound volume for 75 cents, to compete with Hodder & Stoughton's best edition for $1.25. This lively competition continued with unabated interest at the last account.

According to the Athenaeum an educational map of Huninga by Héack shows that "the number of persons able to read and write is highest in the German provinces, lowest in Galicia, Dalmatia, and the Bukowina, whilst Hungary holds an intermediate position. While in the Vorarlberg eighty-two persons out of every hundred are able to read and write, the number of those possessing these accomplishments in Dalmatia and the Bukowina scarcely exceeds nine. There are no fewer than sixteen districts in which less than five per cent of the inhabitants possess these rudiments of education. In Hungary the proportion is 46.2 per cent— an unfavorable result due in a large measure to the insouciance of the Walachas, among whom public elementary schools are urgently needed."

The Old Testament revisers, says the Athenæum, finished their work the second week in July, and the preface has been finally revised and approved, but the work has to be submitted to convocation, and its publication is hardly to be expected before next Easter. Dr. Gisburg gave a dinner to celebrate the conclusion of the undertaking. Ten of the revisers have died out of the twenty-seven originally appointed.

—Hurst & Blackett have in press a three-volume romance by Mr. Theodore Watta, written a number of years ago, and called Aythme: "an epic romance for poets, painters, and gypsies." It is dedicated to the memory of George Borrow. The work has already won quite a reputation, in manuscript, the Academy says, and is to be published simultaneously in the United States.

The Athenæum says that a new and important legal magazine is to be begun with the next year, to be called The Law Quarterly Review, and to be edited by Mr. Frederick Pollock. Its objects will be reports of foreign jurisprudence, discussions of legal science, and criticisms of current legal literature. A large list of contributors is announced.

—A collection of the drawings of Du Maurier, the English caricaturist, has been on exhibition in London. An examination of it leads Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse to say that Du Maurier belongs to the school of Thackeray rather than that of Dickens; that is to say, "he makes you smile all kinds of smiles, but seldom makes you laugh."

—Elliot Stock is republishing in fac-simile the first editions of the Vicar of Wakefield and Raiselas, and the Academy says that a limited number of copies of the second edition, in wood taken from the panels of the dining-room of Dolly's Chop House, one of the favorite haunts of Goldsmith, Garrick, and Johnson.

—A tombstone, consisting of a slab of black granite resting on a base of gray granite, has been placed over the grave of Tourgueniev in the Volkovksy graveyard at St. Petersburg. It bears the simple inscription:

IVAN SERGUÉEVICH TOURGUÉNIÉF 1818-1883.

—Lady Bourbon is editing for Chapman & Hall a volume of the first Lord John Russell's letters written to his wife from the court of Sweden where he was British Minister, and containing a good deal about Bernadotte.

—Mr. William Andrews of the Hall Library Club will write a series of four books for Gardner's Paisley "Antiquarian Library," entitled respectively, Sidney, Goldsmith, Canon and History of Bells and Wells.

—The London Swedenborg Society, at its last annual meeting, reported the sale of 1,357 volumes of Swedenborg's works the past year, and the giving away of 1,587 more. A large part of them went to foreign lands.

—Simpkin Marshall & Co. have begun a reprint of Shakespeare's separate plays from the
theu of 1865, retaining the original spelling, italics, and initial capitals, in monthly volumes at eighteen pence each.

The memoirs of Robert Moffat, says the Academy, are being prepared by his only surviving son, now a resident of South Africa. They ought to make a contribution of great value to the literature of missions.

Mr. J. Addison Symonds's forthcoming collection of translated Latin students' songs of the twelfth century will be entitled Wine, Women, and Song, and will be dedicated to Mr. R. L. Stevenson.

The Duke of Devonshire is going to publish at his own expense the caricatures of Furness Abbey, now a beautiful ruin on the Duke's grounds. Caricatures were the official records of monasteries.

Materials are wanted by the family of the late Sir Bartle Frere for a proposed memoir of him, and the Prince of Wales has accepted the presidency of the Bartle Frere Memorial Fund.

There were 1,104 competitors for a prize offered by the vine-growers of Epernay for the best poem on champagne, and the prize was won by the radical poet, M. Clovis Hughes.

The official gazettes of India are now printed on paper manufactured in that country, and hopes are entertained that paper making in India on a large scale is not far off.

Baron Maclay, a Russian naturalist, is about completing a great work on the Islands of the Pacific, and it will probably be published next year in Russian and English.

The success of the new Scotch Review has led to the projection of still another Scotch monthly of a lighter sort. Miss Veitch has the enterprise in hand.

A Critical and General Dictionary to the Divina Commedia of Dante is in preparation by Mr. Fagut Toynbee, and will be published in Bohn's Library.

The Russian Society for Self Help among Men of Letters, seated at St. Petersburg, will publish a selection from the letters of Tourguenev.

Miss Mathilde Blind, the biographer of George Eliot, has written a novel called Torantilla, a leading incident in which is the spider's bite.

The rector of Lincoln has deposited a box of papers in the Bodleian Library with the injunction that it is not to be opened until 1910.

Capt. R. C. Temple has completed a dictionary of Hindustanee proverbs, which Trübner will publish in five monthly parts at Benares.

The memoir of the Princess Alice is soon to appear in India in two translations. It ought to be read in every language of modern times.

A new book forthcoming from Mr. R. L. Stevenson is Child's Garden, a collection of short poems on childhood topics.

Mr. Crawford's Dr. Claudius has begun to appear in a French translation as a feuilleton in the Indépendence Belge.

Victor Hugo has subscribed 500 francs towards the statue proposed to Eugene Delacroix.

Max Müller is engaged on a volume of biographical essays.

The Concord School of Philosophy opens this week for a term of two weeks. Mr. Emerson and Immortality will be the leading themes. Some readings will be given from Mr. Alcott's diary for the years 1835, 1836, and 1837. The lecturers and speakers include Dr. W. T. Harris, Dr. Bartol, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Julia Ward Howe, Julian Hawthorne, Miss Peabody, Mr. John Albee, Rev. G. W. Cooke, Mr. Sanborn, Rev. Dr. Peabody, and Mr. Mozoomdar.

MINOR NOTICES.

Gone to Texas. Edited by Thomas Hughes. [Macmillan & Co. $1.15.]

Anything with the name of Thomas Hughes upon it is sure of a reading and worthy of it. There is certain to be something kindly and hearty about it, whether he wrote it or not. Gone to Texas, Letters from Our Boys, is no exception, though Mr. Hughes's part is only the introduction. He tells us simply how his brother, the consequence of serious losses, had broken up his establishment, and gone with his four children to "board themselves" in a little four-room house in London. The boys were placed out — one in a clerkship, one in an art studio, one at school, while a daughter went to live with her grandmother. The elder son soon tired of his clerkship, took a steersage passage to New York, and hired out for his board on a ranch in Texas. The other brothers soon followed, and indeed we have the whole family there before we get through. The body of the book is made up of letters home from the boys, and, as to the least, very readable indeed. The boys tell in wide-awake, slangy, boy style, just what they are doing; the pictures are lively and lifelike, and give a view of life among the herders hardly obtainable elsewhere. The best letter of the lot is Madge's account of her stay on her brother's ranch, sleeping on a hay mattress and without pillow, in a tent with no floor, in which in the day-time had to be transformed into a kitchen. The book will be lively reading for boys, and if some of them should be led away by it to try the hard, rough, happy, happy frontier life there depicted, probably little harm would come, possibly much good, as in the case before us.

Lyrics of the Law. By J. Greenhagle Croke. [San Francisco: Sumner Whitney & Co.]

In these days of the division of labor, even sports are wont to follow professional lines also, and the products of wit are beginning to be classified for the pleasure of specialists. A series of "Legal Recreations" is already announced, intended to contain the romance, wit, humor, and poetry of the law. Lyrics of the Law, by J. Greenhagle Croke — we suggest that Coke would be a better pseudonym — is the first volume we have seen. Every one knows that jokes have been made in prose and verse at the expense of the lawyers, but the extent and quality of poetical allusions of this kind will surprise the reader. From Blackstone's "Parewell to the Muse" to Dr. Holmes's response for his son at the dinner of the Boston Bar last December a long range of time opens before us, while the varied fate of barristers in Cape's court as well as in civil and criminal cases reveal countless phases of sentimental and humorous experience. To the lawyer, of course, the collection will make the most effective appeal, but it need hardly be said that no professional training is necessary for the hearty appreciation of song or situation in the volume. The notes are brief but excellent, especially the note which follows the history of the familiar air, "We won't go home till morning." It would have been an improvement, however, if the authors had been given with the titles in the table of contents.


A Description of the Manuscript of the Pentateuch. By Charles Elliott, D.D. [Walden & Stowe. $1.00.]

The Rev. Dr. E. M. Wood's volume, How the Bible Was Made, and Prof. Charles Elliott's Vindication of the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch, are not only published by the same house but may fairly be classed together as written with a kindred purpose and aim. Both volumes are Bible handbooks, addressed to the general reader, and intended to give him within a narrow compass a great body of facts relating to questions of Biblical criticism. Both, too, are marked by the same union of a candid temper and a positive and conservative opinion. Dr. Wood's volume covers naturally the wider field, and traces clearly but with necessary rapidity the origin of the two canons of the Old and the New Testaments, the history of Hebrew and Greek texts, the chief versions of both portions of the Bible, Talmuds and Targums, and Masorah, the place and influence of Greek and Latin Fathers, the English versions, and the work of revision now so nearly done. Prof. Elliott begins with a discussion of the Higher Criticism and its relation to rationalism, gives the central portion, including three fourths of the whole book, to the many theories of the composition of the Pentateuch and the arguments urged in favor of the documentary, fragmentary, and supplementary hypotheses, follows with a careful consideration of the historical passages, and closes with the direct and indirect, internal and external, proofs of a Mosaic origin. Prof. Elliot's method is more consecutive than Dr. Wood's, and his style is more compact and careful, but both books will serve an admirable purpose in opening before many minds the great questions of Biblical criticism in a reverent and candid spirit.

Prose Writings of William Cullen Bryant. Edited by Parke Godwin. Vols. I and II. [D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.]

The handsome edition of the Life and Works of William Cullen Bryant, brought out under the care of his son-in-law, Mr. Parke Godwin, closes with two volumes of selections from his Prose Writings. The noblest and most enduring of all Mr. Bryant's works, his translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey, are not included in the present series because his legal representatives have no control over their copyrights. It is hoped, however, that an edition uniform with these goodly volumes may be brought out by the proper publishers. The first of these two volumes before us contains his "Lectures on Poetry," several literary essays and descriptive sketches, and four commemorative discourses upon James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Gulian Crammelin Verplanck. In the second volume we find a few sketches of travel in the West and South, in Europe and Mexico, a large number of occasional addresses, including his last public address given at the academy meeting in New York in November, 1856.
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utterance, an address upon Mazzini, and a score of editorial comments and criticisms. The literary essays are naturally the finest of the contents in quality, and the editorial comments as naturally the least finished in execution. In neither direction, however, is Mr. Bryant's achievement especially notable, and little in these volumes will find a permanent place as literature. Mr. Bryant's judgments of men and events were careful, candid, and generally trustworthy, but his observations were often commonplace, and his attempts at wit, happily infrequent, were positively painful. As part of the record of a long and useful life given to high and worthy ends, these pages have an interest, and their contributions to certain phases of our early literary history must always be of value.

Laudes Domini. A Selection of Spiritual Songs, Ancient and Modern. [The Century Co. $1.50.]

Among the many compilers of hymn-books in our age and land the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson may fairly be regarded as the most popular and successful. Single collections may have appeared in merit equal and perhaps superior to any one of his books taken alone. Other compilers, too, have been equally gifted with him in single directions, in literary or musical taste, and in devotion and breadth of spirit. But in the happy combination of gifts requisite for such a task, Dr. Robinson has a decided superiority, and the many books he has compiled have given him the largest opportunity to use the lessons taught by experience. And when all his works are considered, it is probable that no compiler has furnished words and music so to many congregations of worshipers in our generation.

Laudes Domini, the latest issue in his new series of Spiritual Songs, is designed not to supersede but to supplement the earlier volume for church and choir. Beside the hymns and tunes made familiar by long use, the work is unusually rich in new material, particularly in the direction of choral music, ninety composers and one hundred and fifty hymn-writers being represented in its pages. As the title indicates, a large number of the hymns are devoted to the life and death and resurrection of Jesus, who holds a rightful place throughout the volume as the center of Christian hymnology. With its clear print and unusually handsome binding, the volume deserves a foremost place among books for service in the churches.

Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of 'Jean Paul Fred. Richter.' Edited by G. P. H. Hawley. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.]

"The modern fondness for "selected extracts," an extension of the homoeopathic principle to literature, seldom finds so fit a subject as Jean Paul Richter. His name, linked perhaps with a single brilliant sentence, is so much more widely known than his work, that the effort to widen the intelligent appreciation of his genius is commendable. Fortunately or unfortunately, his thoughts are so disconnected and so loosely strung upon his chain of plot that the collector of extracts can do him little injustice. "No German author is so rich as he in thoughts and feelings," says Heine, but, as Heine also remarks, his pen is more active than his mind, and his thoughts are buried in the ceiling on books, and his feelings are stowed away in secret drawers. To unburden some of these books and drawers has been the task of Mr. Hawley in this volume upon the Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Richter. An introduction is formed by quotations from Longfellow's "Hyperion" and from the essays of Carlyle — Carlyle, who, if he had overcome his spleen and narrowness might have been called the English Richter. The selections are grouped under appropriate headings, such as Nature, Art, Society, Character, Religion. They vary in length from a single aphorism to a dozen pages, and fairly represent his varied gifts of pathos, satire, insight, and imagination. The metaphysical and religious, the description of Roquefort, the most consummate scoundrel in fiction, and above all the dream of a world without God, will rise at once to the memory of lovers of Richter, and illustrate well his depth and power. No selection can be taken to the manner in which Mr. Hawley has disposed each task, and we remember no volume of selections recently published which is better adapted to interest, uplift, and ennoble the reader.

The Meteorological System of the Great Pyramid.

By F. A. P. B. Reprinted from the School of Mines Quarterly. [John Wiley & Sons. $1.00.]

President Barnard here makes an elaborate examination of the theories of John Taylor (1859) and Prof. Piazz Smyth, that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh is of divine origin and inspiration as a perpetual and infallible standard unit of measure. Whether those theories are worth the trouble may be a question; but this book makes thorough work with them, and shows to any mind capable of logical thought that the whole rest on a tissue of assumption and absurdities. The trouble is, those needing the demonstration will not accept it. Indeed, we much fear that some of them will receive in sober earnest the amusing argument by which President Barnard closes his book, showing by reasoning similar to their own, and quite as good, that a lunar ell founded on the temple of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians, or a pyramid archive founded on the relation of the base of the hyperbolic system of logarithms to the Great Pyramid, bring out still more wonderful, exact, and convincing results than those from the Pyramid Inch of Piazz Smyth himself.


This is one of a very excellent series entitled "Historical Handbooks." It comprehends, in a book of 130 pages, "science primer" size, a very clear and straightforward account of the origin and growth of the English Constitution and government. Those who wish to refresh their memories, or who have little time, on such great topics as the English Town, English Courts, Magna Charta, the Jury System, Parliament, the Cabinet, etc., in their growth and modifications through the centuries, will find this little book exactly to their purpose. A great addition would be a list of references to each subject, for more extensive reading.


This is a collection of twenty-four songs evolved by imaginative treatment out of the homely lays of Mother Goose. Some are as slight in plot as their originals, while others divine unexpected causes behind the simple action, or develop a degree of merriement or pathos but faintly suggested in the familiar lines by which they are introduced. The reason for which "the beggars are coming to town," for instance, is to celebrate the baptisms of King Cophetus and his beggar-maid, In her tatter'd cloak of a bridal shroud, And patches of white satin, With her brown legs bare, and thick black hair, And eyes of midsummer light. The Little Boy Blue appears in the spirit of Emerson's "A Poem" as a dreaming poet, and even Margery Daw has a most pathetic reason for selling her bed to lie upon straw. Bobby Shaffo and the lady that rides the gray horse, too, have each their romance, and a new interest gathers around the simplest of the old tales.


The title of this neatly-printed, flexible-covered little book is sufficiently indicative of its purpose. It is a sort of primer on government, treating of everything from the true moral stand-point. Whether it is the best sort of Sunday-school book may be a question, but none at all that most of our people would do well to study it, even on Sunday, and practice it through the week. We notice that the writer, pp. 39, 40, makes the not uncommon error of confusing abilities, skill, etc., with wealth. Wealth, p. 30, is well enough defined to be what is bought and sold; all is, we should like to buy this writer's abilities, and skill in putting things, if he will only sell. The questions are the best part of the book, and teachers of government or political economy will find them invaluable.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Henry C. Lockwood of the New York bar has written and had nicely printed this hundred pages to show that the office of President should be abolished. The Abolition of the Presidency is the title of the book. He would have, instead, an executive council of six, corresponding somewhat to our present cabinet; as though the project had not been tried and found wanting over and over, as disuniversals, trimuniversals, councils, committees of congress, etc., etc. [R. Worthington. $1.50.]

An elementary Latin book by the Dean of Westminster ought to be good. Aids to Latin Prose, by G. G. Bradley, L.L.D., was prepared by the Dean while Master of University College, Oxford, and is now edited by T. L. Papillon, M.A., fellow of Kew College, Oxford. The book consists of (1) an excellent introduction on the Value of Latin Composition; (2) a series of sixteen well-illustrated lessons on the main points of Latin syntax; and (3) 144 exercises to be rendered into Latin. The last are peculiar in not being merely translations from Caesar and the rest, but with real modern English largely interpersed. [London: Rivington.]

The Parlor Muse, in the "Parchment Paper Series," includes rather more than a score of "pieces of vers de société" from American and English sources. Three poems are taken from Dobson and Calverley, while...
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Pamphlets.

We are indebted to A. A. Palomar, Esq., Superintendent of the Boston & Providence R. R., and a man of books and tastes withal, for a copy of a sermon by the Rev. Thomas Foxcroft, pastor of the First Church, Boston, before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, June 3, 1723. This curious relic of bygone times has been edited by the Rev. Anson Titus, and is provided with an historical introduction, a memoir of Mr. Foxcroft, and a bibliography of his known publications, some thirty-two in number, mostly sermons on public occasions. [Alfred Mudge & Son.]

Two tracts by John Geo. Hertwig of Washington, D.C., on Woman Suffrage and Same-Sex Laws, have been published in ten-cent pamphlets. The motto of each is "Equal rights to all in all matters of public concern." For woman suffrage Mr. Hertwig does not argue, but the object of Sunday laws, he affirms, is "to fill the pockets of the clergy with money," and therefore he urges their incompatibility with free institutions.

James Anglim & Co. of Washington, D.C., publish a Catalogue of standard, rare, and interesting books relating to Architecture, America, Sporting, Archæology, Art, Shakespeare, etc., lately purchased from several private libraries, including the Parrish and Blair Collections of South Carolina and the King Collection of Newport, R.I. It embraces no very important titles.

The Annual Report of the Dante Society shows that the society's membership remains about as before, but presents several indications of advancing interest and actual progress in the study of Dante. For example: Mr. Worn, the Librarian of Harvard College, has undertaken to print the coming year a catalogue of all editions of Dante and books relating to him in the College Library, the Boston Public Library, and the private collection spoken of in a previous report; Mr. Longfellows unpublished notes on the Divine Comedy are in Mr. Norton's hands on the way to the printer; a Concordance to the Divine Comedy has been begun by Professor Fay of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington; and a bibliography of Dante publications in the United States, by Dr. Knapp, appears as an appendix to the report. [Cambridge: John Wilson & Son.]

In Catalogue No. 11 of B. & J. F. Mehan, 32 Gay Street, Bath, England, we find entered for sale Tasso's own copy of the prose works of Pietro Bembo, a folio, in vellum, dated 1555, containing numerous marginal notes in Tasso's own writing, made by him while confined in the hospital at Ferrara. The price is £75.

Dr. Paul Barrett's Aesop's Fables are hygienic, medical, and surgical paragraphs for domestic instruction, jumbled together without much regard to order, and written in about this style: "Let's see; we believe we were trying to write an article upon the disease of Gravel, weren't we?" (p. 79) that is to say their style is colloquial. [Kansas City Book and News Co. 50c.]

Walls that Talk gives a brief description of the famous Libby Prison at Richmond, Va., but its chief interest is its list of the names of prisoners confined there, found written or cut on the posts, walls, and doors. The entries range from initials only up to names in full, with particulars of regiment and length of imprisonment. General Kilpatrick's name heads the list, "prisoner four months." From 40,000 to 50,000 prisoners passed through these walls from 1863 to 1865; a thousand officers were there at a single time. Some of the timbers have been removed, and the wood thereof has been fashioned into gavels which have been sold as relics. [Richmond: Randolph & English.]

THE PERIODICALS.

Dorcas is the name of a knitting magazine, published by Howard Brothers of New York at $1.00 a year. Laura B. Sarr is its editor. Its leading department is devoted to knitting in all its branches, with illustrations; but there is some miscellaneous reading matter.

Quoting, the illustrated magazine of out-door recreation, is getting to be as handsome as it is good. It grows both in wisdom and stature. When one thinks of boating, base-ball, bicycling, tricycling, lacrosse, and lawn tennis, to say nothing of a score of other outdoor sports, it is evident that this monthly has a field. The typography of Quoting is already first-class, its engravings are numerous, creditable, and sometimes excellent, and its reading matter is bright and breezy. The August number, for example, takes us by tricycle around Tokio in Japan, by yacht around Cape Cod, and with the Shyback family into camp at Memphremagog; with other glimpses of nature and life in the summer mood. Quoting is a pleasant acquaintance. [Boston: The Wheelman Co. 25c.]


The Current, of Chicago, will commence in September a new serial by Rev. E. F. Roe, which he has called "The History of Opening Shakespeare's Grave and reverently examining his remains." The proposition, as when repeated more recently, was received with a storm of abuse, "each critic vying with his brother in heaping opprobrious epithets on the

The Shakespeariana.

Edited by W. J. Rolfe, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The Shakespeare Country. A Warwickshire correspondent writes to the London Guardian:

"Every one will tell you of the luxuriant ivy on the castle walls at Warwick, but what may one not say of the orchards and quaint old farmhouses of Warwickshire surrounded by white-blossomed Pears, or of the golden Calico in its ditches, of its woods, and fine trees. By the winding banks of Avon there is much rural beauty, and that Wykfield's tares were bored down its silvery tide gives to its waters increased interest. Pretty little cottages nestle here and there surrounded by gardens full of quaint old flowers; many of them we know were there in Shakespeare's time because he wrote of them. The Rosemary of his 'Winter's Tale' is here, and the country folk ever say that it never grows well in the garden unless the mistress is master of the house. Here, too, yet lingering the old custom of planting a tree—a Mulberry often on the birth of an heir, and the vigorous life or the death of the tree was taken as an augury for good or ill. The banks of the Avon are truly beautiful."

Mr. J. Parker Norris on "Shakespeare's Bones." The Shakespeare for July contains an interesting paper by Mr. J. Parker Norris of Philadelphia on the question, "Shall we Open Shakespeare's Grave?" Like Dr. Ingleby, in his little book on Shakespeare's Bones (noticed in the World some months ago), he answers the question in the affirmative. Eight years ago, as he states, he was "among the first of opening Shakespeare's grave and reverently examining his remains." The proposition, as when repeated more recently, was received with a storm of abuse, "each critic vying with his brother in heaping opprobrious epithets on the
head of him who had dared to suggest what appeared to them to be a desecration of the poet's tomb." If Mr. Norris and Dr. Ingleby had proposed to start a "dime museum" with the poet's bones, or to sell them to a "super-phosphate" factory, the outcry might have been more reasonable, but it could not have been more bitter and vituperative. And yet we venture to say that these gentlemen have as deep and true a love and reverence for Shakespeare as any of their loud abusers.

Is there anything inconsistent with such love and reverence in the proposition to examine the grave in the Stratford chancel? One of these critics reminds us that Shakespeare is not merely a great poet, but in a sense the "personal friend" of the wide world of his readers and students. That of course "goes without saying"; but surely we may open the grave of a dear friend with loving and reverent purpose—to see whether the dear remains are still there or have been stolen away by some sacrilegious hand; and, if still there, to restore their crumbling receptacle, and to seal and secure it from future disturbance or desecration. In the case of the Shakespearean grave, it is obviously desirable to do this—if for no other reason—in order to put an end once and forever to the curiosity concerning his bones which does and will crop out again and again, giving rise to controversy and ill feeling among his friends. If the grave has already been opened and robbed, it was probably from this irrepressible curiosity; and so long as the curiosity remains unsatisfied, the risk of such sacrilege will continue—and it is a serious risk, considering the comparatively exposed and unguarded situation of the grave. Let it be opened, if at all, by those who have a right to do it; and after proper examination of its contents, if any there be, let the facts be authoritatively published, and the vault securely closed, never to be reopened by mortal hand.

What friend of Shakespeare will not feel relieved to have such authoritative information as to the nature of the case, such clear assurance for the future safety and sanctity of the grave? And what a burden of care and anxiety would thus be taken from the ecclesiastical guardians of the "pilgrim shrine!"

Those who oppose the opening of the grave tell us again and again that it is almost certain that it contains at best nothing but a handful of unrecognizable dust, and very likely not even that; but, if so, the settling of this fact cannot be regarded as in itself a desecration, while it is certain to prevent desecration in the future—for a secret and violent disturbance of the place from motives of curiosity or greed would be a sacrilege to shock the civilized world. On the other hand, if these people are wrong, and Shakespeare's bones still lie in the dilapidated vault (for there is abundant testimony that its walls were in a tumble-down condition years ago), the remains should be suitably confined, and the vault properly repaired and made absolutely secure against violation. It could easily be made so strong as to resist any possible attempt that could be made to open it between sunset and sunrise.

As to the doggerel verses on the tomb, it is extremely improbable that Shakespeare wrote them; but, if he did, there can be little doubt, as Dr. Ingleby and others have urged, that they were simply a protest against the transfer of his bones to the horrible old charnel-house which formerly disfigured the east end of the Stratford church, and with whose repulsive use and appearance he must have been familiar from his boyhood. However that may be, the spirit of the warning is to be regarded rather than the letter; and no one sooner than Shakespeare would laugh at the superstitious reverence shown to the letter of it in this nineteenth century—a superstition which, as we have seen, stupidly defeats its own end, and exposes the bones which it shirks from "moving" to the perpetual danger of being removed by unscrupulous thieves.

Mr. Browning's Two Ways of Love.

"One Way of Love," "Another Way of Love."

Among the various interpretations to which the second of these two little poems has given rise since the spread of Browning-study, the following may perhaps not be uninteresting to your readers, as it connects the two poems and presents an unbroken chain of evidence relating (if pell-mell be allowable in the discussion of grave subjects) on the well-tried and time-honored truth: Similia similibus curantur. The two short poems under consideration are substantially only one—a play in two acts as it were— with just a shifting of time, moods, and scenery. The speaker is a lover wooing the object of his love in two different ways: having failed in the first, he tries its opposite.

In One Way of Love he allows himself to be absorbed by his passion—lies enthralled at the feet of his mistress, all his energies bent on winning her favor. The surrender is complete, but, like all surrenders, it lowers him in the estimation of the lady. Pity never engenders love; high-born souls seek strength, and turn away from weakness. Paulina scorches the roses he scatters on her path; she will not listen to his music, "she will not give him heaven."

The last three lines in the third stanza, in the meantime, give us a hint of the lover's character:

She will not give me heaven! 'Tis well.
Love who may—I still can say,
Though the roses are there.

Though passionately in love, he is no weakling; he bears his ill-fortune with Christian fortitude—waits and watches. In the second poem the same lover puts on philosophy, turns moralist and satirist.

1. June was not over,
Though past the full,
And the best of her roses
Had yet to blow,
When a man I knew
(But shall not discover,
For fear of being dull
And tiring of the line)
Turned him and said with a man's true air,
Half in a verse and a half in a yarn as twere—
"If I tire of your June, will she greatly care?"

Through the whole three stanzas of the second poem, June, the culmination of the year's beauty, is made emblematical of the lady: she is the expression of June, of its early and late roses. In this second act of this play of Love, some time has passed. The first flush of youth is gone, still the best of the lady's charm has yet to unfold. The suitors is too deeply convinced of her worth to give up; he only changes tactics; he calls to his aid playful irony and a show of indifference. In the masterly concreteness of the tenth line:

Halt sighting a smile in a yawn, as 'twere,
we have an intimation of his covert play. The sigh indicating the continuance of his love; the smile a sort of chuckle over his stratagem; the yawn, his mask, pretending he is getting tired of the object of his devotion.

If I tire of your June, will she greatly care?

The reflection is addressed to the outside world; "your June," to be taken in an ethical sense: yours, anybody's; that is: If I tire of your much-lauded beauty, think you she cares enough for me to grieve over it?

Well, Dear, in-doors with you!
True, severe deadness.
Tris a man's temper.
What's in the blossom?
June wears on her bosom?
Can it clear scorns with you?
Sweetness and redness,
Red and sorer.
Oh, let me care lest it greatly or slightly!

Well, Dear, in-doors with you!

His open show of love, instead of furthering his interests, had thwarted them; he will conceal it now. He shuts her up inside his heart. His outward bearing shall henceforth give evidence of satiety.

True, severe deadness.
Tris a man's temper.

He is weary of her insensibility; tired of mere "sweetness and redness;"
What's in the blossom?
June wears on her bosom?

Is that slight sign of regard, her wearing namely the bud you offer her, on her bosom, demonstration of love sufficient to satisfy you?

Can it clear scorns with you?

Clear scorns with your own unfruitful affection?
No; he is more exacting.

The first nine lines of the second stanza simply indicate his change of tactics; in the last two Alexandrines, however, there is a certain determination obvious: no time for her to lose if she cares to secure him.

If June mends her bowers now, your hand left unsightly by plucking their roses—my June will do right.
Namely, if my lady like the rose-mouth her emblem, whose bowers I stripped of their roses, to strew them along her path, will likewise mend, bring forth her best, she "will do rightly;"— "rightly" because time is passing, and she may not find another lover as true as myself.

The third and last stanza is fondly satirical:

And after foraine,
hinting at woman's capriciousness.

If June be repugnant
With flowers in completeness,
a full exhibition of favor, such as will satisfy an ardent lover.

All petals, no prickles,
Dilusion as trivial,
Of mine poured in masses,
All sweetness, no disdain, as trustworthy and infallible as a church dogma.

And choose one seduced
To redness and sweetness:
himself namely.
Or if with experience man and of riders
One would not rashly cry.
To step the fresh spinning—why, June, will consider.

One of two things; either my lady looks more favorably upon my present suit, stripped of its former passion, and accepts me; or, still suspicious of baser propensities, "she use my June lighting" (a second refusal) but in the latter case she will not rashly cry. To step the fresh spinning—why, June will consider.

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had proved a failure: the second is more likely to succeed. One other interpretation represents the poet as speaking in his own person, but that is not Browning-like. Though Mr. Browning’s poems are generally in the form of a monologue, it is evident that the acts of his heroes are life of their own; his men and women are what their idiocyncrasies and the circumstances around them make them. They never are made to express or echo the poet’s particular theories or sentiments. His rare genius lays hold of them as, from their very tenacity, they flow down the stream of life, and mold them Shakespeare-wise into salient personalities, not repetitions of himself.

**Caroline R. Corson**

**Eliza, N. Y.**

**ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.**

Collections toward a Bibliography.

From the *Athenæum.*


—Mr. Walter Satterlee has completed a humorous series of Gnome designs, which represent the merry men of the fairy ring busily engaged in painting the holly berries and polishing up the leaves in anticipation of Christmas jollity.

**NOTES AND QUERIES.**

(All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author: and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.)

653. Alexandrian Library. In his History of the Literature of Europe (Bohn’s ed., p. 49. Vol. I) Lamondi speaks of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library by Amron, as a doubtful event. What is the generally accepted view among historians? Is the story regarded as authentic? I have never supposed it an accepted fact of history.

A. B. S., N. Y.

The popular tradition of the burning of the Alexandrian Library is not according to the facts as given by the best authorities. In the first place the size of the Library has been very much exaggerated; the “300,000 volumes” it was said to have contained having been so many pamphlets rolled up and required to equal a single modern volume; e.g. the Metamorphoses of Ovid, now a single volume, would then have been counted as fifteen. Part of the Alexandrian Library was destroyed during the days of the Ptolemies, and the rest of it probably by Christian fanaticism, towards the end of the 4th century. See Rafael’s *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques Anciennes et Modernes* (Paris: 1849); and Risch’s *Die Alexandriniischen Bibliotheken* (Berlin: 1852).

654. The Speechless Heart. Can any reader of the Literary World name the German poet in Dorrog who, when delivering a eulogistic address on the subject of the reigning Grand Duke Alexander, suddenly stopping in the midst of it, and gazing for a long time in silence on the bust of the potentate, said, “The speechless heart has spoken?”

Anna L. Ward.

Bloomsburg, New Jersey.

655. *Der Tod Als Freund.* In the *English Illustrated Magazine* for June is a beautiful poem, beautifully illustrated, a translation “from the French of Madame Neckler,” entitled as above. By which Madame Neckler was this written? Is there a collection of poems by her extant? How happens the title to be German? Mr. Du Maurier has inscribed the words on a picture hanging in the room he portrays; is there an old painting with this motto? How is one to account for the fact that the very spirit of this poem, and indeed several of its phrases, occur in a poem of Sully Fradhomme’s (Paris, 1857), entitled “L’Aigone”? For example:

Vous qui m’allez dans mon agone,
Ne me dites rien;
Fais-moi voir le chemin d’harmonie,
Et je m’embraserai.

Je suis la des mots, je suis las d’entendre
Moi qui peux mourir;
J’aime mieux les sons qu’on veut de comprendre
Je m’ai qui me sentir.

Une soudaine à l’ame se plonge
Et qui sans
Me faire passer du délire au songe,
Du songe au délire.

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

656. Quotations Wanted.

a. *Tis not for this earthly land.

That friendship wears her holy band.

b. Guard well thy tongue, nays can know

What evil from thy lips may flow.

What guilt, what grief may be incurred

By one insatiable bard.

Coudoun, not judge, not man is

Given his brother’s faults to scan,

One soul is theirs, and one alone.

To search out and subdue their own, etc.

**NEWS AND NOTES.**

The success which attended last year’s catalogue of the art exhibition of the New England Institute at Boston, has led to the projection of a *New England Institute Art Year Book for 1854,* which will present much the same general features on an enlarged scale. The text and illustrations will aim to show in the best manner the progress of American art products, and the catalogue itself, the preparation of which has been entrusted to Mr. A. B. Turren of New York, is expected to be a fine example of American bookmaking. There will be no less than four editions: one, “de grand luxe,” limited to 40 copies, with extra wide margins, hand ornaments, and three sets of proofs; a second edition of “de luxe” with two sets of proofs, limited to 100 copies; a “regular edition” limited to 5,000 copies; and an “extra edition” of 4,000 copies with a few illustrations, intended for general sale. The sum of $10,000 was expended on the catalogue last year, and the cost of the work for 1854 is likely to considerablly exceed the amount.

—Walter S. Collins, Esq., a rising young lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio, has compiled A Voter’s Manual for that State, which is in press by W. W. Williams of Cleveland. Within a hundred closely printed pages, or thereabouts, it will give a complete digest of all the State laws relating to elections, officers, their terms of service, emoluments, obligations, bonds required, etc., etc., embodying in few words just that large amount of information which every voter needs to know and does not always know where to look for. An early examination shows that the work has been intelligently and cleverly done, and the Ohio voter is in luck.

—Porter & Coates of Philadelphia wish it to be understood that the Compte de Paris has not by any means abandoned his History of the Civil War in America with the third volume, but that he is busy at work on the fourth, the publication of which may be counted on simultaneously in this country and in France. A considerable portion of it however yet remains to be written. A letter from the Compte de Paris appears to this effect, and in it he contradicts the rumor that he is writing a life of his grandfather, Louis Philippe.

—Mr. Rolle’s series of Shakespeare’s single plays, edited with notes for family and school use, is now complete in forty volumes, and is having a steady and large sale; but the publishers, Harper & Brothers, have prepared a special edition in twenty volumes, two plays to a volume, designed for library circulation. This will be called “The Friendly Edition,” a name suggested by Mrs. Mary Cowdres-Clarke. The order of the plays will be approximately chronological, and the edition will make its appearance in the autumn.

—Mr. W. S. Kennedy, who is one of the most industrious of literary mowers in out-of-the-way places, has finished a book entitled Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway, which will soon be published by S. C. Griggs & Co., with engravings. The book is history and anecdote in one, and we have no doubt it will prove interesting. The same publishers have in preparation a new and enlarged edition of Professor Mathews’s
Words and their Uses, and a fourth edition of Professor Welch's History of English Literature. — Miss Mary L. Booth, the accomplished editor of Harper's Bazar, is engaged in the translation of M. Laboulaye's later fairy tales, which will be published by Harper & Brothers in the early fall, in the shape of a companion volume to Laboulaye's Popular Fables.

— We are glad to see that a new novel by Miss Virginia W. Johnson is out from Charles Scribner's Sons, entitled The Fainalls of Tipiton. It is said to be a New England story.

— Mr. Stimson, the author of Guermada, and more recently of The Crime of Henry Fane, proposes a series of three more stories supplementary to the last, the four together to form a commentary on phases of love in modern society.

— Dodd, Mead & Co. have in preparation The Merchant Veil by Charles Nordhoff, a record of adventure at sea, and a narrative of the exploits of the Chevalier Bayard, uniform with last year's volume on the Cid.

— Henry Holt & Co. will bring out in book form the clever story, The Baby's Grandmother, by Mrs. Walford, which has been running in Blackwood.

— Calhagan & Co. of Chicago have ready a third edition of Cooley's Blackstone, thoroughly revised and improved, in two volumes, $1.00.

**LITERARY INDEX.**

[Under the above head we keep an alphabetical index to such articles on strictly literary topics in current periodicals as, by reason of their intrinsic character, their authorship, or the pages in which they appear, are likely to interest the readers of the Literary World. Biographical sketches of living writers, essays upon distinguished authors not living, criticisms of famous or important works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each entry is subject-to, entered by leading name, word of name, periodical (foreign periodicals in italics, date, or volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.]

**Fifth Annual Report of the Wells Memorial Association. Boston, May, 1884.**

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The Literary World

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MISS LUDINGTON'S SISTER.*

MISS LUDINGTON'S SISTER belongs to a class of writing that does not admit of degrees of merit; a work of this sort must succeed wholly or not at all, and it cannot be said of this "romance of immortality" that it is successful. The conception is one incapable of being thrown into the form of fictitious narrative. Even the genius of a Hawthorne needs to make choice among the suggestions offered by a fertile imagination, for not every one will be found to contain the right kind of material for the romance written for a purpose. Hawthorne's note-book shows how many weird fancies came to him which were never made use of, after-thought having evidently shown their impracticability for literary treatment.

Two things are necessary to success in creations of pure fancy or imagination, a happy conception and the true artistic handling of it. Mr. Bellamy's idea that the successive phases of human existence constitute so many distinct personalities, which continue to subsist independently in the "spiritual world," and that these taken together make up the individual, is a sophism which will not bear dwelling on and drawing on in the form he has chosen. He fails to carry the reader's imagination with him as he goes along; instead of doing this, he wakes the reason to oppose his theory and to take note of inconsistencies in the author's treatment of it. We have not space to point these out in detail, but the intelligent reader will readily perceive them for himself. The element of materialism introduced by the fraud practiced by the professional medium, serves most effectually to chill the reader's further interest in the romance, and reduces the remainder of it to a simple absurdity.

To understand how a pure fantasy may be successfully dealt with, take by way of contrast to Miss Ludington's Sister, the little story by Miss Lucretia Hale, called The Queen of the Red Chasmen, as darily impossibly a conception as a child's fancy tale, but worked out in the happiest manner to catch by sympathy the reader's imagination, so that it readily follows along in the passage from the unreal to the real, as when the queen of the red chasmen, fallen in the fireplace, reappears in the shape of a little red-robed girl to the old physician driving along the country road, and again in the transition to the unreal, as when the terrible truth breaks upon Isabella that her gallant lover, Otho, is no other than the White King with whom her house has always been at deadly feud. Or read Hawthorne's tale of The Snow Image, that simple and charming bit of fancy which perhaps none but he could have touched without spoiling; how willingly our pleased imagination responds to the invitation to play lightly with the idea of the snow image becoming a sweet little maiden playmate for the children, who bring her in out of the cold garden to the bright fireside. Are we not ready to weep with the little brother and sister when she so softly vanishes, and their mother calls the servant to wipe up the water from the carpet?

We think that any one who will read these stories, or Mr. Julian Hawthorne's Archibald Malmaison, which is not charming but perfectly successful in its strong handling of a wild, gruesome fancy, will feel at once the difference in literary value between Miss Ludington's Sister, which, in spite of a good literary manner, fails of the effect the author has sought to produce. Of this we are quite certain, though our analysis of the causes of its ill-success is perhaps not as satisfactory as it might be.

THE FORTUNES OF RACHEL.*

RACHEL FINLEY, age fourteen, and her father and mother, age not stated, were second-cabin passengers from their native England to a home in the New World on the steamship "Baikal," which collided with a French fishing-steamer on the Banks, and went down, somewhere in the eighteen hundred and sixties, or thereabouts. Passengers and crew took to the boats, but in the confusion of the transfer Rachel got into one boat and her parents into another. In the fog the boats were separated. Rachel's boat was picked up by a Gloucester fisherman, and she and her fellow survivors were carried into Boston. The boat containing the parents was never heard from. Among the survivors besides Rachel was John Wolff, aged twenty, a first-cabin passenger, who had taken a fancy to Rachel and her father. In the end John Wolff of course marries Rachel, but that is a long way off.

A good deal happens on the way. Rachel is first taken to the Chardon Street Bureau of Charities, in Boston, and by its means finds a home with a delightful old Aunt Lois Winchell of Hitchin, N. H., and is sent by her presently to the "Mt. Kearseary Seminary," which is Hale-esque of course for Mount Holyoke, an institution "established," we are told, "for the purpose of educating wives for foreign missionaries," and further to be known to the uninformed reader from the fact that it was about six miles from the "University of New Padua," whose students by singular coincidence made excursions on one side of the intervening mountain on the same day that girls from the Seminary made excursions on the other side. It is of "Mount Kearseary" Seminary that Mr. Hale relates this delicious anecdote:

Marla Kent, an audacious friend of Rachel's, once went to the principal to ask permission to go to ride with Mr. Wilcox. "And who is Mr. Wilcox, Miss Marla?" "He is a friend of mine, from Kentish town." "You know the rules, Miss Marla, he is certainly not your father." "No," said Maria, demurely. "You have no half-brother named Wilcox?" "No," said poor Marla. "Are you engaged to the gentleman?" "No," said Maria, "but I shall be before we come home."

Well, Rachel stumbles on John Wolff for a moment while on an excursion up the mountain, and next Aunt Lois Winchell is killed by a stroke of lightning and leaves no will, and finally Rachel accepts an offer to go to Chicago as assistant book-keeper in a great dress-making establishment at $65 a year and two weeks' vacation. In Chicago she gets an offer of another kind from Mr. Thomas Poore, which she refuses, and in her business she develops a new department of decorative art, in the midst of which Mr. John Wolff turns up again. And Mr. John Wolff will not take No for an answer, as Mr. Poore did, and carries Rachel off to his home in a Colorado mining town. Here he rises to be a judge, and from here he is summoned to Washington, where the year 1900 finds him on the Supreme Bench, with Thomas Poore the successor of — Cleveland, Blaine, or St. John, which?

Mr. Hale always writes with a twinkle in his eye. He is good natured and sociable. His pen runs easily, and makes nothing of constructive difficulties that would bother a less audacious author. His subject in this book is not great, and his use of its not very important, but he touches it off here and there with lessons of Faith, Hope, and Charity, lights it up with humorous
suggestions and friendly allusions, and puts himself at all points on good terms with his readers.

A PERILOUS SECRET.*

THE reading of Charles Reade's latest and last novel, A Perilous Secret, makes us sorry with a new sorrow that the hand that wrote it will write no more. We like it in most respects as well as any of the twenty other books that bear his name. It has all the ingenuity and vigor which have marked his earlier fiction, with touches of a softness, a tenderness, which are unusual; as if the author were riper and mellower than he used to be, as indeed he was in his closing years. There is nothing disagreeable in A Perilous Secret, beyond a disagreeable villain, Leonard Monckton, who is thief, fraud, conspirator, and assassin by turns. There is nothing more sensational in it than an explosion in a coal mine—a favorite "property" with English novelists, which is graphically described, however, and which leads to a heroic rescue. And, beyond the weak and brutal villanies of Monckton, there is nothing worse in it than a bigamy, real or alleged, a clandestine marriage, and two or three financial and other irregularities. On the whole, as society is and as history goes, A Perilous Secret is a fair mirror of the times, with exaggerations only of the passions, weaknesses, faults, foibles, and misfortunes to which we all are liable; while it does introduce a number of people whom it is pleasant or amusing to know, and is thoroughly readable from the first line to the last.

The "secret" which is made so "perilous" is the true parentage of Mary Hope, who, by means of a bargain between her father and his employer, Mr. Bartley, is transformed into Mary Bartley. This secret, which has a financial reason behind it, is known to Monckton, who uses it for the blackest sort of ends. Mary has a true lover, Walter Clifford, but between her supposititious father, and Father's father, Colonel Clifford, there is open war, which greatly distresses the young people, complicates their affairs, and drives them into a clandestine marriage. This impiudence in its turn is the source of new troubles. Monckton Trumps up a charge of bigamy against Walter. Colonel Clifford is dead set against Mary. Mary is devoted to her true father without knowing him. And altogether the ins and outs of the story are exceedingly various and involved. The telling of it is full of good things. There is the old gnom, George, explaining to Julia Clifford, the Colonel's daughter, the principles on which he bases his choice of horseflesh; when who rides them "likes to be at peace. If I wants work," he says, "there's plenty in the yard. If I


wants fretting and fuming, I can go home; I'm a married man, you know." Then there is poor Percy Firthroy, the stuttering young gentleman, who is "five feet and nothing," and very much in love with the high spirited and vivacious Julia Clifford. He stays at the "D-D-Dun Cow," where "the cooking is a-b-b-bominal." Very amusing are the billings and cooings, the quarrels, and the reconciliations, which are wrought between Julia and Walter. When Julia is won at last. A fine example of the stiff old retired British soldier is Colonel Clifford, and one of the best passages in the book is the account of the treatment Dr. Garner gave him for the gout:

"Ah!" said Dr. Garner, "these are the patients that give the doctor a chance." Then he turned to Baker. "Have you any good champagne this year, not sweet, and not too dry, and full of fire?" "Iroy's Carte d'Or," said the patient, entering into the business with a certainty that showed his gout had not always been unconnected with imprudence in diet. Baker was sent for the next day, and the champagne brought and opened, and the patient drank some of it fasting. When he had drank what he could, his eyes twinkled, and he said, "That's a hair of a dog that has often bitten me." The wine soon got into his weakened head, and he dropped asleep. "Another draught when he wakes," said the doctor, "but from a fresh bottle." "We'll finish this one to your health in the servant's hall," said honest John Baker. Dr. Garner said there all night keeping up the patient's strength with eggs and brandy, and everything, in short, except medicine; and he also treated his gout, but apparently much longer intervals. At one o'clock next day the patient gave a dismal groan; Walter and the others stammered. "Good!" said the doctor, calmly; "now I'll go to bed. Call me if there's any fresh symptom." At six o'clock old Baker burst in the room: "Sir, sir, he has afore me twice. The Lord be praised!" "Excellent!" said the doctor. "Now tell me what disagrees with him, after champagne?" "Why, Green Chartreuse, to be sure," said old Baker. "Then give him a table-quantity," said the doctor. "Get it from the water." "Which first?" inquired Baker. "The patient to be sure," said Dr. Garner. Soon after this the doctor stood aside, and found him writing, and, to tell the truth, he was using bad language occasionally, though he evidently tried not to. "Died at his watch," Dr. Garner thought there's time to catch the evening train." "Why," said Walter, "surely you would not let him go, in it is not?" "It's something more than that," said the doctor; "the disease knows its old pace; it has gone back to the foot like a shot; and if you can keep it there, the patient will live; he's not the sort of patient that strikes his colors when there's a bastion left behind. These words pleased the old Colonel, and he bade a farewell hand above his head, then groaned most diamatically, and ground his teeth to avoid profundity. The doctor, with exquisite gentleness, drew the clothes off his feet, and sent for a box of flaky cotton or wool, and warned them all not to touch the bed even to dress him, to lay part of it, and then he once more proposed to leave, and gave his reasons. "Now, look here, you know, I have done my part of the formal instruction to the nurses, they can do the rest. I'm rather dear, and why should you waste your money?" "That's a nice idea," said his nurse, "you're as cheap as dirt, and as good as gold, and the very sight of you is a comfort to us. There's a fast train at ten; I'll do the best I can after breakfast. That is, I mean, after break yourself. Your fees—they are nothing to us. We love him, and we are the happiest house in Christendom; we, that were the saddest."

"Well," said the doctor, "you northerners are hearty people. I'll stay till tomorrow morning—indeed, I'll stay till the London day will be lost anyway." He staid accordingly till three o'clock, left his patient out of all present danger, and advised Walter officially against going to be administered to him until his strength had recovered. "There is no medical cure for three prionic plasters," he said; "pain in the homunculus, and collicum soothes that pain, not by affecting the disease, but by stilling the action of the heart. Well, if you still can't bear him here, you'll kill him as sure as you killed him with a pistol bullet. Knock off his champagne in three or four days, and wheel him to the sun as soon as you can; in good safety, fill his lungs with oxygen, and keep all worry and dispute and mental anxiety from him, if you can. Don't contradict him for a month to come." We shall leave the reader to find out for himself how it was that Mary Bartley lost her true father and how it was that she found him; how she and her true father came to be imprisoned in the exploded mine, and who it was that rescued them; and how the clandestine marriage became public, and all ended well. Adding only that A Perilous Secret is well worth reading, and that it is a pleasant last book by which to remember its lamented author.

"I SAY NO!"

THIS novel is a disappointment. Where is the hand that wrote The Monastery, The Dead Secret, and The Woman in White? It is not here. There is mystery in the novel, of course. Wilkie Collins could hardly write a novel without a mystery; but the mystery in this case is unsatisfactorily accounted for, the characters that wait on it are legion, there are no very striking or engaging people among them, the story is a hard one to read, and when it is finished the reader will hardly feel refreshed by his exertion. The conversations are interminable, the progress of events is slow, and the action comes as early as it can. The third chapter, the twenty-fourth chapter must be reached before one's hair fairly stands on end. In that chapter and the one following comes fully into view the dark event which forms the pivot of the story. This event occurred in one of the rooms of the "Hand-in-Hand" Inn at Zeeland, a village in Hampshire, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Rook. The event was thus described, according to the novelist, in the London Times:

On the evening of Saturday, September 30, 1872, two gentlemen presented themselves at Mr. Rook's house, under circumstances which especially excited his attention. The younger of the two was short, and of fair complexion. He carried a knapsack, like a gentlemen on a pedestrian excursion; his manners were pleasant, and he was dressed very decorously. He took off his coat, and the air was singularly unlike either. The younger stranger (excepting little half-whiskers) was clean-shaven. The other wore his whole head after break fast myself. Your fees—they are nothing to us. We love him, and we are the happiest house in Christendom; we, that were the saddest.

[iil "I Say No!" or, the Love-Letter Answered. By Wilkie Collins. Harper & Brothers. Cloth. 60c. Paper, 50c. Franklin Square Library. 50c.}
in the heavens of a stormy night. On accosting the landlord, the fair gentleman volunteered the following intelligence— that he had been startled by seeing the dark gentleman (a total stranger to him) stretched prostrate on the threshold, so far as he could determine from the judge, in a swoon. Having a flask with brandy in it, he revived the fainting man, and led him to the inn. This statement was confirmed by a laborer who was on his way to the village at the time. The dark gentleman endeavored to explain away the disturbance in his own manner, but was supposed, allowed too long a time to pass (after an early breakfast that morning) without taking any attribute to himself fitting in to that cause. He was not liable to fainting fits. What purpose (if any) had brought him into the neighborhood of Zeeland, he did not state. He had no intention of remaining at the inn, except for refreshment; and he asked for a carriage to take him to the next post. The fair gentleman seeing the signs of bad weather, desired to remain in Mr. Rook's house for the night, and proposed to resume his walking tour the next day. Excepting the case of supper, which could be easily provided, the landlord had no choice but to disappoint both his guests. In his absence, none of his servants wanted to hire a carriage— even if he could have afforded to keep one. As for the beds, the few in the inn contained no room for an engagement, including even the room occupied by himself and his wife. An exhibition of agrarian dissatisfaction with the railroad=-=-=

The Literary World.

1884.

short of midnight. Soon afterward he and his wife went to bed. Nothing happened to disturb them during the night. At a quarter to seven the next morning he got up, his wife being still asleep. He had been instructed to wake the gentlemen early, and he knocked at their door. Receiving no answer, after repeatedly knocking, he opened the door and stepped into the out-house.

What Mr. Rook saw—the telling of it to the jury at the inquest overpowered him—was "the dark man stretched out on his bed—dead, with a frightful wound in his breast." An open razor, smeared with blood, lay at his side. The door leading to the yard was open, and the other man—the light man, was gone. Mr. Rook locked the door,roused the servants, and sent for the constable and the doctor. An examination ensued. The dark man's gold watch and chain were found under his pillow, his gold studs and sleeve-buttons on his person, and his money in his purse. His pocket-book alone was missing. Mrs. Rook testified that she had noticed this pocket-book the night before, and that she had taken it out and emptied its contents on the table; in search of a five-pound note with which to pay his bill so that he might leave early in the morning. There was much more money in it, as Mrs. Rook saw, together with papers and cards, and she also saw the dark man put the book back in his breast-pockets. As he did so the light man said: "Put all that money back; don't tempt a poor man like me." This he "said laughing, as if by way of a joke." No other evidence of importance was adduced on the inquest, except that the dark man was a Mr. James Brown, and that at the postoffice he had inquired for a letter addressed to "J. B. Postoffice, Zeeland." Such a letter had come very late, and was given to him. (Afterwards it proved that this letter had neither date nor address, and contained only these three words: "I say No." The signature was merely the initials "S. J."") This was the "Love Letter Answered" of the title to the story. Under the circumstances, therefore, there was nothing for the jury to do but to render a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown."

The development of the story changes the believed murder into a case of suicide for which the "I say No." letter furnished the occasion, and Mrs. Rook confesses to having stolen the pocket-book. Further than this crime does not go, but much time and pains are expended in clearing away suspicion from persons on whom the case rested. Among these were Miles Mirebel, a sleek rector, fond of sitting with his arms around two ladies at a time, who proves to be one and the same person with the light man who slept with Mr. Brown at the Hand-in-Hand inn at Zeeland, and who weakly ran away when he woke in the morning and found his room-fellow lying dead with his throat cut. This people, with Emily Brown, the dead man's daughter, and her lover, Alban Morris, and her aunt Letitia, and her aunt Letitia's maid, Mrs. Ellinother, and a bevy of girls with whom Emily is at school, are the principal characters. The story sets out with a concealment from Emily of the supposed fact of her father's having been murdered, and winds up in a pursuit of Mirebel as his supposed murderer. But we have given the reader all of it that is worth his attention. The extract we have made is its one really good thing.

**AN HYPNOTIC ROMANCE.**

We do not know what an "hypnotic romance" may be, unless it be one which tends to produce sleep in the reader. But whatever else this book now will do it will not make the reader go to sleep. It is distinctly a book of the waking-up sort. It is a shaker, a rouser, an eye-opener; and having got the reader wide awake, it proposes sufficient excitement for his senses to keep them on the go for one while. Oh no! the reader may laugh at this book, it may make his flesh creep, but he will not go to sleep over it.

Mr. Chase calls his story of _A Double Life_ an "hypnotic romance," because it deals with hypnotism, that is to say with a species of sleep or somnambulism said to be produced by animal magnetism, which in turn may be induced in the subject by his being made to gaze fixedly at some very bright object, as, for example, a metallic ball, highly polished and intensely illuminated.

Under the influence of this magnetic sleep, his hero, Starr Cross, is led into living a double life, one part of it under his true name, in New York City, the other part as Edward True with a family of Browns, mother and daughter, whose cottage is a few miles out of the city, on the east bank of the Hudson. The mystery of it is that Starr Cross does not know Edward True and Edward True does not know Starr Cross. And though as Edward True he married Carrie Brown, yet as Starr Cross he did not know his own wife or his mother-in-law.

But all this, which is only the later development of Starr Cross's history, is the least astonishing part of it. The true marvels of it, the "heft" of Mr. Chase's "hypnotic romance," the real shakings, rousing, eye-opening, sense-exciting part of it, is the first part. Starr Cross, as a baby, first sees the light, or rather the darkness, in a club house off Fourth Avenue, New York, at a few minutes before a stormy midnight in September, 1850. His mother, who had been picked up senseless in the alley leading to the club house, died in giving him birth. She had been brought into the club-house and cared for there. She was obviously a lady, richly

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* A Double Life; or Star Cross. An Hypnotic Romance. By Herbert E. Chase. S. W. Green's Sons. $1.00.
dressed, high-bred, with “large, luminous, and dreamy eyes.” “Starr’s child” was about all she said when the baby was placed by her side. He was a fine boy, with eyes like his mother’s, and on his left breast a well-defined cross. This mark was rather singular, in view of the fact that on the dead mother’s finger was found “a massive gold ring, set with pearls in the form of a cross, surrounded by four star-shaped diamonds.” The baby was adopted by the club in whose house he was born, and “Starr Cross” was given to him as his name.

It was not long before Mrs. Holt, the nurse with whom young Starr Cross was placed, discovered remarkable properties in him, and those soon came to the knowledge of Dr. Hendon, the physician who had attended at his birth. He began his career when about two years old, by magnetizing his kitten, until it lay to all appearances dead. A dog, brought in for experiment by Dr. Hendon, succumbed in the same way to the power of the mysterious eyes. When Starr was about four years old he went to live with Dr. Hendon, and by this time the entire animal kingdom seemed under his control. When he was nine he was sent away to school, and when he was twelve he was read for college; but his chief interest was in medical and surgical books, and in experiments in vivisection.

Doctor Hendon [as this “hypnotic romance” tells us] never but once noticed any indication of regularity or humor in the many operations of his ward. He discovered, on returning home after an absence of some months, a dog running around with two rabbit’s ears and the tail of a horse in the place of his natural appendages. . . . On examination, Doctor Hendon found that both the ears and the tail were growing in the place where they were joined to the body was almost healed.

This was only one of the precious infant’s experiments. Another consisted in joining two dogs together by means of glass tubes connected with a rubber link and inserted in the femoral artery of one dog and the pulmonary vein of the other, so that the blood of one “passed into the veins of the other.”

“I was trying” [said this young practitioner] “to ascertain if one animal is capable of existing through the nourishment that another takes, and I have succeeded, for one of these dogs has eaten the other in a month.”

We have left little room to narrate how this young prodigy of magnetic power and vivisection was discovered and lowered by his father, a Professor Barlow, or to describe Professor Barlow himself, with his still more wonderful magnetic andclairvoyant gifts, his command of electricity, his chamber of marvels if not of horrors, and the magical if not almost supernatural gifts of which he is the consummate master. In this Professor Barlow centers all possible occult applications of the scientific knowledge of the hour. He enshrouds the wills of whom he chooses; he turns his servants into clairvoyants at pleasure; he adorns his reception-room with petrified human bodies in place of statues, as natural as life; the pictures on his walls come and go like slides in the stereoscopic camera; flowering shrubs grow right up through his carpeted floor; he draws his light from an unseen source, he entertains his visitors with inexplicable music, he enters to greet them like an apparition; he lifts a fifty-pound weight as if it were a feather, thus annihilating gravitation, and he is on the point of effecting the resurrection of human life, when an unhappy accident makes an end of him.

Such are the general features of this “hypnotic romance,” which is as fanciful as a fable, as extravagant as Jules Verne, as rational as the phonograph, as philosophical as Pinard Smith, as coherent as a dream, and as credible as electricity. As a story its merit is small, but as a fantastic presentation of theories in practical science it is a sign of the times.

DEARLY BOUGHT.*

The “Hammock Series” is improved by this addition to it, and the author at the same time shows improvement over her previous work in A Same Lunatic and No Gentlemen. It evinces a distinct growth in the conception of what constitutes a novel, a deeper intellectual tone, and a steadier grasp; we feel that this writer has had experience and has learned wisdom by experience; and she really has made more than a respectable novel. Dearly Bought is not unworthy to be ranked with such English novels as Phyllis and Molly Brown, and to say that is to speak of it in no mean terms.

The story is a love story of course, and there are two or three lines of love-making running through it side by side; but they do not blur the effect, and the individuality of the characters and the separateeness of their action are well preserved. The central interest is furnished by the relations between Lenore Fayette and her Aunt Deborah Belden, with whom she has come to live in quiet Alderley; an elm-shaded town, two hours’ ride or so from Philadelphia. Lenore is an orphan, brought over from Europe with the ways of a French convent upon her, and is not at all welcome at her new Alderley home. Aunt Deborah is an old vixen, and thoroughly deserves the plain terms in which Lenore writes back about her to her friend Mary:

She is a short, fat, wrinkled fright, dressed like a scarecrow, with little black eyes like gimbals and a hooked nose. She talks nearly all the time of Christianity and duty; except when she is saying cruel, cruel things to me; and yet her voice is so quiet, and she is so odd and strange, sometimes I doubt if she knows that she is unkind. Perhaps she really means to be a good woman.

There is more of the same sort to this confidential letter, in the midst of which Lenore drops her pen and goes to bed, leaving the sheet open on the table. Judge of her horror on waking at a late hour the following morning, to see her hateful old aunt standing pale and trembling at the foot of the bed, and to find that she has read the letter—every word!

Lenore has a hard time with Aunt Deborah, but a pleasant time in Alderley, where there is an agreeable set of people, including several individuals who become favorites, and one or two who are curiosities. Among the latter is Hepsey Nash, who lived as “help” at Elmstead from the time she was fourteen; and chief of the former is Dr. Lemist, who attends Lenore in more than a merely professional capacity, and gives her at last a prescription which she is glad to take. During Lenore’s illness a terrible storm bursts one night upon Alderley, and furnishes its effect upon the conscience-stricken Aunt Deborah a scene which is powerfully described:

She wakes with a start and sits up in bed. There is a hurricane blowing outside... She gets out of bed, feels her way to the bureau and lights the lamp, turning up the flame to its broadest limit, and then casts an apprehensive glance over her shoulders... Many a night she has spent alone in the old house, but this is the first time that loneliness or apprehension has pressed her. She fights the sensations that arise within her at the thoughtless form divided from her only by a narrow hallway. Its helplessness affects her painfully. She fights the impression of being alone, as she knows young mother whose grief-charged reproaches seem borne on the tempest that bends dow the elms in its fury. Their boughs whirling and groaning so near her distracted ears, seem to Miss Belden an expression of her racked nerves. Without thought, except that the air of her room is suffocating, she moves to a window and throws it open. Simultaneously with the movement a streak of red light, followed by a flash of lightning, appears; on the sky, there is a sharp report, a gust of wind takes away her breath, and rushing past her she beholds the light, and hearing in abject terror, pulls down the window and feels her way in the utter darkness of the room toward the lamp. The time seems unendearingly long to her. A hundred visions present themselves in that half minute... There is another flash. It helps Miss Belden on her way, but it also makes her start with a defined, terrible dread. By its momentary light she thought she saw her door open, and something still and white standing without. In the horror of the seconds which follow—the eternity it seems to her—while she is blindly groping for the matches, Miss Deborah expiates many a sin of omission and commission. At last she finds the box. She can hear her heart beat as she kindles a match, and with wide staring eyes turns around. Her wild apprehension is realized. The door does stand open; there does stand a white figure; her cheeks hollow, the eyes solemn, a white bondage around the head. Miss Belden throws up her arms, makes a dash toward the door, closes it with a bang, and locks it; then suddenly her limbs grow heavy, she drags herself toward the head of the stairs, but cannot quite clasp it, and drops with a shriek, blinds or her, sinks prone upon the floor.

This is the end of Aunt Deborah, and it is a well-managed shock to the reader. Another surprise is in the true relation discovered between Doris Gale and Alan Burley, a surprise which was as great to them as it could be to anybody; for supposing themselves to be only impossible lovers, it proved
that they were actual husband and wife. This description is also very cleverly managed.

The writing in Dearly Bought is good. It is neither soft, stiff, affected, nor artificial. The dialogue is lifelike and natural. There is an unconsciousness and simplicity about the style which are quite refreshing; a composition and reserve of power which belong to real ability. The continual use of the present tense is a blemish, to our thinking, but then it is fashionable. The illustrations are in imitation of etchings, and have good points, though they are uneven. Altogether this novel is an agreeable surprise, and we mark it not only for present entertainment but for future expectations.

A HARD HEART.*

It is not pleasant for an old lady with white hair to overhear a young lady and a young gentleman discussing her disagreeable traits. This is what Frau Steinlach did overhear, as she lingered in the park at Bonrath on her way to church one lovely summer Sunday afternoon. Peace and beauty were abroad on the earth; the clear tones of the church-bell alone disturbed the air; but there on a bench in a secluded spot was Malvina Steinlach saying to Richard Hood that it would be "dreadful to live with Aunt Sybilla; . . . she is so cold, so stern, so stony."

There was some excuse for Frau Steinlach's coldness and sternness, though the particulars of the sad history which furnishes her introduction to the reader are too complicated to be rehearsed here. She was a widow. The large property she had conditionally inherited from her brother, had passed, by the accidental death of her three sons, one after the other, to a distant relative, Ferdinand Steinlach, who with his wife had taken possession of the estate at Bonrath. Malvina was their daughter. Frau Steinlach still inhabited a wing of the mansion. Richard was the grandson of her dead brother. His mother had eloped to be married, her marriage had been unhappy, her scoundrel of a husband had deserted her, she was now dead, and the boy Richard had been brought to Bonrath, and had there grown up to manhood under his great-aunt's care. And now Malvina, the usurper's daughter, so to speak, was abusing her to Richard in her very hearing! It was hard.

Between Richard and Malvina a significant tenderness has already set in:

"Whom do you love most in the world, Richard?" she would often ask him, with her hand lying on his knee, looking at him with a strange confidence. "You," answered he, jokingly and carelessly; the child believed it and was happy.

Malvina was only a girl now, but girls will grow to be women; and the time came when

Malvina, desperate, offered her wanly to Richard in much these same childishly terms. We shall not tell the reader how she came to do it, or the circumstances which saved such an unusual act from being an unmanly one. But Richard was sensible enough to take what was offered him, and the two were happy. Old Frau Steinlach was happy too.

Meanwhile there had been all sorts of trouble at Bonrath, financial troubles, social troubles, troubles with Herr von Lapinsky and Baron Wallmuth's daughter, Ingeborg, the Countess Amstetten, troubles with the striking workmen of the cotton factory which is part of the Bonrath estate, in which Richard almost loses his life, troubles with runaway horses, in which an English girl, Clementine Thornton, almost loses her, troubles about lineage, papers, and property. But finally, as in all good novels, and this is one, the troubles clear away, and in the love of Richard and Malvina there comes the "clear shining after rain." There is not too much to this story, and its large print helps to make it pleasant reading.

LAL*

DR. HAMMOND'S novel is something of a surprise. That a master among physicians, who has been Surgeon General of the Army of the United States, and has distinguished himself by a line of treatises on medical science, especially in the direction of mental disorders and psychological problems, should undertake to write a novel at all; that he should go for his subject to one of the lowest strata of American life; that he should rival Bret Harte himself in the rough texture of his characters and the coarse violence of their lives; and that in this difficult field he should achieve anything of a success; all this certainly is something of a phenomenon in American letters. Dr. Hammond has not produced a refined novel, or a pleasant one; he has not introduced us to a circle of agreeable people, and arrayed before us the interplay of noble sentiments and lofty purposes; he has not veiled the villainous motives of degraded men or softened the asperities of their language; but he has at least painted Colorado life in its traditional colors, and treated a subject not without picturesque ness in a style not without power. The wildness of the mountains, the startling depredities of the mining camp, the savage cruelty of man, the terror of private vengeance — it is with themes like these that Dr. Hammond minglesthe tenderness of women's hearts, the heroism of personal courage and chivalrous devotion to duty, and the eccentricities of genius devoted to high intellectual and social ends.

The masculine hero of Dr. Hammond's book is a Polish survivor of Siberian exiles, who has come to Colorado in obedience to a singular dream, in search of a particular spot where he is to prosecute a certain literary enterprise. The spot is found, a lonely "butte," or knoll, near the point where the road from Hellbender to Bill Dodd's Cañon crosses Wildcat Creek, but it proves to be in possession of a vile desperado, Jim Bosler, living there in a cabin with his wife and his reputed daughter Lal. Lal is an untamed child of nature, who first appears as an untidy and half-dressed girl, her long black hair hanging unrestrained over her naked shoulders, her face unashed, a single garment doing the duty of apparel, and her feet bare. The transformation of this wildflower under the power of love into a noble womanhood is the objective point of the story. The Pole, beginning as Lal's friend, becomes in turn her benefactor and her saviour, and ends as lover and husband. He is a strong and impressive character, this John Tysovsky. He is of princely family, and through we cannot call his character exactly natural or his career exactly probable, there are no great inconsistencies between him and the general structure of the story.

Next to Tysovsky and Lal in point of interest stand Lal's father, Jim Bosler, and Luke Kittle, "the Gulcher," as precious a pair of Rocky Mountain ruffians as ever were painted. The diabolical treachery with which Bosler bargains with Kittle to sell Lal to him is only equaled by the coolness with which he picks off his chance victims by pistol shot, one after the other; and the fate which overtakes both of these villains at the hands of the vigilance committee, though the description makes the reader shudder, was none too swift or severe.

Doctor Willis's daughter Theodora, with her Darwinian propensities and her experiments in the "development" of snakes into lizards, is a curious anomaly; and in her strange nature and stranger discourse on woman's endowments and opportunities, Dr. Hammond has allowed some liberty of expression for his speculative views in scientific directions. But the Willises are hardly essential to the story, and the daughter certainly is not a natural party to it. Not in experiments under the hypothesis of evolution does its interest reside, nor in its discussions of woman's abilities and woman's rights; but in its bold, untrammeled delineation of the life of camp and cabin, and the strong contrasts between the best and basest human natures in their wildest state. The roughness in the story, the violence of it, its profaneness, the vivid presence of repellent characters and revolting scenes, is unfit the book for the gentle reader; but the impartial critic will concede the skill with which the author handles his subject, and will wonder where and how he acquired such evident familiarity with his materials.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, AUGUST 9, 1884.

Our Novel Number.

We present our readers with a novel number of the Literary World—novel in two senses. With the exception of the two pages now open to our eye, the entire number is filled with notices of current fiction. Some thirty novels proper—American, English, French, German, and Swedish—and novels sentimental, historical, ethical, and scientific, are critically read and marked, with copious extracts for the further information of the reader. We trust our "novel number" may especially commend itself to our readers in these mid-summer days.

World Biographies.

Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris. This American novelist, whose latest work, Phoebe, is the subject of notice in this number of the Literary World, but who is best known by her first book, Rutledge, was born July 7, 1834, at Dooreis, a small island in Long Island Sound, owned by her father, and for several generations in the possession of his family. She was educated at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J., and at Madame Cand'a in New York City; and in 1864 was married to Sidney S. Harris, Esq., a New York lawyer. Since her marriage Mrs. Harris's home has been on 35th Street, in New York, with a summer residence at Southampton. L. I. Mrs. Harris's first novel, Rutledge, was published several years before her marriage, and attracted wide attention. Besides her other books, a list of which is appended, she has written a little for the magazines, but only a little, not more than three or four short stories, perhaps; one for St. Nicholas, one for Appleton's Journal, one for Swinburne's Story Teller, last year, and one for Mr. George W. Childs's paper many years ago. Her only publishers have been the old firm of Derby & Jackson, G. W. Carleton & Co., Charles Scribner, E. P. Dutton & Co., and Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rutledge. The Cuthberts.

Frank Warbington.

Richard Vanderbilt.

St. Philip's.

A Perfect Adonis.

Missy.

Happy-go-Lucky.

Phoebe (1856).

All novels.

Lodie's Last Term at St. Mary's.

Roundheads.

Stories for children.

Dear Feast of Lent.

A Rosary for Lent.

Devotional reading.


News and Notes.

— T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in preparation twelve new additions to their series of Popular Poets, viz.: Burns, Byron, Dante, Goldsmith, Lalla Rookh, Lay of the Last Minstrel, Meriville, Owen Meredith, Milton, Moore, Scott, and Swinburne. The illustrations for these volumes have been designed by some of the best artists in the country, and engraved by George T. Andrew, whose work on the Cambridge Book of Poetry adds so much to its value. They have added Mark Aurora Llewyell and Robert Bremner to their series of "Red Line Poets." A few of the volumes of this series have alligator-leather covers, and present at least a striking appearance. The "August Stories" and the "June Stories," of four volumes each, by Jacob Abbott, have been added to their "Classic Juvenile." They have added, Ready, Red Letters, Poems by English Men and Women, a collection including such poems as are acknowledged to be the best works of the authors. A short biographical sketch goes with each author. Besides this, Crowell & Co. announce an illustrated holiday edition of George Eliot's poems, "The Love Series" and the "Menagerie" series, of six volumes each; Little Arthur's History of England, by Lady Callcott; What Fide Remembers, by "Faye Huntington"; and a new and attractive edition of Walton's Complete Angler.

— We are indebted to Cupples, Upham & Co. of Boston, for advance sheets of Mr. Walter Bevan's essay on The Art of Fiction, which was first delivered as a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, April 25 last. The essay takes a high view of fiction as an art, claiming for it a place on a level with Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Poetry, and that the great Masters of Fiction must be placed on the same level as the great masters in the other arts." We share Mr. Bevan's views, though we should state them somewhat differently; but he has written interestingly and forcibly, and his pages are likely to enhance the popular appreciation of the novelist and his work.

— J. R. Osgood & Co. have issued a new edition of the New England Hand-Book, revised and enlarged, and containing six maps and eleven plans. They also have in preparation Where the Battle Was Fought, by Charles E. Craddock; Tales of Three Tours, by Henry James; The Adventures of a Widow, by Edgar Fawcett; History of the Andover Theological Seminary, by Rev. Leonard Woods; Doctor Sevier, the new story by Mr. Cable, from the Cable's Column; The Golden Spade, by Edward King, author of A Gentle Savage; and Student's Editions of Tennyson's Princess, and of his Songs, both of these last with notes by W. J. Rolfe.

— The most amusing thing we have lately seen in the papers is the Boston Advertiser's report, August 4 of the closing sessions of the Concord School of Philosophy. The discussion of Imortality, it says, was "carried on by experts;" and John Fiske condensed to announce his "personal belief" in the doctrine; Professor Davidson's new theory was "a creative work;" and as the people waited for Professor Harris, pale as a ghost, to come forth with his lecture, the feeling was like the "air before a thunder storm;" "people breathed only by stealth." Evidently one reporter lost his head at Concord.

— The People's Publishing Co., Baltimore, announce for publication early in August a pamphlet by Eugene L. Didier, to be called The Political Adventures of James G. Blaine. Advance orders are solicited at once. The price of the pamphlet will be 10 cents, retail, or $1.00 a dozen. Mr. Didier is well known by his Life of Edgar A. Poe, of which twelve editions have been sold; and by his Life of Madame Bonaparte, which reached a fifth edition within one year of its publication; and a lively pamphlet may be expected on Mr. Blaine.

— The Bishop Paddock Lectures, delivered this year before the students of the General Theological Seminary, New York, by Bishop Littlejohn, will be issued by Thomas Whittaker early in the fall. The general title of the series will be The Christian Ministry at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. The same publisher also announce a new edition of Andrew Jackson's Mysterzy of the Kingdom, which for some time has been out of print and frequently called for.

— Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued in a little twenty-four page pamphlet, A List of Books for Summer Reading. The title-page bears this motto:

For a Bookie and a Shade under the trees, on a breezy seacoast, in the interior of the woods, or on the ocean shore, the writer recommends The Last of the Mohicans, by Fenimore Cooper, and a little guide Bookie wherein to tease, is better for me than a Guide.

— Robert Brothers announce Human Intercourse, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; Almost a Duchess, volume seven of the third series of No Names; Euphorion, Studies of the Antique and the Medieval in the Renaissance, by Vernon Lee; Days and Hours in a Garden, by Mrs. E. V. Boyle; A Story for the Times, by Flora L. Shaw; and an edition of Tip Cot, the story by the author of Miss Topsy's Mission, noticed in another part of this paper.

— At a recent literary party in London, at which Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton was one of the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde made their first appearance in society. Mrs. Wilde in a gown of white satin, with wide sleeves, a medieval collar, a golden flaggare girdle, and a chaplet of real white lilies around her head. Mr. and Mrs. Rossetti and Mr. Philip Bourke Marston were also of the party.

— Funk & Wagnalls report that within a month recently they rejected something like 150 MSS. most of them works of fiction. This house has opened a London agency at 44 Fleet Street, under the care of Mr. F. Borden Hunt. Funk & Wagnalls will publish in September The Bantling Ball, an anonymous Graceo-American play.

— Ginn, Heath & Co. are to issue the American edition of Axel Gustafson's work, The Foundation of Death, a study of the drink question, which has created a great sensation in England, and which good judges declare cannot be too heartily praised; particularly in comparison with other publications on this subject.

— R. Worthington of New York has in press
against her, while the Crittenden family gradually lose standing and consideration with society as the particulars of the story become known.

In a certain sense, Marrowfat was the most charitable town in the world; in another the most charitable. If you were to have any misfortune befall you, Marrowfat was the place to go to have it in: if you lost your money, if you broke your back, if your children died, if your house burned down, Marrowfat swelled you in flowers, bathed you in sympathy, took you out to drive home and read to you, if need were, took up subscriptions for you. But if you did anything discreditable, it is safe to say you would better have done it in any other place.

To escape from this growing coolness on the part of Marrowfat society, the Crittendens go to the city, and from the city they take a sudden departure to Europe, leaving Phoebe, and the baby who has meantime come to her, behind. Barry goes too, and his cousin Tartar is of the party, between whom and Barry there had been tender passages in days gone by. This is the beginning of new trouble and pain to Phoebe, and the half-brutal selfishness of Barry, his coldness, his empty-hearted egotism, make the lonely wife's burden all the harder to bear. So that when, among the papers in his littered desk which he has asked her to put in order, she finds the following unsigned note in Tartar's handwriting, her cup is full: *'

Without disguise and without excuse, I have acknowledged my love for you. Concealment between us in the past was fatal; in the future it will be impossible. You have taken it out of my hands by your abrupt words last night. Why could you not have been silent, when speaking could no longer have done anybody any good? Ah! what we have before us! This is only the beginning. If I see you tomorrow, as you ask, remember never to ask it again. It cannot be wrong to say good-by to you, even if it will be your last, though we may meet every day for years. Remember, it must be good-by.'

Was it any wonder that a proud, sensitive, high-strung woman, stung already by a husband's seeming neglect, should put a sinister construction upon such an epistle as this, so written, and be thrown by it completely off her balance?

We leave it for the book itself to explain how after all only an innocent meaning inhered in these words of Tartar to Barry, and how Phoebe's jealousy, her indignation, her flight, her refusal to be reconciled, all grew out of a natural but an unhappy misunderstanding. The novelist has managed this part of her story with consummate skill, the reader being deceived as well as Phoebe, and sharing with her to the full the bitter resentment toward Barry Crittenden which he did not at all deserve. And yet when the misunderstanding is all cleared away, when Barry has his wife, loving and trusted, more in his arms, we cannot help feeling that she is too good, too true, too noble for him, and that his history is only another example of the superior woman sacrificed to the inferior man. But is it not so over and again in life?
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American novel so strongly, so finely written, as this. Barring its starting point, which, as we said at the outset, is not a pleasant one, it is well worthy in all respects of style of being placed with the leading half dozen novels of the last half dozen years. Its one logical defect is the fundamental inconsistency in Phoebe's character—that a woman of her gift and force should in the first instance have suffered herself to be led astray. But granting the premise, the conclusions are natural. And Mrs. Harris has managed her theme with a delicacy equal to her vigor. A master hand has drawn these scenes and characters. The intellectual power of the book is as marked as its literary form is good. It is sprinkled over with flashing thoughts like these:

A young and enthusiastic person, who has not been told all the truth, is a very uncomfortable member of a divided family circle. Beautiful is a word that like mann has a double meaning, of what he likes best. After all, parents do not always know what is good for their children, and it is just as necessary to submit in an humble spirit to their children's discipline as to their own. It is so much easier to go than to stay, to be active than passive, to be a man than to be a woman.

The pictures of Marrowfat town and people, the figure of Phoebe, the scenes about the Crittenden home, Phoebe and her babe in flight, her arrival at the old gate in Malden, these are some of the marked touches in a book which rises above the common range of novels at a dozen points. How easy it is to recognize genius in a novel! How hard it is to define where the genius resides! How incontestable are the claims which the real work of genius presents to the intellect, the sentiments, and the imagination!

* A GERMAN NOVEL*

EGON VON ERNAU lay on the grass of a secluded opening in a magnificent forest in the neighborhood of Wilhelmsbagen at high noon on a glowing July day. The young man was asleep, but busy handling a handsome revolver which he had just taken from his pocket. He made sure that it was loaded, he raised it, his hand did not tremble, he was about to pull the trigger and discharge the bullet into his head, when a sound in the near distance caught his ear. It was a man's voice singing "Rock of Ages."

"Confoundedly annoying!" he muttered. "If I shoot now, that stupid psalm-singer will hear it—and then? Then all the delightful Berlin gossip will be spoiled, the body will be found under the bushes, and everything will be known tomorrow.... We must choose a still more retired spot. But first let us see where the psalm-singer really is." So he uncorked his revolver, put it in his pocket, rose to his feet, and proceeded toward the unseen singer. Parting the hazel bushes at the edge of the forest, he saw a pretty view—of green sward sloping down to a little lake, of fields stretching away beyond to the mountains. On the brink of the lake knelted another young man, head erect, hands clasped and raised, face turned to the heavens, and his old-fashioned dresscoat trailing out behind him. The last verse of the hymn was just passing his lips. "God of heaven," he cried, "pardon what I have done, and what I am about to do. Receive me into Thy kingdom." And with that he sprang up, and flung himself headfirst into the lake.

In an instant Egon von Ernau was at the spot where the stranger had taken the fatal plunge, and in an instant more was in the water after him. A few moments more and he had the satisfaction of seeing the struggling man golden on the bank. Here indeed was a situation; one would-be suicide saved from destruction by another! Something of comedy touches and rounds off this suggestion of tragedy.

Nothing could be more natural under these circumstances than that the two men should exchange experiences. The man who would have drowned himself was Gottlieb Pigglewitch, who had a passion for gambling, and had lost not only all his own money, but a large sum entrusted to him to give to his uncle. Hence the lake. Egon von Ernau, who called himself Fritz Fortune, was rich and brilliant, but disgusted with life generally. Hence the pistol. The result of this singular meeting between them on the banks of the lake of Wandelitz was a proposition of Egon to give Gottlieb money enough to pay his gambling debts, and follow his sweetheart, Angenomare, to America, there to marry her and settle down on a farm, in return for which, he, Egon, was to assume Gottlieb's name, dress, papers, prospects, and entire personality. The bargain is concluded; Gottlieb takes his four thousand marks, promising to sail by the first steamer for America, and Egon puts on Gottlieb's clothes, grasps his bag, and steps into his life at the point where Gottlieb lays it down.

Now the real Gottlieb had just been appointed private tutor to the children of Herr von Osterau, at Castle Osterau, whose neighboring summits commanded views of the Riesengebirge. The false Gottlieb accordingly presents himself at the castle, and here his story and the book fairly begin. One of his pupils, Lieschen, is a lovely little girl, and no sooner do she and her new tutor meet than we see the end from the beginning. But the way is a long and eventful one that conducts Egon von Ernau alias Gottlieb Pigglewitch to the goal of love and marriage. It leads through chequered scenes of German castle life. There is a prodigal Albrecht von Osterau, who has wasted his substance with riotous living. There is a magnificent but ungovernable horse, Soliman, whom the new actor tames and masters and rides in triumph. There are incongruities between the Pigglewitch who was expected at the Castle and the Pigglewitch who came, which were perplexing to the family and which are amusing to the reader. There is a letter from the true Pigglewitch, stranded at Berlin, where he again succumbing to his passion, he has gambled away the marks which were to pay his debts and take him to America; and he sweats for more. There is an entertaining visit to Breslau after new clothes. There are games of billiards, rambles in field and forest with Lieschen and her brother, there is startling news from Berlin of the mysterious disappearance of Egon von Ernau, there are wonderful performances on the piano which the disguised Egon plays with the skill of a master; there is a spell over all the castle thrown by the beautiful Bertha von Massenburg, arrived from Berlin. Some of the sins of the true Pigglewitch come home to rest on the head of the false, there are suspicions and complications, and there is a robbery, until little by little the exchange between Pigglewitch and von Ernau comes to light. Then there is a rumble and an explosion; a slow clearing away of smoke; and a final coming out of the sunshine on all who deserve it.

A clever story this of Quicksands; without the traditional heaviness, very ingenious in its plan which allows for all sorts of turns and surprises, pleasant in its scenery, agreeable in its characters, repelling with no great villainies and pain with no great sorrows; another example of the unerring instinct with which Mrs. A. L. Wister detects the best German fiction of the day and rehabilitates it for American readers.

* A SWEDISH NOVEL*

Gustavus III, King of Sweden, who is the historical center-piece of this novel, was born in 1746 and died in 1792. The Count Tamm and Schiffer were its tutors. He ascended the throne in 1771, when the State was divided into two corrupt factions, "Hans," whose watchword was "France and Commerce," and "Caps," who stood for "Agriculture and Russia." The "Hans" were in the ascendant. By a bloody revolution, a sort of coup d'etat, Gustavus, in 1772, revolutionized the government, secured a new and improved constitution, and increased the royal power. Fifteen years later he found himself detested in the popular heart, made war against Russia to strengthen his position, by the naval victory of Svenska on 1790 inflicted an honorable peace, disposed a Swedish, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Coalition for the invasion of France, and at the threshold of this undertaking was shot at a demeure in Stockholm by a assassin, an instrument of the monarch. Gustavus was glibbed but insincere, and a dramatic and lyrical author. His writings are published in six volumes.

TIMES OF GUSTAVUS III** would be a better title for the sixth and final volume of the "Surgeon's Stories" than Times of Alchemy. There is little alchemy in the book, but much politics, and something a little love, and a considerable domestic feud, of which at the end, a happy adjustment in the

spirit of Christ. The king appears early on the scene, walking with his former tutor, Scheffer, under the oaks and chestnuts in the park of Ekolsund; and is thus described:

The younger of the two was only twenty-five years of age and also wore a motley costume, according to the French fashion of that time. Over the short black smock-clothes of velvet, tied with red ribbons, the yellow silk waist and the blue jacket, he had carelessly thrown his short Spanish cloak of black cloth. He wore a lace stock and cuffs, a wig, a hair-band, and a three-cornered hat, but all those with the most unconstrained and agreeable elegance, and he spoke with the most animated and expressive gestures, as if he had never himself been interrupted, now took his attendant's arm, now again withdrew, and gesticulated with his hands though he needed all these eloquent signs to supplement the poverty of language.

The king as thus seen has just received news of his father's death, the cares of State are fresh upon him, and the book follows his course by glimpses along through the contents of the "Hats" and "Caps" and the comp d'état, but not into the troubled years that lie beyond.

In this chemist, Doctor Weis, who is believed to possess the gift of turning bars of metal into gold, does not make his appearance until nearly the end of the story, and then for the most part in a mad-house at Daalvik, where the king finds him in an ironed cell, divided by a paling into two compartments, with another lunatic for a companion the other side of the intermediate bars. Earlier in the story the poor gold-crazed doctor is seen trying to gain possession of a mysterious talismanic ring which is supposed to possess a powerful influence over human lives. He is standing by the entrance to the Great Church in Stockholm, one Sunday forenoon, holding a massive staff, in the crotch of which a small compass is encased, and this compass he is intently watching as the church-goers pass in and out. This compass points not to the north but to the wonderful ring.

The service closed and the people began to pour out of church. Suddenly a slight trembling was observed in the neck, but it immediately ceased. A peasant was walking past. The man in brown looked up and said: "He has had it, but he has it no longer."

The peasant was one Jonas Bertila, who had found the ring in a barber shop, and sold it — copper bauble that it seemed to be — for two pence to a coppersmith at Gränmunkegränd.

But alchemist and king, both of them, are quite subordinate characters to the Bertelkold family, at whose grand castle of Falkby, down in East Gothland, the story begins, whose troubles stand even in the front of politics and the occult arts, and the fascination of whose discordant members stirs the deepest chords in the reader's breast. Count Bertelkold has married a second wife of noble nature but plebeian rank. His eldest son, Bernhard, arrogant, brutal blisterer that he is, insults her and drives her from her home, quarrels with his young half-brother, Paul, and plunges the family into a year of separation and misery. Afterward, a wound by a political brickbat brings him to his senses, his mother, in disguise, nurses him; he is born again out of suffering into a true filial and fraternal relation, and this historic-political romance of domestic life in Sweden towards the close of the last century winds up not with a glorification of alchemy, but with a new triumph for the Gospel of Reconciliation. And is not here, after all, the real elixir for turning the base metals of life into the gold of heaven?

Times of Alchemy is, in our judgment, the best of the six "Surgeon's Stories," and we are not sure but that with the average reader a genuine degree of interest will come to the relief of the sense of duty with which, if he have read the other five, he will begin it. A little knowledge of history it pre-supposes, and some patience of attention possibly it will require; but the digressive episodes are few and brief, the scenery if not prominent in picturesque, the characters are well contrasted and strongly drawn, the offensive and the painful are avoided, and the gentle voice of love, renunciation, and peace speaks to the heart from the outset and prevails over human passions at the end. "Evening Storms" and "Morning Light" are the appropriate and meaning titles for the two general divisions into which the fifty-six chapters are grouped.

THE FAINALLS OF TIPTON.*

With The Neptune Vase and Two Old Cats still vividly before us, Miss Virginia W. Johnson's new story, The Fainalls of Tipton, is a disappointment; though it would perhaps be harsh to speak of it as a failure. It is by no means a literary failure. It is written with care and skill, vigor and polish. Much labor has been spent upon it, conscientious genuine labor; its plan is elaborate and somewhat ingenious, and the theme is faithfully wrought out in every detail. But the story as a whole has failed to hold our attention. It has tried our patience a little, and tempted us to skip. There are nearly five hundred pages of it, and we have not cried for more. Nobody in it is particularly interesting. Tipton is not a particularly attractive place. And no particular impulse, that we can discover, has come out from it to any side of our better nature. The book scarcely stirs either the imagination of the sentiments, and affects us rather like a long enforced stay in a commonplace village, where there are no very agreeable people, and nothing to do. It does however leave distinct impressions.

Tipton has been said to be a New England village, but we should say it was in New York State somewhere. There is an old farm in Tipton. The story opens with two anonymous letters received elsewhere by two brothers, Sampson and Luke Fainall, reading precisely alike as follows:

How long are you going to leave Tipton Farm to your brother, and not find out the secret? The dog in the fable mistook the shadow in the water for a nice bone.

The circumstances of the Fainall brothers are such as to make this mysterious allusion to a secret at the Tipton Farm where their sister is living exciting. Sampson Fainall is a typical American inventor, a sort of scientific Micawber, who has roamed the earth with patent mill-wheels, missiles of war, magnetic motors, and silk reeles, every one of which has proved a failure, and has left its owner stranded a little higher and drier than ever. This Mr. Fainall has a wife, and a daughter Ursula, who has two hundred thousand dollars in her own right, and knows how to exercise her right too. Mr. Luke Fainall is another adventurer, without patents however, living with his wife, and his Bohemian son, Walter, at the Pompeian Building in New York. He affected a good deal of outward style, but has reached his last hundred dollars. He too is waiting for something to turn up. To these two brothers, rivals, jealous, impetuous, the anonymous letters about Tipton Farm suggest mines of precious metals and a fortune. What does each do but go straight to Tipton, bag and baggage, each expecting to get ahead of the other, so that both families alight on the unexpected sister Lydia on one and the same day.

The story is now fairly under way, with the life of the jarring Fainall families under the same roof with their sister at Tipton, a situation which is not without its possibilities of entertainment, and which is improved in a degree. There is a St. Timothy's Church in Tipton, with a gray-haired rector, Mr. Brockelbank, who has a lovely daughter, Fanny, and who is vainly trying to keep out of debt on a missionary stipend of five hundred dollars a year. Miss Fanny already has one lover, Henry Marlen, the young physician of the village, whose father is the old apothecary; and no sooner does Walter Fainall set eyes on her than he turns into lover number two. Easter comes, with its decorations of the church and its music in the choir. There is a visit from the bishop, and the empty Brockelbank larder is mysteriously filled to greet him. The elder Marlen opens a circulating library. The old garret at Tipton Farm is a chamber of mysteries, which only whet the Fainall appetite for hidden treasure. Finally no hidden treasure is discovered — no gold mine or copper mine, but an old deed is unearthed in a hair trunk on a beam in a sort of cellar. Walter, who hoped to carry off Fanny Brockelbank, is carried off in spite of himself by her cousin Ursula. Henry secures his Fanny, the elder Mr. Marlen secures Miss Lydia Fainall, Tipton develops a coal mine and a plaster factory, and the minor charac-

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ters and accessories of the story are suitably provided for.

Our general feeling on concluding this story is that the author has lived so long abroad as to be more at home in her beloved Italy than her native land, and in her next work we hope she will take us back to the famous scene of Two Old Cats and The Sleeping Vase.

Dissolving Views.*

THE scenery in Mrs. Lang's story is few, easily distinguished, and easily followed, the scenery is English and French by turns; the events include nothing more exciting than a duel in Paris and a rescue from a treacherous "blow-hole" on the Britanny coast; and the romance is made up of two engagements and one marriage. The "blow-hole" episode was as follows:

One day, about the middle of August, they made an excursion to Penmarch, with Tristan to keep them company. The day was very fine, and one of those very high west winds blowing sometimes across the sea, and the waves of corn in the last week of July. Altho’ the low black rocks of Penmarch the foam was blown fast. There was a splendid stormy sea chafing as if in anger among the reefs, and charging with a roar up the narrow gullies. Miss Maxwell sat down on a rock, and with Tristan was busily unpacking luncheon, while Eleanor wandered along the coast with her face to the sea. Suddenly Miss Maxwell heard Tristan utter a cry, and looking up, saw him running towards Eleanor as fast as his chubby little legs would carry him. The cause of his excitement could not be guessed. Eleanor’s presence beside a large cross which was clamped to the rock, and she appeared far out of the reach of the tide. Yet Tristan, as he ran and stumbled over the boulders, kept shouting and waving his hands. Miss Maxwell went on with the unpacking of her bag, the roar of the waves had drowned Tristan’s voice, and Eleanor was suddenly roused from her daydream by feeling a tug at her dress. “Come away, come away,” cried the boy, still dragging at her backward, till he had placed a broad, low rock between her and the iron cross. Then he paused for a moment, and in that moment a white column of water rose from the long gully beneath the cross, leaped clean over it, and over the very speck that had drowned Tristan’s voice, and seemed to stretch with greedy fangs (for so the west wind drove the water) towards the shelter which Tristan had chosen. The spray struck like a whipp on Eleanor’s face, and the subsiding wave bore back with it the gully some large loose stones that lay near the cross. . . . “It is the gully of Trevenec,” said Tristan. “The wave runs up in storms. That cross marks the very place where a lady and two children were sucked down in the year of the war.”

Miss Maxwell is an English lady of forty; Eleanor is her orphaned niece; Tristan is a little boy whom they have met in the course of their visit to Brittany. England is the ladies’ home. Eleanor has a dear friend, Katie Russell, who lives at Huntingcombe Manor on a Devon moor; and Katie has a brother Ivan, who is a splendid fellow, but for the vice of gambling and gambling in the instance of which he has lost large sums of money. When, after the Brittany excursion, Eleanor goes to visit Katie, Ivan falls in love with her, and proposes, and is ac-

cepted; only Eleanor’s heart tells her that she does not love him, but is only fond of him. However, Katie is sure that Eleanor will do her brother good and make a man of him, and cure him of his weaknessnesses at races and roulette. But Eleanor sees that she has made a mistake, and when in course of time Ivan breaks his promise not to bet any more, the engagement is ended. Afterwards Eleanor meets a Mr. Beaufort at a dinner party. He is Secretary of the Legation at Vienna and is old enough to be her father, but Eleanor comes to love him enough to accept him for a husband, and so “dissolving views” of marriage as a romance melt away into the solid fact of marriage as a reality.

This is a well-bred story, written in good English, startling only with no excitement, offending one with no breaches of good taste; just a sensible, straightforward, up-and-down English novel; a piece of goods of the sort that without being rich or showy will wear well.

MINOR NOTICES.

Thorns in your Sides. By Harriette A. Keyser. [G. P. Putnam’s Sons. $1.00.]

The thorn in Harriette A. Keyser’s side is the fact that New York, “a city with a Dutch and English Protestant heritage,” has come “to be politically governed, indirectly, by Irish Romanists.”

The Episcopal Church and its clergy have an unusual predominance in the novels which it is the special province of this issue of the Literary World to review. The first “thorn” extracted in this book is from the hands of the Rev. Dan Guardian, rector of the Church of St. Agnes. The Reverend Dan Guardian has a daughter Sybil, who loves Johnny, and after a year, and a kind of cockneyism, and a grant of $250 from the Arnold, a young man who has been “lured” into the Church of Rome, for “esthetic reasons,” loves her. So the question between Protestants and Romanists, as it exists in New York politics, is presented first in this book in its social aspects. The representative Irish thorn of this novel is Terence O’Farrell, hod-carrier, first cousin to an alderman and fifth cousin to an assemblyman, who lives in a tenement-house.

The Church of St. Agnes has been built in the poorest part of the city, and seeks its congregation among thieves, drunkards, gamblers and the like, very much to the disgust of Bullion, the banker, who is a member of St. Barnabas Church and takes his opinions from the Daily Publicatar.

Rector Guardian believes that England is Israel and that the Irish are Canaanites, and is indifferent enough to publish this belief in a sermon, greatly to the embarrassment of the O’Farrells.

New York hod-carriers would seem to have their feet on ladders that lead to council chambers and assembly rooms.

Secret societies, dynamite factories, Early Communion, Sisters, Bach’s Passion Music, a Russian Novelist, an Advanced Thinker, thoughts of suicide, Reform, the Cooper Institute, midnight, secret societies of steeplejacks, the Church of St. Agnes blown up, a Citizens’ Association, Ireland, blockade, prostrate forms and the peace of death—in short the Battle of Aughrim over again.

Such, we find on finishing this book are the rough notes we have made on reading it, and it may be well to write the notes as to write a notice.

The author is a zealous Episcopalian, a good hater of the Irish, and an alarmist.

Grace Winslow. By J. W. Spear. [N. Tintern & Sons. $1.25.]

Mr. Winslow was formerly a produce dealer in New York, but has retired on his property with his wife and his daughter Grace to a quiet homestead at Cedar Valley up among the Vermont mountains. Grace is fond of natural scenery and Sir Walter Scott, and is religiously inclined, but not a church member. She has a cousin Frank, with whom she has corresponded for two years, and at the time this story begins he has come to Cedar Grove on a visit.

One of the first questions she asks him is: “Frank, are you a Christian?” This leads to a theological discussion. Grace was charmed for the prevailing tone of the rest of the book. It is emphatically and rather grotesquely a “religious novel.” The church membership of all the characters is fully stated, the denominational differences are outlined with care, and the conversations are generally such as might take place in a theological seminary. For example, farmer Rollinson, who is a “truly Christian man,” falls in with Wilbur Weston, a young man who is riding for pleasure, and the latter’s admiration of the scenery leads to a discussion of the evidence of the existence of God. Old Heppy, the colored woman, shakes her head at farmer Rollinson, because “he’s a lec’tion man, an doan b’lieve in backalidint.’” Prayer-meetings and confessions of sin mingle with accidents and mysteries of birth to sustain the reader’s interest. Grace is abducted on the Greek brigand system, to be detained in a lonely house for a ransom. There are convenient “conversions” to help along the progress of events. “However you may feel inclined to designate it, dear pa, I became a Christian last evening,” says Grace; and in what follows there is a descent dangerously near to cast. We do not think that the effect of such fiction as this is either to explain truth, to commend it, or to attract sensible people toward the Christian life.

A Palace-Prison. [Fords, Howard & Hubert. $1.00.]

Every now and then somebody breaks out into a book denouncing insane asylums. We were accosted in the horse-car the other day by a woman with a satchel full of pamphlets for sale — pamphlets written by herself to “expose” the alleged wrongs she had suffered by being shut up in an insane asylum; and it did not take the minutes of conversation to discover that she ought to be there still. The author of A Palace-Prison finds a new grievance against asylums and the system on which they are managed, in the case of Marion Page, a beautiful girl, whose story is told in full and is affirmed to be strictly true. She was an over-worked school-girl, she graduated with honors and a splitting headache, lapsed into insomnolence and nervous prostration, clutched wildly at the open-air exercise which her opinionated medical brother denied her, was pronounced insane, and

was forced by him into a large State asylum provided over by a friend of his, a Dr. Lamet-
ette, who has made a "speciality" of brain dis-
orders. She is a victim to "specialism." The
greater part of the book is occupied with the
melancholy recital of her unhappy existence in
the asylum. Twenty-seven years have now
passed and she is represented as still an impris-
oned inmate. We have not space to describe
her sufferings in detail. If the book is fiction
it is painful reading without a use. If it is fact
the author's name ought to go with it. Anonym-
ity reduces its weight to a minimum. And if it
is what it professes to be, we should want to
hear the other side of the story before we
believed it. The most damaging statement
made by the author is perhaps this in the
preface:

A prominent physician read this book in manu-
scrip. He is one of the trustees of a large
asylum and is not unfriendly with its conduct.
Yet he declined to commend the book, because
"its publication will have a tendency to depopu-
late the hospitals and reduce their maintenance.
How then," he asked, "can we support the
institutions?"

The author owes it to the cause he has
espoused to give the true name of such a Jack
Bunbury as this to the public.

Wildwood. By Mrs. Nathaniel Conklin. [Pres-
byterian Board. $1.50.]

This is a religious novel of a good sort; that
is, it is sensible as a story and not offensive
in its religion, although its religion is somewhat
different from the conventional practice.
and it is written in good English, with natural-
ness, spirit, tenderness, and a generally good
hand. It introduces a brother and sister, Neil
and Comfort Mayhew, who are joint inholders
and occupants of Wildwood, a pleasant old
country place, and not far from the capital.
Neil had loved somebody better even than she loved Neil,
but this was her secret, and this somebody had
go off and married somebody else—a Rose
Elmendorf, whom she had never seen. So Com-
fort is heart free, and in good time, the Pro-
fessor finds his way in, and she is happy again.
There is one chapter in this book, a while
after, where is known as Jo, and who runs away
from her Grammy with her faithful dog Tige,
and is found like a bairn in the woods by Neil
Mayhew. She is putting her discoverer under
the catechism:

"What part of heaven do you live in?" "I
have a very handsome home but it is heaven," he
returned as gravely as he could. "Do all the
other angels live in heaven too?" "Do you
think I am an angel?" she exclaimed in some
surprise. "Well, that's too good! What will
Comfort say?" "Ain't you an angel?" she
asked, distinctly. "No; I am only a man.
Not a very good one, either." "You look like an
angel." "Why, did you ever see one?" "I
never did, but other folks have. Didn't you ever?"
"No; I confess I never did." "Come, Tige!" he
said Jo, with dignity; "let's go home—I'm
soon going to be an angel!"

Jo is adopted out, promoted to be Joan, and
furnishes a sprinkling of entertaining dialogue
throughout the book. When Neil Mayhew's
wife dies, and leaves a little baby born without
hands, Joan compassionately gives herself away
to be handed to her as long as she lives.
"She will never miss her hands because she
will have mine." . . . She was still the little Jo
who had loved Tige. . . . That night, and ever
after, Joan slept beside the child. Before Elma
was two years old Joan was her only nurse. As
early as she could she ministered on her own
hands.

Joan has a lover, but she will not give up her
little crippled charge for all the lovers in the
world. There are pleasant portraits of char-
acter in this story, some faint touches of country
scenery, and, as we have intimated, much
religious feeling and expression—too much for
those who are critical, but not too much for too many a great readers who
will enjoy the love-making all the more for its
Presbyterian watchwords.

At Daybreak. By A. Stirling. [J. R. Ogden
& Co. $1.25.]

Rating the poorest novels at zero and the best
at 100 this one ranks at least 50. There is no
important fault to find with it, and it has some
points for commendation. It is a fair story of a
father's unselfish interest in the whole
of a young girl's life. Its scenes shift
between Lyme, which may be Lyme, Connecticut,
and Copenhagen, and the author knows the latter
city and its bogy surroundings. Its characters
are chiefly members of two Scandinavians families,
the Karlens and the Brands, who have settled
down in Lyme side by side. Axel Brand and
Betty Karlsen grow up together from childhood,
and are destined for each other, but the fortunes
of Axel interpose and postpone the consuma-
tion. He goes to Copenhagen to study, and is there
"entraped," his father will have it, by
Frederika Lindholm, whom he marries, and with
whom he settles down over the sea; and it is
not until after she dies that he returns and mar-
ses Betty at the old Lyme home. Meanwhile
Betty's sister Christina has married a French-
man and gone abroad, and the Frenchman too
has sickened and is supposed to have died some-
where in India, and Christina has taken it for
granted that he is dead, and has hurried off home.
Lyme now has a new stone church, and an Eng-
liah clergyman for rector, a Reverend Roderick
Musgrove, who conceals yellow-covered novels
and greasy cards in his study, and turns out to
be a scoundrel. While Christina is engaged in
a flirtation with this interesting specimen
of a clerical improver, her French husband
whom she thought she was to return up, she
commits suicide, detectives appear with a requis-
tion for the Reverend Musgrove, and that gentle-
mien, alias Crafts, disappears in a glory of hair
dyed red. The author handles her materials with
case and compassion; we understand this to be
its first book; and it promises well.

Myra. By Mamie Lankin Hatchett. [Rich-
$1.00.]

We look with special interest on reviving lit-
erary interest and activity in the Southern States,
and therefore can speak indulgently and encour-
gage the reading of such a novel as Myra. Not a great
work by any means, not remarkable for any one
quality or feature, it still has respectable traits,
and is noticeable as an indication and promise.
It is a story of Virginia life. Myra Marston, the
heroine, is rescued when a mere child from the
ruins of her parents, who were afterwards
murdered. She becomes her lover, the means of subsequent
recognition and acquaintance between the two
being a golden dagger which he had given the
child at the time of the accident to quiet her
fears. The lover is unworthy of the woman,
however, and she is finally won by Lionel Harri-
son, an old friend of her father's, who had long
been in poor health, but whom at first she had refused.
The book might have been given greater individ-
uality by strengthening its picture of Virginia
scenery and life, as those of Violet Bank, and its
portraits of local character, as that of Aunt
Jemima. Its style shows care and pains, it does
not run extravagantly into sentiment or sen-
sation, and it is well printed.

Fridolin's Mystical Marriage. From the Ger-
man of Adolph Wilbrands, by Clara Bell. [W.
S. Gottsberger. $0.90.]

This translated German story, in the snug
and sober dress in which Mr. Gottsberger uni-
forms his publications, takes the reader into
a house in Berlin, across the court-yard, and up
a room on the third floor, whose four walls
are covered with photographs and prints—
copies from the old masters. A balcony holds
a miniature garden of flowers. Here lives Frid-
olin, professor of art, with Dame Therese Ritter
in her tall white cap to wait on him. His
brother, Pastor Philip, is visiting him, with his
little daughter, Judith. Five invited students
come in to spend an evening, and fall to talking
of art, philosophy, love, and marriage. Fridolin
never will marry, oh no, not he. There is a
womanly half to himself, he says, which is all
he needs; it is enough for him to hold his own
left hand in his right. This is Fridolin's "my-
stical marriage." But when Freulein Ottile,
Dame Ritter's niece, comes to the house to see
her, and short work is made of Fridolin's "my-
stical marriage."

"D—den the mystical marriage! I will be
married like other men, I will marry her, I
will be happy, and all the obstacles in the world
shall not prevent me!"

Fridolin's sudden conversion to a more practical
view of matrimony is amazingly helped, on find-
ing out that his brother and one of his student
visitors are in love with Ottile too; but in the
end he has to abide by his "mystical marriage" and
leave marriage as a practical blessing to his
student rival Leopold. This story has humor, of
the German sort, and the other characteristic
traits of its nationality, but requires a cultivated
taste in the reader—like olives.

Wheels and Whims. [Cupples, Upham & Co.
$1.25.]

We are not sure whether this story of a tri-
cycle trip by four ladies down the valley of the
Connecticut River be fact or fiction, or fact
colored by fiction. Woman as a tricyclist is not
so familiar an object on the public roads in this
country as she is in England, but the tricycle is
fast catching up with the bicycle, and such a
breezy book as this about the pleasures of this
form of locomotion ought to extend the knowl-
dge and the practice of it. Margery Plummer,
Mahala Wright, Mrs. Mather, and Miss St. John,
were the four heroines of the present jaunt,
which they planned with wise prevision, and
carried out with hearty good nature, philosophy,
patience, and main strength. They telegraphed
ahead to stopping-places. They expressed their
luggage from point to point. They wore blue
eye-glasses, and wrote no letters except on Sun-
da y s. A pretty sight they made, trundling along
the road in single file. The nates turned to
admire the novel procession. Their first stop-
ning place was Wethersfield; their second a
town not named a few miles below, where they
spent the Sunday, and went to church, and
lunched with the minister. After this came
varied adventures by road and field, in town
and farm-houses; a visit to the Insane Asylum at
Middletown, where it was hard telling which
were patients and which were attendants; a
chestnut-gathering in the pasture, which aroused
an Irishman, quitted a dog, and created a lover;
dinners, calls, civilities, and courtesies; compet-
ing bicycles; and at last a declaration and an ac-
ceptance, not to mention a reconciliation. Not
the least attractive feature of this bright and enter-
taining story is the series of home-made sketches
with which it is illustrated. They are not shop-
work, but come from the same fun-loving nature
as the book itself. Whoever the authors are,
of book and pictures, they have done well with
a pleasant subject.

The Only One. By Harry W. French. [Lee
& Shepard.

Extravagance of almost every kind to be found
in a book appears in this novel—in its plan, its
ideas, the deeds and words of its characters, and
the style in which it is written. It is highly
sensational fiction under a Boston imprint.
Fraud, murder, treachery, mesmerism, an English
nobledue, a Peruvian girl, Arab Sheik, Belgian
government bonds, the War, Napoleonic profanity,
the Suez Canal, revolvers for two, diamonds
flashing on the hand, teeth that glitter like
pearls, Jericho, Jerusalem, and the Dead Sea,
The Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Passion
Week, and Mohammedan soldiers, these are
among the ingredients in this most extraordinary
pot pourri of everything the author can have ever
seen, heard, or read of. The plot is as extrava-
gant as the materials, and we can think of no
possible use of such a book except to furnish
a market for printing paper and binder’s board.
The author is at better business giving his
illustrated lectures.

Himself Again. By J. C. Goldsmith. [Funk
& Wagnalls. $1.00.]

Here is another novel which comes to us
highly recommended from the publishers, but
which we must say to speak of in different terms.
Two young people, Henry Wilmore and Margie
Allen, became engaged in the second chapter,
a most extraordinarily expeditious pro-
ceding in a novel; but the cool and matter-
of-fact-way in which they join hearts bodes no
great affection, and raises doubts as to the
future:

By and by he said, “Margie, I have heard that
you are very, very good. I have been thinking
and dreaming of you for years, and I want you
to go and love you, and to teach me how.
You will, please?” She looked at him with the air
of one who measured her answers, and said, “I
suppose I shall.”

This affecting interview took place under a
tree on Amos Davis’s farm in the Highlands of
the Hudson, in sight of Anthony’s Nose and
Crow Nest, which would be not far from the
spot where the E. P. Ross wrote. One other
Henry, then took Margie’s hand in his, and
“ softly and bashfully asked her” if he might
not seal their compact with a kiss.” She said
“ Yes,” turned her cheek, and from that instant
he was her slave. After this we are not sur-
priised to learn that Margie in the end marries
Mr. Frederick G. Jones, the cashier at the kid
factory, while the younger things happen
than this. Having been settled as pastor of
a church in Manchester, and there being wor-
ried out of his life by his deacons and other
gossip old busodies, to say nothing of a Mr.
Tom Townley’s attentions to his Margie, he
concludes to “disappear,” and turns himself
into Jack Martin, a river smugger, whose
death body he finds in the water, and in whom he
finds a striking resemblance to himself. So here
we have the Manchester minister launched on a
smugger’s life in New York harbor! After-
wards he tries journalism and law, frequents Del-
monico’s and Newport, cultivates the Churchill
set, whose god is Theodore Tilton, is arrested
for murder, tried, and acquitted, and brings his
adventures to a glorious termination in London,
as a Doctor of Divinity, with a sermon on the
text: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for
they shall see God.” The secret of this story, the
publishers assume us, lies in its “unconven-
tionality.” We should so say. A more oddly
compoundd and flavored meal we have not
tasted this many a day.

Clytie. From the German of George Taylor,
by Mary J. Safford. [W. S. Gottsberger. 90c.]

Love could master even the heart of a Jesuit
priest in the first century. Such is the point of
this story, which opens in the famous castle of
Heidelberg in the time of the Elector Fred-
rick III, and whose action is full of the
struggles and pains of the Reformation, the bit-
terness between Romanists and Protestants, and
the wily doings of the Society of Jesus, with
accessories of pelisse, witchcraft, and the
inquisition. Clytie is a sweet maiden with
a loving heart, who is found in a convent at
Heidelberg by Paolo Laurennana, a young Italian
priest. While supposed to be conducting her
religious exercises he is passionately kissing her
in the organ loft. Paolo’s brother Felix, a
gifted young architect, who is at work repairing
the castle, also comes under Clytie’s magic
spell, but generously retires in Paolo’s favor
when the latter, by abjuration of his vows, is
left free to marry. Paolo is a long time break-
ning away from his ecclesiastical bonds, and
before he gains his liberty he is beset with bring-
ing a good deal of trouble upon others. An
innocent enough interview which he had planned
with Clytie involves her in an accusation of
witchcraft, and carries her to a loathsome dun-
gon and to the brink of torture; and for once
Paolo’s own feet are made fast in the stocks.
His persecutor, Pigavetta, is a striking, historical
portrait of a Jesuit father, unscrupulous, deter-
ned, and cruel. Heidelberg and the Neckar
lie picturesquely behind the story. The troubl-
ous times of 1570 and therabouts invest it with
their spirit. It is a darkly powerful picture,
iluminated only by the white figure of Clytie
and the devotion of her two lovers.

Their Married Lives. From the French
by Louise Seymour Houghton. [Presbyterian
Board. $1.25.]

The author of the French original of this
American translation and adaptation is not
known. The story opens with the proposition
that “a young lady of eighteen is always ready
to be married, especially where she is offered
a rich husband and a fine house.” The house
in this instance was in Lyons. The young lady
of eighteen was Laura Fontarès of Grenoble

The gentleman who had won her hand after two
interviews was Monsieur Augustus Lénaard, a
young lawyer, twenty-nine years old, who had
never practiced. The wedding takes place in
the second chapter, and a round of festivities fol-
low in the third. Of these Laura soon begins to
weep; her tastes are domestic and quiet; Mon-
sieur Augustus, on the other hand, is off early
to town to read the paper and smoke at his club.
Thus a line of separation soon begins to show it-
self in their married life, and diverging tastes
and occupations presently draw a cloud over
their home. A group of other families and
friends are gathered about them, whose varying
characters and habits supply the contrasts in the
picture. Among these is Clara Guinar, who
does not join in the prevalent mercantile views
of marriage, does not esteem that estate as
essential to a woman’s happiness, and remains
single to the end despite several eligible offers.
The work is written in the spirit of French
Protestantism, with a decided Calvinistic accent,
and is aimed at the correction of French ideas
on marriage, relations of husbands and wives,
and religion. We see no particular fitness in it
to American readers, except for its incidental
delineation of French life as seen under the in-
fuences of an evangelical theology.

The Man from Texas. By Henry Oldham.
[T. B. Peterson & Brothers. $1.25.]

We are sure that we cannot better prepare
the reader for the flavor of this novel, which
the au thor assures us is “entirely in the page
about to be turned into phenomenal popularity,”
than by copying the headings of a few of its
chapters:

I. In which is an account of a fight.
II. Nelson falls into the hands of guerillas.
XIX. The guerillas take a parting drink with
their host and a gallant leave of the ladies.
XXVII. William’s plan for subjugating the
refugee house girls.
XXXII. Williams gets away with the family
plate.
XL. The guerillas rob the boat.
LI. The guerillas “jay-hawker” have a
desperate fight.
LII. Williams commits a cold-blooded
murder.

And so on to chapter LXX. That the text
keeps up to the high mark thus set is evident
from the following elegant extract, one among
many chosen specimens of sentiment and lan-
guage:

With a coarse laugh and a brutal cheer, these
raffians rode away, and left Williams to com-
plete his diabolical villany. “Why did you kill
my father?” asked Julia, with awful calmness.
Williams was staggered for a moment by the
excited, angelic purity of his questioner, and his
habit ofeficiency seemed about to desert him. But
he regained command of himself almost
instantly, and said, with savage coarseness:
“What do you want, anyhow, standing in
the middle of the road like a dummy? You look as
if you had lost something?” “You cowardly
wretch!” retorted Julia, “you devil of a
good old man! He never harmed you!”
“Get out of the road, darn you, and let me pass!
I don’t want to be pestered with you any longer.”

Fiction for cowboys is this; the dime novel
in cloth at $1.25.

Lucia, Hugh, and Another. By Mrs. J. H.
Neddel. [Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square
Library. 20c.]

If Harper’s Franklin Square Library makes it
a point to reprint all new English novels as
fast as they appear, then of course it must reprimand Lucia, Hugh, and Another; but we can conceive of no other reason for being American readers with it. It is an over-seasoned dish, a few tastes of which will be enough, except for the most jaded appetites. The first taste is a bit of sterility in an old-fashioned terraced garden, hedged with rhododendrons, containing a tea-house, and looking out upon the sea. One human figure occupies this garden: a girl in a white morning gown, with a muslin frill, a broad crimson saash defining her supple waist; abundant hair of redder brown flecked with gold, eyes of warmer hue, a nose that is right, and deft, and neat, and reckless; and Vereker, who really loved Violet, but had not walked up to the fact until her marriage to Regy, almost made serious trouble between them; until Regy's return from her long absence at the ends of the earth led to a reconciliation on the scene. This is a fair English novel, without any very decided character one way or the other.

Countess of Monte Cristo. [T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper. $1.00.]

The Son of Monte Cristo. [T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper. 75c.]

Alexander Dumas wrote The Count of Monte Cristo, but was not very proficient thereto, nobody but the publishers know the public should understand that they are no part of the famous romance under whose mantle they try to creep. That they are Frenchy, and sensational, and more than worthies nobody need question. We are sorry to have to give so much as an inch of room to literature of this description, but our use of the inch shall be to sound a warning against it.

REPRINTS.

Of Duarte's L'Evangélistre, which, on its first appearance in Paris, was reviewed at length in its original French, in our issue for February 24-25, 1885, an English translation has been made by Mary Neil Sherwood, which Funk & Wagnalls publish in a well-printed book of 300 pages. The volume, our careful readers will remember, is the campaign of the Salvation Army in France; the work gives some charming pictures of French domestic life, and is free from most of those features which make French novels a byword and a reproach. ($1.00.)

The Harpers have published in 60mo form, with paper cover, the interesting story of The Mis Miss, originally published by Macmillan & Co., and noticed on p. 129 of our present volume. The story is by nine authors, Englishwomen, among them Miss Yonge and Miss Peard, and is told in the form of letters. It is piquant and clever, and worth reading. (13x.)

The welcome which has been accorded to Mr. Stimson's The Crime of Henry Vane has turned fresh attention to his previous novel, Guerriade, and created an occasion for a fresh edition in paper covers at the summer readers price of 50 cents. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Lee & Shepard have republished in a new edition for 1884 Mrs. Jane G. Austin's story of 1849, Dora Darling, in which the events of the Civil War, then in its closing stage, are utilized in fresh and vigorous style. Dora, whose mother has died and whose father has enlisted in the Confederate Army, runs away toward the North, falls in with the old family slave, Picter, who has run away before her, gets mixed up with the army, and is adopted by the Twentieth Ohio as a "daughter of the regiment," in which capacity she has a round of adventures, and finally makes her way to an aunt in Massachusetts, whence, we are left to infer, she is afterwards summoned to marry the regimental chaplain. There are stirring pictures here of the old war days. ($1.00.)

LITERARY INDEX.

Addison, J. Birthplace of.

Adams, Henry W. Am 4.(create a sentence without errors)
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A FAIR MAID.*

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A FAIR MAID.*

Two "fair maids" are just now simultaneously asking the suffrages of English and American novel readers; but E. Fairfax Byrne's has the distinction over F. W. Robinson's of being a "fair country maid." Just what the difference, in novelist's eye and treatment, may be between a "fair maid" and a "fair country maid" we shall have to wait to see; in the present article Mr. Robinson's "fair maid," pure and simple, will be all that we can manage.

She was a "country maid," though, notwithstanding, this May Riverside, living with her widowed uncle, Abel Mayson, a hop-grower, at Goldingbury in Kent.

It was a large house which had gone a great way to ruin; one could see even in the night that the white stucco of it was weather-stained and green with damp, with big rents here and there, which looked like bits of blackness on it. To the left of it rose the oast-house, where the hops were to be dried after picking; and a tumble-down "ramshackle" oast-house it was, which the first boisterous wind was likely utterly to destroy. The door of it was open, and a bright light glared within from a huge charcoal fire, and streamed in a line of crimson out across the grass. A dark figure crossed and recrossed the light, and then his shadow on the grass, till the uncouth, gaunt shadow of a man with tangled hair, and in his shirt-sleeves—an ugly-looking phantom enigmatical distance, too, whatever might be its reality and bodily presence when approached more closely.

A dramatic scene is presently to be enacted in this same oast-house. A woman, accompanied by a little girl, has called to see Abel Mayson—a poor woman, looking like a tramp. He is away. She will not go until she has seen him. She is bidden to go into the oast-house for shelter. When the master comes home late at night he is told of the woman waiting to see him in the oast-house. He gropes his way down to the house. He raises the latch, opens the door, and peers around.

"Great God!" he exclaimed a moment afterwards, then he dashed into the oast-house swiftly at last, and towards the figure of a woman lying face-foremost on the floor, half-way towards the door, as if making for fresh air, and life, and one last chance, and with her dead hands full of papers. Yes—dead! Rachel Shargool had not lasted out till midnight, and the important business between her and Abel Mayson was put off till the crack of doom.

Who was Rachel Shargool, and what was her business with Abel Mayson? These are first among the questions which it is the object of this story to explain. She was not his wife. He was not the father of her child. She did not owe him the twenty Bank of England notes for five hundred pounds each which her dead fingers were clutching when Abel Mayson found her in the oast-house. Had she been murdered? Did Jabez Cloke, the drier, know? What became of the twenty notes? What had become of the woman's child, Grizogran Shargool, who was and was not? Here are questions enough to begin with.

It is seldom that a novel arouses a reader's curiosity more strenuously than this, at the outset, or baffles it more effectually to the close. At a dozen points it turns and turns upon itself, winding its involutions in and out, crossing its tracks, and entangling speculation in a maze of uncertainty. Mr. F. W. Robinson has gotten possession of Wilkie Collins's pen, and produced a work not unworthy of comparison with the Moonstone and the Woman in White.

Abel Mayson has a son, Dudley, who comes home home well off, but supposed to be poor. It is a sorry welcome his father gives him. Goldingbury has an inn, the "White Hart," and the "White Hart" acquires a new landlady, Miss Crop; and the subtle relation between Miss Crop and Grizogran Shargool is left for the reader's slow apprehension. May Riverside has a lover, the rich young brewer, and his painful suit paradoxically throws a glint of humor across an otherwise rather somber expanse of character and incident. The story has outlandish names, whose artificiality and unnaturalness are a fault. Its characters are strongly drawn and powerful in themselves. There is much dramatic force in its action. Its plot is extraordinary for invention and complication. Its dialogue is easy and life-like, and it is interesting, almost absorbing. Altogether it comes near to being Mr. Robinson's best work, and it is one of the better novels of the day.


— Two campaign lives of Grover Cleveland are in press; one with the J. W. Lovell Co., by Desbyer Welch, a young journalist; the other with G. P. Putnam's Sons, by Pendleton King. Both books will have the sanction of Governor Cleveland.

Cruising.

In the summer of 1830, it might be a Philadelphia, or a Baltimorean, or a Wilmingtonian, who naturally selected the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays as the scene of his summer cruising. Dr. Henshall is a Kentuckian, and the two voyages which his book describes were substantially along the shores of Florida from Jacksonville on the East to Cedar Keys on the West. Dr. Rothrock sailed purely for pleasure, with his two boys for company, a man who was skipper, crew, and cook in one, and new and then an extra guest for a few days; Dr. Henshall, on the first of his trips took some young men with him, patients of his, whom he humorously catalogues as "two dyspeptics, one incontinent consumptive, one bad liver, one nasal catarrh." On his second trip he was accompanied by his invalid wife, so that both times his object was health as well as pleasure. Dr. Rothrock's craft was a solid little sloop, the "Martha," 30 feet long, 11 feet beam, and 3-1/2 feet deep, with light sails, plenty of ballast, and abundance of stores and everything that could conduct to safety and comfort. Dr. Henshall's first trip, from Titusville to Biscayne Bay and back, was made in the "Blue Wing," a "skip-jack" yacht, cat-rigged, 18 feet long, 7 feet beam, and drawing 15 inches when loaded. She was decked-over fore and aft. This trip occupied four months, and on returning to Titusville the Doctor sold the "Blue Wing" for just what he paid for her! The later trip, on which his wife accompanied him, extended from Rockledge, on the Indian River, just inside Cape Canaveral, around Key West, and up the west coast to Cedar Keys, and required a larger boat, a schooner, the "Rambler." Dr. Henshall says he hopes to make this same trip some day in a smaller boat. The Gulf coast of Florida he pronounces "perhaps the finest cruising ground for small yachts in the world." The water is shallow and seldom rough, "inside passages" are almost continuous from Cedar Keys to Cape Sable, and snug harbors abound. Dr. Henshall's entire experience, in fact, is entertaining and tempting. Without any literary pretension or effort, he writes a straight-away natural narrative, introducing

a good deal of anecdote, holding up passing incidents and local characters for the reader's amusement, and giving now and then a graphic picture of Florida scenery. Take for example this glimpse of the Everglades:

The singular and wonderful region known as the Everglades is not, as is popularly supposed, an impenetrable swamp, exhaling an atmosphere of rank fumes and deadly miasma, but a charming, shallow lake of great extent, with pure and limpid waters from a few inches to several feet deep, in which grow curious water-grasses and beautiful aquatic plants; while thousands of small islands, from a few rods to a hundred acres in extent, rise from the clear waters, clothed with never-ending verdure and flowers; while cypress and crab-wood, sweet-bay and palmetto, cocoum and coco-palm, water and live-oaks, grow in tropical profusion, and rear aloft their emerald banners, from which depend garlands and festoons of innumerable vines and air plants, gorgeous with bloom of every hue, and exhaling the sweetest fragrance.

Dr. Henshall and his first party had a miscellany of adventures during their four months in Florida; sailing, camping, catching sharks and shooting alligators, interviewing "crackers" and Seminole Indians, stepping on rattlesnakes, killing deer, diving for turtles, visiting the cattagers, inspecting orange groves and banana plantations, entertaining chameleons and other guests of the lizard family, tramping along the beaches, fishing for bass, and banking in a perpetual Indian Summer. The west coast trip did not vary greatly from the east coast in scenery, though under the circumstances it naturally furnished less of sport and adventure. A pleasant passing view is given of Key West, where were found skating rinks and bicycles, and fishing shacks that ran over to Havana between night and morning. Here is one of the "ends of the earth," yet the Stars and Stripes wave over it, and even the Kentuckian feels at home. Dr. Henshall, who has scientific tastes, appends to his book lists of the fishes and birds observed by him in Florida, and enriches it with a table of contents, an index, and a map. The illustrations are rude, but add much to the interest, and some of them are instructive.

Dr. Rothrock gives us no map of the region traversed by his trip, but his book is much the better written and printed of the two, and its interest is of a soberer and more dignified sort. There is less of the human element in it; more of the inanimate nature which Thoreau loved so well, more of the waves, the clouds, the stars, the storms, the sky. There is some intelligent and instructive discussion, too, of boats and boating. Dr. Rothrock has found a new boat, the Chesapeake, the "bug-eye," which he thinks superior to any sailing boat he has ever seen for safety and speed. The type is purely American, and seems to be a modification of the canoe.

One of the best parts of Dr. Rothrock's book is that relating to the views on the James River, the old mansions and plantations along its shores, full of historic associa-

accumulation of Virgilian efforts, successful and unsuccessful, at our service, to build a new translation of the full work.

We may mention at this point, lest we forget to do justice to Mr. Wilstach's originality, that he considers the Aeneid a battle poem; that he discovers an intention on the part of Virgil to make the odd-numbered books of inferior quality so that they may act as foils to the others; that he suggests 58 new readings, as shown in the tables; that he is the first to introduce into English literature the word "theoposia," and to use "Virgilian" as a substantive. Other items might also be named, but these will perhaps suffice.

We commend Mr. Wilstach's choice of blank verse as best adapted to heroic subjects, but are sorry that it proves so clumsy an instrument in his hands. The sentences are unnecessarily tortured. Sometimes they are made to stand on their heads as in II, 30:

"Were here Achilles' tent! Were anchored here their ships!"

Sometimes they seem to coiil and wriggle about the idea, as the serpents did about Laocoön, and with nearly the same fatal results. Again they jolt one's sense of the rhythm as over a corduroy road:

When Calchas, seer

Prophetic, wise Eight by sea was warned,
And that to arms of Argos never yield
Troj's towers, unless from Argos gone fair
Were sought, and brought the Goddesses were
Unloosed by the fierce distressed in their curved ships
They first had plundered her.

Mr. Wilstach acknowledges the awkwardness of these lines, but destroys the virtue of confession by defending them — and on the ground that they are faithfully Virgil's! who has been called by the most melodious of English poets, Wither's of the most elegant measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

He says that he has observed the same "faithfulness to Virgil" throughout his translation, and even "adopts with pleasure Virgil's frequent disregard of grammatical nicety." This is on the principle by which the Chinaman who was given a cracked plate as a model, reproduced the crack also! Now there is a literality which edifies and a literality which edifieth not. It is one thing to translate the words as they stand so long as the idioms of the two languages run parallel and convey the same spirit; quite another thing to keep on in this way when the languages diverge — to squeeze out the juice, as it were, and give us the dead wood of the original. But Mr. Wilstach violates his own rule again and again. He renders "soniceps," for instance, by a whole line, because he thinks the word specially beautiful.

Possibly, by a stretch of clemency which we hope seldom to be called upon to make, we might pardon "stands the case to re-do all" as a rendering for "set casus renovare omnia;" but we fear that neither gods nor men will appreciate the reason for saying, on the authority of "placidum carpebant sap-
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.]

orem," that weary bodies were nipping at placid sleep. Passages which are otherwise well done, are constantly marred by such errors of judgment.

We cannot but admire the vast amount of labor expended on these volumes. The index is specially full, and the mechanical portions everywhere minutely wrought out. The translation itself, as we are carefully informed, was accomplished in "two years and twenty-seven days, and this in the intervals of leisure spared from other duties." The moral of all this is that it takes something of a poet after all to interpret a poet. We have had fewer finer translations than those of Mr. Longfellow. Here Mr. Wilschuck is at a disadvantage. It is scarcely in the range of human probability that anyone will charge him with being a poet. If such a charge were made he would have a complete defence. He need only point to his translation of Virgil, which will stand, if it stand at all, as a monument of misdirected energy in the field of American letters.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LABOR.*

It is a little singular that in all the histories of the English people and their institutions, no one should have thought before of a history of English Labor. The food of a people has more to do, oftentimes, with their character and prosperity than have their laws and rulers; their wages more than their wars; the condition of their homes more than even their churches and their religion. Rather, all these have such great and intimate reactions each upon the other, that to write history only of the last of them, leaving out of sight as is usually done the first, is to give but a partial and one-sided view, often an entirely wrong view, of the essential current of events. Hence the great and unique value of the work before us. Mr. Rogers finds himself absolutely a pioneer in the great field he has chosen. Young and Eden have worked up well enough the material of the eighteenth century, Porter and many others that of the nineteenth; Mr. Rogers himself has written a standard history of three or four volumes on Agriculture and Prices. Aside from this there is nothing. Excusing his lack of references, Mr. Rogers says (preface, p. 2):

For half the period I could have made no reference except to my own publications, and for another century and more I can refer only to my unpublished notes, and the tabular statements which I have drawn up from them. The difficulty is an exceptional one, for no one has entered this field of research but myself, or has even, to the best of my knowledge, attempted to make use of what has been published for purposes like those which are before me in compiling the present volume.

These notes and statements have been drawn up during years of painstaking research through many thousands of old account books, bailiff's returns, tax-lists, etc. This minute industry, the skilful handling of materials, the clear, excellent style and great interest of the narrative, at once place Mr. Rogers' substantial octavo close alongside the few great authorities in original English History.

The work is essentially in two divisions, the first a sketch of English Society up to, and mainly during, the latter half of the thirteenth century, introductory to the second, the bulk of the book, a History of Labor and Wages. Chapters II (misprinted I) and III give us a fine bird's-eye view of rural England in the thirteenth century, first as to its social organization — the lord of the manor, the rector, the miller, the prisoner and his family — and secondly as to the somewhat complicated relations; and, secondly, as to its agriculture. This is a quaint, well-drawn picture, and brings to the reader the sense with which we of New England are familiar in reading the history of our own old towns — we seem to be looking into our own ancestral homes, as indeed we are.

A thirteenth century village then contained some sixty to eighty inhabitants, most of whom were constantly engaged in husbandry, all, indeed, for a certain period of the year. The houses of these villagers were mean and dirty, brick-making was a great sport, was found only in a few places, and, though cheap enough, was certainly not generally employed, even where it was plentiful and within the class of yeomen had timber houses — houseboat was a customary right of the tenants — built on a frame, the spaces being either thatched and plastered within and without, or filled with clay kneaded up with chopped straw. The floor was bare earth, though it was sometimes laid with plaster. The sleeping apartments under the thatched roof were reached by a ladder or rude staircase. A few halls were ranged, the bacon rack was fastened to the timbers overhead, and the walls of the homestead were garnished with agricultural implements. Fire was on a hob of clay. Chimneys were unknown, except in castles and manor houses, and the smoke escaped through the door or whatever other aperture it could reach. Artificial light was too costly for common use, for the hard fats were four times as dear as the meat of animals, and a pound of candles could only have been procured at nearly the price of a day's work.

The house of the peasant cottager was ruder still. Most of them were probably built of posts wattled and plastered with clay or mud, with an upper story of posts reached by a ladder. In the taxing rolls of Edward I, preserved numerously in the Record Office, the household furniture of such cottages is inventoried, and valued at a few shillings. It consisted of the stones of furniture, generally of house manufacture, some coarse bedding, and a few domestic implements, mostly earthenware. The means of life were as plentiful, considering the population, in the thirteenth century as they were in the eighteenth, the continuity of life was secured, and the prospects of those who lived by manual toil as good.

Of the most original and important part of Mr. Rogers' work — Chapters VII—XX — we have space only for the merest glimpse. In all the early struggles in England which resulted in Magna Charta, the House of Commons, Habeas Corpus, and the rest, the yeoman and the serf had little part; nobles, clergy, and king alike agreed in holding them at their mercy and keeping them slaves to their will. The history before us begins at this stage with some of the radical reforms of Edward I. The great Famine of 1315-16, and especially the great Plague of 1349, destroying at a blow a third of England's population, suddenly brought these oppressed laborers to the front, and by the scarcity of hands and consequent rise of wages gave them a grip on their superiors which fortunately they have never since let go. By every conceivable artifice, as Mr. Rogers recounts — curtailing wages, taxing tenants, restrictions on land conveyance (it costs £12,000,000 a year in England for conveyancing fees!) — poor rates, corn laws, and the rest — the nobility and landholders have striven all these centuries to hold labor in check. Now, as after the great Plague or Wat Tyler's insurrection, the tide would advance; now, as under Henry VIII., it would recede. The fourteenth century, Mr. Rogers thinks, was, on the whole, the brightest day the English peasant has ever seen; the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first of the nineteenth, just as modern manufacture and exchange were springing into being, were the darkest. For fifty years, now, the crushed form of labor has been slowly rising under the power that oppressed it, shaking off and little by little the mountain that held it down. And still the question of labor undoubtedly remains the foremost social problem of our closing century. Of all Mr. Rogers' proposed 'remedies' in his closing chapter, we cannot even speak — the abolition of the settlement of land, cheap registration of titles, taxation of landowners as well as tenants, absolute freedom of trade and labor, prohibition of foreign pauper immigration (with a good point for our Chinese exclusionsists), more cautious distribution of the poor rates, encouragement of emigration, especially of the young of the poor who would shortly aid their parents at home, union in one person of landholder and landworker — that is, encouragement to small freeholders, legitimate trades-unions and labor-combinations. Mr. Rogers' pages on trades-unions are among the weightiest in his book; the last chapter as a whole, although savouring much of the liberal commoner we know its author to be, is very able, often eloquent, in behalf of what would seem to be the true rights of laboring England.

While Mr. Rogers has gathered his facts with patience and presented them with ability, there are yet on every page sentences or phrases which give the whole the aspect of the politician rather than of the historian. Parliamentary struggles and the usages are plainly never lost sight of. Pages could be quoted to show this; the paragraph on p. 396, which speaks of the "grinding the English workman," "stamping out every expression of discontent," the "hypocrisy" of acts of
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Parliament, would be in point if we had space. The pages on the nationalization of land are severe on Mr. Henry George and his followers. The treatment of protection would not be bad as a free trade campaign reply to Mr. Blain’s letter of acceptance. The book, from its immense array of hitherto unattainable facts, will be a mine of wealth to the political economist; its ability will make it authoritative and a standard; its sharp points on current questions will draw the fire of conservatives and extrematists alike. The American publishers add much to the great debt we already owe them for their admirable political library, by the prompt issue of the book in so good a form at so reasonable a price.

THE Hessians in the Revolution.*

Mr. Lowell has brought together in a compact form all the well known facts concerning the so-called Hessians; and, by so doing has placed within reach of all one of the most picturesque phases of our Revolutionary history. This he has done in an unprejudiced and unsentimental fashion that is worthy of imitation. Indeed the book, for this reason, is one of the first steps in the improved and scientific method of writing American history, which it is hoped will become more common.

The Hessians offered an alluring field for such an author, for, with few exceptions, misrepresentation and sentiment have worked more harm with regard to them than in almost any other direction. They have been called mercenaries and hirelings, and their name has been given to a noxious fly, yet these poor people, as Mr. Lowell points out, were dragged from their fields and friends, and hired out to the British government that their tyrannical masters might build a new theater or lay by a few more gold pieces. Neither the soldiers nor their families received any proper recompense for the hardships and perils they encountered.

But although truthful, and in the main accurate, the book is not what it should be, for, excepting a few extracts and statistics from original sources, there is nothing new in it, and this notwithstanding the mass of material which has recently been brought to light in Germany, and to which we suppose there would be no difficulty in obtaining access. The different chapters, again, are not connected so closely one with another as is desirable. This no doubt is because many of them appeared previously in the form of letters to the New York Times, but, due to whatever cause, this want of cohesion detracts from the artistic merit of the work. Nevertheless it is readable throughout, in places even entertaining.

THROUGH BRITISH AMERICA.*

We are glad to receive from a Canadian publishing house so excellent a book as this. Having a good subject, it is also well written; abounding in information as well as in interest, it is printed in good type and sensibly bound; and being a book of travels, not only has a full table of contents and index, but is provided with one of the best maps we ever saw in a book of this kind. This map is of the world on Mercator’s Projection, folding conveniently against the title-page, and shows the author’s route from Halifax to England and return, and from Halifax to Victoria in British Columbia and return. The total distance traversed by the author was something like 14,000 miles.

Mr. Fleming is a British civil engineer, with several titles, and writes like a gentleman and a scholar. He was prominently connected with the surveys for the Intercolonial Railway, connecting New Brunswick and Canada, and Chief Engineer of the same until its completion in 1876; he was chief engineer of the Northern Railway of Canada for a number of years; his railway career in Canada, in fact, already covers a period of more than thirty years; and his present journey across the Continent, by way of Lake Superior, Winnipeg, the south branch of the Saskatchewan, and the headwaters of the Columbia, was to open up a route for the Canadian Pacific Railroad across the Rocky Mountains.

Over the author’s first half dozen chapters, describing his preliminary visit to England, we need not long detain the reader. While interesting, as an account of parts of the old country seen through a son’s indulgent but not wholly uncritical eyes, it yet presents nothing important, though it does pass some just criticisms upon English character, as, for example, the habitual offensiveness towards strangers. With this national trait Mr. Fleming has no patience.

The real interest of the book begins in chapter VII, with the departure from Halifax for Quebec, deepens along in chapter IX, where Lake Superior is traversed, and in chapter XI where Winnipeg is reached, and culminates in chapters XII and XIII, where the confines of civilization are fairly left behind, and the exploring party, burning their bridges, plunge into mountains and forests that the white man has never trod, to find a feasible trail for the iron horse to follow. The precision with which the party emerges in the Columbia Valley at the point previously agreed upon is a triumph of calculation, while the perils and hardships encountered, the scenery confronted, the daily round of exertion and adventure, furnish materials for a narrative which is always romantic and sometimes thrilling. Not every reader will be prepared to hear of the desolation, the grandeur, the glaciers, the dizzy heights, the narrow passes, the slippery footholds, the storms, which diversified the way, and made the excursion anything but one of pleasure. We give these few glimpses:

As we started on our next day’s journey a high mountain frowned down upon us; but not from its lofty summit, for its peak is hidden by rain clouds... . Our last night’s camp was half a mile distant from the river, but we heard the roar of the water; the heavy atmosphere, the glowing clouds, and the rushing river, warn us to prepare for rain... . The clouds shortly rolled away. We could see that snow-covered mountains lay directly in our front; indeed at all points of the compass, and especially from the direction we had come, there were magnificent lofty peaks... . It was cold during the night, and on rising... the mist hung like a thick curtain, concealing everything directly near the camp. We were equipped, of course... . Our journey today was over exceedingly rough ground. We have to cross gorges so narrow that a biscuit might be thrown from the last horse descending, to the bell horse 600 feet ahead, ascending the opposite side. The fires have been running through the wood and along the river. We stop and burn gorges hundreds of feet deep, amongst rocky masses, where the poor horses had to clamber as best they could and sharp points and deep crevices, running the constant risk of a broken leg.

Of British Columbia, when he fairly reaches Vancouver, Mr. Fleming gives an extraordinary picture, yet it does not seem over-colored. On his way home he passed over the Northern Pacific Railroad first after its last spike had been driven, and comes out into “the East” again at Chicago.

Throughout all his journeyings, he indulges now and then in a few historical notes; while passing through British Columbia he presents many interesting facts about the Hudson’s Bay Company, of which he is one of the directors; and in conclusion he sums up his impressions of the Indian question and his hopes for Canada. He does not anticipate annexation to the United States, but evidently does anticipate a great independent future—a vast and glorious American dominion destined to be one of the brightest jewels in the British Crown.

MINOR NOTICES.


In these days when scientific men of the first rank and competence set their several departments of study before the public mind in popular form and style, the student of theology should not delay to redeem their science from charges of professional subtility and word-questioning. Brief, broad, fair interpretations of


fundamental doctrines in the light of present knowledge and present need, cannot fail to inspire new confidence in the faith itself and in its defenders. As a systematic attempt to do this work, we welcome the first numbers of this Theological Library. In a series of small and inexpensive books, of two or three hundred pages each, and a concise, clear, and intelligent discussion of certain Christian doctrines, which recent debate has brought prominently before the public mind. These monographs are designed to be biblical in tone and catholic in spirit, are to be written by competent men, and, if the promise of the earlier numbers is held good, will deserve as a series a generous attention and interest. The discussion of Life: Is it Worth Living? by the Rev. J. Lang, D.D., gives a fair illustration of the general purpose and method.

At the outset the difficulties of the question are recognized, and the causes for special interest in its treatment are enumerated. Various theories of life are then classified, according as their standard is that of mere sensation, of permanent happiness, or of inward worth, and the estimates of existence afforded by optimism and pessimism, by hedonism, by humanitarianism, and natural religion, are separately examined and weighed. The defects of each theory are pointed out, the importance of the supernatural, of God, and of a personal immortality, in finding a just answer is emphasized, and the power of the Gospel as a revelation of the value of the present and its relation to the future is set forth with clearness and force. Other volumes in the series have already appeared as follows: Does Science and Faith in Regard to Creation? by Bishop Cotterill, of Edinburgh; Are Miracles Credible? by Rev. J. J. Las. Is God Knowable? by Rev. J. Iverach; Is Dogma a Necessity? by Rev. Frederick Meyrick; How is the Divinity of Jesus Depicted? by Rev. T. Whitehead; and Does God Answer Prayer? by Rev. R. McChyney Edgar.

Man, Woman, and Child. By M. J. Savage. [Geo. H. Ellin. $1.00.]—Savage's latest volume, Man, Woman and Child, contains a dozen pulpit or platform disquisitions of society in its elements and its ethics, its present order and its future possibilities. Man, in the author's view, is the warrior, explorer, and builder, and strength, courage, honor and chivalry are his distinctive virtues. Woman, with her keener intuition, her affection, and her loyalty, is the inspirer, home-maker, and comforter, and beauty, endurance, fidelity and gentleness form the somewhat heterogeneous character of her special excellence. The development of marriage and its present status, the growth of home and society, the status of celibacy and divorce, with the place of the child and the widening opportunity of woman, are the other subjects of his talks. Mr. Savage's style is so transparent that it reveals at once his full and exact meaning, and if his utter lack of imagination and suggestiveness makes the highest of her best books, it is something to be desired from the tangles of empty verbiage. In what light these discourses should be regarded it is hard to say. As formal discussions they are desultory, and as sermons they give little inspiration or heartful uplift. Many of the speaker's ideas are generally accepted, but with some of them few readers will probably agree. In regard to divorce, for instance, Milton's convenient ground of incompatibility is already sufficiently recognized, and we need no new advocates of greater freedom. It should be said to Mr. Savage's credit, however, that he desires uniformly in the marriage laws of the States, and would have some legal delay to prevent our present hasty, ill-aimed unions. Readers of his earlier volumes will find here both a vivid and vividly articulated picture of superiority to Christianity and to Christ, and will draw their own inferences as to the relevance and good taste, not to say modesty, of such allusions. The talks upon "The Child" and "The Home" are perhaps best worth reading.

Philosophy of the Unconscious. By Edward Von Hartmann. [Standard Translation by William Chatterton Coupland. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co. $9.00.]—The name of Hartmann is so new that it is not even so much as mentioned by some among the later biographical historians of philosophy; and it receives but scanty notice in the latest cyclopaedia of reference; yet Hartmann has passed swiftly to a foremost place among living metaphysicians, and his Philosophie des Unbewussten, of which an authorized English translation is here placed before the public, has had an almost phenomenal career in literature. First published in 1866, when the author had only reached his twenty-seventh year, it has since passed through no less than eight editions, each an enlargement and modification of the one before; and during the sixteen years that have elapsed since its first appearance Hartmann has published more than sixteen other philosophical works, some of them running to seven and eight hundred pages each, besides magazine articles and other trifles. The wonder of this fertility is enhanced by the fact that Hartmann was bred, not to philosophy, but to military science, and that an accident which befell him in 1856, when he was an officer in artillery, and brought upon him an almost incredible physical disability, which confines him nearly altogether to his room, obliging him to change entirely his plans of life. But from the immense learning displayed in his philosophical writings, his masterly grasp of the facts of science, his graceful powers of expression, and his clear and lucid intellect, one would think him to the manner born. It is out of the question for us here even to give the outlines of Hartmann's system. Suffice it to say that standing in relations to both Schopenhauer and Hegel, he yet departs from both, and takes as his point of study and observation the connecting lines between the conscious and the unconscious, or between mind and matter, insisting on the broadest physical basis for speculative philosophy, arguing for an unconscious will and idea in nature—if the reader can conceive what means, and tracing the operations thereof, in instincts, passions, tastes, morals, and language. No student of philosophy can skip Hartmann, and the present English translation represents him well, while giving the reader the special pleasure of "cutting the leaves."

—Thomas Whittaker has in press a volume of poems by J. Hazard Hartzel, D.D., entitled Wandering on Parvensum; and a new work by Bishop Oxenden, late Metropolitan of Canada, dealing with the Christian life in a practical and helpful way, and entitled Touchstones on Christian Grace and Characters Tested. Both books will be ready September 1st. The clergy will be glad to learn that Mr. Whittaker is also preparing a Pocket Parochial Register, or Rector's Private Record, by Rev. J. H. Hobart DeMille. Its simplicity and completeness will strongly commend it.

ABOUT NOVELS.

The demand for serial fiction is unquestionably on the increase, and it is in this direction that novelists must seek compensation for the decline of the book, and, as has already been said, perhaps the most important of the general store; but nobody gives us enchaing books above all, enchaing fictions.—The Spectator.

The most strenuous of intellectual tollers likes to unbend his mind, to divert his thoughts into a different channel by taking up at odd moments a novel that really interests him. Why should it be that he has such difficulty in finding a novel of that sort now?—London World.

In some respects change from Thackeray to Trollope is like the change from Fielding to Thackeray. Thackeray dealt with much the same themes as Fielding. But the necessities of our time compelled him to raise his sights and a picture of life, as men see it, is changed in more than mere decorum when it is made decorous. Trollope carried this change a step further; he brought his view of life still nearer what we may call the female view. Both of them describe men and women, and both of them are read by men and women: but still we may say, on the whole, that Thackeray writes for men and women, and Trollope for women. Of course, the prizes are of a greater descent in the second than in the first comparison. Thackeray will be read wherever English life is read; he can be read in English life. Fine satire has something of the same interest that true poetry has, both are rooted in what is permanent in man. Real pictures as Trollope's on the other hand, owe their interest to the fact that what is represented is familiar, and fades like cut flowers when it becomes strange.—The Contemporary Review.

Mr. James evinces about as much knowledge of American types outside of the Newport circle—this being supposed to embrace Boston and New York—as a Frenchman knows of the geography of the world outside of Paris. His Californian is not offensive to us. He has not tried to picture him too fairly. He gives him according to his own lights, which were exceedingly dim. He tried to make a little excucation in literature, and he got into cockery. Everyone has sometime lain in bed after the lights were out, and bitten his tongue or beaten his breast metaphorically for some absurd thing he has done or said. When Mr. James shall come to California, and all correct people are sure to come this way some time, he will be handsomely accredited. He will meet the real Californians—so not a good fellow perhaps as Herman Liongauer. They are all different. He will hit himself to his chamber, and, in disgust at his artistic failure, he will amuse himself with his pencil, and pen-and-tilt be he like none of his articles. The main object of the little story is to prove that a genteel bred English girl cannot live comfortably in the sun, and vulgar and a blue to-do does prove it, and one finds one's self really quite relieved for her when the American man makes his little visit to the office of the Camaraderie.—The San Francisco Argonaut.
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BOSTON, AUGUST 23, 1884.

A SYSTEM IN SCRAP-BOOKS.

A great many scrap-books are unsatisfactory because they are too miscellaneous, and lack skill on the part of the compiler. A scrap-book can be made valuable, if the compiler will set aside all whims, lay out a definite plan, and use good judgment in the selections. For a book in which to paste the cuttings, almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so, before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do, unless it bids fair to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the cover, cut out two or three leaves after every page filled with the clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used, the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible, each clipping should retain the "rule," which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along these lines. Ragged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mucilage with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude from under the edges. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as "photographer's paste" is excellent.

But the most important point about the pleasure and profit of a scrap-book is system. Let the collector decide rigidly whether pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In pictures the collector should confine a really good scrap-book to a definite topic, whether portraits, historical landscapes, or some branch of natural history. A really brilliant book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues alone. The technological papers contain a rich supply of machinery. In almost every city or county, a volume of local scenery may be collected. Most persons, however, gather from the newspapers and magazines, though the latter are generally preserved in the libraries, and for that reason do not answer the wants of the collector, who saves from oblivion and collects what is found wide apart.

The collector of printed material should take up a narrow subject, say short poems, fresh anecdotes, new biography, a political point, a question of trade, an epidemic, a fashion, book notes, concerts, base ball, local government, railroads, inventions, or any limited field of knowledge, as taste may dictate. Nothing should be preserved that does not bid fair to be interesting and intelligible after the lapse of years. Persons who have ever collected postage stamps, or butterflies, or coins, will find the same delight and fascination as well as instruction, but not the same expense, in gathering from the newspapers whatever they can find good and pleasant in the way of anecdotes, local history, political biography or even epigrams. There is hardly a newspaper published but there will furnish something, whatever the character of the scrap-book.

Young people, old people, women of fashion, and overtaxed officials or business men cannot give themselves many pleasures as simple, as instructive, and as valuable as the collecting of a scrap-book confined to some special purpose. They will find quickly that they have to practice exclusion, because there are very few topics on which the world does not publish a very wealth of information and graceful wit. One need not go a mile to find honor, wit, and glory; they are at hand, calmly waiting for a pair of good eyes to see them, and gentle hands to gather them for the improvement of self and the delight of others.

THE EXCAVATION OF ZOAN.

We are gratified to learn that the fifth list of subscribers to aid in the excavation of Zoan, soon to be published, contains among its seventy-five or more names a large representation of American scholars, ex-governors of Massachusetts, and Harvard and Yale Colleges with ten or more of their officials of distinction in science and letters, stand for something, while in politics a Henry L. Pierce and a Leverett Saltonstall personify pure and wholesome republicanism and democracy.

It will be remembered that the excavation began but a few months ago; yet, such has been the energy and skill of the manager, Mr. Petrie, that the Necropolis has been found and partially described, the outlines of the ancient city defined, the substructures unearthed, various monumental objects of historical value brought to light, hundreds of ceramic specimens obtained, and to crown all, perhaps, the broken parts of the greatest of all colossal have been exhumed. It is the statue of Rameses II, the great oppressor of the Israelites, recently so fully described in the Boston Daily Advertiser. Even the giants of Aboo-Simbel are dwarfed, although they are sixty-six feet in height. The illustrative pen of Miss Amella B. Edwards paints the statue of the Pharaoh in the Academy, by vivid comparison, thus:

The height of the nave of Westminster Abbey is 102 feet; the Rameses of Tanis, if we possessed him entire, would need to be sawn off his pedestal to stand in it. The dome of the reading-room of the British Museum springs to a height of 106 feet from the floor below; but if we placed the Rameses of Tanis in the centre, where now sit the learned and courteous superintendent and staff, nine feet of his granite head would appear above the roof.

Managed although they be with archæological skill and rare economy, these invaluable explorations must be peculiarly sustained, and therefore it is that a friend to the undertaking and to the "Egypt Exploration Fund" has asked the American public to aid, on Biblical, historical, archæological, and other grounds, the work in progress to advance the cause of truth — "historic truth," as Dr. O. W. Holmes said of "Zoan," "the mines of which have never been opened until our own time." We have acknowledged subscriptions for the above work, and we hope to receive further donations to be placed in the hands of the Rev. W. C. Winslow (429 Beacon Street, Boston), who will gladly furnish a circular and all information he can upon the subject. Mr. R. S. Poole, L.L.D., of the British Museum, writes: "We are gratified by the support of an intelligent body of American subscribers to a fund which has already led to such important discoveries." And Miss Edwards also writes Mr. Winslow that Pithom is nearly ready for distribution — "not too technical for those who are not Egyptologists." The call is for a great many small subscriptions, and all donors of not less than $5 are entitled to receive Pithom on specifying their wish when forwarding the subscriptions.

SELECT READING AND SELECT READERS.

Whether it is in the interests of book-sellers or readers that so many lists of books are prepared, and so many manuals on "what to read" written, we cannot say, but when the books recommended are works of fiction, and the "select" list reaches, as in some instances, the thousandth volume, we would suggest a further classification, at least. It is Ruskin, we believe, who says, if you can read this you can't read that; and nothing is more true. One who has become accustomed to a diet of meat cannot easily come down to water-gruel. Imagine a person with a taste for Scott feasting on Miss Braddon, or one who can read George Eliot at all, sitting up till midnight over Mary Cecily Hay. So Carlyle's "French Revolution" would without doubt be caviare to the young lady who dotes on Mrs. Alexander; and we might go on indefinitely.

The idea that a book is a book whether it contains anything or not, is exploded. Books differ in value as stars in magnitude. Nor is the popular book always the best book. On the contrary, it is not the best book as a rule. While The Light of Asia has been running up to the tenth thousand, how many have even heard of The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam?
Sordello undoubtedly contains matter enough for a whole library of song, but it is a sealed book to the world at large. Great writers, it is true, like Macaulay and Carlyle, are sometimes read by the multitude and are popular in their own generation, but we are inclined to think that it is the fashion of these writers which catches the public eye, and that the real substance is passed by unnoticed. The brilliant generalizations of Carlyle, and the ring of Ma-caulay’s sentences, artificial though they may be, have excited the admiration of the superficial reader from the school-boy up, but it is behind all this that lies the real value of these authors’ works. The popular taste is easily satisfied as far as substance goes, and the consequence is that the market is flooded with books which have little intrinsic value.

There is not only a vast amount of popular writing that is not good writing; there is also, a vast amount of good writing that falls short of being great. Dinah Maria Mulock writes many good things, and she has as large a constitution as—say Thackeray, for instance, but there is as much difference between the two as there is between the walk over a monotonous plain on a sultry afternoon, and a run over the breezy hills some bright morning.

There are readers and readers as well as books and books. There is the particular reader and there is the general reader. There is the reader who reads to gain something and the reader who reads to pass away the time; then there is the devourer of books, who reads everything and knows nothing. It is safe to suppose that there is a demand for most of what is printed, and it is stated that in 1853 there were printed in England alone between four and five thousand volumes. From the American press there are turned out every month a hundred new works at least. These books are, many of them ephemeral, books to be read one day and forgotten the next, yet few are positively bad. They are of all degrees of goodness, badness, greatness, and littleness—the good books among them very few in proportion to the rest. They are books, like other articles of merchandise, made to supply the demand of the day, and they all have, to some extent, their particular readers. A compass to tell the bewildered mariner which way to steer his course in all this sea of books, might seem to some a necessity, but it is hard to draw the line, and we would not if we could draw it so straight as those who not only confine everybody to the classics, but make them read The Antiquary, Quentin Durward, and Old Immortality, over every year. Scott is good, and so is George Eliot good, and a little more to the modern taste. Fielding is great, but Thackeray also is great, and he is great without being coarse. Classics, those books which have Time’s seal upon them, books which have been pronounced great by more than one generation, are great indeed, but supposed to be beyond our reach. The long line of great writers came to a sudden end with Wordsworth and Scott?

Every age produces work that is destined to last, and if we read nothing of contemporary literature, we shall not keep up to the time in which we would, therefore, confine anybody to the classics. In books as in other things, what pleases one does not please another—nay, what nourishes one does not nourish another, and so the reading question must, in a great measure, regulate itself. If we read under proper guidance when we are young, we shall know what books to choose when we have arrived at man’s estate, that is, if we have any capabilities to start with. It is only the blind that need to be led. The true reader, the initiated one, so to speak, has a guide within his own breast which is far more certain than any outside experience. Give a person the whole range of English literature, see what books he selects, and you can soon determine the character of his mind. It is easily classified. People choose their books very much as they do their friends. Some are pleased with any book they chance to take up, and with any person they happen to meet. Others are more discriminating and more exclusive. Readers are indeed numerous, but they may be divided into numerous classes by the literature which they call their unafflicted delight in the great masters of literature, but who cannot read everything that is printed, may congratulate themselves on belonging to an aristocracy more exclusive than that of wealth, and more distinguished than that of family.

THE LITERARY ACTIVITY OF AMERICANS IN JAPAN.

THOUGH Matthew Calbraith Perry’s treaty was signed in 1854, yet it is scarcely twenty-five years since Americans began to live in Japan. Since 1853, several thousand of our fellow countrymen have dwelt within the island empire, and most of them inside the circle swept by the shadows of Fuji Yama. It may be of some interest to the cosmopolitan readers of The Literary World to know how the intellect of our people has operated when confronted by nature and war in a country once the land of hermits. It was found that even before the advent of Perry, American ideas were beginning to ferment. The “Bowery flag” of the United States had been seen in Nagasaki (or Nangasaiki, as Gulliver and southern natives nasally pronounce it) as early as 1807. Many of our shipwrecked sailors, and visiting sea-captains, who came to return the Japanese vessels which float like a stork in the Kuro Shiwari (Black Current) between Satsuma and Alaska, introduced not only ideas, but maps, books, and newspapers. Not a few important writings of American authors filtered into the Japanese language through Chinese translations or reprints. The Dutch was the one European tongue which the hermit islanders made their medium of culture, and the study and cultivation of Hollandish in Japan is a most interesting chapter in the intellectual history of the nation. Bengh-eldt’s Navigator, Webster’s Dictionary, and Great Britain’s System of America—American books—were in the hands of native scholars and read in their own tongue, prior to 1854. The writer has heard from the translators themselves the touching story of how their first Dutch or English, after their first Dutch and then English, in order to win the keys by which the western treasures of thought could be entered. One of them, now a leading scholar and author in Tokio, copied with his own hand and pen, the entire contents of Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary. Later translated hundreds of pages from the standard American authors, which were circulated in cheap editions in the vernacular.

Literary activity with pen and type began among Americans very soon after residence at Kanagawa was secured—even while bungalows or Buddhist Temples were the only dwellings available. Of course the first line of books was in the direction of aids to the mastery of the col-

loquial. The needs of merchants, adventurers and fellow missionaries were pressing, and as rapidly as possible the needs were supplied. In all fairness to scholars of other nationalities it may be safely said that in practical results, the Americans lead in this branch of literary activity. While Japan was still as severely sealed as was Thorro’s castle, Dr. S. Wells Williams, in China, had mastered the colloquial from ship-wrecked Japanese, and with good books as literary models, had translated the gospels into Jap-

anese. John Liggins, the first missionary on the soil, issued a pamphlet containing vocabulary and notes that proved very valuable to the pio-

neers of trade. The Grammar of Colloquial Japanese, by the Rev. S. R. Brown, a genial scholar and a Yale graduate of fine culture, is gratefully remembered by old residents and those who grappled with the strange tongue two decades ago. Brown followed his first literary work by valuable translations both into and from the Japanese. Minor linguistic contributions have been made by Doctors Greene, Verbeck, McClay, Knox, and Imrie. The Hand-book of English-Japanese Etymology, Tóki, 1886, by Dr. Imrie, unlocks the idioms of the spoken tongue, and is a product of genius as well as of industry. The first and the last work, however, in this line of research, is the Japanese-English and English-Japanese Dictionary, by J. C. Hepburn, M.D., a tireless philanthropist and scholar. His latest edition of octavo, of nearly 900 pages, has an ex-
haustive grammatical introduction. A pocket tavo edition, without Chinese characters, was printed in New York in 1876. Dictionaries are not usually read, but not a few possessors of Hepburn, and some casual examiners, have read it through with pleasure. It is a mirror of the Japanese mind.

In theology proper, there has been less original work done than might at first be supposed from the number of missionaries on the ground. Most of the autographs for translation have been tracts or small pamphlets. Dr. W. A. P. Mar-

tin’s Evidence of Christianity, besides being a classic and text book in Japan, has a wide popular circulation. Dr. Martin is an American edu-

cator in Peking. Doctor Gordon’s brief but scholarly and trenchant article on Reformed Buddhism, anticipating Max Muller, shows to the Japanese that the “Amida” Buddha of the “refor-

mers” is a myth pure and simple, and a late creation of scholastic ecclesiasticism. A re-
cent course of lectures on Christianity and Hu-

manity has been heard in Tóki, and printed both in English and Japanese. Nearly the whole Bible is now read by Japanese in the language in which they were born, and the New Testament in various styles of diction and print, in various sizes for the blind and the sighted, is “building a railway through the national intellect.” Dr. Verbeck has written a History of Protestant Mis-

sions in Japan, which is now a standard work.

In science, two American professors, Pumpey and Be, were pioneers. Asia, a brilliant narrative of travel, with the science put in a separate publication as an annex at government expense. Prof. Henry S. Munroe’s
The Literary World.

In the domain of literary proper, in which along with pure invention, imagination, fancy, and the harmony of style come into play, our list of achievements is meagre. Yet a few names deserve notice. Mr. Hoffman Atkinson, our late secretary in Russia, while resident in Yokohama, contributed brilliant wit and satire to the Japan Punch. His Exercises in the Yokohama Dialect is a superb piece of pure fun, in which "the jests in sober earnest" of speakers of Japanese pidgin-English are set forth in racy style, while original articles and translations of our English classics are rendered into the pie-baluster mixture of Malay, Chinese, Hindoos, Japanese, Portuguese and what-not which compose this famous chow-chow dialect. Mr. Edward H. House, formerly dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, and frequent contributor to the Atlantic and Harper's, was poet, essayist, critic, and political writer during his long residence in Tokio. His Japanese Episodes was published by Osgood of Boston, and The Tokio Times, a most excellent weekly paper, by himself, for over three years. His historical writings on Formosa, Ka- goshima, and Shimonséki are interesting studies of the political and naval military and naval episodes. In poetry, besides Mr. House, we find in "F. B. H." (whom we suspect to be the Professor of English Literature in the Imperial University, and a son of Yale) a teeming poet. Mr. Houghton's verses are dainty, graceful, original and lively. His adaptations of native conceits are very pretty, and some of them striking. His fugitive pieces would already make an acceptable volume. The Cherry Bloom of Yedo, by Mrs. Arthur, published in Boston, are in the main fruits of meditations under the falling petals of Japan's national flower, while the lady (once known to periodical literature as "Margaret Mas- son") lived in the sunrise kingdom.

More than one book of permanent value may be expected as the result of the studies of American pilgrims in Japan. The majority of our people who sojourn in the empire are professional laborers in education, journalism, science, and the missionary field. A rich mine, scarcely touched, is in the native music, which remains to be reduced to notation. Art needs interpreters. Japanese Buddhism — a distinct development — will repay study. The sociology and history of the people needs to be written, and the voluminous literature awaits judicious translation. Besides the literary work of "correlating" the productions of Japanese thought to western ideas and institutions, there is in this fresh field many a subject that awaits the fertilizing touch of genius. But of the unborn, it becomes us not to speak.

World Biographies.

Clara Louise Burnham. Mrs. Burnham, an American novelist, whose Dearly Bought was the subject of our last issue, is the eldest daughter of Dr. George F. Root, the eminent musical composer, and was born in Newton, Mass., in 1854. The first nine years of her life were spent in North Reading, Mass., where the scene of her first book, No Gentlemen, is laid. Her father being the senior partner of the Chicago firm of Root and Root, he removed his family to Reading, where he died that city in 1863, and in Chicago, or its suburbs, her home has since been made. In 1873 Miss Root married Walter Burnham, a lawyer, and in 1877, yielding to the urgent solicitations of her husband and a brother, made her first attempt at story writing. Her interest in the experiment deepened with the effort, and two book manuscripts were the result of this early impulse, both of which were offered for publication, and rejected. The publisher's reader wrote of them as if to say that if its author were of middle age she would better abandon all hope of success as a writer. At about this time the acceptance by Wide Awake of a poem by Mrs. Burnham, encouraged her to hope that she might do something with her pen for children. But in the end, another novel was undertaken, and No Gentlemen was produced, which one publisher said would be an "unsaleable first book," but might answer for a "second." H. A. Sumner & Co. however published it in 1881. It was followed in 1882 by A Lane Luminous, the scene of which is laid in An- burndale, Mass., and this in turn by Dearly Bought (1884). Dearly Bought was substantially re-written from its first draft, losing one character entire, and in its final form shows, as we have indicated, the conscientious care that has been expended upon it. Mrs. Burnham says she gives the two years that she has spent in the preparation of her book writing rapidly, but re-writing with great pain. In the last four or five years she has written many poems and short stories, mostly for children's magazines. Her forte is the delineation of New England life and character, and it is somewhat markable that all her material under this head must necessarily have been collected before she was ten years old. We are deliberately of the opinion that by solid hard work Mrs. Burnham has conquered a position, and unless her last novel, Dearly Bought, proves exhaustive of her powers, we look to see really notable achieve- ments at her hands. Her career thus far is a distinct example of the faithful cultivation of talent, and is as encouraging to others as it must be gratifying to herself.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Have you ever read Cranford?

The old-fashioned stories seldom get a hearing in these days of many books, periodicals, and papers. But some day when you want a quiet, restful afternoon, or evening — when you feel that you can give two or three hours to a novel, take up this simple little tale, in which Mrs. Gaskell shows so many true pictures of the English village of a generation ago. True, the pictures must be drawn by the careful hand of the author from her own surroundings in the village of Krantsford, and besides all is as fresh and unclouding as one of the old-fashioned clover fields, and where the few influences to weed out the books not desirable for a child.

I recently re-read the story and am moved by this second reading to say a word in its favor.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

You see with stereoscopic clearness the prim little parlors, and really look in on the precise tea-parties, where the widows and spinsters of the almost manless town meet so often for social enjoyment. There is such a quietly eloquent plea in behalf of "maidsen ladies" under neath the little story. And our girls of today might go to many Bible-classes for many years and hear less beautiful illustrations of real moral heroism than Miss Jessee Brown's sisterly devotion, and dear, gentle Miss Mattie's unobtrusive and self-sacrificing life give us. It would be hard to read of Miss Mattie's pathetic order to have her cap "somewhere in the style of the Hon. Mrs. Jameson" without a quiver of the lips. And when the sister tells of poor Peter's life from his baby-days to his going to India, we see the boy as distinctly as he appeared to her simple, loving heart.

If you don't know Crawford you don't know these people. Read it and give it to any schoolgirl you know, to crowd out some volume of Mary Cecily Hay's, or other sickly sensational novel.

FANNY D. BERGEN.

A Sonnet from Mrs. Cowden-Clarke.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke sends me the following sonnet, dated "Villa Novello, Genoa: between 5 and half-past 6 A. M., 2d June, 1884;" and I am sure that she will pardon me for permitting you to print it.

W. J. Rolfe.

Sonnets.

Three quarters of a century have I
Permitted been to live upon this earth,
To learn to feel and know the priceless worth
Existence hath, its mingled smile and sigh,
Its ills and its aspirations high.
The conscious growth of thought and mind from birth,
The capture of indolent woe or mirth
With those we love, secure of sympathy.

At sunrise, five- and seventeen years ago,
My Parents had the joy of their first-born:
The boon they then received and gave, that morn,
Brought mutual happiness in bounteous flow.

With grateful heart I've read Life's history,
Although it still remains a mystery.

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

In your "Collections toward a Bibliography of Arthur Hugh Clough" (June 26, 1884), I find no mention of Mr. Hutton's "Poetry of A. H. Clough," in the Fortnightly Review for June, 1883, a very fine article I remember; there is also, if I mistake not, in Mr. R. H. Hutton's admirable Essays in Literary Criticism another paper on Clough. Walter Bagehot in his Literary Anecdotes has a chapter to Clough Poems. Everyone knows Mr. Arnold's "Thyrsis," to which I allude only because no account of Clough could be complete without it. Cannot Mr. C. E. Norton, who knew him well, and in whose house Clough was domiciled one summer, be prevailed upon to give the world his impressions or recollections of the poet or will not Mr. Thomas Hughes, who has already I believe written concerning his Rubicenian contemporary, reprint and add to his "Notice of Clough?" Or, will not Mr. J. R. Lowell, who has recorded in his graceful way that "A. H. Clough more than any other of those I have known (no longer living), except Hawthorne, impressed me with the constant presence of that indefinable thing we call genius," find leisure to give us his reminiscences and eloquent criticisms of the author of "Qua cursum Venustus?" And may I not add the request that Mr. Lowell will also favor us with his monograph on that exception — Nathaniel Hawthorne? It has always struck me (and I dare say the thought was in Mr. Lowell's mind when he coupled the two names together) that there is a strong likeness to be traced between the English Poet and the American Romancer.

Cordially yours,

G. S. M.

San Francisco, Cal., July 24.

Congressional Documents.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

In heartiest agreement with what was said editorially, in a late issue of the Literary World respecting the preëminent value of public documents, I desire to enter a word of protest against the present method of their distribution. Possibly the fault lies not so much in the method in the very general disregard of the law supposed to govern it. The lion's share of public documents goes as is very well known to senators and representatives, the various departments being able with great difficulty to secure a sufficient number of even their own reports to supply persons entitled to them, and for exchange with similar departments in other governments.

One would suppose that the distribution of public documents among the people ought to be effected with some reference to the supposed ability of a person to appreciate and profitably use the particular work which his congressman is pleased to bestow upon him. If this is so it is hard to understand why Israel Moses is remembered with Barclay's Digest and Patrick O'Flaherty with Walker's Statistical Atlas.

But all this could be the more readily endured if all public documents or indeed the greater number of them went really to the people. What greater right has "The Hon. Bardwell Slote, M.C., from the Cohos district" to give a Washington bookseller for so much money, an order on the document-room for his entire quota of volumes, than he has to send to his colleagues that since they will sell the books anyhow, instead of going to the trouble of having them printed, they divide among themselves the money their printing would cost? These books are printed not to be sold, but distributed among the people, and while it may not be possible to prevent congressmen giving them to intimates, and even paying their minor political debts with them, still they ought to be made to understand that when they deliberately sell these books to some omnivorous second-hand bookseller, they are guilty of an unmistakable, if as yet unclassified, species of downright dishonesty.

Yours faithfully,

JAHU DEWITT MILLER.

Catskill, New York, August 5, 1884.

FOLK'S History of the Reformation, these last two by Fred. H. Allen.

Metaphors Also Subject to the Fates.

From a poem entitled "A Blackbird Pie," read at the decennial reunion of the class of 1871 in Bowdoin College, by Samuel V. Cole.

The birds have ended now and flown,
The echoes are all silent now; Though night and darkness run along The larks' roll of song I heard — The roll? According to the law It is a pie! it started thus! Surely, but do not make a fuss, Sir Critic, with your eye aglow And shooting fearfulrogues out. The Muse hath powerful rights these days; She has the right to paint a hog Amid the waves, and, if she please, Insert a dolphin in the trees, And sometimes does it. Yes, no doubt, Remember the Horatian phrase? So the good descenlon, when he prays, Does not end always as he starts, But winding slowly, till he finds Slip from his hand the slender cord Of the dark mass, he asks the Lord To shed abroad in all our hearts His chariot wheels! For metaphors, unlike a cow, Do not march easily around Upon all fours. I think Macaulay Observed this fact. They go on three, And two, or sometimes less than three, And lane at that, as if a volley Had taken off the extra pegs. Again, they merely hurl all legs And spread their wings and undergo A metamorphosis, and lo! When they slight a mile or so From the procession, one descends, For instance, rills that once were pies So bear away your microscope, Sir Critic, from my little trope.

SHORT STORIES.

The Short Story must not be a little bit out of a big story. It must not seem to be an episode picked from the larger tale; it must not be mere incident, but must be complete in itself, and it must somehow suggest that it would be wrong to use it as a frame if it were possible to weave it into a longer work. The Short Story demands an originality which we do not ask from the novel. We are satisfied if the novel reflects life, we like it when a novel is a phylactery of the variety of existence, but we accept with pleasure in a novel or a sequence or a chapter devoted to the development and exhibition of a single character from the cradle to the grave. The Short Story excludes the mere picture of life, not only because it is too brief to convey an adequate portrait of even a small section of the human existence, but also because its aim is either the depicting of life. Of course, the Short Story may give a picture of life incidentally, but that is not in all its acre. And while the chief qualification of a novelist may be the fidelity with which he depicts life, the chief qualities of the writer of Short Stories must be ingenuity, originality, and compression; three qualities a good novelist may be and often is without. If, in addition, the writer of Short Stories has a touch of imagination, so much the better. But the one absolutely indispensable quality is ingenuity originality. And, therefore, if two of the three qualities have not been well feature of the following:

1. The Knight's Secret.
2. A Special Consulaby.
4. Lambert's Leap.
5. Man's Life Saved by Fowl, and Woman's by a Pig.
6. Reality.
7. Episodes of Animals.
8. The Two Learns.
11. Tit for Tat.
12. Run.
13. B. Good-bye.
14. "There's Many a Slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip."
15. What has Become of Lord Canwell's Body?

The Harpers have now published a 1600-vol.
 Stories by American Authors. Vols. IV and V. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.]

Eleven short stories in all are counted in these two volumes of this new series of reprinted selections from the magazines, old and new, as follows:

Vol. IV. Miss Grey. By Miss Woolson. Love in Old China. By H. G. Buxton in a Well. By N. P. Willis. "Friend Barton's Conquest. By Miss Maude T. Fooce. And now the lover of the king's daughter was the culprit, and the hour of ordeal had come, and the king's daughter was on hand, and she knew which did the tiger and which the beautiful woman, and the question is, with our knowledge of king's daughters' hearts under such circumstances, which door would she give signs to her lover to open? Mr. Stockton piques our curiosity on this point very cleverly. The next two stories are ghost stories of an amusing sort. One of the best contributions to the book is the last, "Every man his own letter writer," a parody on the letter-writing manuals offered to the unpracticed public. Here is one of Mr. Stockton's examples:

From a young gentleman, who having injured the muscles of the back of his neck by striking them while swimming, or a pane of glass, shaken from the window of a fore-and-aft schooner, by a severe collision with a heavy vessel, which had been upset in a creek, in reply to a cousin by marriage, who invites him to invest his savings in a patent machine for the disinfection of mustard seeds.

The Lady or the Tiger, and Other Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.]

Good short stories are at a premium, and he who can write them is to be congratulated. Mr. Stockton succeeds very well with short stories, and a round dozen of his productions are gathered into this volume. The title story relates to an ancient king who tried culprits by placing them in the arena face to face with two doors, one of which the prisoner was obliged to open. To open one was to admit a tiger, and be devoured; to open the other was to admit a beautiful woman and be married. And now the lover of the king's daughter was the culprit, and the hour of ordeal had come, and the king's daughter was on hand, and she knew which did the tiger and which the beautiful woman, and the question is, with our knowledge of king's daughters' hearts under such circumstances, which door would she give signs to her lover to open? Mr. Stockton piques our curiosity on this point very cleverly. The next two stories are ghost stories of an amusing sort. One of the best contributions to the book is the last, "Every man his own letter writer," a parody on the letter-writing manuals offered to the unpracticed public. Here is one of Mr. Stockton's examples:

No. 2.

From a young gentleman, who having injured the muscles of the back of his neck by striking them while swimming, or a pane of glass, shaken from the window of a fore-and-aft schooner, by a severe collision with a heavy vessel, which had been upset in a creek, in reply to a cousin by marriage, who invites him to invest his savings in a patent machine for the disinfection of mustard seeds.

BELLEVILLE HOSPITAL.
Center Co., O.
Jan. 12, 1877.

My Respected Cousin: The incoherency of your request with my condition [here state the condition] can only be impressed upon my sensitive faculties [enumerate and define the faculties] that I cannot refrain from endeavoring to avoid any hazard in making an effort to produce the same or a similar impression upon your perceptive capabilities. With kindest regards for the several members of your household [indicate the members I am ever, Your attached relative, MARTIN JORDAN.

Mr. Stockton looks on the amusing side of things. His objective point is smiles, not tears. There is little or no sentiment in his fancy, only humor; but the playfulness of it has generally a sensitive motive, and he is gentlymanly, never coarse, in his fun.

Michell Ellis's Text. By Margaret E. Wino-
or [Presbyterian Board of Good.

Michell Ellis was not a boy, but a girl, though she could climb a tree, and one of the pictures in this book shows her sitting in one, and a boy with a hoe trying to pull her down. Her "text" was "Even Christ pleased not Himself," and the book is to show how she not only learned this text by heart, but what was better, taught it to others in her life. Her brother Horace called her "selfish," and said he was "ashamed to have such a sister with a name like an Irish boy." But Michell got the better of her selfishness, and grew gentle and ladylike, and won over her brother to the point of thinking that there was nobody in the world like her in all the world. She began her new career by saying that she thought it "would be fun to serve Christ," she ended by saying:

"It was a childish expression, but I have found it just what I then meant by the word—the happiest life in the world."

This is a religious story but not a religious novel. Its theology is Presbyterian, but it stops short of love and marriage, as the best books for boys and girls do.

Fussebld's Folks. By Alma F. Burnham. [Congregational Publishing Society. $1.00.]

Fussefield Briggs was a factor of mold pies, "b'longed to the minister's folks," was "named for Great-aunt Matlydie Re-beckar Sopherinia Sampson," and "was gave a gold-lined tin dinner for that." She lives at the "puisonidie." She's "got ten folks." She talks about "photographs," "hair-locks," "roommates," "the very goodest times," and "a golber to get some water in for a very nice glemple." And this is the sort of literature which is commended for Sunday-school by so respectable an institution as the Congregational Publishing Society.

Sunshine Mary. By Alida W. Graveys. [Presbyterian Board. $1.15.]

Here is the romance of a sweet, happy spirit—a girl who has golden hair of buttercup color, and who carries her beauty everywhere she goes. She sees the bright side of things, the good side of life, the pleasant side of the dark side of nothing. She is a comfort to her mother and a blessing to her sisters, though the latter do not always see it. When her mother is ill she will get the tea, and is not too fine to put her hands into the dish-water as Elsie is. She will give being going to high school if it is best. The shadows of her life struggle with the sunshine of her nature, but the sunshine overcomes them, and on the very last page there is just a glimmer of a radiant time coming, when she and Eugene Thatcher, walking home from a little gathering at his father's, find that to be a missionary was the very best thing which of them wished to do! So the reader bids Mary and Eugene good-by, with the hearty wish that they may go missionary-ly together.

Little Hans and his Bible Leaf. By Franz Hoff-
man. [Presbyterian Board. 85c.]

This book is a translation of Hoffman's German "Little Hans," by Louise Buhl. Little Hans was an officer's son in Pomerania. He had lost his mother, and his best friend was Sergeant Paul, his father's old companion of the battlefields, but he is as saucy and wicked to Paul as he is to everybody else—a stubborn, obstinate, child who seems bound to the bed with nothing to stop him. On the whole it is a real find a
book with a bad boy in it, a real tearing bad boy. For he is only a make-believe boy, and he turns out good in the end, and when the French War breaks out he goes for a soldier and wins the Iron Cross. In fact Hans goes to war before he is really a soldier, running away to follow Sergeant Paul. What saves him and makes a good man of him is a dirty old leaf out of a Bible, which his eye falls on in an hour of trouble, and which is light and life to his wayward heart. Poor Hans! Many and thick troubles come upon him, but he keeps grateful in his heart, for one thing; but the Word carves him through them all, and when he gets back to his home he frames his Bible-leaf and hangs it up in his room to remind him of the way he has been led. He prizes it almost as much as his Iron Cross.

The Last of the Luckmeens. By Helen Pearson Barnard. [Congregational Publishing Society. $1.25.] Here seems to be another dialect story for Sunday-school children. What is there in the ungrammatical, slovenly, ill-bred conversation of the illiterate classes that particularly seems to recommend it for some Sunday-school literature? Joe Luscomb does chores at the town farm, and talks in this fashion:

"Twas kinder uncool—yer marm's droppin' off so sudden... it's a pity she had n't kinder clung onto this mortal life."

Aaron Luscomb, who tends the light on Moore's Island, shows the same defance of all canons of good English:

"The boy'll be spoiled," he grumbled. "An it's your don't, marm. He's a handy, keen little chap, n' ud be mighty useful tendin' our Light, bimby, n' mebbe 'ud keep us out o' th' poorhouse, a letter longer, of he didn't n'anker arter books 'n' such trash."

Calvin Watkins, another character, belongs to the same tribe:

"Them as has got any outside chores, or gov'ment lamps or sich to tend, better not stop," pursued Calvin, "for this 'ere game's going to be closed any day; cont'd 'n we don't want no backin' out afore its over."

There are grains of wheat in this book, but much chaff is mixed therewith, and it is a great pity that language of such a grade should creep into circulation through the covers of a Sunday-school book. Sunday-schools are not to teach the lessons of the day schools, we know that; but they are not to undo them.

MINOR NOTICES.

Tales, Essays, and Poems. By Jane and Ann Taylor, with a memoir by Grace A. Oliver. [Roberts Brothers. $1.25.] The editor (or publisher) labels these "Classic Tales," and some of them after a fashion perhaps are, though it is rather an elastic title for such pieces as "My Mother," and the famous "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," which are among the most popular in Taylor's poetical works, The Life of a Looking-glass," "The Philosopher's Scales," and "The Discontented Pendulum" are of her sister's. That is, assuming the reader to be ignorant of the authorship, the inference is that the three latter are by Jane, Mrs. Oliver, by her consent in indexing, leaving her name out altogether. The Taylors are a remarkable family; the father, Isaac, was an engraver of no mean ability; author of more than twenty books; according to his daughter Ann, the originator of the Sunday-school, notwithstanding that honor has so long been attributed to Robert Raikes; and an eminent dissenting minister for many years and till the close of his life. The mother was a writer; and one brother, Isaac, needless to say, has a distinguished place, as author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm and other able works. The little Ann and Jane must have been exceedingly interesting children, and the narrative in Ann's words of their experiences at engraving and their descriptions of their home are the best part of the book. They were brought up in a strict way, but as compensation for the narrowness, there was the pleasantest of intercourse with their gifted father, who was highly gratified with the literary ventures of these two daughters. One is surprised to learn that the same father and the same son, and the same book, the Hymns for Infant Minds had such a remarkable sale; the former were translated into many languages; the latter "went through forty-five editions before 1860." The year of Jane's death is not given; we are only told that the event occurred in the year 1865, the year in which she was married in 1813 the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, whom she survived fourteen years; she died Dec. 20, 1866, leaving six children. Both sisters received a great amount of praise in their lifetime; but whether at this day of many books and little leisure such a story as "Display," and such essays and poems as some of these, are worth spending tides over, is more than questionable.

Sermons to the Spiritual Man. By W. G. T. Sheed, D.D. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.] Prof. Shedd designs his Sermons to the Spiritual Man as a complementary volume to his Sermons to the Natural Man, published some years ago. Both titles, through the conventional use of an infelicitous translation from St. Paul, savor somewhat strongly of religious aspersion and the reader of the rigid division which ran through the "application" of sermons in the last century. We gladly confess, however, that no touch of cant or religious assumption attaches to these discourses, and that the author's modesty and delicacy of statement keep them from ever-failing. A not unpleasant flavor of quaintness is here and there perceptible, and the frequent allusions to Leighton and Coleridge reveal a soul that dwells apart from modern thought and controversy, and broods in a solitude unved by current tumult. In quality these sermons are varied and uneven. As strain of commonplace is not infrequent, and the doctrine of Sermon XXI, as indicated by its title, "Sanctification Completed at Death," sounds strangely on the lips of a thinker so acute and so profound as Prof. Shedd has abundantly proved himself to be. On the other hand, in many passages, and throughout such discourses as Sermon VIII, "The Duty of Reference to the Divine Will," we are reminded of the quiet and stately eloquence of Cardinal Newman, a reminder which no other American writer has thus far awakened. Such dignity in the pulpit, free from stiffness and from sensatism we could wish to see more common in America.

Tales in Faith. By Robert C. Adams. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.] The reaction from a mechanical form of religious light to carefree and careful belief, is neither rare nor surprising. It is always the misfortune of mere mechanism, as Dr. Martineau acutely remarks, "that it cannot set fast its own loose screws, but rather shakes them into more frightful confusion; till the power, late so smooth, works only crash and ruin, and goes headlong back to chaos." And a religion of system without life, however smoothly it seems to run, is always in danger from shock and accident, and has no power to recover its lost equilibrium. The case of Mr. Robert C. Adams is clearly in point. The son of a famous and gifted Boston minister, trained after the straitest sect of New England orthodoxy, received into the church without the faintest semblance of spiritual aspiration, leading a stereotype religious life, stifling rather than facing his doubts, daring to read nothing but conventional books, and throwing himself with more zeal than wisdom into the forms of so-called Christian effort, his misdirected and exhausted forces gave way at last, and he sank into blank atheism. His book is a random, rhpsodical record of the several stages in his career, frank in its confessions, but flippant in tone, and marked with weariness, fear, and judgment, not to say moderation and affection, with its flings at the faith of his father and the lives of men and women he has known. Of doubt in its nobler forms, with its intense earnestness and thoroughness, his book shows nothing. Its doubt is the doubt of Mephistopheles, shallow, heartless, and like the writer's former belief, a fashion rather than a reality of the soul.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Two new manuals for the beginner in the fascinating recreation of photography are The Amateur Photographer, by Elizur Wallace, Jr., M.D. [Porter & Coates], and Amateur Photography, by D. J. Tapley [S. W. Green's Son]. The latter is perhaps the more elementary of the two, and probably the better adapted to the complete novice; it is injured in its style, however, by too frequent attempts to be funny. Dr. Wallace's book will be useful to those who love the amateur desirous of using the wet-plate process.

Professor Frieze's new edition of Virgil complete, with notes and lexicon, is worthy of being commended beyond the range of school demand. It is a fine specimen of neat and convenient and scholarly editing. The volume is handsomely small, while the print is beautifully clear. One can scarcely say that this task achieved has been with its accomplished author the loving labor of a life— for Professor Frieze (University of Michigan) has edited other texts than that of Virgil, and no hard-working American university professor can at best devote more than his spare time to occupation outside of his class-room instruction—but it may be said that we have here the fruitlet of decades of years given in large part to sympathetic study and illustration of a favorite author, and of an author well deserving of a favorite place in the American canon. This volume is totus terea aequus ratundus. The student needs nothing that he will not here find, for the enlightened enjoyment of the prince of Roman poets— unless one should say that an index verborum, a concordance, like that which Rudolph branchishes, would be a desirable addition to make the present book a perfectly satisfactory volce mecum for the English of Virgil. [D. Appleton & Co.]
Palliser's Useful Details is a publication for architects; not a book, but a collection of large charts, so bound as to be hung up against the wall, or spread on a wide table, showing a great variety of builder's "details" for inside and outside work on houses and other edifices. There are forty plates in all, for work in both brick and wood; for buildings, not only, but for furniture, for finish, for floors, doors, mantels, and book-cases, as well as for walls, archways, windows, cornices, chimneys, porches, and galleries. Carpenters who are their own architects, and architects who are not above taking suggestions, will find help in this crowded compendium. [Hartford, Conn.: Palliser, Palliser & Co. $3.00.]

T. Y. Crowell & Co. are steadily building up their "Red Line" edition of the standard poets, to which are now added Scott's "Marmion" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel", two volumes. We wish that the editorship of the series might be announced, which would give greater confidence as to the accuracy of the text and the value of the notes. Viewed as books they have attractive points—the tinted paper, gilt-edges, and red-line border especially adapting them to the popular taste. [Each $1.25.]

In the same series, and in corresponding typographical dress, we have a new collection of the Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The contents do not agree with his Ballads and Sonnets published by Roberts Brothers in 1881. Besides 22 miscellaneous poems beginning with "The Blessed Damozel," there are 13 lyrics, 16 sonnets, and 9 translations. This entire list includes many poems written between 1847 and 1853, for some time out of print, and the fragment of "The Bride's Prelude," but none of the sonnets of "The House of Life." [T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.]

NEW FOREIGN BOOKS.

The Irish Massacre of 1841-42 have made the subject of an historical essay by Miss Mary Hickson, under the title of Ireland and the 17th Century, to which Mr. Froude furnishes a preface, and in which the Roman priesthood is placed at the bottom of the mischief. [Longmans.]

The late Arnold Tostoy left a volume of Lectures on the Industrial Revolution in England, which have been published in connection with a miscellany of addresses, notes, and other literary fragments, and a short memoir by Mr. Jowett, Master of Balliol. Mr. Tostoy was barely thirty at the time of his death, but was a scholar from his childhood, and at eighteen spent a twelvemonth at a seaside place, reading by himself, and forming plans for a life-study of history. His wife edits this volume, which is chiefly interesting as a memorial, though not without suggestive points. [Rivingtoses.]

The Actor of August 23, notices in a single article the following "Foreign Books on English Literature": Drozdekowitz's Shelley, "which for accuracy, industry, and sanity of judgment, is as masculine as can be desired;" Dr. Schipper's William Dampier, a valuable study of that poet and his works; Klette's Wycherley's Liberticke Works, which is said to be particularly pointed to the English dramatist's originality; Hansen's Addison som Litterar Kretcher, an intelligent Danish essay, embodying full and exact knowledge and careful criticism; Werenhoven's Smallet et Lang, a not very delicate comparison of those two novelists; and an edition by Köhlbing of Sir Tristrem, remarkable for its elaborate notes.

In Col. Fehling-kittong's Les Chinois Points par Exemples we have the novelty of a Chinaman's account of his own people written in French and published in Paris, where the author has lived for ten years. His descriptive powers are better than his critical; as to some national points he is apologetic, and on some others he is amusing; but in general his work has some distinct values. [LÉVY.]

General Sir Orfeur Cavagnah's Reminiscences of an Indian Official cover forty years of Indian residence, interrupted only by two absences, and touch on the Afghan, Burmese, and China wars, the two Sikkh wars, the Conquest of Scinde, and the Indian Mutiny. The book is fresh, personal, and interesting. [Allen & Co.]

John Earle has written for the English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a manual of Anglo-Saxon Literature, which the Al.Schemeen says is "almost a perfect model of a handbook."

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

Three statues to Diderot, the French philosopher, have risen or are rising in his native land this year. Two are in Paris, and the third at Langres, his birthplace. The artist of this last is Bartholdi, who has given a characteristic likeness of Diderot in the costume of the period, with a long waistcoat, loose coat, knee breeches and buckled shoes. The face has an expression of pleasant philosophic composure, the left hand holds a book, while the right rests easily against his side. The pedestal has in the centre of the face the words, "Diderot. Hommage de ses concitoyens," and at the base the word, "Encyclopedia," with a quill pen above it.

Mrs. Henry Pott, Appleton Morgan, R. M. Theobald, a descendant of the famous Shakespeare editor, and others, took steps in London last month to organize a "Baco-Shakespearian Society," to be composed of persons believing in other than a Shakespearean authorship of the plays and poems bearing his name. About one hundred persons were present at the preliminary meeting of the society, which proposes to hold regular meetings and print the papers read before it on the model of Mr. Furnivall's New Shakspere Society.

Professor Isaac A. Dorner, who died recently in Wiesbaden, was the author of the Christian Doctrine of Faith, which has caused so much attention among the learned theologians of New England. Dr. Dorner was an unusually accomplished man, and gave his principal attention to what in divinity is called Christology. From 1862 to 1884, he was the leading divine in Berlin.

The subjects in Max Müller's forthcoming volume of Biographical Essays will be Rajah Rammohun Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Dayananda Sarasvati, Charles Kingsley, Bunsen, and other Indian or Buddhist notabilities, mostly personal friends of the author.

In the Academy of July 26 may be found a notice of a communication from Miss Amelia B. Edwards minutely describing Mr. Petrie's discoveries at Zoaan; and four pages of objects therefrom are shortly to be placed on exhibition in London.

Mr. Hamerton, besides his work on Human Intercourse, already announced for publication this fall, has in press with Seeley & Co. a treatise on Landscape, in nature, literature, and art, richly illustrated.

"Maidens" are especially popular with the novelists just now. Besides Mr. Robinson's Fair Maid, and Mr. Byrne's Fair Country Maid, Mrs. Lovett-Cameron has A North Country Maid in press.

Fritz Mauthner has undertaken the amusing task of imitating to excess the style of famous authors. His latest contributions to Schiller's Familieblatt ridicule Victor Hugo and Brecht Harte.

Dr. Buchner's new school edition of Schiller's Wilhelm Tell will copiously annotate the text, explain the historical and legendary allusions, and add a biographical sketch of Schiller.

Dr. Schlemann has discovered at Tirox the remains of a palace and two temples, which agree remarkably in general characteristics with those of the second city at Kisaarlik.

A new life of Sydney Smith, based on family documents and personal recollections, by the Rev. S. J. Reid, is to be published in October by Sampson Low & Co.

Mr. Cotter Morrison is writing an "Essay toward the Religion of the Future"—"on the service of Man as distinguished from the service of God."

Lemerre of Paris is publishing a new edition of the complete works of Alfred de Musset, in eleven quarto volumes, one every other month.

The late Mr. Trübner is said to have left behind him an important manuscript history of the book-trade as he knew it.

Chinese Gordon's Letters from the Crimea, the Danube, and Armenia have already reached a second edition.

A library for women just established at Calcuta is an encouraging sign of the times in India.

The "Country Parson" has a new volume of essays in press, called Our Little Life.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A graceful compliment was recently paid to Oliver W. Holmes by the members of the Young People's Association of a popular Brooklyn church, by devoting an evening to the consideration of his life and work. An interesting feature in the programme was the reading of a letter from Dr. Holmes to the President of the association. An essay on Dr. Holmes was read by Mr. W. Hy. Morton, a member of the society, and the remainder of the evening was spent in readings and recitations from his works.

A. C. Armstrong & Son announce a new and complete edition of Poe's works to be published this fall in six volumes, crowned Spy, at $5.00 the set. The edition will be printed from new plates, and illustrated with etchings and a portrait from original designs by Gifford Church, Platt, Pennell, Vandenhoff, and other artists. Mr. R. H. Stoddard is to furnish his last memoir of Poe, and a chapter on "The Genius of Poe," which it is fondly hoped will add to the value of the edition.

A special New York dispatch to the Boston Advertiser, of August 17, announces that the new one cent daily in that city, to be called the Extra, will be edited by a son of Murat Halsted; and that if successful as a campaign paper, it will be
made permanent; that "H. H.," Mrs. Jackson, fell down stairs at her Colorado home a few days since, and broke her leg in three places, so seriously that incurable lameness is feared; and that the Manhattan magazine, into which $50,000 is annually poured, has gone out of business. — J. Chapman of Washington has published McPherson's Handbook of Politics for 1848, being the ninth volume in the series. A feature of the work is the record it gives of every vote and of the entire action of Congress upon the enactment of the tariff of 1843, and of the subsequent attempts to modify and repeal; also the actions of the Republican and Democratic conventions, and letters of acceptance of the candidates. [280.]

—Dr. O. W. Holmes," writes Miss Amelia B. Edwards to Rev. W. C. Winslow, "has written me a very kind and agreeable reply to my letter. I am glad to find that he is so really interested in Egyptology. It is curious how medical men take to Egyptology. I find the two chief bodies who come into the ranks are clergy and doctors. The former I understand—the latter I do not."

—B. Westerman & Co., New York, offer Oetingger's Moniteur des Dates, 9 vols., at the low price of $1. A reference library, complete without some such work. Oetingger's admirable Moniteur, a work of the first order, was published from 1869 to 1883 at Leipzig, and may be consulted on dates with entire confidence.

—Funk & Wagnalls will soon publish two more translations of Tourgneuif's romances: Unefortunated Woman and Ayza, neither of which has yet appeared in English. The translation is by Getzoni. The same house have in press Two Years a Polt. Cousin, a new work by an eastern court, who calls himself Judge Wiglitt.

—Rand, McNally & Co. will publish at once the Official Report of the Proceedings of the Republican National Convention in Chicago in June last, which resulted in the Blaine and Logan nominations. It will contain every speech, resolution, motion, ballot, vote, ruling, and word spoken. Price $1.50.

—W. S. Gottsberger of New York has just published The Amasian, an "art-novel" by Carl Voerman, a Dutch author. Alina Tadema furnishes the frontispiece, and George Ebers a preface. The book is essentially a study of ancient art.

—Governor Long of Boston has revised the translation of Virgil's Aeneid for a new edition by Eates & Lutari. Mr. Wm. H. Ridley has written for the same house a Young Folks History of London.

—The ideal novel in G. P. Putnam's Sons' "Transatlantic Series" is The World We Live In, by Oswald Crawford; of which the Spectator says that it has "a sip of something for everybody."

—Mr. J. W. Benton, 706 Broadway, N. Y., announces a reduction in the subscription price of L'Art, the great French journal, from $3 to $2 a year.

—The September Harper's has a sketch and portrait of the late Charles Reade.
not all the allusions of all the leader-writers of the age have been able to persuade the public to renew its interest in the works and ways of Gran- dison, the austere and the lovely and high-souled Harriet Byron. Where so many have failed it is improbable, to say the least, that twelve massive volumes will succeed. Richardson has too much against him. To love him his readers must live with him. He has to be not skinned, but studied; not sucked like an orange, nor swallowed like a lollipop, but attacked secondum arteram, like a fortification. Once inside the vast and solid labyrinth of his intrigue, you must hold fast to the clue which you have caught up on entering, or the adventure proves impossible, and you emerge from his maze defeated and disgraced. Rightly to handle him in his new array is beyond the power of man. The volumes in which he is writing have not yet been bulky and unmanageable as those of the Edición de lujo of Fielding; but they are tall and stout enough to make incrimination impossible, and to add a new terror to the many with which from the first the muse of Richardson has been encompassed.

LITÉRATURE INDEX.

(With the above head we keep an alphabetical index to such articles on strictly literary topics in current periodicals as are of interest to the intelligent reader, their authorship, or the pages in which they appear, are likely to desire the notice of readers of the L'Étudiant du monde. Biographical sketches of living writers, essays upon distinguished literary works, criticisms of famous or popular works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each entry is subject to the editor's decision."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Essays and Sketches.


Nourishment and How to Take Care of Him. By J. Pope, M. R. C. S. Funk & Wagnalls. 120 pp. $1.00.


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The King's Men is simply an application in political directions of the same explorative and anticipatory spirit of whose freaks in fiction along scientific lines our literature has already furnished several examples. The scene, laid in England, is borrowed from the next century. Irish reformers, English radicals, and British revolutionists in general have had their way, and a British Republic is seventeen years old. George the Fifth is an exile in the United States. O'Donovan Rourke was the first President of the new republic, but had died suddenly, and Vice President Gower had succeeded to office. Following his administration Lemuel Bagshaw, "atheist and anarchist," was nominated and elected to the Presidency. It is during his administration that a revolution is attempted in behalf of the deified monarch—"a twentieth-century restoration;" and this theme, with a suitable amount of social and romantic coloring, is the staple of the novel. There are fair women in it, and a thread of love runs through its scenes; the whole affording a curious mixture of sentiment, politics, history, and imagination. It is easy to guess that Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is the inventor of the book, or at least of its subject; and that its purpose is to turn to a picturesque account the present agitation in England, and to utilize for fiction the wildest hopes of the radicals. Admitting the subject, it cannot be said that the writers have done ill with it. On the contrary they have handled it with a good deal of cleverness. Their several handwriting is well amalgamated. It would puzzle any one, we think, to separate the manuscript into its four component authorships. How many persons will care for romance made out of the wreck of England, we do not know, but such do will probably find at least a moderate degree of enjoyment in this book. To others it will have chiefly the attraction of a literary curiosity.

The Story of Railways.

The history, the technology, the romance, the curiosities of railways are all included in Mr. Kennedy's volume, which is a clever compilation from a variety of records and authorities, prepared with a good sense of what the public is interested to know. The author has gone through a considerable list of writings; culled therefrom a large mass of facts, figures, explanations, descriptions, and some anecdotes; brought together from a variety of sources a number of wood-cuts illustrative of the subject; and made out of the whole a really instructive and entertaining book of about 250 pages. A larger book might easily have been made, and at some points a more exact one; and a chapter on memorable railway accidents would have added much to its value. But taking it for what it is, it is readable and profitable.

After recounting the beginnings of railway history, with Stephenson's experiments in England and the Liverpool and Manchester line, Mr. Kennedy passes to the upbuilding of the system in the United States, and advances to the spanning of the continent by the several lines to the Pacific. Then follow successive chapters on railways in the Far East, on palace cars and other luxuries of travel, on mountain railways, such as those up Mount Washington and the Right Kulum, on "vertical railways," by which title Mr. Kennedy stretches his subject to include elevators, on horse cars and the coming electric railways, on the structure and traits of locomotives, on tracks and signals, on platforms, buffers, and brakes, and on such side topics as the use of railways in war—particularly on the Continent—"toy railways," the "dynograph-car," which inspects tracks automatically, etc., etc.

The most rapid turning of Mr. Kennedy's pages discloses the fascinating nature of his theme and presents the mind with figures and pictures amply sufficient to enlist attention. The 20,000 locomotives now running in the United States alone do the work of 40,000,000 horses; in England 30,000 horses were once killed off annually in the attempt to carry mails at ten miles an hour. The first real iron railway in the United States was built in 1826 in Quincy, Massachusetts, to transport granite for Bunker Hill Monument three miles from the quarries to tide water; in 1882 more than 11,500 miles of railways were built in this country alone.

In the early days of the railroad in this country, freight cars were called "baskets," and trains were called "brigades" of cars. The freight cars were boxes a little longer than their width, with a wheel at each end. Many of the locomotives had enormous driving-wheels, twelve feet in diameter. On one road, and perhaps others, a novel headlight was formed by placing a lot of pitch-pine on a platform car thickly covered as to its floor, with sand. The car preceded the engine, and the burning pine knots made a famous track-illuminator. Almost all the first railroads made use of wooden rails upon which strap iron was spiked. These strap rails had an unpleasant fashion of curling up, owing to the weight of the cars on their central parr, connected with the wheels. When, then, the ends of the rails were struck by a car-wheel they would often be forced up through the bottom of the car, and the engine would sometimes be obliged to stop the train and pound down the "snakehead," as it was called, or else detail an assistant to hold it down with a lever while the train passed on.

Fifty trains a day now pass through the Boston precinct of Dorchester, but barely fifty years ago the inhabitants of Dorchester, in town meeting assembled, instructed their representatives in the legislature "to prevent, if possible, so great a calamity" as the location of a railway through their territory. Up to 1851 there was no railway west of the Alleghans or south of the Hudson. As late as 1810 the State of Ohio had but a single trunk line, namely, that connecting Sandusky with Cincinnati, and in that year there
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was not a mile of railway west of the Missis-
sippi. The first railway out of Chicago was
to Galena, charted in 1836; today, accord-
ing to Mr. Kennedy, Chicago is "the great-
est railway center in the world." Does he
include London in his field of comparison?
Fourteen engines have been employed to
drive a train through snow drifts on the
Union Pacific road; whole trains have been
lost in the snow storms of the prairies.

On no lines in the world, perhaps, is rail-
way travel more luxurious than between
St. Petersburg and Moscow.

The saloon cars of great length. In the
center is a drawing-room, with tables, sofas,
and divans. Opening from one side of this is a
passage-way leading the entire length of the car
to the iron platforms, which are enclosed with
warblings. The cars are heated by steam-pipes.

... Pushing aside heavy curtains you behold
three pleasant little private compartments, each
containing six easy chairs. The same car con-
tains three similar compartments reserved for
ladies. . . . A winding staircase leads to a sec-
ond story or sleeping saloon, affording from its
windows a fine view. . . . The train halted a
convenient interval at stations . . . with refresh-
ment-rooms the cheapest and best supplied in
Europe . . . and the cheer furnished consists of
tea, coffee, wine, punch, cheese, beef, ducks, par-
tiges, venison, sturgeon, caviare, etc., all served
by polite and nimble waiters.

In Germany, Mr. Kennedy reports, rail-
way travel "is very slow, very uncomfortable." All travelers have not so found it.

No sleeping-cars in the Fatherland," he
says; some travelers have found them. The
most elegant car in the United States is be-
lieved to be one presented to Mr. E. H. Tal-
bott, editor of the Railway Age in Chicago,
by various manufacturing firms in the coun-
try.

The standard gauge of the railways of the
world — that is the width between the rails —
is 4 feet 8.5 inches. The most important feat-
ure of a car is its wheel, and the best
wheels are now made of paper rimmed with
steel. Six firms make all the railway tickets
legally used in the United States, and one
of these firms, located in Boston, prints
for New England roads alone 17,000,000
local tickets in one year.

One of the best of the railway stories told
by Mr. Kennedy is this of an incident that
happened in an English compartment:

A lady and a gentleman were traveling alone.
Presently the man asked the lady if she would
oblige him by rising and turning her face to the
window, as he wished to make some changes in
his wearing apparel. She complied. After a
moment he said, "Now, madam, you may resume
your seat." But what was his astonishment at
finding that the supposed lady had also made
some little changes in her attire, and was, in
short, transformed into a man, as he himself was
changed into a lady. A laugh ensued, and the
man who had first spoken said to his compan-
ion: "I assure you that we are both anxious to avoid
recognition. What have you done? I have robbed
a bank." "And I," said the whilom lady, as he
drawnly fastened a pair of handcuffs on the
wrists of his interlocutor, "I am Detective J. of
Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have
shadowed you for two days. Now, drawing a
revolver, "keep still."

Among Mr. Kennedy's other side topics
are train robberies in England and our own
West, the underground roads of London and
the elevated roads of New York, marine
railways and submarine railways, the tunnels
through the Alps, signals, switches, and
train-despatchers, bell-ropes, postal-cars, and
"smokers." A few pages of well arranged
statistics, and, as we have above intimated,
at least a list of memorable accidents, would
have improved the book.

MR. H. H. BANCROFT'S HISTORIES.

The first five hundred and fifteen
pages of this, Mr. Bancroft's, third
volume on Mexico, containing the annals of
that country from 1600 to 1853, will be of
interest to such Mexicans as may desire to
know something of their colonial history,
and of interest also to those who may wish
to understand the causes of the overthrow
of the Spanish domination in America.
The remainder of the book (pp. 516-780) is occu-
pied with an account of the institutions and
social life of colonial Mexico. This is of
especial interest to us, because from 1760
to 1803 the Spaniards ruled all of the pres-
ent area of the United States west of the
Mississippi River that was then settled
besides "The Floridas," to which we do not
get a clear title until 1819; while Texas
was not annexed until 1845, and the treaty
of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which we obtained
California, Arizona, New Mexico, etc., bears
date of 1848. Thus it can be seen, no mat-
ter how thoroughly we may forget it, that
Spanish institutions and manners were for
a long time predominant in a very large por-
tion of our country, and perforce must
have had an influence on our laws (espe-
cially our land laws) and customs.

In Mexico the people were divided into
three great classes: those of Spanish parent-
age, whether born in Spain or in this coun-
try; and the descendants of the ancient occu-
pants of the soil, the negroes subsequently
imported, and of the various mixtures of the
three races. There was no middle class.

All were either rulers or ruled, and in this
fact may be found the seeds of the revolu-
tion, especially when we remember that the
Spaniard born and bred in Spain looked
down on the Creole or Spaniard born and
bred in the colony with very nearly as much
contempt as he did on the mixed breeds and
Indians.

One of the most valuable chapters of the
book is the thirty-eighth, dealing with
"Mines and Mining." In reading this chap-
ter and thinking of the covetousness of the
early explorers, one is forcibly reminded of
those sentences of old Gomara which Mr.
Bancroft renders as follows:

On page 598 there is a table by which it
appears that between 1690 and 1808 the
production of gold in Mexico alone was
nearly one and a half billion dollars.

There is altogether too much careless
writing in this volume, and it is difficult to
find an excuse for such a misprint as "in
1570 some mining regulations were issued
in Mexico," which country was only discov-
ered by Juan de Grijalva in 1518.

In the first of his volumes on California,
Mr. Bancroft takes up the history of his
adopted State and describes it with a full-
ness of detail that is astonishing. Few
persons would have supposed that
enough information relating to California
before 1800, to fill 744 pages, could have
been found; yet this is what has been done.
The book opens with a list of the authori-
ties quoted in the series on California, and
these are partially classified and described
in the second chapter. The first chapter
contains an introductory résumé of the his-
tory of the North Mexican States from 1520
to 1869. In chapter III is narrated the
discovery of the country; and the remain-
der of the work is taken up with an account
of its occupation and settlement from 1769
to 1800, closing with a list of the inhabitants
of California from 1769-1800. Of this list
the author truthfully says:

It may well be doubted if so complete a list
of the earliest inhabitants can be formed for any
other State of the United States or Mexico.

As to the origin of the name, California,
Mr. Bancroft quotes the idea that Bernal
Diaz was the first to mention it, and says that
"At last in 1865 Edward E. Hale was
so fortunate as to discover the source
whence the discoverers obtained the name."
In an old romance, the Serges of Esplandian,
printed as early as 1510, wherein is men-
tioned "an island of California on the right
hand of the Indies very near the Terres-
trial Paradise," peopled with black women,
griffins, and other creatures of the author's
imagination." This book was popular at
the time, and indeed the Amadis of Gaul,
in which it was attached, is often mentioned
by Bernal Diaz, who wrote sometime before
1568. Mr. Bancroft "strongly suspects"
that "the name was applied in derision [to
old California], by the disgusted colonists
of Cortes on their return in 1539." But this
of course is mere conjecture.

Another disputed point in this early his-
tory of California is with regard to the
famous voyage of Sir Francis Drake, who
entered a harbor on the coast of California
somewhere in the vicinity of San Francisco.
This point is here discussed at considerable
length without throwing any new light upon
the question; but our author arrives at the
conclusion that at any rate Drake did not
discover the body of water now known as
the Bay of San Francisco. The only argu-

1 History of the Pacific States. By H. H. Bancroft.

2 History of the Pacific States of North America. By
1594-1600. A. L. Bancroft & Co. $5.00.
that portion and its exact authorship do not interfere with these general results. With this foundation laid, Dr. Thomson follows the line of prophecy from the promise to the Patriarchs and the Protevangelium, through the types of the Pentateuch and the Davidic hopes of the earlier seers, to the broad river of Messianic vision in Isaiah and Daniel, and the cherished aspirations of the post-exilian prophets and psalmists. Below the outward likenesses and fulfillments which prophecy discovers, he discerns the deeper, more remarkable likeness in drift and spirit between Jesus and the Hebrew revelation, and sets the teaching of the Old Testament respecting God and man, righteousness and salvation, in strong contrast with the ideas and ideals of all other antiquity.

The father of Dr. Thomson is the Syrian missionary, whose well-known work on Palestine, first issued long ago but recently revised, remains still the most comprehensive and helpful handbook to the student of the Land and the Book. The son seems to have a native knowledge of oriental habits, customs, language, and thought, and turns the light of personal experience upon vexed passages and perplexing readings. The translations which are introduced here and there are forceful and idiomatic, and the chapters upon Isaiah and Daniel especially will give the reader a better understanding of the writer's meaning than many a commentary.

DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.*

IN a recent notice we intimated the belief that a new era was about to dawn in the writing of American history—an era in which the subject would be treated in a scientific way and in which ignorance and sentiment would keep to themselves. But Mr. Weise's book has rudely dispelled all such illusions, for it is one of those compilations from well known and easily accessible authors in which extracts are simply stuck together with careless and dogmatic assertions. With the aid of a copyist such a book could have been turned out in six or eight months, but Mr. Weise declares in the preface that he undertook his "long-protracted task" eight years ago! In the same preface he speaks of "faithful translations" which he believes the critic will appreciate, and which "will at least show my desire that the judgments of those who examine them should not be biased by any conclusions of my own." Let us examine carefully the account Mr. Weise gives of one voyage. We select at random, that of Grijalva, in 1518, in the course of which Mexico was discovered and the existence of Montesuma's empire made known to Velasquez, the early patron of Hernan Cortes. It begins (p. 233): "Commanded by Juan de Grijalva, the vessels sailed on the first of May, 1518, from the port of Santiago, Cuba."

How does Mr. Weise know that the expedition sailed from Santiago, Cuba, "on the first of May, 1518?" Not from Bernal Diaz, the only authority which he cites in connection with this voyage, for Bernal Diaz gives no date for sailing from Santiago. In fact we know of no original authority in which such a date is given. It must have been taken from Prescott (Mexico, I, 224) who, though usually very accurate, was probably in this instance misled by a manuscript copy of the famous Itinerario of the chaplain of Grijalva's fleet. But this chaplain, Juan Diaz, says no such thing. He does say: "lechalcete, Documentos para la Historia de Mexico, I, 281, that the fleet left the "Island of Fernandina," or Cuba as we now call it, on the first day of May. This is a fact which Mr. Weise should have known, for the Itinerario is no longer the rare book it was in Mr. Prescott's day, when it was necessary for him to use a manuscript copy of the only copy of the work then known to be in existence, while now there are at least two copies of the original in this country, and the account moreover is perfectly accessible through the reprint in Sochalcete, which is accompanied by an excellent Spanish translation of the Italian text.

We emphasize this illustration, not to put an undue importance upon a single vital point, but to show that our author has not used his eight years as he should; for this journal of the voyage written by Juan Diaz, either at the time or very soon after (it was printed as early as 1522); and the report of Grijalva himself, which with corrections by Velasquez is supposed to be embodied in Oviedo's Historia General (Pt. I, Lib. 17, cap. 8-18), are much better authorities than Bernal Diaz, who did not write the Historia Verdadera until long after the event. But these authorities are not even mentioned by Mr. Weise. Not only this, but the translation he gives of Bernal Diaz is not Lockhart's (whose middle name is Ingram, not "Ingrim" as on page 233) but is Lockhart smoothed over to such an extent that all the delightful ruggedness of the original, which Lockhart so well preserved, is lost. And more; in a passage in quotation marks (p. 235) Mr. Weise corrects Bernal Diaz himself and makes him say Isla de los Sacrificios, whereas neither Lockhart nor the original (cap. XI11) has any hope of the Alvarado. It would be wrong to dismiss Mr. Weise's book without a word as to its careless and dogmatic assertions, of which we will give but this one instance (p. 183):

As La Cosa had nothing else than his imagination to guide him in his discovery of North America between the field of the English discoveries and South America, his extension of the main land from the one to the other has no geographical significance.

No! It has no geographical significance.
for Juan de la Cosa took good care not to connect the English discoveries and South America, but filled in the gap with the famous vignette of St. Christopher, as our author may see if he will examine the facsimile of La Cosa's map in the pocket-cover of his own book, and as others may see by looking into "Jomard" or the Introduction to Ghiliby's Behaim, etc. The most amusing thing in the volume is the assertion that the river of Norumbega, heretofore ignominiously supposed to be the Penobscot, is the Hudson; with regard to which it is only necessary to state that to prove it Mr. Weise makes the Hudson debouch into the Atlantic Ocean at "the entrance to Long Island Sound!"

It is only fair to say that the book does as much credit to the publishers as it does discredit to the author; and also that it contains twelve well-executed copies of valuable maps.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

We are inclined to rank Mrs. Walford's latest as her best story. While it contains no single figure which in dignity and worth compares with "Mr. Smith," the rank and file of its dramatis persona and the general movement and liveliness of the story are far in advance of both that and its immediate successors.

The picture of middle-class English society drawn in "Mr. Smith" was a pitiful one. Mothers who angled openly for sons-in-law, girls on the guzzle to secure at any price and by any method a husband, a perpetual bare-faced struggle, on one side to capture, on the other to escape—such were represented as the ordinary conditions of life in an ordinary country neighborhood. In The Baby's Grandmother the position is happily reversed. Now it is the men who do the wooing, who plot and counter-plot, and invent plans for the securing desirable "partis;" and it is more agreeable to the taste to have them do so.

There is just that element of the unexpected in Lady Matilda's position which adds piquancy to the sketch. There is nothing extraordinary in the existence of a beautiful, vivacious, attractive woman of thirty-seven, nothing strange in the fact that lovers should collect about her, and nothing miraculous in the other fact that she should possess a dull little married daughter of nineteen, and that that daughter should have a baby. Still the situation is unusual, to say the least, and there is much drollery in the contrast between the gay, charming mother, the common-place, half-jealous, old, for-her-age Lotta, and the formal Robert, who disapproves so thoroughly of his mother-in-law and dares not show it.

"It is not her being young and that," he would aver, "thirty-seven is a very good age, a very good age indeed—if Lady Matilda would only think so, and would only show that she thinks so. Why, there are plenty of ladies who are quite fast by thirty or thirty-five—they are full-grown women, they think sensibly and talk sensibly about their children and servants and domestic affairs—those are the things that ought to interest women of Lady Matilda's time of life. Thirty-seven! I declare, when I see thirty-seven I shan't want to be running the risk of breaking my neck over all the worst fences in the country, surrounded by moonlight on the ice, as Lady Matilda did last winter. Poor Charlotte never got her skates on, but there was her mother out every evening. She has not a more notion of what is befitting her position and dignity than a chambermaid."

The family party at Overton Hall is well depicted, the poor, ugly, honest, simple-hearted Earl, Teddy with his odd make-up of personal beauty, gay temper, and want of mental balance; Matilda, a loving, soothing, and influencing each in turn; the frank honesty and affection of the brothers and sister for each other. Equally good in another vein are the good-natured, vulgar Tufwalls. Challoner seems to us to have more of the flavor of the melodrama about him than the rest, but the book is enterprising, that first requisite of a novel, and it shows in many respects a distinct advance over Mrs. Walford's previous work.

TWO DEVOTED LIVES.

Several considerations bring these two books together, and present them for comparison and contrast in a single view. They are biographies. They are biographies of women. The women were English women. Both were devoted to doing good, and their lives were consecrated in an uncommon sense and an unusual degree. Both lives were religious and Christian in a remarkable spirit and in remarkable forms; but the spirit and forms differed, and the two women stand before us as examples of two very distinct conceptions of the real nature of the religious life and the true method of religious service.

The theory of the Middle Ages was that a religious life and service demanded withdrawal from what is called "the world," and a prosecution of duty along secluded lines, disconnected with the ordinary ties of human experience. This is a theory which still obtains in some Christian communions, and is re-asserting itself in particular in certain quarters of the Anglican Church and its associates. As Canon Carter says in his introduction to the memoir of Harriet Monsell:

"It is not improbable that the prejudice still existing in England against the Religious Life may narrow the circle of those who are likely to be interested in this Memoir, but the time must surely come when such devotion will assume a truer value in the eyes of all who love our Lord and in him the souls of those for whom He died, and who desire to see Christianity put forth amongst us the fullness of its life and power."

The other theory of a religious life and service holds that their highest forms are to be found in closest connection with these same ties and duties which the so-called "Religious" decry; and that in bearing the burdens and meeting the temptations and overcoming the distractions of the secular life, and in spite of them—not in shunning them, to be found the widest field for the exercise of the finest and truest traits of Christian character. It is the effect of the two biographies before us to illustrate these two tendencies in striking terms.

Harriet Monsell was the younger, and for a long time the "Superior," as the chief officer is called, of the English Sisterhood known as "The Community of S. John Baptist." Her face and figure, as shown in the steel portrait accompanying her memoir, are those of a middle-aged Englishwoman of the type of which Queen Victoria is herself the most familiar example. Her dress, including the coarse black robe, the white cap, the broad white collar and hood, the heavy black veil, and the cross hanging by a black ribbon from her neck in front, is that of a Sister of Charity. She was a widow without children, whose husband was a clergyman of the Church of England of an exceptionally gifted intellectual and spiritual nature. He was long an invalid, and died in Italy in 1850 after a married life of eleven years. Mrs. Monsell took her consecration to the "Religious Life" from her husband's death. She was of Irish extraction, a woman certainly of rare endowments and extraordinary character, and her brief human experience—so to characterize her years of married life—was steeped in anxiety, care, and sorrow. The founding of the Community of S. John Baptist grew out of penitentiary work at Clewer, near Oxford, and her work and her system of carrying it on grew so rapidly on her hands as to assume in time the largest proportions. Her life, and that of the associates whom the magnetism of her character drew about her, took on the conventual form, with vows for life, residence in common, absolute obedience to rule, and all the accessories of such orders; and her religious views, while lighted up by gleams of piety and even of humor, were highly colored with mysticism, full of the medieval spirit, and rigid in their excursions. Her letters, journals, and counsels read like leaves out of Thomas à Kempis; she ruled over her young sisters with the force, spirit, and authority of an emperor. Her works were good and great. The Community which she organized and directed has spread itself out to touch almost the four corners of the globe, and its ministry has been noble and uplifting. Its accomplishments at Clewer were immense, and the stimulus of its example has been felt around the world. But the key note of its system may be sounded in the three words, abstraction, absorption, abnegation. Nobody can read
has each an attraction of its own. Mother Harriet we follow into the tranquil recesses of a life of daily prayers and hourly vigil; Elizabeth Fry into the miseries of prisons and convict ships as they existed a hundred years ago. The life of each woman was a higher life; each was a saint on earth; and both we doubt not now, notwithstanding their different temper and methods, are united in the praise and the ministries of the world "beyond the gates."

MINOR NOTICES.

Song and Story. Later Poems by Edgar Fawcett. [J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.50.] In quality and strength of thought, these "later poems" of Edgar Fawcett, now gathered in a volume called Song and Story, are a distinct advance upon his earlier work. A sanctified quaintness in expression has been his besetting fault, and from its approach he is still far from free, as such phrases as "splintery icicles" and "drab sands" sufficiently prove. Grotesqueness of fancy, too, is still predominant over fineness of taste and nobility. But in evenness of sustained effort and in the choice of themes there has been improvement. The longest poem, "Alan Eliot," is a sad and stately tale of two brothers, divided by love for the same maiden, turning at last into a tragedy of enlightened glooms. A single passage will indicate the measure adopted and the result: "Know what simple strength his verse at its best attains:"

- one whom their dead sire had loved,
- Old Lennox Law, the sweetest of the sweet;
- But sitting now, at seventy years and five,
- Tired out beside the toilful read of life;
- As laborers pass at evening they walk Homeward to rest, and dreamlessly overhead
- The twilight tinges heaven; so Lennox said, Calm in the dying twilight of his life,
- His peaceful glimmerings on his silver hair,
- And voices from the far past calling him,
- Vague as the tresses might be in deep glooms.

Noteworthy among the other pieces are "The Republic," read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College, in 1880, "A Mood of Cleopatra," which appeared in A Masque of Poets, and of the shorter pieces "Chambered Love," and "The Punishment," the latter of which we quote:

- "Two haggard shades, in robes of mist;
- Forsaken, found her lover joined by a stern gaze, went with a heart;
- Have roused the courts of hell.
- Their blank eyes know each other not;
- Their cold hearts hate this union dress.
- Yet one poor ghost was Laoscelot;
- And one was Oceubura."

LITERARY PORTRAITS.

Willa and Hoffman.—Hoffman was a year older than Willa, and he belonged to the same Knickerbocker group. Willa came from Boston, but Hoffman was of an old Knickerbocker family. Willa had a clever and character but Hoffman was completely American. Willa died 17 years ago, when he was 60 years old. Hoffman died in an insane retreat in Pennsylvania, where he had been secluded for more than thirty years—so absolutely secluded, indeed, that Harriet Martineau's "Familiar Quotations" records him as dying in 1850. Hoffman's books, like Willa's, are read more now, and his "One survived the song," "Sparkling and Bright." That alone will give his name yet a longer date than Willa's, and the sad story of his life will be told in our American literary biography.—"Harper's" "Easy Chair."

Mark Pattison.—The son of a country clergyman in Yorkshire, he had all a Yorkshireman's love of horses, and, though he was by no means a hard rider after hounds, he could bustle an Ox

ford hack across country in a style that showed no want of nerve. He was something of a naturalist, as well as a keen fisherman, and caught sight of him up to his thighs in water whipping a Devonshire or Yorkshire stream with unfailing perseverance, to some eminent success, would have wondered at his appearance in the Oxford schools in cap, gown and mortar boards, some bewilder, and those with tears that he could breathe.—London Standard.

Charles Reade.—The stranger entering [his sanitarium] in fear and trembling, and expecting to find a trumpery, pretentious, or even a condescension to the point of culture, or indigestion, which desiderates dray Champagne, but was quite a young lady in his appreciation of all ages. He abominated tobacco. His idea of an orgy was a feast of sugar-plums.—Robert Buchanan's "Harper's"

Dickens and Bulwer. It is not perhaps generally known that The Lady of Lyons was brought out quite anonymously, and that on the night of its first production in London and Bulwer Lytton himself, no one in London had been allowed to know the secret of the authorship of the play. Between the acts Dickens, who had been one of a delighted audience, went behind the scenes to talk over the play with Macready and Bulwer, congratulating himself on the wonderful impersonation of Claude Melnotte. Dickens was in raptures with the whole thing, and asked Bulwer what he thought of it. But he re
tected to find some fault with the plot, and sug

ed improvements here and there in the vari
ous actions. "Come now, I do not like you, Bulwer, to cavil at such small things as those. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, per

haps, but he is a deceased clever fellow for all that. To hear you speak so unfairly is almost enough to make me think you are jealous." The papers the next morning lauded the play to the skies, even going so far as to suggest that it would be well for Mr. Bulwer to take by this un

usual writer and try to improve himself in those particular points in which the anonymous author of The Lady of Lyons had demonstrated his success. About a fortnight later Bulwer's authorship of the play was made known, to the much consternation and amusement of the critics and the general public.—Full Mail Gazette.

Mr. Crawford's New Novel. Mr. F. Marion Crawford yesterday wrote the last word in the name of which he has long been regarded in the literary world. Those who have seen the manuscript judge it fully equal to the rest of his works. The hero of the plot is an ideal American politician. It is very necessary to say that he has a real life. Mr. Crawford is, however, to be congratulated for success in a better than any literary field. The engagement is announced to the accomplished and beautiful daughter of General Berdan, a young lady who, joined to cosmopolitan accomplishments, represents the American womanhood. So these two country people of ours have been acting the old, mean romance on the shores of the Bosphorus.—Con

stantimine's Letter to Boston Advertiser.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The thirty-second annual report on the Public Library of Boston covers the year ended on April 30, 1884, and is as brief as it is interesting. The examiners' report was written by Edward J. Holmes, the youngest son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and since deceased. The trustees do not announce what the proposed new building of the central library will be, the time allowed for competitive designs having been extended to August 1 of the current year. But the good sense of the trustees and the princely liberality of the Boston city government make it quite certain that the new building will be the best of the kind in the country, not only as to architectural excellence and location, but also in size, convenience, and popular attractiveness. Possibly the Congressional library may receive a better home, when the national legislature sees fit to take the necessary steps. But the prospect for this is not cheering as long as the two branches of Congress are politically divided.

For April 30, 1884, the librarian of the Boston Public Library reports a total of 438,594 volumes and 292,793 pamphlets on the shelves under his care. For practical purposes of consultation, the number is somewhat smaller, as the pamphlets include some bound volumes and duplicates, and the 438,594 bound books are distributed in the four departments of the central library and the few branches in the several parts of the city. Bates Hall, the real heart of the library, contains 260,662 volumes, and very few persons would succeed in bringing together a collection better selected, better catalogued, or better managed. To be sure, the specialist will find what to him may look like lascivious say in international law, statistics, commerce, and, perhaps, geography; but most specialists will find the library wonderfully rich, and in some branches equal to the best, notably so in history, mathematics, American and English literature, and bibliography.

The circulation of the library and its popular branches is a good subject for a sociological study. The total circulation during the year ended April 30, 1883, was 1,183,991; the year following, 1,180,365; in 1883-4, 1,056,966. For home use, Bates Hall issued 83,326 volumes in 1878, against 65,080 in 1884; but the number issued for hall use rose from 66,670 in 1878 to 119,833 in 1884. The total issue for home use from the lower hall, where novels are popular, fell from 392,993 in 1877 to 168,926 in 1884. Indeed, Bates Hall issued last year fewer books for home use than did each of seven branch libraries. This fact bears out the conclusion that a public library cannot be primarily and mainly a reference library, if its object consist in furnishing good literature to the people at large. Nearly three fourths of the books taken from the branches containing such books are juveniles and fiction — making it extremely important that these should be the best. The librarians, friends, and trustees of the library are making good efforts in that direction.

The management of the library cost last year $128,995.28, and is entitled to much praise. Indeed, the city of Boston deserves praise for its magnificent appropriations in behalf of literature; the trustees, of whom Mr. W. W. Greenough is the honored chairman, deserve hearty praise for faithful services which they render gratuitously; and the librarians have endeared themselves to many a seeker after curious or important information. It is pleasant to find a full list of them in the report, Mr. James L. Whitney being the head of the onerous catalogue department, Mr. Arthur M. Knapp librarian of Bates Hall, Mr. José F. Carret registrar, Mr. A. P. C. Griffin custodian of the shelves, and Judge Mellen Chamberlain librarian-in-chief. These gentlemen, personally known to many thousands, have served respectively since 1863, 1875, 1875, 1865, and 1878. Two ladies have served since 1859. The names of the chief officers are here repeated that readers at home, distant correspondents, and all critics may address them rather than grope in the dark or fire their good and bad guns in the air. The Boston Public Library may not be perfect; it is certainly the most perfect public library in the country, the pride of Boston, and an inexhaustible treasure to all who care to make use of its splendid offer, "Open to All."

DR. HOLMES.

To December, 1877, the Literary World, in its "Whittier Number," paid a distinguished tribute to a popular American author. This was really the beginning of a series, of which its "Emerson" and "Longfellow" numbers were the next successive issues. Now, our junior contemporary, The Critic and Good Literature, of New York, with its "Holmes Number," seems, for the moment, to have taken the wind out of our sails. The Critic's "Holmes Number," bears date of August 29th, the poet's 75th birthday, and is a package of bonbons offered him by friends and admirers in America and England.

They are very sweet. In palliation of our own neglect of so sagacious and fitting an opportunity, we might plead that we had no sort of an idea that Dr. Holmes could be seventy-five years old! The idea is preposterous! One would have

said by all laws of association that the genial "Autocrat" were yet on the sunny side of fifty. By his looks, certainly, he has not yet overstepped the thirties, while in his writings the exuberance of the twenties still abides.

The trouble seems to be simply the logical and natural one of bringing any thought of nearly fourscore years into connection with Dr. Holmes. The age of his muse is a perpetual youth; in such a literary life as his there can be no visible birthdays, no perceptible growing old.

A very gratifying thing to Dr. Holmes, nevertheless, and an interesting circumstance to his readers, will be this commemoration. Permit us, good Doctor, to add our humble voice to a brilliant chorus and wish you many happy days to come.

SHELLEY.

To each of his four compeers Shelley has paid the tribute of his discriminating praise, forestalling the calm judgment of posterity. To Wordsworth, the "Poet of Nature," he dedicated a sonnet, full of the recognition and the reverence that he was never slow to give a kindred genius. Besides their common love of nature, both of these lovers loved liberty, though Shelley has a note of chiding in his award to the austere champion of freedom, then grown silent while he once

like a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and lasting mists.

In the "Letter to Maria Gibbsorne" Shelley enumerates among the choice spirits she would meet in London:

"Coleridge: he who sits obscure
In the exceeding laurel and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind.
With us own internal lustre blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encrusted meteor of the Mind,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls."

"Adonais," while its whole passionate burden is commemorative of Keats, not uniformly presents us with a study of the elegist himself; and among the mountain shepherds who meet to mourn Adonais

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is best,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow.

Shelley's appreciation of Byron was most enthusiastic and sincere. Though no wholesale eulogist of a writer whose canons of taste were often so unaccordant with his own, he gave unblushing praise where praise was due. Indeed, among all his contemporaries Byron seemed to him supreme; and he declared himself unable to write while living near Lord Byron: "The sun has extinguished the glow-worm," were Shelley's self-deprecatory words. No poet since Milton, he asserted, had written verse as good as his own; but of Byron the man Shelley's pure true nature could feel real affinity, and no one saw more clearly than he the embellishments in this poet's art. In "Julian and Mad-\dolo," written after Shelley's visit to Byron at Venice, we have the two poets brought before us in that familiar form of verse none could use more successfully at need than the sublating Shelley.

The most elaborate of this poet's tributes to Byron is found in the "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills," where Venice is hidden to preserve her sublime remembrance.
That a tempest-chasing swan

That, of a pure Alhoner,

Driven from his ancestral streams,

By its image of evil dreams,

Found a nest in thee; and ocean

Wash'd me in such with such emotions

That its joy gave me and sprung

From its image in the sung

(g) "I'm a mighty thunder-fish.

Chasming terror; what though yet

Poe's Oakland river,

Which through Albegin wends forever,

Laughing with the ridiculous wave

Many a sacred poet's grave,

With his latest ancient nourishing feed!

As the ghost of Homer sings

Round Scamander's wasting springs;

As the poet bursting Harper's might

Flings Aven and the world with light,

Like consummate power, which he

Shaped into mortality;

As the love from Parnass' urn,

Yet amid you hills dash’d by noon;

A queenless lamp, by which the heart

Seems unceasingly; so thee art,

Mighty spirit: so shall be

The city that did refuge thee.

No other poet of this famous group appeals to us with the winning personality of Shelley. Wordsworth's character commands our respect and admiration. Sincere and orthodox and unimpeachable, his long life unrolls itself before us, its text, like his verse, having no word in it which, dying, he could wish to blot. Yet we miss in the ingenious egoism of the man Wordsworth that strain of generous self-forgetful feeling so attractive in Shelley's life. With our appreciation of the many-sided genius of Coleridge, our love of the child-like nature of the poet-philosopher, comes a half-contemplative pity for one so weak in will while so great in noble aspiration. Keats, young, impassioned, and most rarely gifted; with a nature undisciplined and made morbid by the sibyls of fortune and the burden of weak health, must ever be to the world an image of pathetic interest, scarcely more than this, scarcely in himself an object of enthusiasm. Byron and Shelley a superficial criticism might class together for their common spirit of revolt. But no two beings could be more dissimilar; the one haughty, cynical, lawless; the other, modest, pure-minded, optimistic, though not, it must be owned, law-abiding. There was a core of sweetness in the character of the latter, a principle of idealistic virtue that permeated his being as he walked among his fellows, and that is diffused like a baseless pressure through his verse, in which the former is wholly wanting. True, Shelley, like Byron, had set his face against the wind of the world's beliefs. But here the analogy ceases.

Shelley, we think, had misconceived much in what he disallowed. Not like Byron, a scoffer at that which his conscience uneasily admitted, and, aiming open-eyed in sheer, selfish defiance of his fellow-beings, Shelley bowed to the inner law of his higher nature, and worshipped ignorantly the Christ that was unrevealed to him. We can believe with Mr. Browning that Shelley, had he lived, would have become a Christian, and remembering how few and swift were his years, we echo Browning's eloquent words, "that it would be hard indeed upon this young Titan of genius murmuring in divine music his ignorances through his very thirst for knowledge, and his rebellion, in mere aspiration to law, if the melody itself substantiated the error, and the tragic life perpetuated in itself, such faults as, under happier circumstances, would have been left behind by the consent of the most arrogant moralist, forgotten on the lowest steps of youth."

Shelley's purity of intention conceded, his thoroughgoing generosity and manliness, one confesses to a flaw in his personal rectitude, not easily to be passed over, in the desertion of his first wife and the elopement that followed so soon upon it. Yet we are aided by those who speak with authority, by Mr. Garnett, and by Shelley's latest champion, Mr. Froude, that the poet would be fully exonerated as to the separation from the hapless Harriet were the facts fully known. The influence of women upon Shelley's life and genius is a subject to dwell upon. How far was it his theoretic Platonism inwoven with his inmost being, how far was it but phantasy and poetic license? From first to last as the ideal woman visited his dreams and glorified his verse, he worshipped in real life some adumbration of this divine loveliness, her earth-inhabiting presentment. When "Queen Mab" was written, Harriet Grove, Shelley's cousin and early betrothed, and Harriet Westbrook, his first wife, had each in turn worn some feature of the mystic love, and it is uncertain which Harriet was the inspiration of his song. The beautiful and melancholy "La Belle Stagiaire" is a blend of the ebb-tide of pleasure and the flood of unutterable sadness. That wave of feeling and affection included in the first marriage idyl of the aspiring young enthusiast. This marriage, in which there was more of knight-errantry than of passion, with its elements of cruelty, ended Shelley's pupillage in life and love. His heart, as we have been led to believe, had gone out to his gentle cousin, and found like the Noachian dove no green-welcoming shade. When again it ventured forth, what wonder if it plucked the olive leaf, mistaking it for myrtle. Shelley's meeting with Mary Godwin was undoubtedly the turning-point in his inner life. Here, if anywhere among mortal mates was his counter-part, his one true earthly spouse. And we cannot doubt that the poet's love for his second wife was the genuine passion of his life, and that she gave to him the fullest measure of spiritual and intellectual sympathy of which this sensitive man will admit. The daughter of remarkable parents, trained in theories of optimism and progress, the talented author of "Frankenstein" seems indeed the ideal bride for Shelley. The born rebel and visionary "Alastor" is the splendid first-fruits of this maturing harvest of the poet's art, succeeding his union with Mary. The Prelude to "The Revolt of Islam" is Shelley's fullest and most grateful tribute to "Mary" the wife, lover, friend. "My own heart's home," he calls her. Little jets of song bubble up here and there on the surface of his work, in her remembrance. She was to him as sunset to the sphere of moon. As twilight to the western star.

The Mrs. Glaisborne, to whom Shelley's charming Letter is addressed, was one of his heart's chosen companions. A friend of Godwin and of Mary Wollstonecraft, she was a woman of culture, and of wide tastes and sympathies. They read much together, under the Italian skies; and she listened to his verses as she came fresh from the "fountains of his brain." And she was the "wisest lady" who taught him to "speak in prose"

Which Calderon over the desert sung

Of ages and of men.

The "Epiphanies of the" which Shelley says: "It is an idealized history of my own life and feelings," found its acknowledged inspiration in the romantic and unhappy Lady Emma Viviani, who was as gifted and spiritual as she was beautiful. The poet was vexed that his poem should have been misunderstood even by the whom for whom alone it was intended. It was a mystery he declared, and its keynote, as he pointed out, was to be sought for in the "Symposium," and in "Vita Nova." The poet was seeking the "Antigone," as he says elsewhere, that some of us have been in love with in a prior existence, "and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie." Mrs. Williams, the "Jane" of Shelley's touching lyric "The Recollection," was the latter of those mortal forms in which the poet sought his lost Antigone. Without marked "literary refinement," she had "a taste for music and an elegance of form and motions" that won the poet's admiration. "Amiable and beautiful," she appeared to him as "a sort of spirit of embodied peace in the midst of our circle of tempests." Several of his later short lyrics express the charm that her music had for him, and to her those lovely verses are addressed, "To a Lady with a Guitar." The last letter Shelley wrote was addressed to Mrs. Williams, and Mr. Garnett notes of its closing paragraph "the sublime exaltation of pleasure, tingling with unutterable sadness." Shelley's letters are as the prose setting to the jewels of his verse. They have an art quality that gives them a place in classic literature, irrespective of their educative use in connection with his poetry, and of their gracious human interest.

Matthew Arnold, in grouping together Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Coleridge, and Shelley, likens the latter to a "beautiful and ineffable angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." He speaks of him as "the poet of clouds, the poet of sunsets," without "a sound subject-matter," with the "incorruptible essence of immortality." Shelley has told us himself his purpose in his art: "to familiarize the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful ideals of moral excellence. And we have only to remember the zeal for knowledge, goodness, truth, the all-embracing benevolence, the consuming philanthropy, the burning passion for freedom and right that inform these beautiful and clear-cut ideals of Shelley to rebut the critic's injurious charge. If Matthew Arnold is right in his declaration that "the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, to the question how to live," while "a poet of revolt against moral ideas is a poet of revolt against life; a poet of indifference towards moral ideas is a poet of indifference towards life," the question of relative merit as between Byron and Shelley is much simplified. Shelley's whole nature was a beautiful poem, and so subjective a poet could not but infuse his spirit through his verse. Here was never any weakness, or insincerity, or indifference towards life, rather all that morality, or art could give, combined with "divine madness," to form that finished thing, a poet.

THOMAS MOORE'S "CANADIAN BOAT-SONG."

EVERY one has heard, read, or sung the familiar stanza of the "Canadarm with a boat-song"—but there may be those who are unacquainted with the circumstances under which it was written.

During the summer of 1804, Thomas Moore, after visiting Niagara and sailing through the great Lakes, descended the St. Lawrence River,
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from Kingston to Montreal. The journey, now but the work of a few hours, with our present well-built steamers, was then made in a birch-bark canoe, and with Canadian "voyageurs" for boatmen, the labor of over four days.

Impressed as the poet was by the magnificent scenery which greeted him at every step, the heat of the summer sun and the slow motion of the boat made the journey somewhat wearisome. Therefore he amused himself with the quaint music of the "voyageurs," who had good voices and sung admirably together. Their songs were many and varied, but one, especially, pleased him. The burden of the song was a long-continued theme of many verses, always ending with the same refrain. Moore, although well versed in the French language, could make little of the rough Canadian patois, and managed to distinguish only the words:

Dans mon chemin, j'en rencontra

reus canaille, iaia iond mi,

with the refrain at the end of every verse of:

A l'ombre du bois, je m'en balis jouter
A l'ombre du bois, je m'en vais danser.

The melody charmed him, with its peculiar Arcadian-like air, with its accompaniment of rippling water and picturesque scenery. According to the old and down the melody and composed for it the well-known words, beginning: "Faintly, as tolls the evening chime," while descending the river. The words are descriptive of the departure of the boatmen from St. Ann's in the "Green Isle" as it is called. At the rapids of St. Ann's they take their final departure, as it were, for their long trip up the river, as it contains the last church on the island, which is especially dedicated to "voyageurs." They always sing or chant a farewell to their tutelar saint, and expect a benison in return during their long journey. A beautiful "adieu" this service of song, this prayer in music, begging for watchful care and blessing for themselves and the dear ones left at home!

Some little time afterward, the poet set the music a little differently, arranging it more in accordance with the words, and as such it remained at the present day.

Many years afterward while visiting in Dublin, a gentleman accosted Moore, and in the course of conversation told him that he owned a curious relic of his youthful days, being the first notation in pencilling of his Canadian boat-song while descending the St. Lawrence. It was his wish that the author "should add to it his signature, and thus attest to the authenticity of the autograph." The poet willingly assented, but remarked at the same time that he had forgotten the very existence of such a memorial, and that "he should be glad to see it, as it would be as great a pleasure to himself as to any one.

A few days afterwards it was sent to him, and he recognized with surprise the pencilled notes and music of the original song. Upon Parting with one of his "compagnons du voyage" down the St. Lawrence, at Quebec, he had given him as a memento of the trip a volume he had been reading on the way, Pringles' Lectures on History, on the flyleaf of which he had taken down in pencilling the words and song of the original air. Beneath them he had annotated occasional changes from the music, but essentially they were the same words — what he could understand of them — and the melody. Eventually he changed the air so entirely that it became wholly

his own composition, but of this he was ignorant, and until he met years afterward with the seemingly valuable relic of his journey, nearly fifteen years since, he believed that he had retained essentially the original melody.

So strongly had Moore been impressed with the fact that this was the very air sung by the boatmen, so closely had it linked itself with the wild scenery of St. Lawrence, that it was with difficulty he could force himself to acknowledge the pencilled original.

Incidental lights sometimes illumine with greater interest the literary relics of the past, and such perhaps this may seem to be, of the bright, witty, genial little Irish poet, Thomas Moore.

L. S. CONVERSE.

World Biographies.

Henry J. Nicoll. This young, indefatigable, and successful author is a native of Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and son of the Rev. H. F. Nicoll, Free Church minister there. He was educated at the Grammar School and University of Aberdeen, but he owes the best part of his education to his father's library, which is very extensive, and perhaps the largest of any clergyman's in Scotland. His works are as follows: Great Scholar, Great Orators, Thomas Carlyle. The latter was the first of the many biographies which appeared after the death of "the Sage of Chelsea." Messrs. Macmillan & Wallace, Edinburgh, published the foregoing works in 1859; and they were favorably received by the press and the public. In 1885 James Hogg of London issued an able and informing volume under the title of Great Men, Great Movements, and Those who Achieved Them. The Harpers reprinted the work, and it met with a flattering reception on both sides of the Atlantic. James Hogg published in 1883 Mr. Nicoll's next work entitled Landmarks of English Literature, a book well planned, and written in a taking style. It was released in America by D. Appleton & Co. and has had an extensive circulation. The "Society for Encouragement of Studies at Home" use it as a text-book, and it would be difficult to select a better. Mr. Nicoll has edited several collections of poetry, and done other important literary work. He is a member of the staff of the Aberdeen Free Press.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

"Wanted — a New Pronoun!" To the Editor of the Literary World: I disagree with your correspondent, Mr. Dizey (No. of June 28th), and would say emphatically Yez. "Every one is the architect of one's own fortune" is doubtless correct both as to grammar and usage, but would say "Everybody and he is himself the architect of his own fortune" (the improvement suggested by Mr. Dizey) be correct as to grammar? It would hardly run smoothly in usage. Now why not coin a word composed of parts of "his" and "her," e.g.: Hiss (or Hyster). We would then say "Every man and woman is the architect of his or her own fortune." Again, "And it is hereby agreed by and between the said parties hereof (a man and a woman) each for herself (or himself) as her (or his) particular part, in manner following," etc. That some pronoun is wanted is, I think, evident.

Respectfully,

Philadelphia.

Charles P. Sherman.

Phillis Wheatley. To the Editor of the Literary World: I see that you mention that some authorities give the date of Phillis Wheatley's death as 1794. Charles Deane, in "Proceedings of the Mass. Historical Society, 1865-1864," page 273, states that she died in Boston on the 5th of December, 1784. He also, in a footnote, quotes his associate, Dr. Nath. B. Short- leff, to the same effect. A Mrs. Beecher wrote to Rev. E. E. Hale, enclosing some letters of P. W., and stating that Phillis died in "1794 or so," but Mr. Deane says that she was mistaken.

New York.

READER.

To Punch.

[The London Charivari.] Tho scuff and jest Columbia has heard (Not undeserved perhaps, in braggart youth), Tho voice of satire knew but scanty ruth She spoke again as 300 years ago, When things were hard. But now where'er the pencil or the pen Would hurl like missiles from the Occident, One thought all the force of wroth is spent; Our startled eagle folds bar wings again. Who said "The wrath on murdered Lincoln's bier?" "Twa hand's of thine, and thou art heartless tear." Who said "Columbia's sorrow is our own." When our loved Garfield gave his parting song? Dismissed we stand, such clasp in our pain hath silenced the sword and the pain. [Johannesburg, N. Y.]

Miss. J. Oliver Smith.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

637. "Der Tod als Freund," again. (See No. 635) The question in your issue of July 26 concerning Du Maurier's poem in the English Magazine for July, is, "Are you going to be from the French of Madame Necker, finds its solution in a mistake of authorship. The translation is, in fact, from four stanzas of Sully Prudhomme's poem "L'Agonie." The mistake seems to have arisen from their being quoted in Hansonville's Le Salon de Madame Necker, Vol. II, p. 300. The passage reads as follows: Jusqu'à la veille de la mort de Madame Necker, le son d'instruments placés dans une chambre voisine verça ses souffrances et son agonie. Le sentiment qui lui faisait trouver quelque soulagement dans ce mélanolique plaisir n'était cependant pas celui qui a inspiré ces vers tristes et charmants. [Here follow the four verses.] Jamais la croyance de Madame Necker dans les paroles et dans les promesses divines n'avait été plus ferme. In a conspicuous foot-note the lines are credited to Sully Prudhomme, so that it is odd enough to find the translation printed as from Madame Necker herself.

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

— Among the latest publications of Harper & Brothers are Miss Tommy, a novel, by the Muloch-Crall; Von Rancke's Oldenda in pre- Group of Nations and the Greek.
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travel and adventure by Col. T. W. Knox, entitled The Voyage of the "Vivian" to the North Pole and Beyond; and The Ice Queen, a story by Ernest Ingersoll.

PROFESSOR SHALER'S GEOLOGY. *

Our text-book writers usually make the big book first, and then the small book "for beginners" is merely a hash of the other, on the same plan, using the same language, and generally illy adapted to the younger pupils for whom it is intended. Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard has very wisely and skilfully reversed this order, writing his small book first, with promise of a larger one later. His First Book in Geology is admirable in every way. First, it is moderate in size (255 pp.), well illustrated (157 text, well printed and bound; second, it is not only "for beginners," but the style, and especially the method, are suited to beginners, and the book will give, what so few elementary science books do give, a real working foundation for future study. Those likely to want this book will see its scope and plan from the headings of the eleven chapters (twelve numbered by mistake, V being left out). Chapter I treats of Pebbles, Sand, and Clay, and is subdivided into seven lessons: (1) River Pebbles, (2) Sea Pebbles, (3) Glacial Pebbles, (4) Sand, (5) Sand of the Sea-Shore, (6) Mud, (7) Silt. These are object-lessons in the best sense, if only the teacher has skill to use them as such. To make sure of this, there follows at the end of the volume a series of "Directions to Teachers," which, on the whole, gives some of the soundest instruction on elementary science teaching that we have seen many a day. The other chapters, similarly subdivided, are: Making of Rocks, Work of Water and Air, Depths of the Earth, Origin of Valleys and Lakes, Movements of the Earth's Surface, Place of Animated Things in the World, Sketch of the Earth's Origin, Nature and Teaching of Fossils, Origin of Organic Life, Brief Account of the Succession of Events on the Earth's Surface, Appendix on Crystaline Rocks.

The book brings out the principles of evolution very skillfully, though whether the lesson, "How New Spheres are Made," is worth while for young pupils, may be a question. Dr. Shaler takes the only tenable ground in regard to the place of the sciences in education, and the great majority of thoughtful educators will thank him for such unequivocal utterances as these:

Nor would I have it believed, as some men of science are inclined to claim, that science may replace the other branches of education; we should like, in order that the motive that has guided me may be plain, to state my firm conviction that science cannot in any way replace the old education. It must be added to it. And its good results can only be secured by the combining of its teaching with those branches of

learning that have lifted the human mind to its present level. (Directions, p. 5)

We notice an occasional slip like "Most all our rocks," p. 54. The statement on the same page, that petroleum "is formed by a slow chemical change in the bodies of creatures buried in the rocks," is not correct. There is no table of contents, a great drawback in such a book.

We congratulate Professor Shaler, his publishers, and especially the schoolmasters, on this excellent work, and shall await with a good deal of interest the forthcoming volume on Advanced Geology.

ON THE FRONTIER.*

Of the contents of this "Little Classic" volume of 288 pages, in covers of dull gold and edges of orange, not much more is to be said than "here are three more of Bret Harte's California Sketches." It ceases to be an upward day with an author when any new specimens of his work demand attention simply as fresh impressions of an old plate. As a photographer of the scenery — natural, social, intellectual, moral — of the Pacific slope, Mr. Harte seems under the present examination to narrow down to being the possessor of a single "negative," from which he has here merely printed three "proofs" whose variations are chiefly those of tone and color. We do not mean by this that the three sketches are alike in subject — no two of them are alike; but that Mr. Harte's talent — perhaps we ought to say his genius — has its descents from heights of fine and striking performance to plains of commonplaceness and monotony, on which we see his skill dispôting itself but producing nothing. Jockeys on the course have a way of driving their horses up and down before they pass the wire and get the word and are fairly off for a grand achievement in speed. Our picturesque rider of the Rocky Mountain steed seems in these pages to be merely driving up and down. The steed is blooded and mettlesome; the rider is alert and skillful; but we are sure that these stepping and prancing and turning do not offer anything very serious to our attention. They are exercises of no "record" is to be made.

The third of the present trio of short stories along redeems the book, in our judgment, from indictment as being profitless and from conviction as being dull. The first of the three is an unnatural and unreasonable tale of a baby set ashore and saved in 1838 at the Mission of San Carmelo, between Monterey and San Diego. The baby grows up under a disguise of sex, until a revelation some years later, in which the protecting father, an impotent sailor, Jack Cranch, and some other characters are concerned. The picture has neither great clearness nor striking reality; there is confusion in its figures and discord in its contrasts; and we find our thoughts reverting to it with the question: "What was it all about?" Even less satisfying, though on other grounds, is the second story, "A Blue Grass Penelope," more powerful but less pleasant, which follows dramatically the fortunes of a San Francisco wife who has been deserted by her husband. Ostensibly a defaulter, and flying to avoid arrest, this husband is really faithless and has run off with another woman, and the disagreeable trail of his illicit amours is over all the piece. There is a graphic account of Mrs. Tucker's midnight drive to the Rancho de los Cuervos to save from wreck by actual possession one fragment of her husband's fortunes, but she finds that even Los Cuervos has been previously given by its worthless owner to his paramour, a coarse and repulsive creature, and by her sold out of the wife's power.

The best things in this story, as in the one preceding, are such masterly landscape touches as this:

One afternoon she thought the long and waste before her window had caught some tint of gay color from the sunset; a week later she found it a blazing landscape of poppies, broken here and there by blue lagoons of dog-roses, by broad overlying shores of dandelions that scattered their yellow gold to the foot of the hills, where the green billows of wild oats carried it on an undercurrent to the darker creeks of pines. For two months she was dazzled and bewildered with color. She had never before been face to face with this spindrift Californian Flora, in her virgin wastefulness, her more than goddes-like prodigality. The teeming earth seemed to quicken and throb beneath her feet; the few circuits of a plough around the overlying corral were enough to call out a jungle growth of giant grain that almost hid the low walls of the hacienda. In this glorious uncleanness of the earth, in this joyous renewal of life and color, in this opulent youth and freshness of soil and sky, it alone remained, the dead and sterile Past, left in the midst of the sawdust and drabness and unprodukiveness and an empty church-yard skull upturned on the springing turf. Its bronzed adobe walls marked the green line that embraced them, but the ground dust of its courtyard remained ungerminating and unfruitful; to the thousand stirring voices without, its dry lips alone remained mute, unresponsive and unchanged.

Striking as are such pictures as this — and none can draw them more effectively than Mr. Harte, we should like them much better without such intruding figures as that of the "French Inex of New Orleans," who plays such havoc with the Tucker family life; but it must be admitted that even she changes her colors a little for the better toward the close, and that in Mrs. Tucker we have an expression of womanly dignity, almost of majesty.

But as we have intimated, the justification of this book lies in the third of its three sketches, "Left out on Lone Star Mountain." Here we have a composition which in all its details exhibits Mr. Harte's best manner. Here is the rugged mountain solitude of Lone Star cabin; here are the five picturesque players of the played-out claim, whimsically known to each other as the

Right and Left Flowers (two brothers), Union Mills (who had once patched his trousers with the branded fragment of an old flour-sack), the Judge (a singularly inequitable Missourian), and the Old Man (whose downy lip proclaimed him still in his teens). For five years these five partners have been toiling at their claim, with nothing to show for it but debts, lost credit, and disgust. Four of them are plotting to “vamoose the ranch,” deserting the Old Man to sole inheritance of the claim, the debts, and the dangers. The shamfaced shambling way in which they perfect their plot, and steal forth on the performance of it, is done to the very life. You can see the four men as they steal away from the cabin. And in the midst of it, the Old Man, all unsuspecting of their treachery, hopeful and true to his partners to the last, is out on the mountain side still prospecting. And lo! the sudden avalanche discloses the auriferous seam, for which they have so long been searching, and he hurries back with the joyful news, and meets his skulking partners, and confronts their disheartened spirits and traitorous purposes with his discovery, and they are just in time to save themselves from the final step, and one of them calls out to the others to watch a star that “seemed to be rising and moving towards them over the hushed and sleeping valley,” and they all draw up by the roadside to let the stage-coach in which they were to take their flight go thundering by without them, and only the Judge hears the greeting which the driver hoarsely shouts to him as he whirls along.

“Did you hear—did you hear what he said, boys?” he gasped, turning to his companions.

“No! Shake hands all round, boys! God bless you all, boys! To think we didn’t know it all this while!” “Know what?” “Mercy Christmass!”

It is but a touch—those last words, but it illumines the whole scene with a flood of kindly feeling, and lifts the reader to a high outlook. The picturesqueness in this story, the pathos of it, the life-likeness of the group of discouraged miners, their downhearted desertion of their comrade, his lofty unsullied devotion to the common interest, the swift turn in their affairs towards prosperity and brotherhood; these are the traits of one of Bret Harte’s better portraits.

NEW ENGLAND ORCHIDS.^

The orchid, most persons would say, is with us a bot-house plant, possessed only by importers, acquired only at large expense, cultivated only by great care, and known only as a rarity and curiosity. Orchid fanciers are comparatively few. One of them, a gentleman living in a suburb of Boston, grows them in a tiny conservatory attached to his dining-room, importing them direct from the tropics, nursing them with most loving pains and skill, and showing them to his friends as pets to be fond of and proud of almost above his children. The beauty of these South American orchids, their apparent singular sustenance upon the air, their infinite grace and grotesqueness of form, their wonderful richness and variety of coloring, their highbred delicacy, their rare perfume, makes them out of all other flowers. Are they flowers, or are they birds, or mammish insects—butterflies with gaudy wings and slender antennæ, living and breathing and eating and sleeping with instincts of life, and having something in common with humanity?

With these current impressions of orchids upon the mind, it is rather a surprise to learn from Mr. Baldwin’s book that no less than forty-seven species and varieties of true orchids are to be found in the catalogue of New England flora; and that these forty-seven may be enlarged to fifty-nine by adding the territory east of the Mississippi and north of New York and Tennessee. This is poverty, indeed, in comparison with the orchid possessions of Japan, which island alone counts over three hundred species; but it is wealth as compared with the popular impression. And all lovers of flowers and floriculture ought to be thankful to Mr. Baldwin for hunting up, identifying, and introducing to us these “poor relations” of a very select and illustrious family.

Mr. Baldwin is a botanist of Burlington, Vermont. He has explored the fields in his vicinity and studied the works of other writers; and the result of his efforts is an illustrated octavo of 159 printed pages, with additional leaves in blank for manuscript memoranda, full indexes, a bibliography, and a very useful “comparative list,” showing in tabular form the distribution of orchids, by towns and species, in the different New England States.

Mr. Baldwin’s introduction is a pleasant discourse upon the orchid family in general, with special direction towards these its New England members.

My own acquaintance with this rural family has been for years what might be called a bowing one; a supposed ability to call its members by name when I saw them and an appreciation of their outward beauty or oddity forming a superficial knowledge with which I was quite content until I began to make a series of sketches of my charming friends. Then, as I observed them more closely in their homes, I realized how little one knows about his neighbors, after all; discovered that there were brothers and sisters, cousins once or twice removed, and other relations I had never seen, and that these apparently guiltless folks were deserving of the closest study. They actually seem, now that I understand them better, more like human beings than flowers, and if I believe the marvellous tales of the wise men, as to the dependence of Orchids upon insects; that each so aptly contributes a part of the mutual labor; that the spots and fringes, silken curtains and waving banners, strong or subtle odors, are not mere adornments, but necessary to the fertility of the plant and the perpetuation of its race; that there are changes in color and structure, plots and devices to gain their ends, we must confess, I think, that although the Orchids do not spin, they toil with a wisdom and foresight that Solomon might have envied.

The characteristic of the flower of an orchid is three inner divisions, or petals, and three outer divisions, or sepals; one of the petals differing more or less from the other two, and often assuming the most grotesquely beautiful shapes. This is called the “label,” or lip, and is the most important feature of the flower. For one thing it secretes nectar which attracts the fertilizing insect. The orchid flower may be solitary, or clustered. Sometimes petals and sepals unite in a sort of hood over the label; sometimes they spread asunder like the wings of an insect. The leaves of the plant show parallel veins; the roots are both fibrous and bulbous, and sometimes corallike.

Then North American orchids are identical with European varieties, and all have been made the objects of careful study by Darwin, Gray, and other eminent naturalists, but with what success may be inferred from Darwin’s confession that after twenty years of study he doubted if he thoroughly understood the contrivances of any one flower. Mr. Baldwin quotes much from Darwin and Gray, and makes free use of the researches of other botanists, both amateurs and professionals. The Lady’s-Slipper, the Arctiuza, the Pogonia, and the Calopogon are among the more familiar orchid forms to be found in New England woods and meadows. Others are the Orchis Speculata, or Showy Orchis, in the Middle States called “Preacher in the Pulpit;” the Spiranthus romanzwiana, or Ladies’ Tresses; and the Goodyera pubescens, or Rattle-snake plantains.

Quite a cultivation of the New Hampshire orchids is noted by Mr. Baldwin, among the professional growers being Mr. Edward Gillett of Southwick, Mass. Mr. Foster of Hanover in the same State raises the Cypripedium in a partially shaded border of leaf mold mulched with leaves. Mrs. Nelson of Worcester, Mass., succeeds with a number of varieties under ordinary garden conditions. But the greatest delight over these odd flowers must consist in finding them in their native haunts, luxuriating in wildness and freedom. Thus is it with Mr. Baldwin, of whose instructive and pleasant monograph we take leave with the following extract:

Any swamp is a treasure-house at this time of year to one who wades recklessly into it. The treacherous sphagnum, shading through all the tints of green into rich reds and umbers, lures you on by offering a bed for your bony shoulders and in the mushroom there, till wet feet seem a very small price to pay for so great an amount of pleasure. The Linnea swings her fragrant bells; the Buncheberry masses her involucres into a semblance of the snow-drifts that lay there not so very long ago; the Pitcher plant offers her toothless traps, slender funnels and plumed sedges sway in the wind. With so much that is immediately presented to the eye, how can the Tway-blade, Liottora Cordata, tiniest of our Orchids, hope to turn your steps toward her bowers? True, you
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may not appreciate her after you have brushed away the branches of Kalmia and Labrador Tea, and found her to be a plainly dressed little thing, perhaps six inches high, but she is entitled to as much respect as any of her race.

TABLE TALK.

... Prof. Wm. C. Richards read a tender poetical tribute at the unveiling of a monument to Miss Clara Wells, a once distinguished and beloved teacher, at Pittsfield, Mass., Wednesday. Professor Richards is now in Boston, revising the plates of Science in Song, a book of verse which he contributed a volume of prose which will probably appear in the autumn or early winter.

... Miss Mary A. Laithbury, the artist-poet, is a light-complexioned, delicate-looking woman, with a boyish air and is forty-three years of age. She resides in Orange, N. J., but does her art work in New York. She has just returned from Ocean Grove, where she “cottage” during the summer.

... Three American poets—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Francis Parkman, and William Winter—were born on the same day, in October 1836.

... Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking of Prof. W. C. Richards' poem of congratulation upon the Autocrat's election as chief of the Forty Immortals, now so widely copied, said, “I blushed redder when I read it than when I found my name at the top of the column. How much pleasanter it is to be spoken of good-naturedly than to be pecked at by critics!”

... Hon. Cassius M. Clay is writing a history of Russia.

... Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, N.Y., who wrote the admirable and popular hymn beginning “It singeth low in every heart,” says that he had often wished he might write a “favorite hymn.” The one referred to was written for the 350th anniversary of the founding of the South Carolina Society of Brooklyn, of which Mr. Chadwick has been the pastor for twenty years, and was sung on that occasion to the tune “Auld Lang Syne.” “It will never be sung again more tenderly and tearfully,” says its author, “though I am glad to know that it is much used in our churches.” Mr. Chadwick has just returned to Brooklyn from his summer home, Hilltop, Chesterfield, Mass.

... Mrs. George Clinton Smith of Springfield, Illinois, has completed the volume on which she has been engaged for three years past, entitled Woman in Sacred Song. Miss Louisa M. Alcott contributes to the book the only hymn she ever wrote. Miss Frances E. Willard will write the Introduction.

... Will M. Clemens, the conductor of Literary Life, a Chicago monthly, is but twenty-four years old. He is a native of Paris, O.; in boyhood published an amateur paper, in youth became a reporter, after some experience as a printer, and has since been variously engaged in authorship and journalism. But as a journalist he does not always speak the truth. See some late statements by him about the Literary World. His most important literary work as yet is The Life and Letters of John Brown, lately issued by the Coburn & Newman Publishing Co., Chicago.

His wife, formerly Rose A. Geisfeld of Chautauqua, N. Y., is also engaged in literary work.

... Miss Carlotta Perry, one of Wisconsin's poets and short story writers, is at Wauwatosa, in the vicinity of Milwaukee, where she is playing the part of a "professional idler"—though she was active enough recently to produce seven sonnets for purchasers. She has been enjoying a vacation since the first of June, and in the course of her travels she visited a sister poet, Hattie Tyng Griswold, at Columbus, Wis., whose poem, "Three Kisses," written in her eighteenth year, indicated extraordinary development.

... Mrs. Summerfield is engaged upon a volume of prose which will probably appear in the autumn or early winter.

... Mrs. G. R. Alden's ("Panzy's") next book will deal chiefly with the temperance question. Its serial publication will probably begin next month, in the Herald and Presbyter, of Cincinnati, in which all "Panzy's" serials, except those in The Panzy, first appear, by a fifteen years' contract, and it will appear between covers with the imprint of D. Lothrop & Co., next June.

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

... To the eminent German publishers who have lived, and recently died, away from their native land—the list includes Trieblner, Leyboldt, and Bohn—must be added Wilhelm von Braumuller, the Nestor of the Vienna publishers. Born in 1809, he was the son of a Hasian clergyman and very properly customarily juvenile in the German book trade he entered the Vienna house of Gerold. In 1858 he began publishing for his own account, made typography a specialty, and had the great fortune of publishing the medical treatises which have thrown so much lustre on the Austrian capital. The University of Wurzburg, likewise famous in medicine, conferred on Braumuller an honorary degree, and the Emperor of Austria raised him to the nobility. It is in part due to Braumuller that Austrian books excel their German rivals in elegance.

... Mr. Edwin Arber, F. S. A., of the Mason Science College in Birmingham, England, has collected in one volume the nine works of Captain John Smith, including the True Relation, the Description of New England, the two New England Trials of 1650 and 1672, and the General History of Virginia. The volume forms No. 16 of the English Scholars' Library. It has been said with a show of reason that "had not Captain Smith of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, strove, fought, and endured as he did, the present United States of America might never have come into existence." A library of our national history is not complete without the works of John Smith, now made accessible to all purchasers.

... Bohn is dead, the well-known London publisher, whose editions of classics in all departments of literature are so familiar in every library. His publications, nearly all uniform in size and style, aggregate six or seven hundred volumes.

... A memorial to Cruikshank, the caricaturist, has been placed in the Kensington Green Cemetery, consisting of a massive granite pedestal suitably inscribed and surmounted by a bust.

... G. Freytag, Leipzig, has published the first part of E. O. Hopp's History of the United States of America. The volume ends with the struggle for independence.

... A daughter of Charles Dickens was a prominent figure at the recent wedding of Miss Du Maurier in London, and among the guests were Mr. Browning and Mr. James.

... M. Delafield is at work on a history of military costume in France, from 1790 to the present time, to be printed in fifteen parts with more than 300 illustrations.

... An office for "universal information" has been opened near the British Museum. You pay your shilling, and ask your question, and get your answer.

... Grillparzer's house is now open to the public, displays of course a good many relics not only of the poet himself, but of Goethe, who was his friend.

... Of the new illustrated edition of Heine's works no less than 100,000 copies were sold at Prague within four days of publication.

... The London Times is indexing its whole file, working backward, and has just reached the volume for 1857.

... Mr. Bradlaugh is going to give a course of lectures in London next autumn on America.

NEWS AND NOTES.

... Ginn, Heath & Co. have just brought out the American copyrighted edition of Mr. Axel Gustafson's book on The Drink Question, which has already been accepted in England as the most complete work on the subject ever made, and one that will be the Bible of temperance reformers for years to come. The prominent reviews have pronounced it the fairest, most exhaustive, freshest, and most original of all the literature on the subject that has yet appeared. They also declare it to be most impartial and careful in its evidence, and fair and fearless in its conclusions. Its accuracy is vouched for by the best physicists and physi- cians. Mr. Gustafson is a Swede by birth, is a graduate of Harvard University, and has won high distraction as a thorough student of politics and as a political writer of marked insight and acumen. He has written for the Boston and New York dailies as well as for the North American Review, International Review, National Quarterly, and Atlantic Monthly.

... Unusual interest has attended the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which opened in Montreal on the 27th of August. The presence of a large number of eminent British and American scientifics, the novelty of the place of meeting, and the fine weather, put everybody in the best of spirits. Lord Rayleigh, who is working professor of physics at Cambridge, England, gave an inaugural address as President, which showed him, wise, and accomplished a scholar an English scholar might be. He dwelt especially on the rapid development of electrical mechanics. Among the notabilities present were Professor Roscoe, the chemist, Sir Richard Temple, George Howard Darwin, a son of the naturalist, Dr. Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, Professor Dawkins, the geologist, and Sir Lyon Playfair.

... An historical romance by Lucy Ellen Guernsey, entitled Laysey's History, a Tale of Many Changes, will be published in a few days by Thomas Whittaker. The same publisher has also nearly ready Gold and Glory, or Wild Ways of Baker Days, a story of early American discovery by Grace Stebbins; The Children's
The Literary World.

[Sept. 6, 1873]

Pilgrimage, by L. T. Meade; Castile Comfort, by Mrs. W. J. Hay; Anna Canova, by Sarah C. B. O'Dorkey; and Walter Allison, his Friends and Foils, by the author of the Three Chums.


Dr. Dio Lewis, who has undergone some grievance in relation to his magazine, Dio Lewis's Monthly, announces in a card that he has "gained possession of it," and is prepared henceforth to treat with the public in his own person and on his own terms.

— The trustees of the James Lick estate in San Francisco have devoted $50,000 to a memorial to Francis Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," to be erected in Golden Gate Park in that city.

— Prang & Co., the art publishers of Boston, will have a large and imposing exhibit of their products at the forthcoming exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association in this city.

— It is announced that Arnold, Constable & Co. of New York will retain possession of the Manhattan Magazine, and carry it forward in hopes of reaching a paying basis.

— Mr. George Alfred Townsend, "Gath," is said to be writing a new novel, Kate of Katoomba, a title which suggests further uses of the Eastern slant.

— Roberts Brothers will have ready for the holidays an edition of the humorous Ballad of Lord Bateman, with illustrations by Cruikshank.

— St. Paul, Minn., is to have a new daily paper, The Day.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.

A RECORD OF ELLEN WATSON, Attempted and Edited by Andrew Brooke, Esq., M.D. &c. &c. Harper & Brothers. $1.25

LIFE OF GROVER CLEVELAND; with Sketch of the Life of Thomas A. Hendricks. By Denish Welch. John W. Lovell Co. 90c.

Essays and Sketches.

GEORGIA SCHEME. By A Nation Georgian. [Franklin Square Library.] Harper & Brothers.


LIFE ON A RANCH. Ranch Notes in Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory and Northern Idaho. By Regina Aldridge. Illus. D. Appleton & Co. 50c.

NEW SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By Henry George. John W. Lovell Co. 50c.


RUTHERFORD. By Edgar Fawcett. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25.

WHAT FIVE REMINISCENCES. By Faye Huntington. T. Y. Crowell Co. $1.25.

THE ALABAMA. By Carl Vaarnar. Translated by E. J. Erving. Wm. S. Gottsieber. Self-Raised. 60c. [From the Depths. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Petersen & Son. 75c.]


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HISTORY OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By Edward (Wilhelm Eber) Reuss, Professor Ordinarius in the Evangelical Theological Faculty of the Emperor William University, Strasbourg, Germany. Translated from the Fifth Revised and Enlarged German Edition, with numerous Bibliographical Additions, by Edward L. Houghton, A.M. 2 volumes, $9.00, $4.00.

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forty photo-engraving copies, are probably better than any other similar book can show. The value of such pages to the eye and taste alone are invaluable. The general excellence of the work leaves little to criticise.

Mr. Scudder has succeeded beyond most writers in holding a thread of cause and effect throughout, making the matter much more easily remembered, and vastly more valuable both to those who will obtain about all their historical notions from this one book, and especially to a much smaller number who will make it the beginning of higher and more philosophical study. In no other book of its kind is the comparative view of our people, the philosophy of our institutions, so well brought out as on pp. 161–177 of this work. Mr. Scudder is equally happy in seizing upon the salient, real facts of history, rather than those merely striking or incidental; for example, compare his treatment of Washington's first administration with that of some of our most popular histories—not a word on the inaugural ceremonies which so many dwell on, only a paragraph on Wayne's Indian campaign, but a whole chapter on financial and other matters of prime importance, which almost none of our "best" text-books hints at.

Mr. Scudder's divisions of his subject show the thoughtful student rather than the mere compiler, but are both well and ill. He makes three parts to our history: I. Discovery and Settlement (to 1763); II. Establishment of the Union (to 1815); III. Development of the Union (to the present). These are logical divisions, in accord with the real current of our history; but they do not go far enough, so as to give a real bird's-eye view as such an analysis ought. The adoption of constitutional government, 1788, was a more marked epoch than 1815; so, certainly, was 1776–7, when the nation and all the States formed independent governments of their own. The analysis should show this. Part II, for example, falls simply and logically under two divisions: (A) Establishment of Independent Government, sub-divided, (a) Beginning of the Trouble, 1760–74; (b) Revolution, 1774–83; (c) Confederation, 1781–89 (which we are pleased to notice Mr. Scudder does not call "Confederacy," as so many others do); (B) Consolidation of the Government, (a) at home, 1787–93, (b) abroad, 1781–1815. Nothing so stamps a thing in mind as clear, sharp analysis, and this the table of contents should carry further, as above indicated.

The teacher of the older books who has had to work out weekly, and write on the blackboard, his "lesson-topics," will find the "Topical Analyses" scattered through the volume a great relief, admirable, and entirely unapproached by any rival work. The "Chronological Tables" would be handier if placed in a single table at the end of the book; so, also, the lists of words pronounced along through the volume. The idea of defining words, in working-book style, at the head of the chapters, is trivial; of course the teacher will see that the pupil knows what he is saying, and the latter should go to the dictionary for himself and not have his work done for him.

The entire omission of the Mound-Builders seems a serious one. The "Hints to Teachers" are good, especially those on the use of pictures and maps, pp. xv, xvi, xvi. The "Questions for Examination" and the Index are of the best. The books noted for col-lateral reading are good, though we should quarrel with some; the list is not equal to Higginson's. Some hints and outlines on topical reading and essays would have been a new thing and valuable; as in Methods of Teaching and Studying History (Ginn, Heath & Co.), pp. 86–92.

There are now three histories of our country which every elementary teacher ought to have at hand, as a part of his working laboratory, so to speak—Higginson's, Gilmans, and Scudder's. Which of these he would put into his class, if, indeed, he did not put all and more, would depend on the class and the circumstances. We live near our neighbors, but if Philadelphia should claim to have the best school history yet written, we should say, well, the vanity is entirely pardonable under the circumstances.

NEW CASTLE.*

THERE are five points on the New England coast of greater historic interest or distinct romantic charm than the one selected by Mr. John Albee as the subject of this volume. The book is a modest one; too modest, in fact; it is printed in type that is over small and bound in paper covers that are quite too frail for the use that will be made of them. A more liberal instinct in the publication would have made of Mr. Albee's essay a handsome quarto, not the least attractive feature of which would have been the illustrations. These illustrations, by Abbot F. Graves, are from drawings in pen and ink, and it is not too much to say that they are remarkably good work of their class. As no drawing is more difficult than good pen-and-ink drawing, so none is more capable of fine effects or more pleasing to the eye, and in Mr. Graves Mr. Albee has secured a most sympathetic and competent illustrator. We do not know when we have seen better work of the kind. In outline and perspective, in light and shade, in vigor and delicacy, in ability to suggest much by little, many of the drawings in this book excel, while such views as "Jaffrey Cottage," to face p. 30, "Capt. John" (p. 40), "Cape Road" (p. 42), "Old Wentworth House" (p. 70), "Rev. John Emerson" (p. 102), and "New Castle Fishermen" (p. 154) are masterpieces in their way. We wish there were more delineations like Mr. Graves, and that we had more books with such pictures.

New Castle is an insular projection from the New Hampshire coast. The light of Portsmouth falls upon it, and it is the center of a great mass of local history, family tradition, and personal anecdote, on all of which Mr. Albee has drawn, and out of which he has woven a picturesquely narrative, whose shapes and colorings are mostly of the antique. The shadows of the Wentworths face aslant the picture. Quaint old figures, in homespun, knee-breeches, and three-cornered hats, move before the eye. The echoes of Indian contests and the Revolutionary War strike the ear. Blessed with these reminiscences of the past are glimpses of the present; the innovations which modern progress has made upon the ancient scene; the bridge, the roadway, the fashionable hotel, the cottage, and the various other accessories of the easy summer life of our times.

New Castle is more than a haunt; it is a resort. It has a past; it has also a present; the famous "Wentworth" Hotel now crowns the island, waving its flag in the breeze from the Atlantic, and treating its hundreds of guests to enchanting views on every side. Yachts dabble in the sparkling waters around. The little steam launch touches at the pier to take her handful of passangers for an afternoon's sail.

The reader at a distance who likes to look in on the New England landscape, who wishes a taste of its modern aspects flavored with the memories of olden times, will find few better loop-holes for the purpose than this book. It takes a poet as well as a historian to write such, and Mr. Albee is that. Another year his descriptions, traditions, and sentiment are likely to turn a new stream of pilgrims this way.

MR. FAWCETT'S NOVEL.*

M. R. FAWCETT'S new novel, with the perhaps slightly mischievous title of The Adventures of a Widow, may be described as an egg beaten up. That is to say it is a rather artificial product from a rather simple commodity. Mr. Fawcett has taken a somewhat small subject and worked it out into a somewhat large book. The yolk of his egg is a literary party in New York, in which the attempt is made to create a salon after the Paris pattern; the white of it is an assemblage of New York people—society people, literary people, aristocratic people, working people. The pepper and salt for Mr. Fawcett's beaten egg are sarcasm and satire, with a touch without pretension without performance, and genius without common sense. Mr. Fawcett names some of his characters on


* "New Castle Fishermen." (p. 154) are masterpieces in their way. We wish there were more delineations like Mr. Graves, and that we had more books with such pictures.
a rather peculiar system: there are Va-
ricks, Schenectady, Hackensacks, Cats,
Fours, Pondicks, and Job owners.
He restrains his fondness for obsolete
words, "equanimous" being the solitary
example we have observed; and this one
he more than offsets by his felicitous desig-
nation of marriage as a "holy usage." The
story begins in Bond Street, that once
select precinct, now "down town," whose
caracter was ruined by the famous Burdell
mugger twenty-five years ago.

As a leading feature of Mr. Favwett's
story may be said to be its social portraits,
we shall encroach upon our space so far as
to show several of them to our readers:

Mrs. Varick.

Her figure, which had before been quite too
thin despite its pliant grace, was now rounded
into some charming curves. Her gray eyes
sparkled less often, but they glowed with a stead-
lier light for perhaps this reason; they looked as
if more actualities had been reflected in them.
Her face, with its chiselled features all blending
to produce so high-bred and refined an ex- pression broke into a smile that was now,
but something unexplained fascination lay in its
acquired seriousness, that made the smile
of brighter quality and deeper import when it really
came.
She wore a flimsy and shining hair in a
heavy knot behind, and let it ripple naturally
toward either pure temple, instead of having it
brushed flat in her forehead in a misty tulle
moll, as previously. Her movements, her walk,
her gestures, all retained the volatile brittleness
and freshness of old. Possessed of office,
it was not even the first matronly hint about her
air, and yet it was more self-possessed, more em-
phatic, more womanly.

Ralph kindelon.

He had a large head set on a large frame
of splendour, virile proportions. His muscular limbs
were molded supplely; his big hands and feet
had the same harmony of contour, despite their
size; his grace of movement was extraordinary,
considered, proportionate, and weight; a kind
birth and solidity of chest struck you as you stood
close to him — men found it so substantially;
women, who on the contrary, was not so
warmth and solidity of chest struck you as you stood
close to him — men found it so substantially;
women, who on the contrary, was not so

Mrs. Dares.

Mrs. Dares herself had a look not unlike that
of some timid little wildflower. She was short
of stature and very fragile; Kindelon’s past ac-
counts of her temperament too, with the hint of being too faintly seen as Pauline gazes upon her.
She was extremely pale, with large, warm, dark eyes
set in an almost childlike face. Her dress hung
in folds about her slight person, as if there
had been some pitting motive in the looseness
of its fit. But she wore it with an air of her own.
It was a tall air, and yet it was one of ease and
repose. The intelligence and earnestness of her
clear-cut face gave her an undeniable dignity;
very soon she became sure of herself and
she was wholly unassuming, but you as soon realized that this trait of diffidence had no weakness in mind or character for its cause. It seemed, in truth, correspondent
with her bodily frailty, and to make her individ-
ualism more complete while none the less em-
phatic. The personality that pushes itself upon
our heed does not always make us notice it
the quickest. Mrs. Dares never pushed herself
upon anybody’s heed, yet she was seldom unnoticed.
Her voice rarely passed beyond a musical semi-
tone, and yet you rarely failed to catch each word
it uttered. Pauline not only caught each word
she as her new hostess now stood and addressed
her, leaving for the time all other guests who
were conversing in the parlor apartments,
but she tactfully decided, as well, that there
was an elegance and purity in the expressions used by
this new lady. She was not the grander
mannered dames whom she had intimately known
might have copied with profit. One peculiarity
about Mrs. Dares, however, was not slow to
strike her; the pale, delicate face never smiled.

Miss Cragg.

Miss Cragg had given Kindelon a short nod,
which he returned somewhat faintly. She was a
lady of masculine height, with a square-jawed
face, a rather motley complexion, and a pair
of eyes as expressive of emotion as they were
indeed from beneath a broad, flat forehead.
She was dressed in a habit of some shabby gray
stuff, and wore at her throat a large antique cameo pin,
which might have been unearthed from an ances-
tral chest near the lavendared laces and faded
love-letters of a long gone grandmother. She was
by no means an agreeable-looking lady; she
was so ungentle in her quick, snapping speech
and so unfeminine in her abrupt, almost
towering figure, that she promptly impressed you
with an idea of Nature having maliciously blended
the harsher traits of one austere personality,
and at the same time leaving the re-
sult sarcastically feminine. She seldom
addressed you without appearing to take
something with the thought you might have to tell her,
or which she would like you very much to reveal.
Her affirmations often had the sound of interrog-
tories. She had none of the grace, the
ttness of the ordinary "interviewer;" she went
her task rough-handed and undeterred.

We should not wonder if some of Mr.
Fawcett’s portraits — perhaps all of them —
had been furtively done from life, and if
(in his sleeve) he might laugh at the success
such he has set on.

RANCH LIFE AND STOCK RAISING.*

Mr. REGINALD ALDRIDGE is a young
Englishman, educated as an engineer,
who, finding himself in 1877 out of
a job, determined to come to the "States"
to see what openings there were here.
He had been much interested that year in
a series of letters to an English Journal from
Kauas and Colorado, and to those States in
particular these letters naturally turned his
attention. He sailed for New York on the
"Somerset" of the Great Western line, and
proceeded almost directly to Denver by
way of Chicago. From Denver he made
one or two visits to sheep farms and cattle
ranches in that vicinity, and then pushed
over into Southern Kansas along the borders
of the Indian Territory. Here, in Barber
County, he fell in with a cattle farmer,
struck a partnership with him, and began
business, himself furnishing capital, and
the other furnishing the stock. The fortunes
in this first venture he gives an entertaining account. A second experiment
on a somewhat larger scale, and in other
connections, was made in the Indian Terri-
ory, and the successes of this left our
Englishman a prosperous ranchman, with
a valuable and growing investment in stock

*Life on a Ranch. By Reginald Aldridge. D. Apple-
ton & Co. 30c.
and accessories, and a good balance to his credit in the bank.

The usual duties of life on the plains are full of novelty and interest:

The work was not at all severe. We got up generally about sunrise, and after a hasty breakfast saddled our horses and went round the cattle, counting them as we passed along. If any had wandered too far we drove them back. Then we returned, had some dinner, read, or wrote letters, or continued to feed the cattle, until it was time for us to return home. When we rode out again and quietly worked the cattle towards home. After sundown we rounded them up and fastened them as usual. We went to the horses, and after a short time to lie down, after which we went in, had supper, and “turned in” pretty early. Sometimes a few of our cattle would stray away and give us some trouble to discover them. When this happened we usually found them in one of the neighboring herds, of which there were three within a radius of five miles.

Occasional excursions for shooting varied the routine of duty on the ranch. Now and then the outbreak of a dangerous prairie fire in the neighborhood would make lively work for a few hours. Then an unruly element of Texas steers would stir up trouble in the herd, or the calves would have to be branded, or a chance noise in the night would create a panic, or a sudden snowstorm would bury the shanty up. In due time Christmas came, with its dinner of wild turkeys. Now and then a winter evening brought a dance, with near settlers from the east. When any of the cattle got mired in the bog holes, they had to be dug out. The “round up,” or gathering in of the cattle, to pick out the lots of different owners, was always an enlivening scene. The Indians made little trouble, though in one case they attempted to levy a tax on the passage of cattle over their lands.

In course of time Mr. Aldridge and a few associates bought out a large ranch in the Panhandle, an upper corner of Texas, including a comfortable five-room house and a fine herd of cattle. This was just as President Garfield was dying. The other cattle belonging to them in the Indian Territory were driven down to the new quarters, and their life here is thus depicted:

During the winter we kept four men besides the cook. Two of the riders were Mexicans, and the cook was a negro; so we had a little of all sorts. Every two men were employed freighting corn and supplies from Dodge a good part of the winter. We generally sent up three wagons, two of them coupled together, with a team of six horses and mules, and the single wagon with a four horse team. The regular freighters always use two wagons coupled together, the advantage of which is that when they come to a piece of heavy sand or a river to pull through they can uncouple one like one wagon over at a time. The wagons were usually five days in going to and from Dodge, and ten in returning, loaded.

During this part of the year from the middle of April to the middle of November—we employ some eight or nine riders, whose chief business is gathering our cattle at various round ups that occur in the neighborhood, and branding the calves. They have also to put up hay on the range, and also drive the horses and cattle that may need it in the winter. In the autumn all the steers we can find fat enough and over three years old are driven up to Dodge, and sent by rail to Kansas City, to be sold. In addition to the riders we keep a man to do a little farming, chiefly plowing twenty or thirty acres, and

sowing millet and sorghum, both of which are pretty safe crops and very good to feed live stock. He also does some gardening, milks the cows, and makes himself generally useful. A woman adds greatly to the comfort of a ranch, if she is of the right sort, and we have been very fortunate in this respect. Our housekeeper keeps everything in apple-pie order. . . . Her husband is one of our riders.

Thus the cattle on Mr. Aldridge's ranch have increased to about seven thousand head, and the business, which he began in ignorance and as an experiment, has grown to be substantial and lucrative. He has given as graphic and good an account of ranch life and stock raising in the Far West as we remember to have seen. He does not think that stock raising is destined to be quite so profitable as it has been; the "boom" is over; but the business is now settling down on a firm and healthy basis. All intending ranchmen will find his book to their advantage. The illustrations are only four, and do not go for much.

A NOVEL OF TENNESSEE.*

The author of the volume of life and character sketches, In the Tennessee Mountains, reviewed on page 179 of this volume of the Literary World, has followed it noticeably soon with a full-sized novel, the scenes of which are also laid mainly in Tennessee. The diversions are supplied by New Orleans. Mr. Craddock's new work may thus be distinctly called a Southern novel; Southern is its source and Southern is in its subject; and as far as it has a Civil War background, so far is it entitled to our special attention as a product of the new era, literary and social, which has dawned upon the South. So viewed we are ready at once to pronounce it a remarkable novel; by all odds the most remarkable, the ablest, the most promising strictly Southern novel that has met our notice for some time.

If our opinion of Mr. Craddock's novel has been asked at the end of the third chapter, or the fourth, we should have been tempted to say more than this; to say, in fact, that here was a new American novelist, and a great one; a novelist with an uncommon combination of uncommon traits; a novelist with brains, sensitivities, and a good style; a novelist who had a subject, skill in developing it, an eye for landscape, an ear for dialect, a dramatic faculty, a poetic feeling, discrimination of character, and an artist's touch in description. It seemed to us as we read Mr. Craddock's opening chapters that a new literary magician had lifted his wand.

The subsequent portion of the novel did not quite confirm this first impression, and we closed the book with the feeling that certain weaknesses in the author had occasioned serious defects in his work, while yet a careful balance of its qualities would leave a large sum to his credit. Mr. Craddock has undeniably written a careful and finished tale, deserves to be heard, and offers attention for its delineation of life, for its studies of character, for its plot and action, and which must take honorable rank among the novels of the year; foremost rank among the Southern novels of all years.

The book takes its title from one of the battle-grounds of Tennessee, a battle-ground believed by local superstition to be haunted, whose outlines are constantly held up as a shadowy and fugitive scene behind the action of the story, and whose echoes furnish a reverberatory undertone to the narrative. In reality the battle-ground has little to do with the story, except as the hiding-place of one of its minor characters, but the author's power is shown in the use he makes of it to play upon the reader's sensibilities. The story as a structure rests upon a conspiracy to defraud a Miss Antoinette St. Pierre out of property by personating a claimant who is really dead. But this foundation is of less interest than the superstructure of incident which the novelist's invention has gathered about it.

Besides Miss St. Pierre the leading characters are her persecutors, Bennet and Travis, a precious pair of adventurers, John Fortescue, the Tichborne prototype, Captain Estwicke, whose true personality is well disguised to the very end, General Vayne, a fine specimen of the unreconciled Southern soldier, his daughter Marcia, and old Mr. Ridgway. Captain Estwicke suffers the disadvantage of wearing a Northern uniform, but sectional feeling is not prominent, and politics play a less important part than some authors of fiction.

One of the strongest scenes in the book is a game of poker, into which Estwicke has been inveigled by his effusive cousin, Tom West, and which is made the occasion for very effectually showing up and using up a professional sharer by the name of Casey. This is perhaps as representative an episode as the book affords:

"I haven't played for so long, I scarcely remember the game," protested Casey. "West laughed jeeringly; he joyed so in his amiable wickedness. "Oh, Casey's afraid of getting turned out of church. We'll take you out of the wet — won't we, Captain?" he said to the 'big church' — "we do." Estwicke made no reply; he hardly relished even a "big church" — membership with Casey. "I suppose we play with a limit?" he asked impatiently, showing some eagerness to begin. West's eyes shone in his somewhat envious, his seedy, his weak-kneed semblance — that would yet might not be. He quaked at the bare suggestion of the alternation of the two editors and, he declared, "If we play with a limit — fifty cents — say, they talked very little while once fairly started. "For a time attendance to him was too heavy and going against the West laughed out loud and long in triumph. And again his voice rose in excited remonstrance, to which his companions seemed to pay no attention. Then the room was quiet for a time, and the lawyer lost cognizance of everything except the complications of Bennet's lines and his

* Where the Battle was Fought: By Charles Egbert Craddock. James R. Osgood & Co. $1.50.
debtors’ duplicity. “How many bailes do you suppose I missed?”

Meredithe smiled at him helplessly, the revoler that he still gripped in his pocket as useless as if his right hand was palsied. “My Lord Purl,” raked his pool,” thundered Estwick. “I won it all! I'll have it all! I Fork! With your left hand — mind.” As Casey hastily pushed the money across the table, a modert nickel that was all that was left in the game with which they began, fell to the floor and rolled away among the shadows. He had surrendered entirely — a shock of relief was beginning to inflate his lungs, which in the surprise and fright he had forgotten to bungle and bunget his familiar game. Men moved as slightly as they stood — an involuntary expression of the relaxation of the tension — the creak of Tom West’s boots was to him like the voice of a friend. Then they realized, with the shock of an infinite surprise, that Estwick sat as motionless and as if he were carved in stone, his pistol still held at the chest’s head. The room was so silent that they might hear the rumble of the elevator on its mission up and down, the thrum of the engine in the cellar, the faint rattle of the dishes in the dining-room far, far below the high story where the young man’s room was perched. They understood at last, and it came upon them with the amazing effect of a flash of lightning from a clear, cloudless sky. The card-sharp was panting, falling, almost losing consciousness. He did not dare to stoop and search for the card, he only summoned his voice for speech. The tears sprang into his eyes when he saw that the situation was at length comprehended — the play of his heavy hand knelt on the floor, passed his tremulous fingers over the dark carpet, clutched the coin and placed it on the table. To the two who knew Estwick best, the episode was a frightful illustration of a certain impertinent exactness which they had discovered even in the most unpretentious was a noticable characteristic of his nature. For one instant longer he looked hard at the sharer, then he brought his heavy hand down upon the table in the midst of the pile of greenbacks, with a vehemence that sent a shiver through every glass in the room. “Damn you!” he cried out, fiercely. “Keep it!”

And with that Estwick thrust his pistol into his pocket, and strode heavily out of the room.

The extraordinary vigor and vividness with which this incident is related, the dramatic force with which the scene is impressed upon the imagination, most effectively pre- serve the mind of the reader from a too early disclosure of the fact that the pistol was not loaded!

In some such ways as this Mr. Craddock’s art is nearly if not quite consummate. That he writes with a reserve of power, and under a self-control which comes of discipline, is evident. At the same time he runs a little too much to amplification, and the pages of this book would have borne curtailing. The subject is hardly deep enough, the purpose of the author hardly earnest enough, to warrant so much detail as has been given. But the book shows talent in design and skill in workmanship, and makes us look to Mr. Craddock for something yet more important and successful.

**MINOR NOTICES.**

**Florence. Venice.** By Augustus J. C. Hare. [George Routledge & Sons. Each $1.00.]

The pages of the book are the product of those admirably planned guide-books which have opened Italy to the intelligent traveler, and made it accessible and easy to understand. The plan of the books, which is similar to that of The Walks in Rome, takes the two cities

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Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. [T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.50.]

Although Mr. Swinburne is now nearly fifty years old, and has been before the public as a poet for nearly a quarter of a century, we believe this is the first considerable collection of his poems which has been made into a volume as a whole. The choice of selections. Some of them have not been fit to be printed except for private circulation. His Lais Veneri (1866) was indeed suppressed, but some of his “Poems and Ballads” will be found in the present collection. "Atalanta in Calydon" is also here, likewise "Erethyes," "Chastelard," "Bothwell," and "Mary Stuart," all tragedies, and a few sonnets. The collection has a responsible editor, as it should have, and the editor’s name is announced, as it should be. Mr. R. H. Stoddard is a competent editor, and there can be no doubt that he has given us Swinburne at his best. The accompanying portrait of the poet would be no addition to the attractions of any book. Swinburne is not among the handsomest poets of the world. His head has an over-grown look. He is top-heavy. The upper half of his head is too large for the lower. His lips and chin are pronounced; his moustache and side- beard are feeble and straggling. It is not a manly physiognomy, and the stories of the poet’s character and life accord with the impression which the picture gives. Mr. Stoddard, in his introduction, apologizes for the sins of poets. “If we cast our eyes back,” he says, “from the dawn of the sixteenth century to the poets of the sixteenth century — from Swinburne to Marlowe, say — they will not rest upon many who command respect for what they were, as well as what they wrote; who were men first, and poets afterwards.” Indeed, among all English poets Marlowe, in Mr. Stoddard’s mind, seems to be the prototype of Swinburne, and of Marlowe he gives a most unhappy personal picture. But we are glad to know from other sources, and to be able to say here, that the author of “Atalanta in Calydon” is becoming more an object of respect as a man as well as poet. As a poet Mr. Stoddard admires Swinburne with discrimination, and will not call him "great," for no man can be a great poet who is not a wise and solid thinker, and whose language is not large and direct; while Swinburne, though he has published a dozen or more volumes, “has written no line that lingers in the memory, and has uttered nothing that resembles a thought.” A severer criticism could not be conceived, and a truer one Mr. Stoddard has never uttered. The book is a handsomely printed square octavo, of 634 pages, two columns to the page, with gilt edges all round.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.

THE FATE OF THE CONTINENT.

The papers of the past week have contained a statement that The Continent of Philadelphia has been obliged to suspend publication. The rumor that it was to pass into the hands of the lady known as Mrs. Frank Leslie, who would in some way utilize it in connection with her newspaper, has been contradicted. It is also stated that about $200,000 has been sunk in the fruitless attempt to create The Continent on an independent and paying basis. There is some ground for hope, it is said, that it may yet weather the crisis.

The Continent was founded two or three years ago, on ample capital, it was understood, on a broad and comprehensive plan, intended to combine the alert and elastic qualities of a weekly with the solid attractions of a monthly. By means of stirring editorials, short stories, bright, original and well-woven, the resources of a richly equipped journalistic establishment, it was expected to create an illustrated journal of the largest intelligence, foremost attractions, and generally unique. Judge Tourgee, whose name had acquired celebrity by his authorship of A Foot's Errand and other novels of life at the South during and after the war, took vigorous charge of the enterprise, with the aid of a considerable staff of assistants in charge of departments. The magazine at first had the name of Our Continent, which was afterwards changed to The Continent, and its inviting form, midway between a quarto weekly and an octavo monthly, its fresh typography, and its rich and beautiful illustrations won for it immediate notice and interest. During its short life it has printed much excellent matter, and one or more books have been made up of selections from its contents. The extinction of such a wholesome and handsome journal would be a public loss, which we should be sorry to have to record.

Just behind the struggling Continent, too, lies the dismantled Manhattan, laboring in the trough of the sea; her fair beginnings of a voyage overaken by sudden disaster, and the question of her ever making the port of financial success, left in uncertainty.

The fact is—and the lesson has to be taught over and over—that the enterprise, in these days, of starting and conducting a public journal is one of the most costly and difficult and risky of enterprises. A cranberry bog is nothing to it! The case is hard enough with a newspaper pure and simple; and when the publication is illustrated, and when it enters into competition with a market already well supplied, the task is several times more serious. Few people, except those who have had experience, realize that books, unlike great poems, are made, not born. They are grows, not creations. The great dailies, weeklies, monthlies, that feed the eye and brain of America today are developments through long periods out of insignificant seeds. A half a million of money would be none too much to reckon on for launching a full-fledged venture like Harper's or the Century today; a round million would be better still.

Again, then, out of these most recent facts of journalistic history, we repeat the warning so often sounded of old, that it anybody, man or woman, has a large amount of money to lose, it would better be devoted to starting a new journal. An old journal, established and steadily running with a character, with a reputation, with the confidence and respect and esteem of the community to and for whom it speaks, and speaking with authority and influence, is a good possession; but the scrabble up to such a position is a long and a hard one. The purpose is like that of the Harvard students for the nosegays around the tree on class day. There are many contestants, but few carry away a prize.

All the same we are sorry for The Continent, and wish for the brain and heart behind it a fair field for exercise.

TABLE TALK.

... Miss Lucy Larcom is resting in the quiet hill village of Bethel, Me., on the Grand Trunk road, where she will remain until October. She has not been well the past year, but is improving in health, and writes occasionally.

... The golden wedding of Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," was celebrated with distinguished congratulations at his home in Newton, Mass., September 16.

... Mr. James M. Bailey, the Danbury News humorist, is running his paper as both a weekly and an evening daily. He has seen the News rise from a local to a national circulation, and vice versa. In 1873 the paper had a sale, local and general, of 2,500 copies; the presses for many weeks were run night and day to supply the demand; today, the sale of the weekly edition is less than 3,500 copies. When, in 1876, the circulation had fallen to about 3,000, the humorist, aware that his glory was passing, said: "I expect to drop out after a while, but as long as there are so many who say go on, I am going on." For four years the publishers of the News must have realized immense dividends.

... Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the widow of Seba Smith, author of the Letters of Major Jack Drum, has just returned to her home in the Long Island hamlet of Blue Point, from a visit to Miss Sallie Holley, whose educational work among the colored people of Virginia has been described in Eastern newspapers. Mrs. Smith is making reasonable progress with her autobiography, which will teem with recollections of the most eminent men and women in all vocations in the last generation. She was personally acquainted with Orator Amos Brown, Bronson Alcott, Emerson, Garrison, Phillips, George Ripley, Chas. Fenn Hoffman, N. W. Willis, John Neal, Gerritt Smith, the Longfellows, Theodore Parker, Lucretia and James Mott, Edgar Poe, William Pitt Fessenden, and many others distinguished in literature and in reform, besides governors, patriots, and exiles not a few. "As I look back," she says, "it would seem that half the thought of fine thinkers and actors has in some way circled within the radius of my experience." Speaking of Theodore Parker, she says that she spoke once in his church in Boston at his request, and she "shall never forget the fine Socratic appearance of Mr. Parker when he called upon me, and we sat and talked in the dim firelight, which shone upon his grave and noble brow." Referring to the autobiogra phy, she says, "I am not sure that I shall write anything beyond." She is nearly eighty years of age, but is still clear minded, and strong and active in both mind and body.

... Miss Kate W. Hamilton, author of Rachel's Share of the Road, which, after an anonymous appearance, has just been reprinted in the "Round Robin Series" of J. R. Osgood & Co., with the writer's name on the cover — has another story nearly ready for the press.

... Miss Anna L. Ward of Bloomfield, N. J., the compiler of Surf and Wave, has completed a supplement of American quotations for Grocott's Beautiful Thoughts from English Authors, published by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, New York.

... Mr. Forrest Morgan, the discriminating editor of the Traveler's Record, the organ of the Travelers' Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., has returned with his family from Ireland, whither he went in June in order to repair his health. In poetical and critical features the Record has shown a sad falling off during Mr. Morgan's absence.

... Hattie Tyng Griswold is described by a literary woman who is her personal friend as "a woman of strong yet sympathetic and tender nature, about 40, tall, rather large, fair rather than dark, with a fine, sensitive face. In her own city [Columbus, Wis.] she is quite a social and philanthropic power. She has a happy home; three lovely daughters, and a husband who adores her, and who is able, financially, to permit her to carry out her many beneficent plans." Mrs. Griswold has probably returned from the Thousand Islands, where she and her family have spent a part of the summer.

... Miss Kate Vannah, author of Verses, is at work on a book of prose at her home in Gardner, Me.

MR. JAMES'S LATEST FICTION.

It is a sad experience to find that a writer who has always delighted us hitherto has no longer the same power to please. I am sure that others of Mr. James's admirers besides me must have undergone this experience lately. We had learned to count on him as one who would deliver to interested and delighted spirits all the products of his pen equally, yet none was without its characteristic merit. The lightest of his little stories and sketches contained something that was valuable in the way of character-painting, either, as contrasted types or as separate individualities affected by diverse cli-
correspondence and situations; there was moreover a certain distinctive quality in the style of these works, one and all, which afforded a special intellectual gratification. That a good many personages did not agree with, us in our estimate of this author mattered little to us admirers, and it did not affect our enjoyment of his writings that dull readers failed to see the point of their satire, and rabid American "patriotism" thought it detected snobbishness on every page. But what could be brought against an author than that he is dull? and if the accusation be true what excuse can be made? In the Impressions of a Cousin, a great falling-off became apparent. There was it true an odd puzzle in the situation in which the four chief personages are placed which kept alive curiosity and drew the reader on to follow the involutions of the narrative to its unsatisfactory end, although with the consciousness throughout that he did not really care much what the conclusion might be. The style had lost in ease, and therefore in grace; there was too much balancing of one proposition with another, too many metaphorical statements accompanied with parenthetical warnings to the readers against their incautious acceptance, and comments which served to hinder rather than to help an understanding of the progress of affairs.

Lady Barbarina has affected still more strongly our respect for the author's powers. The style is here again notable for its self-consciousness, and, in spite of long-drawn sentences full of clauses, for a disjointed jerkiness which may be the result of carelessness or of too much care; while as to the matter of the sketch—"is naught," that is all one can say of it. If there is a point to it, I for one have grown too obtrusive to perceive it.

What is to be said of the latest of these magazine tales, A New England Winter! We can hardly suppose it written simply for the sake of inserting a few paragraphs descriptive of the unpleasantries of the Boston climate and the discomfort experienced by the Boston citizens who makes use of the horse-car to convey him about his business. [Let me say here that as I, the present critic, am not a Bostonian by birth or adoption, it need not be supposed that I have been instigated to these strictures by resentment against Mr. James, whom I am quite willing to allow in the possession of his individual opinions and tastes with regard to Boston and America in general.] But if the author's purpose in writing A New England Winter be not to abuse New England and its people, what in reality is it? Forbidding Dainty, his mother and his aunt, his cousin Pauline, and his more-removed cousin Rachel, have not character enough between them to make an account of their private thoughts, their speech and actions, so interesting that we should give a couple of hours to hearing it, nor is there enough piquancy in the mere situation to overcome the lack of character and incident. Life is too short, we must decide, to read even Mr. James's stories, if they are to be hereafter no more entertaining than these.

Can it be that a vicious theory of his art has affected Mr. James's later work? Roderick Hudson is a book which respects the above-named novels; there is a great freshness in it, which is lacking in The Portrait of a Lady; it is the only one that has enticed me to a third and fourth reading. In the new work announced for the coming winter, The Princess Casamassima, we are to meet again our old acquaintance Christina Light, and I am curious to know if under her married name she will appear with the same vivid personality as of old.

O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, not knowing the ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

A Literary World Scrap-Book.
To the Editor of the Literary World.

On reading in the Literary World of August 23 that concise and needed instruction concerning scrap-books, I could not but wish that an effort of mine in that direction could be seen, for it is nothing else than a scrap-book made up wholly of clippings from the Literary World.

I am a friend of mine seeing it at a time since was really surpassed at the valuable reading-matter which it now contains; and he is a constant reader of the paper too.

Now what led me to do this, I hear some one ask. Why not be satisfied with the bound volumes? I have been inflicted with some unfortunate ones who awake too late to the fact that complete volumes cannot so easily be made of papers which have not been carefully saved. So instead of laying away by themselves what had been saved, or of even casting them off as old paper, what did I do but find a large book with leather covers which had done good work in a counting-room, and prepare it for use by removing some of its leaves. Then I took my papers and cut out all the editorials which seemed to me would be of particular interest to the future reader; all the criticisms of such books as promised to live through their own power, or which localized some present event or scene; some of the most characteristic Personal and News Notes, and nearly all of the Queries, with their answers if possible; all of which I put in the places which I had marked off for them in my book. Of course I had a part for the various clippings, which have now become valuable to me. But what I prize the most, perhaps, are the Bibliographies of many of the great writers. These make such a fine show of human wisdom that I am pressed to silence every time I look at them. So they have a counteracting effect which a cynic might say was a necessity to any woman!

I now give my papers several months in which to live in peace ere I put them upon the disjectata table. Then I am very careful to save only what will be of interest to the distant future, and this is not an easy thing to do when there is so much that is good in them. I did have to save all of the Emerson number, the Robert Browning number, and a few others, besides those which told of the world's literary work for a year. And these to my book have become not so much an ornamental as a useful appendage.

So much for my scrap-book, which is pleasant to see, is a practical illustration of much of the good suggestion of that editorial article. Let others do as much and they will not regret it.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

Chelsea, Mass.

— An outcome of the Saratoga meeting of the Social Science Association has been the formation of an American Historical Association for the furtherance of general historical studies in this country. Andrew D. White is president, Justin Winsor and Charles K. Adams are vice-presidents, Herbert B. Adams is secretary, and Clarence W. Bowen treasurer.

C L E A R A N C E  T A B L E.

Again the stream of autumnal publications sets in, and again we find our table encumbered with a mass of books, the accumulation of the summer months, which is crowded as it were in the race for distinction, and which now must be cleared away with a few words to make room for "new goods." It would be a mistake to conclude that among all this remnant are no works which deserve ampler notice; the force of circumstances must be our excuse, as well as authors' and publishers' consolation, for passing them swiftly by.

Dr. Taylor's war stories are not new, having been first told as long ago as 1873; and are simply here reprinted in a new edition in response to public demand. The book is dramatic, picturesque, stirring but is a little overdone. As pictures of camp and battle-field they have vivacity, but the vividness rather of the poster than of the photograph; being bold more than delicate.

New and fresh however are Gen. E. D. Townsend's anecdotes of the same chapter in our national life; and far more substantial in quality than the contents of the work first named; while if less picturesque and stirring to the eye, more satisfying to the historical sense, and not without considerable personal interest for their details of great generals and other public men during the war.

The transition is natural from history in America to history in Europe, and is easily made by way of Gindely's work on the Thirty Years' War, which is one of importance, and is now presented in a good translation from the original German, complete in two volumes, with maps and illustrations. Gindely is Professor of German History in the University of Vienna, and began some twenty years ago a course of exhaustive researches for an exhaustive work on the Thirty Years' War, which is not yet finished, and perhaps never will be, as the author is now approaching his 60th year. Two, or it may be three, volumes of it only have appeared. But yielding to solicitations he wrote out from his materials gathered for the larger work the present brief sketch. Though relatively to the larger scheme a brief sketch only, it is, judged by itself, by no means superficial or unimportant, and is quite as thorough as any readers will care for. Gindely, as keeper of the public archives of Bohemia, has had access to documentary authorities which no previous author has seen, and it is not too much to say that the Thirty Years' War has never been so closely studied or so carefully and effectively treated, as by him, making this pioneer even the standard

3 History of the Thirty Years' War. By Anton Gindely, Trans. by Andrew Ten Brock. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.
work on the subject. Its pages are illuminated with many elaborate historical portraits and pictures, which are among the best pen-work of their kind. The books are finely made and bound; left with rough edges at front and bottom.

Among what may be called children's histories of England Lady Callcott's holds a respectable place, though, being written as if it were being told, it lacks a little in literary dignity, and we do not see how it is greatly better for the purpose intended than Mrs. Ward's "Child's History, or even Miss Berard's 'School History,' or any one of half a dozen others. It is attractively printed.

Professor Atkinson's short essay is the substance of three lectures to classes of young men in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As a body of general directions for historical study, or of principles rather than directions, it is stimulating, but we do not consider its views always correct or always safe.

Biography.

Kahl, or De Kahl as his name has been generally written, was a German officer of distinction on the side of the American Colonies in the Revolutionary War — another Steuben, another Lafayette, whose services are entitled to grateful remembrance. Mr. Kapp's work is original, and based on first sources of information, including many family and State papers. It clears up uncertainties respecting Kahl's origin and personal history, corrects mistakes, as, for example, that he was of the nobility, and does generously by his character and career.

Elias P. Gurney was a Pennsylvania Friend, whose sweet Christian character, quiet usefulness, agreeable relationships, European travels, and tender correspondence with family and friends lend interest to her reverently edited memoir.

Major Seth Ely's is the pseudonym of an American gentleman said to be well known in New York circles, who has had a varied and eventful life, now as artist, and then as soldier, and again as journalist; with finally a pretty full experience in our Civil War; out of all of which he has now written a chatty and highly personal autobiography, which suffices also to give in some measure a picture of his times.

Ellen Watson was an Englishwoman whose life was finished in 1850 at the early age of 24, but not until she had distinguished herself as a scholar among scholars, particularly in mathematics, having won a scholarship at Girton, a very high place in the University of London, and rights to the honor list at either Cambridge or Oxford. Her last year was spent as a teacher in a Church School for Girls in South Africa. Her religious nature equally her intellectual; her physical was inferior. She died of hemorrhage of the lungs. Her character was a pleasant one to contemplate, her life a stimulating one to follow. The special lessons from both relate to the higher education of women; and in this memoir these lessons are largely conveyed by means of her letters. Her portrait shows a sweet and shining face.

Poetry.

For a collection of the best English poetry of moderate compass at a low price Red-Letter Poems is an excellent one. There are representative selections from the long line of English poets, from Chaucer to Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, an average of perhaps ten poems from each; with much more numerous selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Burns, and the other masters; with biographical data of the poets included; and with good indexes. The editor is not named, but has shown judgment and taste.

Laura C. Holloway's collection is tuned to the single key of "home," is less scholarly than the foregoing and more popular, less extensive and of lower general quality, drawing more on the newspapers and less on the libraries. Similarly the key-note of Anna L. Ward's collection is ship and shore, the marine landscape, the storm, the sailor's life, the romance, peril, and beauty of the sea. American poets share with English the honor of this collection; the familiar pieces seem mostly here; and with them are many bits of "drift-wood" rescued from the shifting waves of current literature. The volume has the outward attractions of Crowell & Co.'s poetical series.

A good many lovers of English poetry who are also admirers of Canon Farrar would like to look over the book of selections bearing his name as editor. He has taken nothing from living poets, stopping therefore with George Eliot and Dean Stanley. He has been passed by some of the lesser known English writers, as Parnell, Prior, Swift, and Gay. The chief poets represented are grouped by centuries, so that the work has a chronological aspect, and enables the reader to follow the historical stream; but we fail to find in it any qualities of mark.

Essays.

The anonymous author of Reforma is well-informed and sensible, judicious and judicial, discussing the various problems now before economists with clearness and candor, and without heat or prejudice, making a book that is suggestive to the reader in his own thinking and reasoning, rather than dogmatic and argumentative. Mr. Scudder's tract is a reply to Mr. Henry George and other writers who claim that all wealth is a creation of labor. The author is a known and competent instructor in this class of subjects, and no friend of socialistic theories.

It is an extraordinary fact that state aid to education in England is scarcely a generation old. The whole history of it can therefore be told in a nutshell, as it is by Henry Craik, with full particulars of the problem presented to the government, the difficulties thus far encountered, and the successes thus far achieved.

Mr. Hodgson's Academy Lectures are lectures at the Royal Academy, London, in which institution the author is Librarian and Professor of Painting; being first, an historical series of six on art as influenced by the times, as in the early, dark, and middle ages, and the more recent centuries; and second, a biographical series of six on famous artists, particularly Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. The lectures are directed towards the general and critical reader, not a practical and technical, knowledge of art.

Mr. Fort's Inquiry as to Conventional Builders in the Middle Ages points toward a theory of a connection between early guilds of stone-cutters and the modern order of Free Masons.

Dr. Allman's Bachelor's Tales are a little in I. K. Marvell's vein, with a streak of Timothy Fitchcomb, and blend good counsels, close observation, and pastoral experience with a pleasingly religious feeling of reverence.

Religious.

The second volume of Mr. Wherry's Commentary on the Psalter resumes the translation of the Mohammedan Bible at its third chapter, the translation of the text being accompanied by copious explanatory and critical notes. We are impressed with the value of this book as a guide to the understanding of the Koran, which is really worth reading, and that not alone for historic reasons.

Dr. James Freeman Clarke's Manual of Unitarian Belief merely states what he believes that Unitarians believe; he does not venture to say why.

Mrs. Rideout's Six Years on the Border were spent as a missionary's wife in the Far West, and her narrative of the same is a tale of toil, struggle, adventure, peril, hardship, and suffering, which it is almost like a leaf out of the Acts of the Apostles to read.

Even more harrowing are the tales of exertion and exposure related by Mrs. Willard, a missionary to Alaska, that latest territorial acquisition of ours on the northwest coast, whose area is equal to the whole of the United States lying north of Georgia, and east of the Mississippi River. But notwithstanding all that she and her husband encountered, Mrs. Willard gives an encouraging and inspiring picture. We should say that Alaska was worth twice to the United States what Mexico would be.

Scientific and Technical.

Young students and the general reader, who desire a brief statement of the Development Theory, according to Darwin and Huxley, will find it in the small volume by J. Y. and Fanny

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12 Reforma; or, Their Dangers and Possibilities. By the author of "Conflict in Nature and Life." D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.


14 The State in Its Relation to Education. By Henry Craik. Macmillan & Co. $1.00.

15 Academy Lectures. By J. E. Hodgson. Trenton & Co. $1.00.

16 A Critical Inquiry into the Condition of Convivial Bibles and their Relations to the Middle Ages. By George F. Fort. J. W. Bouton. $1.00.


20 Years on the Border. By Mrs. J. B. Rideout. Presbyterian Board. 85c.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

D. Bergen," which has been intelligently and creditably prepared; though we should advise all who can to go to Darwin himself, whose pages are infinitely more fascinating than those of any of his disciples or interpreters.

A series of pretty drawings, including both elevations and ground plans, lend much interest and not a little beauty to Mr. Brunner's thin book of Hints for economical cottage building, only he gives no hints at all, so far as we can see, as to the very important element of cost. A rough estimate in connection with each design would have added to the practical value of the book, which is not inconsiderable as it is.

Mrs. Sherwood's book on social etiquette will help people to be polite, according to the rules of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, so far as any book can render that service; and does indeed give a large mass of generally entertaining if not always profitable information touching the conventionalities of fashionable life, as of which are proprieties.


Cottages, or Hints on Economical Building. Compiled and arranged by W. H. R. Vose. To which is added a paper on Water Supply, Drainage, etc., by William T. Comstock. $1.00.


THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.*

ABOUT a hundred and fifty years ago an Englishman by the name of Edward Cave started a periodical called The Gentleman's Magazine, which was destined to fill a very important place in the literature of its class. Few ventures have lived so long or succeeded so well, or borne so honorable a name. Into a series of two hundred and twenty-four volumes The Gentleman's Magazine has now grown, and it is within the limits of moderation to say that few libraries of knowledge and entertainment of equal scope surpass this collection. The Gentleman's Magazine has been a repository of useful, curious, interesting information. Hundreds and thousands of the learned men and women of Great Britain have been among the contributors to its pages; the great Dr. Johnson himself being one of the many. While there are few past topics of local interest which it does not touch, it is especially strong in what may be called the personal history of England and its people; topography, antiquities, genealogy, manners and customs, popular superstitions, traditions, anecdotes, proverbs, and folklore. There is scarcely a question touching old England to which The Gentleman's Magazine cannot in some measure give the answer.

Of course the utilization of this vast storehouse of popular but recondite knowledge has become a difficult matter. Few libraries even possess full sets of The Gentleman's Magazine, and, granted the full set of two hundred and twenty-four volumes, it would be almost like being turned loose into the British Museum to attempt to find one's way through them. It has therefore occurred to a new London editor, Mr. Laurence Gomme, and to a zealous antiquarian publisher, Mr. Elliott Stock, to prepare a Gentleman's Magazine Library, the sixteen volumes of which shall skim off the cream, so to speak, of the original two hundred and twenty-four. And it has very happily occurred to our Boston publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which has a remarkably keen scent for good things over the water, to bring out, by special arrangement with Mr. Stock, an American edition. The first two volumes have now appeared in season to tempt the first fullness of autumn purses. They are select looking octavos of about 300 and 350 pages each, printed on rough laid paper of an "old" tint, with edges wholly uncut and margins generally wide, and bound in white linen with a gilt stamp on the back. Their approach in keeping with their character. Besides this ordinary edition, there will be a Roxburgh edition, on hand-made paper, at $3.50 a volume, and a large paper edition, Roxburgh, on hand-made paper also, limited to 50 copies, at $6.00 a volume. The volumes of the ordinary edition can be had singly; the other two editions are sold only by subscription in entire sets.

The plan of the Gentleman's Magazine Library comprises not so much selections from the Magazine itself, as collections from all of whatever is permanently valuable. A work of selections from it was suggested by Gibbon the historian as early as 1792, and one was made, in four volumes, by Dr. J. Walker in 1809. Mr. Gomme's sixteen volumes, when completed, will go far towards giving the modern reader the gist of the ancient publication. While the matter presented will be unchanged in its form, it will be considerably changed in its arrangement. In fact a careful system of classification has been adopted, so that the contents of each volume will fall under a single general topic or group of topics. Each volume too will have a few notes and an index, making reference easy.

A moment's examination of the first two volumes will readily establish the character of the entire work and apprise the reader of its value at the outset. The topics treated in the first volume are such as Cries of London, Old Christmas Customs, Parish Feasts, Marriages, Funerals, London Pages, Barring-out, Oaths, and Sports and Games. In the second volume we have Local Words and Dialect, Proverbs, Names of Persons and Places, and Signs of Inns. Of the succeeding volumes three will be devoted to Archaeology, one to Numismatics, one to Original Letters, one to Natural History, one to Anecdotes and Humour, etc., etc.

To turn the pages of either of the volumes in hand is to pass in quick succession an endless series of offerings of out-of-the-way information. Each selection bears its author's signature and the date of its first appearance. Mr. T. Norworth, writing in 1770, gives a list of fourscore and more different names for drunkenness. Mr. Dawson Turner, in 1834, gives a long list of old signs in Norwich. There are many contributors to the account of London Pages, which becomes a long and interesting chapter.

We are confident that there must be many American readers who will learn with pleasure of this bringing of the treasures of The Gentleman's Magazine to the very doors of their own libraries, and the attention of all lovers of the quaint and curious in literature do we direct to the enterprise.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.*

Mr. Barneby is an Englishman, and publishes in this portly book of 430 pages the substance of his journal of a tour made through the United States and into British North America last year in company with two of his countrymen. The well-known Mr. Baillie-Grohman, who is a friend, and is interested in a colony at Kootenay, in British Columbia, contributes in an appendix an account of his enterprise there. One of Mr. Barneby's companions, Mr. Meysey Clive, died at Winnipeg of typhoid dysentery toward the end of the trip, throwing a heavy pall of sadness over its conclusion. The expedition was undertaken not so much for pleasure as to make careful investigation into the agricultural resources of the British dominions in North America, and the probable future of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which now has only the Rocky Mountains to surmount in order to complete another iron span across the continent. Mr. Barneby says this is the first book he has ever written, and that it will probably be the last; in view of which confession we shall have to forgive him some literary sins; and our indulgent spirit will be somewhat increased by the really valuable information his book communicates respecting the Great Northwest beyond the border.

Mr. Barneby's party landed at New York, passed rapidly across the continent by way of St. Louis, Denver, and Salt Lake City to San Francisco; paid a visit to Los Angeles and to the Yosemite Valley of course; and then took the Pacific Coast steamer north to Victoria. From this point British Columbia was carefully explored, the Cascade Mountains were traversed, and the prospects of the province intelligently weighed. From Victoria the Northern Pacific Railway was

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taken eastward to Minnesota, the then uncompleted gap across the Rockies, from Missouri to Helena being accomplished in a buggy; and from Glyndon the travelers struck northward to Winnipeg. The rest of the book, or considerably more than half, is expended upon Manitoba, following the Canadian Pacific back and forth, visiting farms and ranches, studying the Hudson's Bay Company's system, interviewing farmers, testing land and crops, driving over the undivided prairie in buckboards, and in general getting as close to the country and its people as possible. On the railroad the party had the advantage of a special car, which they attached to trains and detached at pleasure, sleeping in it often by night and eating in it by day. In the cities and larger towns they were hospitably entertained, and the public officials showed them many attentions.

Mr. Barneby writes a fair narrative. He is occasionally too sweeping in his statements; he is not always clear in his syntax; his proof-reading is not immaculate; but over against these defects are to be set a great store of useful information, many good descriptions, and a really clear and instructive general impression. We can say that that general impression, so far as the British possessions go, is altogether favorable. There seems to be a great deal of poor land over the border; the winters are very long, cold, and trying; the obstacles to settlement and the hardship to be encountered in the process are considerable; some capital is almost essential, and on top of that plenty of hard work and then patient waiting. In the common praise of the climate of British Columbia Mr. Barneby heartily joins. "I have never seen any country to compare with it in the way of scenery either," he adds, "and it is most pleasant to travel in." The little glimpses of the scenery which he gives us are very charming. The value of the book, however, lies not in the artistic element, but in its sober, uncensored, matter-of-fact details of land, crops, prices, distances, and all the twenty things which go to determine the success of life in a new country. Such a book opens a vista and extends the vision. It gives a new sense of the immensity of America and the grandeur of the future. Some points in it are tempting; others are calculated to check the enthusiasm of immigration. We see no reason to question its truthfulness and fidelity; it bears on its face the marks of an honest and incorruptible intention; and its fullness, circumstantiality, and copious figures make it easily the most useful book on its part of the world which we have yet seen. A large and boldly printed map, in colors, folded in a pocket by itself at the end, will be a great convenience to any person wishing to study it.

— D. Lathrop & Co. announce themselves annoyed by imitations of their Babyland, and would have the public understand that they are the originators and proprietors of that title and of the pretty magazine which it covers.

MINOR NOTICES.

A Dictionary of Miracles. Illus. By the Rev. E. Cobbler Brewer. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $2.50.]

There is a great deal of curious information in this book, but we see no good reason for calling it a "dictionary of miracles." If it had been called a "dictionary of myths, legends, and superstitions" it would have been more to the purpose. Dr. Brewer, who for half a century has been a deliverer in the literature of all sorts of antiquities, has ransacked history for examples of the faith, devotion, and superstitions of mankind, particularly within the Roman Catholic Church, and has here arranged his discoveries according to classes in alphabetical order. This order, with an index, makes reference easy. Readers who want to know about such topics as Pilate's staircase, Cave of Adullam, Cardinal virtues, Camel's hair garment, Food multiplied, Plain miracles, Our Lady of Lourdes, Preaching to beasts, Body and blood of Christ, Angel appearances, Stigmata, and Torture, will find some of their questions answered in these pages. But we do not attach great value to the book, either the importance of its subject or its practical consequence.

The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by John Major. From the Fourth London Edition. [T. V. Crowell & Co. $3.00.]

The story of Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, if told in full, would be one of the marked threads in English literary history. The book was first published in 1653, and has passed through a great number and variety of editions. We will interest the reader with the following few bibliographical details of some of them:


These first five editions were all published in the author's life-time, and a series of the five, with a 6th vol. comprising a second issue of the 4th edition, was sold in 1860 for 4s. There are further editions with lives and notes by Sir John Hawkins, London, 1750; the same, Bagster, 1808, and Elliot Stock, 1817; by Major, with an introductory essay, London, 1832, 1824, 1835 (reprinted in 1839), and 1844; with notes and memoirs by Sir Harris Nicolas, London, Pickering, 1833-36; with an introduction, historical preface, and notes by Rev. Dr. Bethune, New York, 1877; and by Jesse and Bohn, London, 1856. Of these several editions, Major's fourth, though not so luxurious and expensive as some, is as good as any for ordinary wants, and this is what T. V. Crowell & Co. have reprinted in the edition now before us. Besides the text in full the entire volume of 448 pages contains portraits of Walton and Cotton; Major's introductory essay; a fac-simile of the title-pages of the first edition, bearing the quotation of the words of the disciples in John xx: 1, 3, which was suppressed in subsequent editions; Absolon's nine full-page drawings engraved by Willmore; and seventy-four other wood-cuts inserted in the text. These are well executed, views of English scenery, portraits, etc. There are also 40 pages of notes, and an index. The typography is clear and the whole appearance of the book attractive.


On p. 165 of the present edition of the Literary World will be found an explanation of the appearance and place of this work. Professor Reuss holds a chair in the Emperor William's University in Strassburg. A German living in what was France, he thinks and writes alike in French and German. In French, for his French pupils, he has produced the Crueux du Canon of the Holy Scriptures, which Dr. Hunter has translated into English, and E. P. Dutton & Co. have published in this country at $3. In German he has produced for his German pupils a History of the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament, of which an English translation by E. L. Houghton is now presented to American readers by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. at $5. The two works are substantially alike in materials, but unlike in purpose and plan. The French work we have reviewed as referred to above. Of the German work it is only necessary to add here that while its scholarly learning is amply commensurate therewith, and its spirit Christian in a true and generous sense, the origin of the New Testament Scriptures, their collection into a body, their preservation as a text, their circulation as a literature, and their use as a theology, are discussed historically and critically, with a reverent acceptance of them at their face value as a revelation. In its later divisions the work runs out into a broad bibliographical field, which is a mine of details. No student of the New Testament text can work without this piece of intricate and marvelous apparatus.

Round the World. By Andrew Carnegie. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.]

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a Scotchman; a great and wealthy iron-master in Pennsylvania, who amuses himself in the intervals of business by coaching trips through Old England, or journeys Round the World, like that here described, the narratives of which he privately prints in handsome style with as much ease and unconcern as most people fill out a diary. The story of one of his coaching trips was told on page 173 of our last volume. The book of his journey Round the World, now before us, is a rather luxuriously made crown 8vo of 350 large-types, broad-margined pages. Mr. Carnegie does not write to attract a multitude of twopenny tourists; his book is for a select company; this work for example, has neither table of contents nor index, and his publishers should not have let it go out with this defect; but as a writer he is spirited and agreeable, and his story has decided merits and interest. It was in October, 1878, that he turned his key in his New York desk and set his face westward "round the ball." Omaha, San Francisco, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, Egypt,
Rome, and Paris, were the stepping-stones of himself and his little party to London, and so home. Mr. Carnegie surveys the world as a practical man of business. He is interested in commerce, manufactures, agriculture, statistics, capital, wages, the condition of laborers, and concerns himself less with, while not overlooking, scenery, manners and customs. His intelligent, sensible book will well repay anybody's reading.

In bringing out a new edition of his Bob Bal- lado, Mr. Gilbert has pruned away certain of the more hasty and careless in the series, "hastily-written impostors" as he styles them, and has condensed the two volumes into one. There remain about eighty poems, made vastly funnier as well as cleverer of course by the author's own illustrations. The first of the series, and we must add the best as well as the best known of all, "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," Mr. Gilbert tells us in the preface, was originally offered to Punch, and declined by the editor as "too cannibalistic for his readers' tastes." We have no doubt that a new generation of readers will find the ballads as inimitable and amusing as the first readers thought them when they appeared in Tom Hood's Fun. [Geo. Routledge & Sons. $1.25.]

In 1881 Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published a collection of the poems of Mrs. Mulock-Cralk under the title of Thirty Years: being Poems from an Angle. The book was designated "author's edition," and was published, the inference is, by special arrangement with the author. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have now brought out in their "Red Line Poets" a collection of Mrs. Cralk's Poems, which is identical in contents and arrangement with the foregoing. We trust that this is not a trespass of the courtesy which one publisher should observe towards the "preserve" of another, but there is nothing in Crowell & Co.'s edition to indicate its relation to Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s. [$1.25.]

The new cover under which Miss Anna Katharine Green's detective story, Hand and Ring, re-appears as a member of the series of "Knickerbocker Novels," should not delude the reading public into the mistake of thinking that it is a new book. It is an old one, as old as last year; and a poor one, as we have said before. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50c.]

From Macmillan & Co., London and New York, we have received two volumes of a new edition of The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Except for the reverse of the temporary paper wrapper enclosing the volumes there is absolutely nothing in or about them to indicate whether they are complete by themselves or a fragment of a series; or what the name of the edition is; or how it differs from former editions. Comparing the two volumes with the complete edition in one volume issued a few months since, we find that the order pursued is different; and that the present two volumes have to be followed by others to give anything like the whole of Tennyson's works. They are probably the pioneer volumes of the new "Globe Edition;" but the books themselves should tell their own story. [Each $1.75.]

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a very neat and conveniently arranged catalogue of books published by them. It is a pamphlet of ninety odd pages with an index, and full of excellent portraits of authors whose works are represented in it.

EXCAVATION OF ZOAN.

Additional subscription: $5.00.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer; and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

583. Three Kisses. The Literary World (p. 297) observed the statement, which also appears in several other journals, that Mr. Axel Gustafson is a graduate of Harvard University. This can hardly be the fact. His name does not appear in the last "Quinquennial" Catalogue, which includes all graduates in every department up to the year 1880; nor does it appear in any annual catalogue since that year.

CANTAB.

569. Axel Gustafson. In the last Literary World (p. 297) I observed the statement, which also appears in several other journals, that Mr. Axel Gustafson is a graduate of Harvard University. This can hardly be the fact. His name does not appear in the last "Quinquennial" Catalogue, which includes all graduates in every department up to the year 1880; nor does it appear in any annual catalogue since that year.

CANTAB.

540. Legends of Lewis Lake. Would you please let me know whether a magazine article or a book has been published within the last four months, on "The Legends, etc., of Lewis Lake." The said lake I suppose is in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania. I saw a notice in one of our papers among book news, that such an article would be published. Henry T. Philadelphia, Penn.

We have received a book on this title, and have noticed the article in the monthly.

541. Works of Josephine S. Hunt. Has there ever been published a collection of the poems of Josephine S. Hunt? James Redpath, it is said, once published a small edition of "She Kissed Me" —one of this author's poems—on white satin ribbon. P. F. & Bro. Buffalo, N. Y.

We cannot discover any such collection.

542. A Poem by M. C. Bisland. There is a poem going the round of the papers, by "M. C. Bisland," the first line of which is Byron's line from Plautus: "Whom the gods love die young." Who is "M. C. Bisland," and is this poem from a book?

NEWS AND NOTES.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published, in the American State papers, volume X., James Madison, by Sydney H. Gay; also Captains of Industry; or, Men of Business who Did Something Besides Making Money, a book for young Americans, by James Parton. This tells briefly and graphically the story of the lives and achieve-ments of Peter Faneuil, Elihu Burritt, Sir Christopher Wren, Gerrit Smith, Horace Greeley, Sir Moses Montefiore, Peter Cooper, and forty other men of mark in various callings. From the same house will come American Comments on European Questions, International and Religious, by Joseph P. Thompson, D.D.; and Cooper's Sea Tales, in a new edition of his novels. The following volumes will probably be added to this fall to the American Men of Letters series: Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Edmund Quincy, by Sidney H. Gay; and Edgar A. Poe, by George A. Woodbury. In the series of American Statesmen they have in preparation, Martin Van Buren, by William Doraher; Henry Clay, by Carl Schurz; and Samuel Adams, by John Fiske. They will also probably publish during the autumn a new and cheaper edition of the works of Hans Christian Andersen; Chas Swann and Other Stories, by William H. Bishop; a new and cheaper edition of the works of Bjornstjerne Bjornson; A Handbook of Universal Literature, by Anne C. Botta; Fresh Fields, a new volume of essays, by John Burroughs; and An American Politician, the new novel, by F. Marion Crawford. This is a story of American life, society, and politics of today; not, indeed, the singular politics of the current Presidential campaign, but touching political topics in which many people will be interested, inclusive of tenderer themes. The first volume will also appear of the edition of the Elizabetan Dramatists series, namely, The Works of Christopher Marlowe, edited by A. H. Bulen, B.A., of whose English advent we have already spoken. The Works of Thomas Middleton will follow. In a series of "Handy Volume Classics" will come Paradise Lost, The Vicar of Wakefield, Tales from Shakespeare, and The Astro- naut of the Breakfast Table. Other announcements are: Some Heretics of Yesterday, by S. E. Herrick, D.D.; Two Compton Boys, by Augustus Hoppin; Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion, by the late Samuel Johnson, with an introduction by O. B. Frothingham; Twenty Letters from Anglia, Concerning the Life of English Workers and the Laws Under which they Work, by Florence Kelley; In the Lena Delta, a Retrospect, by George W. Melvill, U. S. N.; War Time, by D. R. W. Eichel; Songs of the Silent Land, a volume of poems by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; The Viking Boudoirs, by Horace E. Scudder, describing the Bodley Family in Norway and Denmark; and Whittier and Longfellow Calendars for 1885.

—Cupple, Upham & Co. have just published a curiosity among gift books. It is a Book of Fates, in which are sealed the mysteries of individual life. The omens are poems, and each is accompanied by a full page illustration. The volume is bound in limp, white vellum, having the front cover illuminated with a mystical design, and is intended for the parlor-table. Its author is a Boston litterateur who is known as a student of psychological phenomena. The same firm also have in preparation Heidi, her Years of Wondering and Learning, a story for children and those who love children, translated from the German by Sophie Spengler; Brooks: Reminisces in Old Boston, New England, by the Rev. Edward G. Porter; Mirthful in the Fairy Realm, a translation into verse of the first three sonatas of Beethoven, by Miss Clara D. Wells, author of Amphitheatre of Ancient Rome; and Switzerland and the Swiss, Historical and De- scriptive, by S. H. M. Byer, with many illustrations.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

[Sept. 20.

—James R. Osgood & Co. have ready for immediate publication, Dr. Sevier, by George W. Cable; Leisure Hours Among the Gems, by Augustus C. Hamlin; A History of Presidential Elections, by Edward Stanwood; and Thomas Bewick and His Pupils, by Austin Dobson; and they announce October, as a companion volume to the Lady of the Lake published last year, Marmion, by Sir Walter Scott; also From Opis to Lessing; A Study of Pseudo-Classicism in Literature, by Thomas Sergeant Perry; Home, and All About Them, by E. C. Gardner; Tales of Three Cities, by Henry James; A History of the American Theological Seminary, by Rev. Leonard Woods; The Genius and Character of Emerson, a series of lectures delivered at the Concord School of Philosophy by eminent authors and critics; and In Bridget’s Vacation, by Susan Anna Brown, author of The Book of Forty Puddings.

Mr. J. H. Wiggin has opened a Bureau of Index-Making at room 3, Music Hall Building, Boston, which is also the Boston office of the American Art Journal. Mr. Wiggin is the compiler of the indexes to Detmold’s translation of the works of Machiavelli, Mrs. Emerson’s Indian Myths, Dr. James Freeman Clarke’s Events and Ideas in Indian Religion, Julian Hawthorne’s life of his father, and a number of other works. We are glad to commend Mr. Wiggin’s enterprise to the literary public, with the hope that authors who have not the skill or the energy to make the indexes to their own works will find their way to Mr. Wiggin’s Bureau.

—T. W. Higgins has received from Madame la Comtesse Regina Candiania de Couloung of Paris a request for permission to translate into French any of his writings not before so translated. The only books of Mr. Higginsson’s heretofore translated into French have been his Historie des Etats-Unis racontée à la jeunesse, by Messrs. Ovée and Varembey, and Vie militaire dans un régiment noir, by the Comtesse de Gasparin. A translation of Mr. Higginsson’s essay on the Greek Goddesses (in Atlantic Essays) appeared as the leading article in the Revue Britannique (Paris) for October, 1856, under the heading of “La Prescience.”

—Estes & Lauriat announce that the Young Folks’ History of the Netherlands, many years in preparation, will be published soon. The “Zig-Zag Journeys” this year will be in Acadia and New France, and the “Vasaar Girls” take a trip to South America. They also announce for immediate publication a volume of poems by Hezukiah Butterworth; Great Events of History, by R. Warren Brown; a History of Rome, in 8 volumes, which will be published simultaneously in England; a History of London, and the “edition de grand luxe” of the German Art.

—Mr. William Cushing, long connected with the library of Harvard College, and compiler of the Index to the North American Review and other useful handbooks, announces a dictionary of Initials and Pseudonyms. It will contain more than 8,000 pseudonyms, with an index to all the real names used by them. The book will extend to more than 400 pages, and the subscription price will be $5.00. The compiler’s address is 18 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass., and subscriptions are invited. All libraries certainly should subscribe.

—Charles J. Bellamy, author of the novel, Boston Mills, has been recently engaged on a book relating to social reform. It is to be entitled The Way Out, and contains a thoughtful discussion of land and labor questions, popular education, treatment of paupers and criminals, and the correction of abuses in the administration of justice. Those who have seen the manuscript pronounce Mr. Bellamy’s suggestions quite original and presented in a novel way.

—Little, Brown & Co. will publish in October a handsome new edition of Bacon’s Essays, with a biographical notice by A. Spero; Studies in Wordsworth, by Henry N. Hudson; Monticello and Wolfe, being the 7th part of Mr. Parkman’s series of historical narratives, on “France and the English in the West,” including a visit to Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, etc. His “Book of Travels” promises to avoid the trite and hackneyed description of foreign countries which have flooded the country during recent years, and be as little in the style of the guide-books as possible.

—The Orange Judd Company of New York announce for immediate publication a fifth edition of The Forester, a practical treatise on the planting and rearing of forest trees, by James Brown, Government Inspector in Canada, a standard work on its important subject. More attention must be paid to forestry in this country unless we are willing to face some unpleasant consequences.

—The Century magazine announces a series of papers on a popular character on the “Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,” to be written by officers of high rank on both sides of the struggle, including Generals Grant, Beauregard, McClellan, Rosecrans, Admirals Porter and Walker, and others. The series will be plentifully and carefully illustrated.

—Townsend MacCoun of New York announces a seventh and enlarged edition of Labberton’s Historical Atlas, the price of which will be reduced from $3.50 to $3.00. The new book contains 112 maps. Mr. MacCoun has also in preparation a Cyclopedia of Practical Floriculture, for the use not only of botanical students but of growers of flowers.

—Mrs. Mary Spear Tierman, author of Household, one of the most popular of the “Round Robin Series” of novels, has just finished another story. It is called Profligacy. The scenes of the novel are laid in Virginia, and afford a charming glimpse of social life in the Old Dominion prior to the Civil War.

—Prof. Henry A. Ford has completed his revision, with additions, of a work prepared in 1859 by Mr. Thomas A. Davies of New York, and now reprinted under the title of How to Make Money, and How to Keep it; or, Capital and Labor. It has been published by the Charlemagne Publishing Company, a house just established in Detroit, Mich.

—Ginn, Heath & Co. have just published a Handbook of Latin Writing, edited by Henry Preble and Charles P. Parker, tutors in Greek and Latin at Harvard. It is designed for the use of college classes of about the proficiency of Harvard Sophomores.

—Funk & Wagnalls will shortly publish in their “Standard Library,” Joaquina Miller’s drama “49,” which he has considerably re-written for the purpose, and A Yankee School Teacher in Virginia, by Lydia W. Baldwin, a volume of local sketches.

—Novello, Ewer & Co., the great music publishers of London, have opened an American branch at 125 Fifth Avenue, New York city, where a full assortment of their incomparable publications, especially of church music, will be found.

—D. Lothrop & Co. announce Aesop’s Fables Forlorned, by Clara Doty Bates; Flucby Boys, by the author of “John Halifax, Gentleman”; Aunt Maria’s Housekeeping, by Mrs. S. D. Power; and How They Went to Europe, by Margaret Sidney.

—Thomas Whittaker will issue soon the volume of sermons by the eloquent Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, recently published in London. Its title is The Gospel and the Age.

—At last accounts Mr. Browning was sunning himself in the Engadine, and reading the proofs of his new book of poems, which will be called Perista’s Fancies.

—Lady Braysey’s new book of voyages in the yacht “Sunbeam,” In the Trades, the Tropics, and the “Roaring Forties,” will have no less than 90 wood-cuts.

LITERARY INDEX.

(Under the above head we keep an alphabetical list of such articles as strictly literary topics in current periodicals as, by reason of their intrinsic character, their authorship, or the pages in which they appear, are likely to deserve the notice of readers of the Literary World. Biographical sketches of living writers, essays upon disdained authors not living, criticisms of famous or important works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each entry is subject-title, entered by leading word, name of writer, name of periodical (foreign periodicals in italics), date, or volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.)


Bryant Newton. Dr. George. English Mag., Sept.


Cambray, the Roman History of. F. A. Wilkins. Contemporary Pulpit, Sept.


North, C. F. France.


Thackeray and the Theater. Dutton Cook. Longman’s, Sept.


PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.

Vice. By Robert Flint. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $2.50

Lives of Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks. By Thomas W. Handford. Belknap, Clarke & Co. $2.50


Captains of Industry: or, Men of Business Who Did Something besides Making Money. By James Parus Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50

A Memorial to Jory T. Hart, the Kentucky Sculptor. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. $2.50.
1884.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

ESAYS AND SKETCHES.


LOVE’S STRATEGY. Studies on the Art of Winning and Retaining Love. From the German of Adolphus Schickedanz. D. Appleton & Co. 10c.


FICTION.


THE ICE QUEEN. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. $1.00.


STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. VI. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

QUEEN STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Edward Eggleston. Charles Scribner’s Sons.


HISTORY.


POETRY.

SONGS AND LYRICS. By George Ambron Devenson. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

1884-5.

The Fortnightly Index is the result of the movement inaugurated four years ago to establish at Ann Arbor the seat of the University of Michigan, the educational center of the West, a journal of high character that should reflect the mature thought on educational, literary, scientific, artistic, political, social and historical questions of current interest. It has received the hearty encouragement and co-operation of leading educators and thinkers in all portions of the land.

The editorial management of the Index rests in the hands of Professors Alexander Wiener, LL.D., Charles K. Adams, LL.D., and William H. Payne, A. of the University of Michigan, and Charles E. B. Douglas, A.U., of the University of Wisconsin, who constitute the independent editorial staff; and with them are associated, as contributing editors, correspondents, writers and occasional contributors, upward of a hundred of the best writers of the day, representing all sections of the country, and various spheres of intellectual activity. But while the field of the Index is broad and singularly varied, its convictions are decided.

Every number of the Index contains about eight thousand words of carefully prepared and editorial matter, including two pages of brief and pithy paragraphs upon current affairs, and two more of leading editorials upon themes of present moment; and something more than twelve thousand words of choice contributed material, including occasional short poems of merit, letters from home and foreign correspondents, expressing the convictions of the thinking public upon the numberless questions that fall within the compass of a loyal and progressive thought, and giving intelligence of progress in different parts of the world; exhaustive reviews of the best books, written in a spirit of entire judicial independence; extended notices of important events and works in the wide domain of art, including music and drama, written by specialists in their several lines and expressing the critical judgment of men qualified to form unbiased opinions; a carefully prepared index of valuable educational, literary, scientific and miscellaneous periodicals appearing in the leading American and foreign magazines; and a full list of new publications with names of authors and publishers.

To summarize, every issue of the Index presents within the compass of twenty thousand words of the most carefully written and thoroughly edited matter, every line original, reviews tersely for this journal, and paid for the publishers, an epitome of present achievement in Literature, Science, the Arts and Public Affairs—in everything that goes to complete a Liberal Education.

It is the intention of the publishers that the mechanical appearance of the Index shall be in every respect worthy of its contents. Each number consists of from 18 to 20 pages, handsomely printed on heavy, toned paper, with wide margins, and ornamental edges; while the size of the pages is most convenient, both for handling and for binding. The Index is published every other Saturday at $2.50 per academic year of twenty numbers, or $1.25 for ten numbers. Each number is complete in itself, and subscriptions may begin at any time. The favorable reception accorded the Index thus far encourages the publishers to invite subscriptions from all persons interested in the continued success of an independent, non-commercial Journal of liberal education such as the Index, upon the broad plan here outlined, aims to be. Specimen copies may be had upon application.

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II.

The Popular Science Monthly for October.

Containing Portrait of Professor Lord Rayleigh, and his address before the British Association at Montreal; also numerous Important Papers by Dr. Shepherd, Francis Galton, Charles Richet, Max Buchner, Jonas P. Cooke, De Candolle, Guy B. Silkly, J. N. Langley, Thomas Foster, and others. A varied, valuable and entertaining number. 50 cents per number; $5.00 per annum.

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BOSTON.

[Sept. 20, 1884.]

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THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH.*

I

N the suddenness, silence, and mystery of its appearance, and in the exciting character of its appeal to the imagination, this novel is something like an apparition.  Without a word of announcement, without a hint as to its authorship, it steals its way unnoticed to our table.  Its very dress is strange, unlike anything we have had lately in the novel line; a sixteenmo, printed in small close type, and bound in covers of mere white paper, like that on which it is printed, with the title stamped in red.  The imprint of its publishers is alone its passport to our consideration.  But that, in this case, goes of course for a good deal.  This sort of a Klux novel must be of a readable sort, or D. Appleton & Co. would not trouble to reprint it.  For it is an English story, but when written, any more than by whom written, is what we cannot tell.  And it is readable.

The very title is a bid for the reader's attention—The House on the Marsh.  Is not that an echo of "The Mill on the Floss"?  Does not the idea of a "house on the marsh" bring up accessories of loneliness, desolation, desertness, and other conditions of tragedy and horror unspeakable?  Does not The House on the Marsh sound like the title of a book which the author of Jane Eyre might have written, weird, gawseome, and blood-curdling, with ghosts, thieves, murders, frights, and other such like materials arrayed against the reader's sensibilities?

One does not have to proceed very far in the story without feeling himself coming under the spell of a very skillful and in some respects powerful writer.  The style is simple, so simple as to seem almost no style at all; but it takes forcible possession of the mind at once, the progress of incidents speedily becomes absorbing, and the inexplicable mystery which pervades the "house on the marsh" acquires at last a singular fascination.  The denouement is hardly a surprise; the facts which account for the mystery exceed the limits of probability; the story is therefore strictly sensational, and fairly exciting; at points it touches suggestions which would speedily become offensive if the author allowed himself to follow them out; but generally speaking the book is harmless, and for one of its kind good.

The "house on the marsh" was Mr. Rayner's estate, at Goldham, in Norfolk, and what went on there is described as it was seen by Miss Christie, a pretty young governess who went down from London to teach Mr. Rayner's one little girl, aged six, at 357 a year.  Miss Christie was not only young and pretty, but unsophisticated, guileless, and credulous.  In the presence of duplicity, treachery, cruelty, and villainy, some of it of a most diabolical kind, she was as unsuspecting as a newborn babe.  Mr. Rayner's mask she never penetrated, and when at the end it was torn from his face by circumstances, she would scarcely believe her eyes.  The secret of Mrs. Rayner's confinement in the dark damp wing she could not fathom.  The true explanation of her own transfer to the room in the turret, which her employer had had fitted up like a princess's bower, never occurred to her.  The servants' talk which she overheard in the bushes and around the corners of the house she only blunderingly interpreted.  When Sarah, the house servant, sought to trap her into falling on the stairs; when Mr. Rayner cooed over her at the piano in the parlor; when her true lover's notes were intercepted; when she saw strange men hanging around the stables; when she found the secret cellar, and in the secret cellar a well, and in the well—a we will not tell what; when the diamond pendant was given to her by Mr. Rayner, whose diamonds were "only paste," and when the trinket was mysteriously stolen from her, and when it was as mysteriously returned to her minus only the unexplained initials on the back; when Mr. Carruthers inveigled her out in the boat at midnight; when Tom Parkes disappeared and reappeared at out-of-the-way times; when all these things and others like them kept happening under her very eyes, she never saw into them, dear little innocent that she was.  But the reader does—some of them, at least, and is better prepared for the catastrophe by which Mr. Rayner is found dead in the pond, and Tom Parkes gets fourteen years' penal servitude.

In a quiet way, and on a subject of the kind which Wilkie Collins likes to deal with, this story, misnamed "a romance," shows a good deal of power.

MARLOWE.*

The works of Christopher Marlowe are necessarily part of the apparatus for a comprehensive historical study of English literature, and as such may be allowed a place on the reserved shelves of the large public libraries, but as a whole they are not suitable for popular reading, and the present respectable and commendatory introduction of them to Americans should not encourage their being put into general circulation.  While much in Marlowe's tragedies is unobjectionable, and even meritorious, there is much else in his miscellaneous writings which is excessively obscene, and we should very greatly regret to see the rising generation of readers induced to make his acquaintance "all round" by any hearsay as to his genius on certain sides.  It is something of a relief to learn that "only three hundred and fifty copies" of the present edition have been printed and "of the type distributed," and that "no more will be published."  There must then be a limit to this new impulse to Marlowe.  Certain of Marlowe's writings an Archbishop of Canterbury once ordered to be burned; we should not be sorry if with one at least of these three volumes suit might be followed.

Marlowe has been dead three centuries, and by this time he stinketh.  He would better be left buried except by people who have tastes for post-mortem examinations.

Christopher Marlowe was born in 1564, and was killed in a shameful quarrel before he was thirty.  It is fashionable to link his name with Shakespeare's, with whose work some of his own has much in common, and to call him the founder of the English drama and the greatest of the Elizabethan dramatists.  There are respects in which this praise is true.  His tragedies of "Tamburlaine," "Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward 11" were masterpieces for their time, and have passages which for power and intensity have never been surpassed.  Shakespeare who came after him easily threw him into the shade; but for Shakespeare Marlowe might have headed the literary group of his age.  But there is a morality in Shakespeare, despite the earthen vessels in which it is contained, which Marlowe never possessed or cared for.  Marlowe, forcibly says Hazlitt, had "a hunger and thirst for unrighteousness."


THE LITERARY WORLD.

How a man of his intellectual strength and poetic skill could so descend as he did at times to revel in the cesspools of the imagination is one of the psychological phenomena with which the history of the race every-where confronts us.

Mr. Bullen's edition of Marlowe comprises the text of his writings complete, so far as we have observed, without omissions of expurgations; a biographical and critical introduction, which swallows whole the sometimes nasty poet with expressions chiefly of satisfaction and admiration; current notes at the foot of the page, which are both textual and expository, and are indexed at the end of the third volume; a curious extract from the Harleian M.S. arranging Christofer Marly "concerning his damnable opinions and judgment of religion and scorn of God's words:;" and the late Mr. R. H. Horne's "noble and pathetic tragedy," The Death of Marlowe, which, in Mr. Bullen's opinion, is "one of the few dramatic pieces of the present century that will have any interest for posterity." The books as books have a delightful look, with their rough laid paper, uncut edges all round, wide margins, good type, numbered lines, and green linen covers. If literary sepi- churs full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness must needs be whitened and opened to the public, then the work in this case has been well and tastefully done. For our part we should prefer that Marlowe, notwithstanding the Shakespearian fiber of his tragedies and the illustrious consicuity of his historical place, should remain to the mass of readers a name and a name only.

THE DRINK QUESTION.*

Mr. Gustafson's book is an ex- haustive study of the question of intoxicating drinks, in its physical, social, and economic aspects. If any readers are disposed to quarrel with his title as putting in a plea before the evidence and so begg ing the question, it may be said in his defence that his study has carried him to the irresistible conclusion, which the facts and argu- ments he adduces go far toward supporting, that the drinking habits of the world, as now existing, are a chief occasion of the ills from which it suffers.

Mr. Gustafson, though he has given only a year, he says, to the investigation of his subject, goes back to the very beginning, and finds evidence of the destructive effects of intoxicants among the most ancient peo- ples. The history of distillation is traced through Europe and the East, and the chemical elements of alcohol are determined by a careful scientific analysis. The universality and unscrupulousness of the adulterations of liquor, particularly wines, is proved by a whole chapter of startling illustrations. The


We have no arguments to offer in these columns on the subject of temperance; except as this book of necessity makes one itself, and one of a most powerful and im-pressive character.

BAYARD TAYLOR.*

It is hard to realize that it is six years since Bayard Taylor died, but the inter- est with which we find ourselves opening these two not large but well-filled volumes shows that his career is still a fresh subject, and that the place he holds in memory and regard is more than momentary. How last- ing it will prove cannot be prophesied. Per- haps Bayard Taylor the man, the friend, the worker, will be remembered longer than Bayard Taylor the poet, novelist, and jour- nalist. He was one of the men who are greater than their work, who enclose it and invest it with their own qualities, instead of being overborne and buried by it, martyrs to their own fame. Wherever Bayard Taylor went, there he was known, and wherever he was known, he was loved and hon-ored; and to a wide circle this memoir will be welcomed for the justice it does to the worth of a representative American man of letters.

Few men of letters in this or any other land have lived a life more open to the light, more variously related to the public, more crowded with picturesque and stirring incident, more industrious, more toilful, or more productive. As his gifts were versatile, so was his life many-sided. In each of several lines of activity he did as much as many men do who are confined to one. He travel- led to the ends of the earth, visiting Cali- fornia when to do that was an exploit, and seeing Europe, Egypt, Syria, Asia, India, China, Japan, and Iceland. As a journalist he ran through the entire gamut of position and responsibility, from printer's devil to country editor, and from country editor to Tribune correspondent abroad. As a lect- urer there was scarcely a lyceum platform in America which his foot did not ascend, hardly an audience anywhere that he had not at some time addressed. As a novelist he made a reputation, as a poet he achieved fame, as a translator he performed distin- guished service, as a biographer he laid the public under obligation. As a publicist he served his country at the Courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin. He was at home in Pennsylvania and Germany. He was a German scholar. Bancroft, Willis, Browning and Whittier, Emerson, Putnam, Horace Greeley and George Ripley, Griswold and Hiram Powers, Lowell and Longfellow, were by no means all know- ing names of the circle in which he was. He was a Maro Polo, a Richard Hak-
Leigh Hunt, a Curtis, a J. G. Holland, a James T. Fields, a J. R. Lowell, all in one. Goethe and Schiller he knew by heart; yet he would cable dispatches across the Atlantic Ocean with an enterprise which put the paper to which they were sent ahead of all the papers of the world. He found topics for his poems in Norway, figures for his fictions in New England, situations for his dramas in Salt Lake City, Bryant, Bushnell, Hoffman, were among his advisers. The faces of General Grant, Bismarck, Tennyson, Thackeray, Irving, Lord Houghton, Matthew Arnold, and Henry Clay mingle with pictures of Florence, London, the Rocky Mountains, the Nile, Constantinople, the Alhambra, Lucknow, the Loo Choo Islands, and the Mammoth Cave, among the objects that give life and spirit to his story.

Out of such a subject and within the generous compass of two volumes, is it not to be expected that his widow and her skilful collaborator should have made for us an interesting and picturesque biography? Here is a little of travels, of literature, of politics, of art, of celebrated people, of great cities, of fair women, of society, of the working world, of fashionable ways, of the midnight oil, in short a little of everything that can enter into a busy, public, literary life. Here are letters to him and letters from him, strung upon the carefully twisted thread of the editorial narrative. Here are particulars of his literary labors; the secrets of his workshop, the plans he formed but did not execute, the hopes he cherished but did not realize, his friendships, his early struggles, his later triumphs, his adventurous first voyage to Europe in a second cabin of a sailing vessel, carrying one hundred and forty dollars with which to see the world, his final honors at Berlin, attending a royal wedding amidst eighty pages in scarlet, and eating lobster salad at supper. And here is the homage of a just and true literary estimate, which opens the man and his life to close inspection, follows his steps, sums up his performance, and crowns him modestly but as he deserves.

Among memoirs of literary Americans, few can surpass this in richness or variety of interest.

THE NEW JANE EYRE.*

The Haworth Edition of Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* is certainly an addition to the list of sumptuous books. The work in itself and in its history has come to hold a definite and foremost, and probably a lasting, place in the line of English fiction, and deserves embodiment in a noble and beautiful form. It was first published in 1847, when the author, who was the heavily burdened and much troubled daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman, was in her 31st year. Though published under the pseudonym of "Currer Bell," it had an immediate and immense success, was soon translated into most of the Continental languages, and was dramatized in England and in Germany under the title of "The Orphan of Lowood." Lowood was the school at which the early scenes of the story are laid, and had its prototype in an institution at Cowan's Bridge, near Leeds, kept by a Reverend Sister, at which Charlotte and her sisters Maria, Elizabeth, and Emily spent an unhappy year, and Elizabeth and Maria found their deaths. Full particulars of Charlotte's suffering experiences here and elsewhere, and of the extent to which they colored *Jane Eyre* and her other writings, can be found in her biography by Mrs. Gaskell [London: 1857; revised 1859] and in Miss A. Mary F. Robinson's more recent sketch of the life and work of the four sisters under the title of *Emily Bronte* [Roberts Brothers: 1883]. Three editions of *Jane Eyre* were sold within a twelvemonth of its first appearance, and interest in the English language have reached a wider circulation or a more enviable fame. At the same time its faults are distinct and unpleasant. Its individuality is that of its author. The form which Mr. Lindsay, the Philadelphian publisher, has given it, is suited to its honorable place on the shelf of choice and standard books, or to its practical enjoyment by the reader, albeit the volumes are larger and heavier than would be preferred for a less notable work. They are octavo of 383 and 421 pages respectively. The paper is "extra laid," rough faced and ragged edged, the binder's knife appearing nowhere. The covers are of plain brown linen, simply lettered in red, without a touch of ornament. The first volume bears a frontispiece portrait of Miss Bronte by Dillaye, a face that would be pleasing but for a disagreeable mouth, whose expression however may be the fault of the etcher; and for other illustrations there is a vignette impressed on the title-page of Haworth Church and Parsonage, Miss Bronte's and her father's home; and further on views of Lowood and of Thornfield Hall. In the second volume, besides a title-page vignette of Gateshead Hall, Mrs. Reed's residence, there is a view of Jane Eyre finds shelter in a lodging house in the parish of Longmoor in Westhark, where the rector had died after a long and helpful ministry, and was succeeded by the Reverend Stephen Ray, temporarily, as it was expected, while the deceased rector's son was preparing for the place, but permanently as it proved, with an episode of love and marriage which becomes an important and enlivening chapter in the parish history. All of which is related in a simple vein, with pleasing pictures of typical English scenery, character, and experience. *David Strong's Errand* is a sort of translation of the Parable of the Prodigal Son into nineteenth century forms. A certain man had two sons, only in this case the prodigal was the elder, and it was the younger who was the stay-at-home and the comfort of his father; and the prodigal who came to himself was the elder brother, and the father's heart was cheered in his last days by the mending of the broken ties.

The value of *The Love of a Lifetime* lies less in its plot and action than in its graphic, natural, and life-like delineation of New England village scenes and experiences of a certain type of a century ago, somewhat in the vein of *Cape Cod Pic Nic*; not caricaturing quaintness and oddity of figure and temper and speech, but holding them up to speak for themselves. Very familiar are some of these old incidents and faces, and the things which are here said in the drawing local dialect we have heard said in the streets many a time before.

Mrs. Mulock-Craik's story of *Miss Tommy* is a very simple, sweet, and tender one, of a queer old lady, whose full name was Thomasina, but who was always known as "Miss Tommy," the point of whose life was a hidden attachment for a brave old Indian soldier, Major Gordon, whose happiness had been wrecked by an unhappy
marriage. Her story comes out little by little in connection with the fortunes of a young girl, Miss Murray, to whom she is a sort of patron. Miss Murray is not allowed to marry her lover because both are too young. He is a nephew of Major Gordon. Circumstances bring the four into contact, and the fortunes tenderness with which Miss Tommy watches over and cares for the Major, now a widower, old and destitute, is very effectively portrayed. Each finds out the true heart of the other, but life has gone too far with them now for them to marry, and so while Dede—that is Miss Murray—gets her lover at last, Miss Tommy, and the Major settle down contentedly into a plain but loving friendship, old man and old maid.

They were too old for the world to say a hard word against them—indeed, it never noticed them at all. Daily was Uncle Gordon's tail, guant figure seen marching up and down the esplanade at Dover beside her chair—her illness had been rheumatic fever, and it was long before she could get better. Later on, when she did walk, though very feebly, she was supported by the arm which never failed her; followed, perhaps, by a cadwadry, two from the group of juveniles who haunt the Dover shore young ladies, and young officers from the Castle, talking, laughing together, and probably regaining its "love." How little they understood the world! But these, whose story nobody knew!

The second part of Mrs. Craik's volume, The House Boot, describes the novel experience of a party of six girls who spent a week in a barge-fitted up as a dwelling for pleasure purposes, and motoring up the Thames—a capital vacation idea. There is no particular objection to anybody's reading Mr. Favette's Rutherford, but there is a very particular objection to his publishers advertising it as his "latest novel," and so putting it forth as a new work representing him at his best, when the facts are that it is simply a reprint of a story which appeared several years ago as a serial in a now defunct New York journal, and is now brought out afresh in the hopes of floating it on Mr. Favette's rising reputation. It is a society novel, of the patterns and style after which Mr. Favette usually works, and we think it a reprint, since it was written for a newspaper.

Six Stories by American Authors compose the sixth volume of this light-textured, yellow-covered series of good short stories. The contents are "The Village Convict," by C. H. White; "The Denver Express," by A. A. Hayes; "The Misfortunes of Bro' Thomas Wheatley," by Liza Redwood Fairair; "The Heartbreak Cameo," by L. W. Champney; "Miss Eunice's Glove," by Albert Webster; and "Brother Sebastian's Friendship," by Harold Frederic. Crowded as we are, the reader must not expect more from us as regards this book than to commend it in general terms.

—White, Stokes & Allen, who have now taken possession of the store on Fifth Avenue, formerly occupied by the Putnam's, will publish The Good Things of Life, a gathering of the cleverest articles and pictures which have appeared in our brilliant little contemporaries, Life, in size and general appearance not unlike Mr. Mitchell's clever Summer School of Philosophy at Mount Desert; two novels, The Shadow of John Wallace, by L. Clarkson, and A Matter of Taste, by George H. Picard, M.D.; The Merry Jane Paper, by Miss A. G. Plimpton; a Macaulay Calendar; and a new cook book, Fifty Swiffs, by R. J. Mortimer, formerly professional caterer of the Astor House, New York.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Mr. B. V. Abbott's object, in the second volume of the Business Boys' Library, is to give a series of first lessons on forms of government and principles of law. This is done by means of a very slight framework of imagination, a large amount of anecdote and illustration, a singularly lucid explanatory style, and a fullness of knowledge that "backs" the narrative with manifest strength. The "law schooling" of the book is a fictitious body, taken about from place to place; all the objects and experiences encountered on the journey being examined in their legal aspects and relations, and their functions as such pointed out. Things that one can own are differentiated from things that are common on paper and in property, in the city and the road, in money and the banks, of wills, evidence, fraud, and so forth and so on, are expounded by means of "famous trials" and otherwise in an ingenious, always entertaining, and thoroughly instructive manner. We do not see why a course of instruction along the line of such topics as these would not be a wise feature in many schools of the higher grade, for which Mr. Abbott's book would be an admirable text-book. The study of such a book would be in the nature of a recreation, so full is it of matters of living interest, while of its practical value there could be only one opinion. Structurally it is in two parts, the second of which, entitled "Famous Trials," is separately paginated. Mr. Knox is ready early with a new book of travel, with this custom, he has lighted up a body of facts with a vivacious imagination. This time he takes his young travelers upon a long and adventurous voyage to the Arctic Seas, sailing from San Francisco through Behring's Straits, discovering what so many other literal travelers have long been searching for in vain—namely the North Pole, and returning by way of Baffin's Bay and Greenland. Mr. Knox's imagination of course makes free use of facts, and his book is a picture of things hoped for but not yet seen. It is based, however, on careful studies of historic narratives, and may be called truthful to the reality. It is a sort of epitome in the form of fiction of all that has been done and written upon this subject; a general average, so to speak, of voyaging, hunting, starving, exploring, suffering, and achieving in the icy regions of the far North. The book is rich for its pictures, and none of these pictures have a real connection with the subject, the author's ingenuity in inserting them being one of his marked gifts. An excellent map helps the reader. But Chaplain Newman's prayer, written to be said at the North Pole when discovered, is as egregious a piece of religious buncombe as we remember to have seen. The idea of solemnly consecrating the North Pole to "Liberty, Education, and Religion" sounds about as rational as a proposal to utilize the ice-cap for a flight of ships.

Mr. Ingersoll's story of the Ice Queen is linked to the foregoing by reason of its theme, which is an expedition of a party of young people, in the midst of a severe winter twenty years ago, from the western end of Lake Erie to the city of Cleveland. They went on the ice, going across the bays from headland to headland; were snowed up, lost their way, got out of provisions, landed on a desolate island, and underwent all sorts of hardships and perils, but finally reached their destination in safety. The conversation on route is a little slanging, but otherwise the book is unobjectionable, and teaches lessons of fortitude and courage. In Raising the Pearl, which, like the foregoing, is reprinted from Harper's Young People, we have a chapter on Florida life, showing how a party of boys from New York get hold of a sunken steam-launch, and by permission of the owner, a crusty old fisherman, with a stump leg, succeed in raising her and restoring her to usefulness; so that a yachting trip follows with various adventures among reefs, tides, storms, sharks, and the like. Both of these books are books of adventure pure and simple.

We have not much liking for attempts to tell the story in the New Testament Gospels in modern style, and we do not think that the Rev. Mr. Brown, who is a minister of a Unitarian society in the Massachusetts town of Brookline, has made a great success in his Life of Jesus for Young People! His critical attitude may be inferred from his statement in connection with the chapter on the Resurrection that the gospels "tell the story as if the body of Jesus that had once died came to life again; and it is impossible for us to 'believe this to be true.' After this example Mr. Brown clears away all superstitious rubbish, as he would probably call it, out of the gospels, and the result is what might be expected. We see no mention of the raising of Lazarus, and the narrative generally is a rationalistic emasculation.

To a very good purpose are Ella Rodman Church's two books on Birds and Their Ways and Flyers and Crawlers which, by means of a pleasant story, utilize a large amount of information about birds and insects, derived largely from such careful writers as the Rev. J. G. Wood. These books belong to the order of useful literature. So likewise does Ned Harmon's Delight, the inapt title of this account of the great cities of the Bible, given in a conversation between a grandmother and a party of children.

To Dr. John S. White, head-master of the Berkeley School, who gave us last year a boy's
and girls' edition of Plutarch, we are indebted this year for a boys' and girls' edition of Herodotus, presenting this well-known "father of his- tory" in a series of nine books, several chapters to each book, with maps and pictures. A short introduction presents the ancient Greek in an attractive and well-disposed, yet simple, method to turn the pages following with considerable expectations. The work is excellently done, and the book strongly and well made. Much more unpretentious in form, but alike classical and fascinating, are the Stories of the Old World told by our northern tribes, relating to the Argonauts, to Thesee and to Troy, to Ulysses and Aeneas. Mr. Church is a master in this field, as his previous volumes have proved.

The "Boys of '35" are boys of Portland, Maine, of whom Mr. Elwell was one, and whose pranks and performances, escapades and accidents, talks and trials, he relates in a lively autobiographical style. There is a great deal of "boy" in this book, and therefore it is somewhat of the rough-and-ready sort. Over against it may stand What Time Remembers, in which we have the gentle, pleasant reminiscences of a girl of sixteen, who had a poor home, a delightful, and a grandpa and a grandma; who went to church and to school, and who kept a journal; a simple pleasant story.

Mr. Ellis writes vividly in this his two books on Kentucky life in early days, 15 when log-cabin and pathless forests entered into the landscape, and Indians,izzly bears, saucy eagles, and ravening wolves enlivened the daily experiences of the pioneer.

Roberts Brothers have reprinted Tug Cat, that capital story by an English author not yet named out loud, which we commended in its original form, a few weeks since.

The title of Mr. Howell's forthcoming marine comedy proves to have been preempted by Flora L. Shaw in her latest addition to the bright and pleasant series in which Castle Blair and Hector have had a place. A Sea Change is the story of a girl who floated ashore on the Cornish coast lashed to a spar, and was rescued in that case half dead by a brave boy named Norman, who bounded a rope about him and plunged into the breakers. Marina's memory has failed her, owing to the shock and exposure her system has undergone; the box which was lashed to the spar with her has been washed out to sea; she cannot remember her name, parentage, or any of the facts of her history; so no trace can be found of her family, or of the wrecked ship of which she was a sail; she is therefore adopted by Norman's father and mother, the latter of whom presently dies, and she grows up to find her own only after a round of varied experiences which include a not altogether happy residence with a titled rel-}

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**MINOR NOTICES.**

A Concise Poetical Consonance to the Principal Poets of the World. Compiled by Charles A. Durfee. [John B. Alden. $1.00.]

Here is another of those laborious compilations representing great pains and toil on the part of the author and great usefulness to the public, which are yet apt to be overlooked and forgotten in the midst of daily entertainment or show. Mr. Darfen's aim — and he has come up well in it, the execution of his task — is nothing less than to give a complete alphabetical index to the principal poems of the principal poets in the English language — not however of the world, as the title-page expresses it. Dante, Goethe, Hugo, and Virgil are the only poets of other languages whose names we observe to be included. The book is a crown 8vo of upwards of 600 closely printed pages, and in contents simply an index in one consecutive alphabet to first lines, as "A charge to keep I have;" to important titles, as "The Brook;" to poet's names, as "Byron," under which his poems are again entered by titles in subordinate alphabetical order; and in some measure to subjects, as "Summer," "Love," "Heaven." The classification by subjects is sligt, that of poets full, that of first lines fair. The compiler's system is not always perfectly worked out; the book does not answer all inquiries; but it attempts a service which no other book we know of renders, and we may be thankful that it does as well as it does. We shall add Mr. Durfee's Poetical Consonance to our shelf of indispensables.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

THE PROSE OF MR. CRADDOCK.

WHEN, six years ago, a story entitled "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Corners" appeared in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, "a thrill of joy prophectic" should have, and doubtless did, run through the readers of that respected periodical at its perusal. It was a well-told story of a life and people new to the fiction reader and it bore evidence in every paragraph of being an accurate study. The movement of the tale was rapid and the descriptions were subordinated to the action; but here and there, where they did not retard the current of the narrative, were small pictures that were perfect in their way. At the very opening of the story was one like this:

An early moon was riding, clear and full, over this Wildspur of the Alleghenies; the stars were few and very faint; even the great Scorpion lurked, vaguely outlined, above the wooded ranges, and the white mist, that filled the long, deep, narrow valley between the parallel lines of mountains, shimmered with opalescent gleams.

It was no uncertain hand that had taken the pen one might be sure, and the conviction deepened as succeeding stories appeared. Mr. Craddock has the advantage which a writer always has who labors in a new field, but added to this he has the capacity to perceive the value of what he has found and the ability to describe with the fervor of an artist and poet combined. With his stories as such we have not now to do, or we might speak of the seeming incongruity of his slender, tender-hearted young heroines and the stolid unloveliness of their mothers, but it is of Mr. Craddock as artist and poet that we wish to speak. It would be difficult for any one whose ear is at all alive to the music of words not to be deeply moved by the poetry of Mr. Craddock's descriptions. And there are so many of them scattered through his book, The Tennessee Mountains, very many, yet wonderfully varied:

Lost Creek sounded some broken minor chords as it dashed against the rocks on its headlong way. The wild grapes were blooming. Their fragrance, so delicate yet so pervasively, suggested some exquisite unseen presence—the dryads were surely abroad! The beech-trees stretched down their silver branches and green shadows. Through rifts in the foliage shimmered glimpses of a vast array of sunny parallel mountains, converging and converging, till they seemed to meet far away in one long, level line, so ideally blue that it looked less like earth than heaven.

That level line of pale blue in the poetic distance had become faintly roseate. The great brown-green ranges nearer at hand were assuming a royal purple. Shadows went skulking down the valley. Across the amber zenith an eagle was flying homeward. A vague prescience of dawn was on the landscape; dim and spectral it stood but half-revealed in the doubtful light. The stars were gone; even the sidereal outline of the great Scorpion had crept away. But the gibbous moon still swung above the pine somber and melancholy forest of Pine Mountain, and its golden chalice spilled a dreamy glamour all adown the lustrous mists of Lost Creek Valley.

There is nothing labored about such descriptions as these. Poetic as they are they yet impress themselves upon the reader as accurate. But only a sensitive poetic imagination united to a keen perception of artistic values could have produced them. They summon up before the eye pictures that seem to lack nothing for enjoyment, and to the ear they are full of music. If not actual verse they have the soul of poetry in them in which the little polished verse is sometimes wanting. And let us not writers that the poetic form is always absent. Now and then Mr. Craddock's sentences seem to move in measures that are certainly not prosaic:

The changing luster glistened the feather ferns just as we grew in the sun at the angle of the divergent paths there rose into the air a fragrance which she knew were the exquisite mountain azaleas, and all the dark forest was starred with the blooms of the laurel.

In this quotation we have changed no word and omitted only the phrase "of indistinct white blossoms" after the word "mass." She came upon Lost Creek, looking down the valley; the sun went in the grove where beneath the range. The sunbeams were creeping along its banks, the scarlet-ock embellished the mountain side, above the encompassing height the sky was blue, and the mountains were. Never a crag or chasm so somber but its crag was decked with long tordilless moss, gilded and glistening yellow. Buckeye, there was shaggy "Indian pipes" silvered the roots of the trees.

We have changed nothing in this passage but have taken the words just as they come with the divisions into lines where they would naturally fall.

Did he years for the mountains? Could he see them in the spirit? Surely in his dreams, in some kindly illusion, he might still behold that fair hand which touched the sky; the golden splendor of the sunshine lifting through Flying shadows of clouds as fleet above the distant mountains. Untrodden woodland nooks beside singing cascades; or some lonely pool, whence the gray deer bounded away through the red sumach leaves.

In this passage only two words have been omitted—"surely" after "dreams" and "racing" after "flees." Only the insects drowned in the chestnut-ocks, only the wind as it whined, the night possessed the earth.

He saw through the pine the look of the red moon rising, the woodsies came, and the heather; and above like a golden frene.

Instances like these might be multiplied, but the reader will easily find them for himself. They prove beyond question the essentially poetic character of Mr. Craddock's prose, prose so inebriated with music that it is not always easy to remember that it is anything but poetry and very tender, delicate poetry indeed.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

OCCURRENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are such that it is not possible to say brevity, and the writer's full name and address.

The One and the Other.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Among the most confusing ambiguities in the use of "one," that characterizes our literature, is the use of the one and the other in reference to preceding statements or to the subjects of preceding statements. I have been able to discover no recognized canon establishing the reference of these words. The custom of the best English writers discards a lamentable inconsistency in this respect; and, were it not for the context of a passage, it would often be impossible to determine whether the one referred to the first, or to the last, of the two propositions immediately preceding. The Germans do away with this uncertainty, for the most part, by the use of the pronouns this and that; this, of course, always referring to the nearer clause or sentence. It is a strange, strange, that the usage of English writers of active authority and excellence is so carelessly at variance. It would certainly seem to be worth while to fix the usage of the one and the other by mechanical rules, so that a writer may be assured that he is making himself understood; for, as it is, there are few sentences containing these words in their paraletic use, that are not equivocal. Do you or the readers of the Literary World know of the one correct method in which they are to be employed? W. M. FULLERTON.

Cambridge, September 15, 1884.

TABLE TALK.

... Mr. W. M. Clemens has engaged to edit Literary Life for the Elder Publishing Company for five years, at Cleveland.

... Miss Blanche Willis Howard is at work upon a new novel, which Messrs. R. Osgood & Co. will publish in the spring.

... Mr. George W. Cable has finished his Creoles of Louisiana, whichMessrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will issue early in November, and is now in New York completing arrangements for joint readings with Mark Twain, to begin November 5th, and finishing his brochure on Creole songs, which will embrace the musical scores and instrumental accompaniments.

... Bishop Magee of Петербург, a third edition of whose volume of sermons, The Gospel and the Age, has just appeared from the press of Thomas Whittaker, New York, is a remarkable figure in the House of Lords, in which he is one of the most magnetic speakers. His delivery is very rapid, reminding one of the swift speech of Phillips Brooks.

... Rose Terry Cooke, who has a great faculty at home-keeping, and generally spends her summer in her garden, at Windham, Conn., has been taking a two weeks' outing in New Hampshire. She is now in her beautiful village home, enjoying, as she says, the stillness and the shadow.

... Prof. George W. Cooke is completing, and will publish during the winter, the historical and biographical introduction and index to The Dial, which will contain much new matter of interest. The reprint of The Dial itself, which Mr. Cooke had engaged to edit, and which Messrs. Roberts Brothers intended to publish if a sufficient number of subscribers could be obtained to warrant the effort, will probably never appear, only one fifth of the necessary number of subscriptions having been received. Mr. Cooke proposes to lecture this season, his subjects being Tennyson, Ruskin, the Brownings, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris.

... Frank H. Converse, author of sea-stories of the more approved class, has returned to his home in Boston from a Labrador excursion which has occupied him for the last two months. He made notes while away, which he will use in future serials. He is writing chiefly for Golden Days, of Philadelphia.

... Prof. Thomas D. Sulpé, of Gambier, Ohio, who, with the approval of the subject's relatives, recently began to prepare the biography and poems of the late Richard Reaf, which he pro
poses to publish at his own expense, is proceeding slowly with the work. Any one having any unpublished verses by Col. Realff, or any data adapted to Prof. Suppleé's purpose, will confer a favor by forwarding them to him. The profits of the publication are to be distributed among Col. Realff's heirs.

... Miss Sarah O. Jewett has finished "A Marsh Island," the story which she had engaged to write for next year's Atlantic, and the scene of which is laid in Eastern Massachusetts, and is now spending a few days in Quebec.

... Miss Adele M. Fiede, author of Pagoda Shadows, is about forty years of age, tall, of decided complexion, with rather heavy physiognomy, quiet and refined in manners, and wholly self-possessed. She matriculated last winter at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, with a view not only of acquiring medical knowledge, but of finding some one among the students who would accompany her to China as a medical missionary, when she should finish her course there. Her only literary work of note besides Pagoda Shadows is a Chinese and English dictionary of more than 13,000 words, upon which she is still engaged...

... "The Duchess" will soon bring out a new novel by Harriet B. Lippincott & Co.

... Some good stories are told of how certain young persons in Lynn, Mass., have taken advantage of John G. Whittier — who is known to be a very diffident man — during his visits to friends in that city, to "draw him out," in various ways — one of which is that one evening several of these young persons, by prearrangement with some youthful members of his host's family, took possession of a dark room favorably connected with the one into which Mr. Whittier was to be taken after tea, and remained there as still as mice while the unsuspecting poet, in answer to his host's many inquiries, related the circumstances of the origin and production of certain of his poems, greatly to their delight.

... Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells will issue in November through Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. a small volume of eight or nine essays, which she entitles About People. The book will include two papers which appeared in the Atlantic some time ago, viz.: "The Transitional Woman" and "Caste in American Society," in which are embraced many anecdotes and some little argument and satire. Mrs. Wells' principal literary work of late besides these essays has been in the line of Sunday-school text-books on ethics.

EXCAVATION OF 20A.  
James T. Lauck, Marietta, Ohio.  
MINOR NOTICES.

Speeches, Arguments, and Miscellaneous Papers of David Dudley Field. Edited by A. P. Sprague. 2 vols. [D. Appleton & Co. $6.00.]

Not being a political journal the Literary World could not confess that it does not at this moment remember whether the Honorable David Dudley Field, lawyer, of New York City, in the State of New York, be living or dead. We are rather of the opinion that he is living, though a preferable sign of life is action in the present rather than a publication out of the past, and since we have heard of David Dudley Field, There is nothing particularly posthumous about these two petty octavos; except as respects the editor, who died suddenly when he was half way through the preparation of the second volume. We trust this fact will not have an intimidating effect upon the reader, despite the rather formidable appearance of the volumes. David Dudley Field would be set down in the encyclopaedia as an American jurist. He comes of an old New England family, and his father was David Dudley before him, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Judge Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court, Cyrus W. Field of ocean cable fame and elevated railroad notoriety, and Rev. Henry M. Field, the widely traveled and much flattered editor of the New York Evangelist, are younger brothers. David Dudley Field was born in 1806, and for fifty years has been a conspicuous figure at the New York Bar. A leading part in legal reform, re-vision of his State codes, and efforts toward the negotiation of an international code, have been the chief features of his professional and influential public service, and we trust he is still in the hearty, hearty, earthly enjoyment of the honors he has won by a long, arduous, and beneficent life. The contents of these two volumes of selections from his papers are such as might be expected from such a career, both directly and indirectly to the development of the legal branches of political science in this country. Constitutional questions touching civil rights under military conditions, proposed changes in the judicial system and in forms of procedure, the historical details of the effort towards a compact for international arbi-tration, and a variety of political and social topics are reviewed or discussed by means of letters, addresses to juries, essays, speeches, and communications to the journals of the day. Mr. Field has a strongly framed, widely opened, well-furnished legal mind, indifferent to trifles, quibbles, and accidents, and intent on principles, improvements, and advance; a mind akin to the late Francis Lieber's, in whose intellectually heroic path he would probably be proud to acknowledge himself a follower. And this load of gleanings from the territory he has helped to cultivate is an acceptable, valuable contribution to the harvest of a lifetime. The books are bound in novel covers of coarse brown linen.


This book is 6 inches tall, 4 inches wide, 1.2 inches thick, contains 183 closely printed pages, and claims for itself "comprehensiveness," "conciseness," "clarity," and "correctness" as an explanatory index to the principal proper names of ancient times, including the mythological world. Concise it certainly is, and clear considering its conciseness, and so far as we have had time to examine it it is correct (by which is meant accurate). On the point of "comprehensiveness" only, would exception be taken. Considering its compass it is tolerably comprehensive, but of course it is not absolutely so. It opens out on the "American" apartments which it does not pursue in others. "Sagas" is entered as the "Scandinavian goddess of history." Of poetry it would be perhaps more accurate to say. But if "Saga," then why not Sagas 1 and Sagas 2? "Torso" is entered, but nothing is said of Schliemann's discoveries; Homer, but nothing of the anti-Homeric theories of the modern German school. Herodotus is here, but not Thales; Cyrus, but not Nebuchadnezzar nor Pharaoh; Sacrifices, but not Oracles; the Phars of Alexandria, but not the temple at Jerusalem. However, you cannot expect everything in less than 200 pages at half a dollar; and this book is "handy," and good as far as it goes.

A Descriptive Atlas of the United States for Reference and General Information. [Boston, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.]

The publishers of this work are careful to explain that it is not offered to the public merely as a school geography, much as its contents and appearance would comport with that character. There is the old familiar quarto form, with the abundant maps, the plentiful pictures, and the underlining and embracing letterpress in three sizes of type, describing States, cities, climate, products, manufactures, etc., and with occasional statistical tables and copious supplementary notes. But the dimensions are the same, and the typography and binding unusually handsome; the maps are well drawn and printed, fresh, and neatly colored; the pictures are as good as they are plentiful, and truly represent the advanced grade of American wood-engraving; and the history, descriptive, and statistical information is apparently full, accurate, and satisfactory. With something besides maps here is evidently an excellent atlas; without any alphabetical arrangement, here is evidently the substance of a gazetteer, while aiming at more than a mere appeal to the eye, here is really a very respectable gallery of wood-cuts illustrative of American landscape, cities, public buildings, and physical traits in general. It is obvious that such a work could be used to great advantage as a text-book for the study of the United States; but that also it is capable of answering to higher uses in the office and library. The publishers say that in the instruction which it embodies and in the mechanical equipment which it employs, it represents the editorial labor of more than fifteen years and an investment of over $35,000. The maps are in three series, of which the first, of six maps, surveys South America in its most important portions; the second, of seven maps, spreads out the United States by groups, as "Eastern," "Middle," etc.; while the third series, numbering thirty-two, presents each State and Territory in detail by counties. Some of these maps occupy two full pages, a space of about ten inches by eighteen. A few smaller maps inserted in the text depict the greater cities and their environs. The maps, for work on wood, are good, the lettering is distinct, railroads are shown in fine red lines, minute details are occasionally given such as would be expected. Among the engravings the view of New York City, page 35, is certainly not well drawn; the perspective is awry, and the contour of the island and of the adjacent shores of Brooklyn is distorted. One has to hunt for such defects, however, and the general merit of the work in all respects is high.

Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture. By D. Cady Eaton from the "Baustone" of Dr. C. Prichard. 2d ed. [James R. Osgood & Co. $2.00.]

Among the public buildings of Berlin a foremost place is held by the Royal Museum, and the contents of this Museum make it one of the foremost collections of art and archaeological treasures in all the world. Here is a gallery of
pictures, second only probably to those at Dres-
den and Munich; the Egyptian collection of Leipsic; as remarkable for its arrangement as for its extent; a collection of ethnological an-
tiquities, representing almost all civilized and
barbarous nations; a collection of antiquities; a
gallery of sculpture; and a lofty hall filled with
casts of statuary from the earliest Greek times
down to Thorwaldsen. These are only a part of
the treasures of the Royal Museum at Berlin.
The "Baustein" of Dr. Friederichs, which is the
basis of Mr. Eaton's work, is a book of
descriptions of these casts of statuary, arranged
chronologically and divided into art periods,
each period being summed up in its leading char-
acteristics. With this ball before him, and the
"Baustein" in his hand, the student of sculpt-
ure has every means requisite for a thorough
examination of the subject historically, illustra-
tively, and critically. Mr. Eaton's book is mainly
an assemblage of selected passages, translated
from the "Baustein," following the historic
thread of connection, so as to give an orderly
view. It is without illustrations, and so the
reader lacks the reinforcement of the objects
themselves; but the descriptions are clear and
vivid, and almost bring their subjects before the
eye. Photographs would be of great assistance
in mastering the text; even better would it be to
read the book in presence of such casts as might
be accessible. The book appears here in a
second edition, enlarged and revised, though
of the first edition we do not remember ever to
have heard.

The Ohio Voter's Manual. Compiled by Walter
S. Collins. [Cleveland: W. W. Williams. Paper,
50c.]

Letter of Hon. Grover Cleveland and Hon.
Thomas A. Hendricks. By Thomas W. Hand-
ford. Illus. [Belford, Clarke & Co.]
The Democratic Party: Its Political History
and Influence. By J. Harris Patton. [Forbes,
Howard & Hubert. $1.00.]

It would be a good thing if some Mr. Walter
Collins would do in for every State what he
has done for Ohio. His little Ohio Voter's Man-
ual, within the compass of less than a hundred
and fifty pages, including topical analysis and
indices, is an entire new departure for political
books. The whole body of Ohio law is
contact the elected officers of that State, defin-
ing conditions of elections, qualifications of can-
didates, rights, powers, and duties, terms of ser-
vice, bonds required, and compensations. A
map of the State by counties, and a series of sta-
tistical appendices covering population, district
apportionment, elections, etc., complete a very
wisely proposed, intelligently made, and useful
equipped handbook, of which every Ohio voter
ought to have a copy, and which ought as we
have said above, to set an example of service to
other voters.

Mr. Handford's Lives of the Democratic candi-
dates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency
make a rather rough looking book, with cheap
liothographed portraits. Campaign lives are
notoriously one-sided, and these companion
sketches are no exception. They give the best
view of the character of both men, but do not
present them accurately or politically. In view of
some facts that have come to light since the campaign opened, there
are passages in these pages that would better
have been left unwritten; language of encomium,
at least, which would better have been modified.
At the same time there is much that is to be ad-
mired and honored in the characters and careers
of both of these men.

A careful study of another quarter of the
political heavens—a whole broadsided indeed, in
intention if not in effect, is Mr. Patton's sketch
of The Democratic Party; which he claims to be
written not in the partisan spirit but in the his-
torical, with simple fidelity to the facts. What
Mr. Patton's politics are we do not know, but it
is clear that he is no Democrat; and a Democrat of
equal ability would probably make an
equally forcible counter-presentation. Read-
ers who believe that the Democratic Party has
been the negative force always in American his-
tory, that it has been an obstruction to national
development and a confederate to national evils,
will find great aid and comfort in Mr. Patton's
pages. Others will say that Mr. Patton has
drawn a very fair and graphic picture from his
point of view, but that there are other points of
view.

A Study of the Princess. By S. E. Dawson,
The Princess. Edited with notes by Wm. J.
Rolfe. Illus. [Chapman & Hall. $1.75.]

In these two not large or expensive books a
serviceable apparatus is provided for the intelli-
gent and easy study of Tennyson's Princess.
This elaborate and highly ornate poem by the
English laureate, first published in 1857, and
since entirely rewritten, is so rich in historical
allusions and recondite meanings as to be almost
Protestant; the subject may be stated in a word to be the solution of "the woman
problem." Mr. Dawson's elucidatory essay, of
which we have previously spoken, now in its sec-
ded edition, is a helpful general introduction,
which may be read through at a sitting. It fol-

The Native Religions of Mexico and Peru.
By Albert Réville. Trans, by P. H. Wick-
steed. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.]

Dr. Réville is Professor of the Science of
Religions at the College de France. These six
lectures on The Native Religions of Mexico and
Peru were the Hibbert Lectures, a London
foundation for the promotion of Christian
knowledge. The two most famous in the
same series being Max Müller's on the Religions
of India, Renouf's on the Religion of Ancient
Egypt, and Kuenen's on National Religions and
Universal Religions. The field is not altogether
unfamiliar, the works of H. H. Bancroft and
Ames, of whom much has been written, having
touched on the subject. Dr. Réville, though a theologian,
proposes to speak as an historian, and wishes at
the outset to be understood as placing religion
above all its forms. After a careful examination
of the Mexican and Peruvian forms, he declines
to adopt any of the theories which connect
aboriginal American religions with Old World
sources. Likenesses and counterparts are can-
didly admitted, but he prefers to account for
them on the broad ground that the essential
ideas underlying all religions are one, and that
the spiritual unity of the race is undeniable.
These lectures convey full information in a
readable form.

Illustrated. [T. Y. Crowell & Co. $4.50.]

George Eliot was not a poet, though she wrote
what is called poetry. Her verse was an inci-
dent of her life, a by-play to her work, flowers
gathered along her more serious way. As Mr.
Matthew Browne says in his essay on "George
Eliot as a Poet," copied from the Contempo-
rary Review as an introduction to this book: "there
is richness and volume in what she "pours
forth in the name of song;" but "the bird-note is
missing." George Eliot's masculine, philo-
osophical, didactic, heavily imaginative mind had
a fancy for indulging itself in poetic forms; but
the exercise was an elephantine amble. Her
longest effort in poetry, "The Spanish Gipsy,"
which more than outweighs all the rest, is a
dramatic story of a gipsy girl lost in her
childhood, brought up by a duke, locust by
the duchess's son, reclaimed by her father,
followed by her lover, and ending almost in
a tragedy. The collection of Mrs. Lewes's
poetical writings now offered takes the shape of
an ornate quarto volume of 442 pages, with
gilt edges and a showy cover, having other features of the gift book besides a number of woodcut-
gravings of standard excellence executed under
Mr. Geo. T. Andrew's supervision. The whole
is an object to be looked at as well as a book
to be read and studied; which would be unjustly
thus shut up in the library shelves, which
ought rather to be left out on the parlor table.
George Eliot is here seen dressed not for work
but for company.

Sullivan's River Tales. By Sherwood Bonner.
[Roberts Brothers. $1.25.]

Early in the summer of 1883 these tales were
revised and arranged for publication in the present
form, by their brilliant young author, and on the 23rd of July of the same
summer she died. To the collection as thus
prepared an intimate friend, Sophia Kirk, has
prefixed five or six pages of memorial, which
is tantalizing in its few facts and mere suggestions
about a life which is understood to have been
rich in promise, abounding in incidents, marked
by self-sacrifice, and darkened by trouble, sor-
row, and pain. Katharine Sherwood Bonner (to
which name was added by marriage that of
McDowell), was of Southern birth; the place,
Holly Springs, Mississippi; the year, 1849.
All those stories of Southern life, written con-
amore, were of scenes and persons familiar to
her from childhood, and, as was indicated in our
review of her Dialect Tales, she had a keen
perception of the humor, the possibilities, the
tragic elements of the crude but very original
common people of her neighborhood, with the
power of catching the vernacular and fixing it
upon paper—a kind of literary slight-of-hand
which was a born gift. She had an unusual
appreciation of what goes to form a clear and
vigorous style, and her literary workmanship is
admirable. Her temperament was sunny, and
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in spite of depressing circumstances she has not given that tone to her writings, which have not a hint of morbidity, and nothing sour or censurate. Dr. Jex's Predicamentand two or three others of the former collection, but the latter is more in quality, and aimed at a younger class of readers. The inimitable "Tobey's Fortune" is here, and "The Finding of Absalom," which she has hardly surpassed in pathos and tenderness. The tales are eighteen in number, classed as "Grannammy," "Four should have learned even the alphabet, but who sung pages of her own poetry, besides the long ballads which she had learned from her elders. This refined and enthusiastic collector, translator, and artist, in whom Mr. Ruskin has such pride and joy, says she has written most of the tunes as she learned them from the poor people themselves.

Most of them (though they sound very sweet to the uninitiated ear) are very fragile plants, with the first leaves on the farms where I have been used to hear them) are nothing more than plaintive and tender chants;... The tunes sufficiently explain themselves; they are like近es, nearly all of the country people in their everyday clothes and with their everyday surroundings; while as to the ornamenting of the pages, it seemed natural that road-side songs should have bords of road-side flowers. ... Already the old songs are fast being forgotten. ... They have served their time, and many people laugh at them now, and some have told me that I should have done better to spend my time and work on something more valuable... It seems to me that there are others who will collect and preserve the thoughts of the rich and great; but I have wished to make my book all of poor people's poetry.

Mr. Ruskin, in his turn, explains how the book "consists of 109 folio leaves, on every one of which there is a drawing, either of figures, or flowers, or both;... and how to photograph all would, of course, put the publication entirely out of the reach of people of moderate means, and still we will photograph twenty of the most important, with all necessary part of the text, accompanied by his own explanatory notes, later printing the music separately... thus holding out the promise of an exquisite and sumptuous series, which, if it is a specimen, will leave nothing in clearness and beauty of copy and elegance of text and texture to be desired... The reader has to thank that gentleman for this, his present "hobby," which, besides all that the gifted Italian poet-artist gives us, affords such opportunities for his own ambling romantics, half criticism, half personal revelations; but whether fault-finding or praising, reminiscent or prophetic, sure to be sincere, likely to be surprising, possibly aggressive, certainly like the words of no other man, with a flavor of their own— in a word, Ruskinian.

From Groce to Gay. A Volume of Selections from the Complete Poems of H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. [Geo. J. Coomber. $2.50.]

It may be questioned whether Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell is better known in his own country by his verses or by his record and authority as a sportsman and an athlete. The London papers pronounce him a Senior Angler (with a slight roll of the r, to bring out the pun, we fancy), and "one of the straightest riders and best shots in England." His literary tastes and acquisitions make him a companion for Tennyson, and his first volume of poems is so popular that it has passed its twelfth thousand. It is certainly time that we Americans make his acquaintance, and this volume of selections, with its fitting title, From Groce to Gay, will serve as an introduction. As a quaint and delicate humor-ist, and as an enthusiastic and inspiring delineator of life and activity on land and sea, Mr. Pen- nell has made his name as a poet; but in more quiet and pathetic lines, also, his gifts are of no mean quality. "The Picture Gallery," old as its theme is, with the halls which "are stored life's photographs, slide over, slide," from the slight and dim impressions of "the soul's camera," to the clearest of all, one loved face, like a familiar star Resting upon the dark, with angel eyes And sweeping hair that shadowed all our birth; the vivid glare of the "English Sutter;" the pathos of a single brief extract from "The Thread of Life;" the strong, serious, yet stirring verses from "Crescent," and from "Modern Babylon;" none of these is unworthy of a place with the best of our later poetry, and, taken together, they prove Mr. Pennell to be much more than a mere writer of society verses. "Derby Day" and "The Boat Race" could have been written, and indeed can be fully appreciated, only by an athlete.

"Exegeta" and "What the Prince of I Dream't Are in the vein of Gilbert or Edward Lear." A Little Beauty and London's Suez Canal" are the peculiar charm of Dobson, while "Outside" has the peculiarity of Dobson. It is a pity that we cannot have Du Maurier's sketches of "Maud" and of "Little Bo-Peep," but the poems are self-interpreting, and it is not hard to imagine the faces of the little fairies.


This delicious bit of lithographed satire on the passion for old manuscripts in general and Egyptological "finds" in particular is in the design of C. M. Seppel, a German artist, and a product of a Düsseldorf workshop. It ought to be shown to the reader, instead of being left to a mere description, which at the best must be quite inadequate. Imagine then a dirty looking sackcloth covered book, 9 inches wide, 12 tall, and one half an inch thick, stitched with rough twine, the ends of which are sealed with an ugly and ancient looking seal of blue wax, with the edges of the cover ragged and frayed, and tied with leather strings. Inside are twenty-two papyrus looking leaves, thick, grimy, stained, worn, and mutilated; the whole having the appearance of an immensely old volume that has been through fire and water, lain buried in tombs and catacombs, and has now come forth to do duty as a relic in the hands of antiquaries. All this clever and amusing imitation of the antique is made to serve as the vehicle of a mock epic of Egyptian history, in which very respectable doggerel and capital illustrations in the highest style of Egyptian art celebrate the story of Rhuppippos, King Rhamspinitus's son-in-law, with his royal wife and child, whose fortunes are chequered by many domestic trials and bear fruit in excellent political lessons worthy the attention of modern antiquaries. The pictures are a study, and so is the epic, which is a translation from the German original, printed in black letter, and the whole book is one in which many a wise man might innocently enough put on his glasses to look at, as did a learned Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in a Cambridge, Massachusetts, parlor the other evening; but immediately disconnecting the caricature lurking under so specious an exterior. As a mechanical imitation of the antique, It, Sha, It is a curiosity; designed in a spirit of pure fun and executed with a marvelousness of counterfeiting skill which ought to make the Shapiros of the day turn pale with envy. The humor of it is a little coarse in places, but some things can be forgiven in such a case as this.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

It is a pleasanter thing than it used to be to "see ourselves as others see us," in foreign criticisms of American society and American literature. First both were roundly abused; then came a period of what Lowell neatly calls "a certain condescension in foreigners;" and now the London critics are flattering us by devoting much type and much praise to our books and writers, of whom sometimes speak with more enthusiasm than discernment.

The latest glorification of American literature from a European source comes from Milan, Italy, in the shape of a tidy little book of 147 pages, Letteratura Americana, by Gustavo Strafforello. The primer fashion is in vogue in Italy as well as in England and the United States, and Ulrico Hoepli, a Milan publisher, issues two series, the first, scientific and literary, and the second, practical. Of the first series, which includes translations of several of Macmillan's primers, Signor Strafforello's book is the forty-ninth number. The author had previously written a volume on Popular Errors and Prejudices, in the same series, but it is not

otherwise known to us in literature. He has evidently, however, studied American books for some time; and he enjoyed the friendship of the late Henry C. Carey, of whom he speaks in glowing terms, and of the late George P. Marsh. Mr. Marsh once suggested to him that he write a compendium of American literature for the use of Italians; and the present work is the result.

Signor Strafforello treats his subject by topics, his seven chapters being devoted respectively to "poets and poetesses," historians and biographers; literary historians, critics, philologists, ethnologists, travelers, and geographers; scientists and philosophers; statesmen, economists, and orators; "novelists, male and female;" and humorists. Under each head the treatment is chronological. The author has depended to a considerable extent upon his own reading; there are no signs that he has used either of the two American primers of the subject; and he includes some names not mentioned in any American work, unless it be a trade-list or Mr. Leybold's American Catalogue.

The note of enthusiasm is struck in the preface, and is heard to the close. No nation has shown such wonderful material progress as the United States, and "the number of American authors—and not a few of the first rank—in every branch of thought, in poetry, history, romance, science of all kinds, is larger than any other nation can boast in a corresponding period of time." Franklin, Cooper, Poe, Irving, Longfellow, Bryant, Bancroft, Prescott, and a few others, are known in Italy, says the author; but to introduce the rest to his countrymen is his present purpose. Of the very earliest writers he says little, and fails to grasp the Puritan idea which was so prominent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Michael Wigglesworth and Mather Byles are curiosities to him, and of William Bradford, John Winthrop, Cotton Mather, Samuel Sewall, and Jonathan Edwards, nothing is said. Franklin and the Adamses have also failed to make a mark on his mind as political forces, though Franklin is mentioned for his scientific attainments, and the Federalist is praised. Hamilton had an "original, vigorous, and practical mind, rich in profound and varied wisdom;" and his rival Jefferson possessed a "flexible, facile, varied, familiar, but very diffuse style," and was the founder of the Democratic Party. Signor Strafforello's brevity in discussing our early writers may be excused, but not his lack of philosophical insight as regards the causes of our intellectual development.

Of American poets, he has a great liking for Richard Henry Dana, whom he eulogizes at length, with a profusion of adjectives, finally declaring that Dana has "all the qualities of the true poet." For the Whittier paragraph he unfortunately depends upon some old anthology or sketch, which omits mention of all his later works, "Snow-Bound" included. He takes the trouble to denounce Halleck for his tendency, in his humorous poems, to turn everything to ridicule; Halleck would be pleased to know that his venerable hilarities still have a reader. Dr. Holmes is "faciles poetarum" among prose humorists, and worthy in his verse of comparison with Swift for neat, precise, and vigorous diction, though he lacks the fierce sarcasm of that "terrible English humorist." Poe reminds, him of Tennyson, though not an imitator of the laureate. His verse is dominated by tardium vitae, an incurable melancholy, and shows rich tropical coloring. The "di majores of the American Parnassus" are Bryant and Longfellow. The author has apparently read Bryant throughout; and in that poet is ranked above Gray, Goldsmith, Moore, and Campbell, for "depth of reflection, morality of thought, and splendor of fancy." Signor Strafforello omits no opportunity to insist upon the loftiest moral standard, and for this reason he crowns Longfellow with his brightest wreath of laurel. Learned, facile, graceful, original, "the most cosmopolitan of all contemporary poets," he is yet most praiseworthy for his high and true purpose. In an eloquent passage Signor Strafforello exclaims that "we Italians ought not only to read his Psalms of Life," but to recite it every day like a pater noster. Bayard Taylor, the author thinks, oddly enough, to be the most popular American poet after Bryant and Longfellow. The only poet honored with a quotation in English is the venerable Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

In the accounts of historians and biographers less originality is shown; the last part of the chapter is little more than a running extract from booksellers' catalogues. One remark is noticeable: that "Bancroft is [sic] the historian of America." Why would the author's praise of not being funny per se, for the presence of Whitman within its enclosure be set down as a neat piece of criticism on the author's part. Whitman's poetry, he says, though not properly humorous, is always outre and rough. He is the poet of a generation to come, in which the educational idea of Rousseau will be put into practice. In Whitman the author sees a primitive and original genius, moral in a sense, but offending our ideas of decency.

In this chapter, and elsewhere, the author's neglect of Lowell is notable; he also omits Warner and Aldrich.

The Italian dress of some familiar characters of course leaves an odd effect at times; thus we read of Enrichetta Beecher Stowe, Caterina Sedgwick, Carlo F. Brown, Giorgio Guglielmo Curtis, Susanna Langhorne Clemens, F. Enrico Hedge, et al.; and the Tragedie della Nuova Inghilterra, la Legenda d'Or, la Caduta della casa di Vesper, la Ferraria Celeste, la
Casa da sette Comignoli, Racconti di un viaggiatore, Gionata Slick, Detti di Art e Mus Ward, Storia degli amori di Jeff Bridges. Pae neiscooperato, Il celebre ranocchio saltante di Calaveras, L'Elettrico bianco ru- bato, etc. Misprints naturally abound. Drigt, Fawcett Edgardo, Lanier Sidney, Francesca Sargent Looke, G. Gannaway Brownlow, Deuton Snider, R. G. Glider, G. E. Boker, Millie Conched, Aorone Burn (Burr), Celton (Colton), Gaafiel, G. H. Dall, Reuwick, Enrico G. Bellows — and so on — which would seem to denote that Le Livre had been an authority in the author's library. His most elaborate blunder is naming Jane (sic) Ingelow and Adelaide Procter among minor American poets (p. 33). As an offset, however, a number of American writers would seem to have in Italy a reputation not yet won at home; for instance, J. Tilden, P. L. Cruttwell, J. G. Herr, Wallis Nash, J. M. Beadle, C. G. Shields, T. Warren O'Neill, Charles Reemelin, Max Adler, and Helena Clementina Howarth.

Signor Stracchello closes his interesting book with an impassioned lament at the decadence of the literature of Italy, in compari- son with that of England, Germany, France, or even the young United States: "Ome! fulmus Troes," he sighs; "what poet can we compare with Longfellow or Bryant? Where is a historian like Prescott, Bancroft, Motley; a literary historian like Ticknor? Where is a scientist like Maury, Dana, Edison; an economist like Carey; a philosopher like Emerson or Draper; a moralist like Channing; a critic like Alex- ander Everett; a novelist like Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Howells, James; a humorist like Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, or Bret Harte?"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Lawson's Leading Cases Simplified is a court book, a brief gazette, and a law-book. To read it is like sitting in a criminal court-room as the docket is being cleared. A case is called, the evidence is given, sometimes dirty evidence sometimes simply sensational, and then the judge goes off into a statement of the principles of law involved. The contents are carefully classi- fied. The book is of use to lawyers but not in all parts fitted for public reading, and there are pages in it unfit to be left open.

Physiology and the general science of physical life are expounded by Mr. Pope in a practical way and a popular style; and physiology, anatomy, psychology, and the foundations of ethical science, by Mr. Carpenter in a rather profes- sional way and abstruse style, the book being both broader and deeper than its title.

There are two theories of horsemanship; the English desiderates speed, the Continental con- trol over the horse. Mrs. Carr's recent book sought a combination of these two systems. Lieutenant Bussagaty's4 leaves more to the latter. His book is a little one, but a careful mastery of its principles would be likely to give a woman confidence and a sense of power in the saddle.

One of the marked features of the present century is the missionary work of Christian churches throughout the world, and that work is comprehensively summed up in Mr. Young's book,5 which, without having the statistical ele- ment of Dr. Christlieb's Foreign Missions, or presenting the tables of figures to be found in Dr. Dorchester's Religious Progress, is more popular and picturesque in style than either of those standard publications.

Canon Carpenter, who is a dignitary of the Church of England, tells us6 what his Bible is to him and why it is what it is, and what it ought to be to the rest of us; all in a strain of thorough scholarship warmed by genuine devotion.

The idea of the "Rebellion" is excellent, skilfully dropping details of politics and personal- ities and confining attention to those leading military operations by which the Civil War reached its conclusion. The reader's attention is not perplexed by multiplicity of facts, dates, or figures; but is engaged only with a broad and abstract comprehension survey. This little book, with its maps, will give many a reader a better idea of the war than most any one of the larger volumes upon it.

"Van Nostrand's Science Series" continues its neat and convenient reprints of the best current writing in scientific fields. Professor S. P. Thompson's essay is7 a contribution to the his- tory of the marvelous electro-dynamic progress of the day, and appended an outline of the discus- sion by experts which followed the original read- ing of the essay before the British Society of Arts. Jt. Petitt, U. S. A., gives an account of the various mechanical processes for the reproduc- tion of maps, prints, etc., of which there has been such a multiplication within a few years. The theory of "stadia measurements" in sur- veying receives a careful exposition by Arthur W. Wilson,8 with directions for em- ployment in the field, and logarithmic tables for reduction, making a compact and serviceable handbook.

Professor Welch9 and Professor Mathews's10 books, the latter not new but in a revised and enlarged edition, might be bound together so far as community of subject goes; for though Mr. Welch is a scientific and technical, and Mr. Mathews's an illustrative and anecdotal essay, both are essentially studies of the English lan- guage viewed as words, and each supplements the other. Mr. Welch's essay may be called grammatical from a new standpoint; Mr. Math- ew's is historical and literary. Mr. Mathew's book in its original shape was reviewed at length in the Literary World, Vol. VII, pp. 14, 15; Mr. Welch's we turn over to teachers of the mother tongue as entitled to their examination. Miss Chittenden's handbook11 is a clever application of the principles and rules of plain composition for elementary uses in schools.

That accomplished scholar and acute critic, the Rev. W. C. Wilkinson, is engaged in the pro- duction of a series of four books which are designed to furnish readers and students who are confined to the English language with the means of acquiring a good knowledge of the Greek and Latin literatures. Two volumes of "preparatory courses" have already appeared: see L. W., XIII. p. 354; The College Greek Course in English12 now enlarges and elevates the same method to the needs of an older class of minds. A similar course in Latin is to follow. A great deal of information is given by Professor Wil- kinson in a thoroughly independent, often orig- inal, and sometimes racy style; in this volume Plato, Socrates, Sophocles, Aristotle, Pindar, and the rest are examined and expounded with refreshing freedom. These old worthies rattle about in our author's book for a degree which is startling to one's reverence.

Professor Ybarra offers his Method for Learning Spanish13 expressly to persons wishing to speak and understand Spanish for business pur- poses. Pasting by all grammatical forms and rules, he plunges right into the language itself, by means of vocabularies and exercises, in the most practical way. Greene's Chemistry14 and Tettow's Inductive Lessons in Latin15 are textbooks for school use, the latter for beginners and based on very much the same idea as Ybarra's Spanish method.

The second volume of Dr. Joseph Parker's Apostolic Life16 continues the series of his stirring expository sermons on the Book of the Acts of the Apostles from the 13th chapter to the 20th, following the text pretty closely, bringing to the front its fundamental themes, and illuminating them with large biblical knowledge, great fervor of spirit, and a liltting voice. A prayer precedes each sermon. How profoundly religious a poet John G. Whittier is may be seen from a little compilation of passages in his writings parallel to certain texts of Scripture, the two elements being combined in orderly form into Text and Verse for Every Day in the Year. This utilization of his work will surprise some people who think of Whittier only as a literary figure, but it will please, comfort, and gain a great many devout minds.

The imagery of the Bible with respect to animals, as explained by the Rev. Dr. Worcester,17 is that

8 Recent Progress in Dynamo-Electric Machines. By Prof. S. P. Thompson, D. Van Nostrand. 50c.
of the Swedenborgian school, in whose interest the book was first published, and is now reissued in a new and enlarged edition.

The fundamental idea of Messrs. Preble and Parker's "Handbook of Latin Writing" is that the English thought, not the English words, is to be translated into the Latin forms. This lead to the best part of the book, which is that the most it is, the least it is, the first step to its acquisition. The name of Professor Wm. T. Harris will secure attention to and for the Reader of which he is joint editor; a book which is nearly as popular as its pictures, and profitable by reason of its contents. Van Nostrand's "Monthly Record of Scientific Literature" is the volume bound of the number of the bulletin of new publications in the department of science from July 13, 1881, to June 14, 1884.

We are glad to see a new edition out of the late Mr. Dougald's account of "The Jukes family," probably the most extraordinary piece of family history illustrative of the hereditary laws of crime, and one of the most important contributions to the facts which must underlie all scientific discussion of the causes and cure of crime, to be found in all literature. "Jukes" is the pseudonym adopted for an obscure, degraded, intermarried, family of criminals whom Mr. Dougald discovered in the interior of New South Wales, and whose history he hunted down and wrote with great minuteness, to the end of showing how ignorance and vice propagate each other and perpetuate themselves from generation to generation.

The thirty-four Presbyterian clergymen, among whom are the Rev. Dr. Eells, Herrick Johnson, John Hall, Howard Crosby, A. E. Kittredge, A. F. Pierson, M. R. Vincent, H. A. Nelson, Theo. Cuyler, H. G. Gane, and Arthur Mitchell, have united in contributing to make up a series of 48 sermons on the International S. Lessons for 1885. "Children" they are called, but sermons they are; a Presbyterian enthusiastic, we suppose, to avoid frightening off buyers. Very good sermons they are, too, and good study to model the homiletic art, whatever one thinks of their doctrine.

We are in receipt of third and fourth volumes of the new English edition of Tennyson's poems.

so that our remarks were accurate as to the character and probable extent of the edition.

The pictures in the "Popular Poets" edition of Scott's "Marmion," which are a feature of it, are pretty good; some of them are very good; though we are at a loss to find the face of the foremost figure in the cut facing p. 148. The text of the poem is here complete with notes; and the book is in a binding less showy and more tasteful than some previous numbers of this series as we remember them.

Messrs. Acland and Jones give an apparently authentic sketch of the purposes, history, working methods, etc., of cooperation in England, from an inside standpoint. There are 1,236 cooperative societies in the United Kingdom, with aggregate annual sales of $10,000,000; membership 600,000, profits divided $10,000,000, or nearly $16 apiece. The increase in societies from 1862 to 1872 was 104 per cent; from 1872 to 1882 30 per cent. Cooperation has never made much headway in this country, and the general study of what it has done abroad could not fail to produce good among our working classes.

Quackenbush's "Elementary History of the United States" is an old and popular book simply brought down to date by the addition of late administrations. It is a good book mechanically, and well written, but not up with the times in its arrangement. It is hardly correct to call it "elementary history" in the sense of a primary or child's book, since that should be stories rather than history. It is rather an epitome, brief al most to the extent of baldness. With a thoroughly live teacher, its neatness, accuracy, and clearness will make it a most excellent handbook; otherwise children must find it dry and lacking in details.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the "Literary World," to secure interest, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

645. Theodore Winthrop. Can you tell me whether there has ever been any critical essay or article written on the style and writings of Theodore Winthrop, author of "Life in the Open Air," etc.? I have his "Life," which has just been issued.

Milwaukee.

646. "Polar Harmony." In No. 604, Notes and Queries, your Penn Yan correspondent and of whom and where does Dickens say "They lived together in a sort of polar harmony, occasionally icier their neighbors?" In chapter 3 of "The Parish," Sketches by "Ben," the substance of the quotation is used of the "Miss Millises."

Catskill, N. Y.

647. Brennan, etc. Who wrote "One of the Sweet Old Chapters?" And what is the first name of Brennan, author of the poem beginning with or containing the words: "Our hearts ever answer in tune and in tone, love."

Hannover, N. H.

648. Three Kisses. In answer to the query of "T. W. H.," in the "Literary World" of September 20, I would say that the poem "Three Kisses," referred to in "Table Talk" as the production of Hattie Tyng Griswold, is not identical with "Three Kisses of Farewell," which appeared in "Evening's Low-Letters." The former consists of five four-line stanzas, and opens with these lines: I have three kisses in my life, So sweet and sacred unto me, That now till death I may not lose My lips shall kissless be.

Westley, R. I.

E. R. Champlin.

NEWS AND NOTES.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' list of autumn announcements is long and varied. Besides a number of new and improved editions of former publications, there are the following new works: The Land of Rip Van Winkle, a romance of a tour through the Catskills, by A. E. Searing; Half a Century of English History, a series of 145 portraits selected from Punch; the Hon. John L. Stephens' Life and Times of Gustavus Adolphus; Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's edition of The Works of Alexander Hamilton, including his contributions to the Federalist; a limited edition of Mr. Stainton's edition of The Works of Dryden; The Bussell Clauses of a Will, by Henry R. Elliot; The Children of Issachar, another story of Reconstruction at the South; An Outline of the Future Religion of the World, by T. Lloyd Stanley; a translation of the Marquis de Nadaillac's work on Pre-Historic America; The Life of Society, by E. Woodward Brown; True and False, a chapter in the history of communism, by Albert Shaw; The Nutchell Series, a collection of "the best thoughts of the best writers" by Helen Kendric Johnson; The Pearl Series of Choice Selections; Outlines of Roman Law, by Professor Morrey of Rochester University; and a high class German Grammar, by Professor Brandt of Hamilton College.

James R. Osgood & Co. announce for publication in October, Favorite Authors, Our Poetical Favorites, Selections from Tennyson, students' edition, edited, with notes, by W. J. Rolfe; Sheridan's "School For Scandal" and The School for Scandal, edited, with introduction, notes, and biographical sketch of Sheridan, by Brander Matthews; and all printed on the best of paper, and accompanied by brief biographical sketches and some account of their author's writings; Occident, a ninth volume of Joseph Cook's Boston Monday Lectures, with preludes on current events; The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin, by John Fiske; and a new volume of Poems, by Lucy Larm. They will publish in November Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife, the biography by Julian Hawthorne; Stories and Sketches by Edmund Quincy. Artists of the 19th Century in a new edition, with revisions and corrections to date; and a new edition of The Light of Asia, by Edwin Arnold, prepared in London.

The success of the American etchings issued last year by Cassell & Co., has perhaps led Mr. Melville, White, Stokes & Allen to make a new collection of much the same order. They will publish very soon Some Modern Etchings, entirely by American aquafortists, among whom are: Frank Waller, S. G. McCutcheon, G. B. Clements, J. S. King, Joseph Pennell, Walter Satterlee, J. Wells Champney, J. A. S. Monk, Elliot Aingerfeld, and Katherine Leuer.
There will be voluminous proofs, satin proofs, Japan proofs, and regular impressions on parchment paper. The text will be provided by Mr. J. R. W. Hitchcock, who has succeeded Mr. Cook as the art editor of the New York Tribune. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have now ready in this same branch of literature their new book, French Sketches, a collection of twenty etched plates. "That's Writing," is written by Mrs. Cora L. Ridgord, a most conscientious and careful writer on art matters, and himself an admirable painter. Mr. Ridgord was until recently the art editor of the New York Sun, and his criticisms brought him much praise for their impartiality and acuteness.

-Funk & Wagnalls are going into holiday books, we believe, for the first time. They will soon publish Stories in Rhyme, by E. J. Wheeler, with illustrations by Walter Satterlee. In theological books there will be The Missionary Hero and Saint; or, Memoirs of David Brainerd, based upon the biography prepared by President Edwards and enlarged by Dr. Dwight; Praise Songs of Israel, by the Rev. Dr. DeWitt; Obscure Characters, by Rev. Frederick Hastings, "suggestive and interesting sketches of persons in Scripture;" Pastoral Theology, by Prof. J. M. Hopkin. In other branches of literature the firm will publish The Mentor, by Alfred Ayres (Dr. Osborn), a book of etiquette for gentlemen; The Bunting Ball, a satire in verse on parvenu society in New York, with illustrations by the unknown author; a novel entitled The Yankee School Teacher, by Lydia W. Baldwin; and Ramper and Horror, biographical religious experiences, by P. C. Headley.

-Harper & Brothers do not make many advance announcements, and beside the few titles which we are able now to mention, there will doubtless be many more quite as attractive to follow. Of first importance is the new edition of The Complete Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, with introductory sketch by Anna Thackeray Ritchie. The book will contain the poet's earlier poems which he has suppressed in his own edition just published by the Macmillans, and the announcement that they are to be printed in this edition will make Lord Tennyson furiously indignant, it is said. Other new books are: Indian History for Young Folks, by Francis S. Drake, with many illustrations; Mr. James Payn's charming Literary Recollections; Mr. Justin McCarthy's History of the Four Georges; Country Cousins, by Ernest Ingersoll, containing entertaining chapters in natural history; and Lobuzay's Last Fairy Tales, translated by Mrs. Booth, the editoress of Harper's Bazaar.

-The Appletons announce a fifth volume of the newly revised edition of Bancroft's History of the United States; the second volume of Mr. McMaster's History of the People of the United States; Essays and Speeches of Jeremiah S. Black, edited by the Hon. C. F. Black; F. Anstey's new book, The Black Poets; The Three Prophets: Gordon, Mohammed Ahmed, and Araby Pasha, a somewhat singular combination; The Story of my Life, by Mr. Harlan Sims; Doctor Gratten, another novel, by Dr. Hammond; Royi in the Mountains, by W. H. Riding, with many illustrations; and Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's The Cruise of the Alice May, reprinted from the Century Magazine.

-A number of books which Ford, Howard & Hubert announce bring to mind the unfortunate Continent. They will issue Dorcas, the Daughter of Jona, by N. C. Kouns, the author of Arine the Limner of Old Down; Tenant of Old Farms, by Dr. Henry C. McCook; and On a Margin, a novel by an anonymous writer, all of which have appeared in the pages of The Continent. The same firm are to publish Judge Tourgee's An Appeal to Cæsar, which was written in the fulness of a pledge made to Mr. Garfield. Evolution and Revolution, a volume selected from the sermons of Mr. Beecher, is another book which the firm are preparing.

-Mr. Francis Parkman's new work, Montcalm and Wolfe, forms part seventh in his series of Historical Narratives, one of the most important and creditable works of its class ever produced in this country. The two volumes cover the period from 1748 to 1763. A very large mass of hitherto unpublished material has been consulted in their preparation, and Mr. Parkman says he has visited and examined every spot where any events of note occurred connected with the history. The books will have nine maps and two portraits. At about the same time with the foregoing will appear the Rev. Henry N. Hudson's book on Wordworth and his Poetry. [Little, Brown & Co.]

-Scroffen & Welford announce the Reminiscences of Fantasy and Humor, to be complete in twelve volumes, the first of which, containing the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, with a biographical essay by Mr. Ingram, are ready, the books fully illustrated by etchings by French artists; The King's Countryman; Explorations in New Zealand, by J. H. Kinyon-Nichols; a fine new edition in two volumes of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Her Majesty's Tower; The Empire of the Hittites, by William Wright; the Handy Volume Byron complete in twelve small十六men volumes; and an edition of the Memoirs of the Reign of George II, by Lord Harvey.

-For publication in October Charles Scribner's Sons announce General E. D. Key's Fifty Years' Observations of Men and Events, Civil and Military, a strikingly frank series of reminiscences of a long and eventful career; Prof. A. A. L. Sayce's The East; The Reality of Faith, by Prof. Newman Smyth; Stuff and Nonsense, a series of comic pictures, by Mr. A. B. Frost; a new popular edition of Mr. Howard Pyle's beautiful book, The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood; and a new volume of the American Stories.

-Among Charles Scribner's Sons' holiday books will be a volume of Old Fashioned Fairy Tales, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Mrs. Harrison's book, it is to be supposed, has been prepared in answer to that oft repeated question, "Why have we not some new fairy tales; we get tired, read in the Sunday papers?" Miss Rosina Emmet illustrates the book with many charming designs. Giants, gnomes, knights, and princesses abound. They are indeed tales of the good old-fashioned thrilling kind.

-Robert Brothers will publish Ramona, the novel of Inez and Alfonso, running in the California and Christian Union. Also an opera on Paris, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, which ought to be both instructive and entertaining in an unusual degree; volumes on The Countess of Albany, Harriet Martineau, and Mary Wollstonecraft in the Famous Women series; The Making of a Man, a posthumous novel by the late Rev. Wm. W. Baker, and a collection of essays by Rev. Dr. Hedges, entitled Atheism in Philosophy.

-The publishing house of Scribner's is giving a series of lectures on Mexico, old and new, by the Rev. H. O. Ladd, President of the University of New Mexico at Santa Fe. The lectures are four, and can be given together or separately. They are founded upon personal observations and local studies, and, while written with some confidence will be instructive and entertaining. Mr. Ladd's address is at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass.

-The publication of the final volumes of the Carlyle biography by Mr. Froude now draws nearer. In the current issue of Messrs. Scribner's Book Buyer is given an interesting extract from the work which tells of the greatest trial of Carlyle's literary life—the burning of the MSS. of the first volume of the French Revolution. Passages taken from his journal show the mental distress the rewriting of the work cost him.

-Cassell & Co. have a long list of books for the holidays. Among the most important are an edition of the love stories of Romeo and Juliet, with twelve photogravures from drawings by Frank Dicksee; a second series of Frederick Bernard's Character Sketches from Dickens; an illustrated History of Music, by the Rev. Emil Naumann; and The Artist's Library, a series of handbooks on the practical application of art.

-One of the gifts to the venerable Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," on the recent celebration of his 75th birthday, was the first copy from the press of the new illustrated edition of the hymn, accompanied by several other religious poems by the same hand, bound in white satin, stamped in gold, and lined in red, white, and blue. This was the happy thought of his publishers, D. Lothrop & Co.

-The success of Mr. Fargus's novel, Called Back, has been very great, even in the more expensive editions of Messrs. Holt's series, and these publishers have already made arrangements to print his new novel, which will come along now in a few weeks. The October number of Macmillan's English Illustrated Magazine will contain the beginning of a new story by Mr. Fargus.

-G. P. Putnam's Sons are to put the Memoirs of the Princess Alice into a popular edition. It is a curious fact that these books by and about royal people have been hardly more than a nine days' wonder. The sale of the Queen's book, for example, it is said, has entirely dropped off in England and in America, too. It is to be hoped that the Messrs. Putnam's new venture may fare better.

-Sibylline Leaves, by Ursa Major, which Cupples, Upham & Co. have in press, is a volume of fates in which are set the adventures of an individual life. The omens are poems, each of which is accompanied by a full quart page illustration. Moonshine, which they also announce, is a novel of American life, by F. A. Tupper.

-Mr. George M. Towle's lecture engagements for the coming season include those at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, and the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, and also at Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Cambridge, Providence, and many other New England towns.

-A new periodical which is attracting much local attention in its own field is the Brooklyn
THE LITERARY WORLD.

Magazines, which is just being started. It begins its career with an adequate capital of money and brains. Some of the eminent New York and Brooklyn newspaper men are interested in the enterprise.

Messrs. Lovell & Co. have begun the publication of a weekly paper, The Tide-Bits, made up of clippings from English and American newspapers. If it has a future anything like its English contemporary, Tid-Bits, it will be a grand success. The English paper has a weekly circulation of something a little short of 200,000 copies a week.

Amidst the flood of new books, great and small, care must be taken not to forget such old and tried standards as Dr. S. Austin Allibone’s three volumes of Quotations, “Prose,” “Poetical,” and “Great Authors,” which form in themselves almost a library of reference.

The usual lists of fall announcements of the publishers have now begun to appear in force. Though in New York there seems to be no disposition to hold back many books until the campaign excitement has expired, yet the announcements are full and varied.

Mr. George Alfred Townsend, who is one of the most voluminous of newspaper writers, is at work upon a new novel which will be entitled Kitty of Cotswold. Mr. Townsend’s book, The Entailed Hat, has been sold said very largely in the West.

Brentano Brothers of Union Square, New York, issue a neat little Monthly List of new publications, handy for book buyers. They have lately published a work on Confrontius, by Professor Wilhelm Ebstein of the Royal University of Göttingen.

Little, Brown & Co. have just issued No. 14 of their Law Book Bulletin, which is published for the purpose of describing their latest law books and announcing those in preparation. It will be sent without charge to all lawyers who desire it.

The October number of the Manhattan magazine is not forthcoming, but the publishers promise a double number for November. The course after that date is said by good judges to be entirely problematical.

The Orange Judd Publishing Company have ready the American Agriculturist Family Cyclopaedia, a general book of reference on all sorts of topics of practical knowledge, with 700 pages and over 5,000 engravings.

Roberts Brothers publish this week Almost a Duchess, the seventh volume of the third series of No Name, and Euphrosyn; Studies of the Antique and the Medieval in the Renaissance, by Vernon Lee.

Henry James is still in London at work on The Princess Casamassima, which it is said he will make his longest and most elaborate story, and which is first to run as a serial in the Atlantic.

The prelude—“Ave”—which Dr. Holmes has written for his holiday volume of Illustrated Poems, is printed in the October Atlantic, but the whole volume appears later.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish during the autumn Continuity of Christian Thought, by Alex. V. G. Allen, D. D.; and Thirty Portraits of American Authors, many of them new.

The Boston law publishing firm of Soule & Bogue has dissolved partnership, and the business will be continued by the senior partner.

Mr. Black’s Judith Shakespeare is now finished, and its publication in book form will follow at once. The Harpers issue it in America, and the Macmillans in England.

The Messrs. Putnam have just admitted as a special partner young Mr. Roosevelt, who has been so strongly identified with the interests of "Reform" in New York.


Dodd, Mead & Co. have nearly ready Mr. E. P. Roe’s new book, A Young Girl’s Writings, and The Merchant Vessel, by Charles Nordhoff.

John Burroughs’s new book on England is called Frank Field—a pretty and inviting title.

The sale of Mrs. Karp’s American Housewoman is increasing every month.

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

Edward Potter Hall has made a translation of, and Rev. James Martineau has furnished a preface for, the essay by Professor Gaston Bonet-Maury on The Early Sources of English Unitarian Christianity. The gist of the book is an argument that the Unitarian idea is in "consonance with the holy and inspired word of Scripture, that is to say with the highest revelation of divine reason." [British and Foreign Unitarian Association.]

The first volume of Mr. Leslie Stephen’s Dictionary of National Biography is now passing through the press of Smith, Elder & Co., and future volumes are promised at intervals of three months. The editor expects to complete the work in fifty volumes. Living persons are excluded, but the inhabitants of the British Isles are included from the earliest periods.

Professor Vermaelen has taken down from the people of lower Austria and Bohemia a great mass of folk-tore, and has published his collections under the title of In the Land of Marvols. The text is accompanied with notes, and the work requires the notice of all students of this subject. [Sonntäscheln.]

In Sozopolis, a city of Greece, Mr. David Anderson has filled a note-book with things seen and heard in the British House of Commons, not of the sort that make up the important part of history, but such as give history its coloring and its life. The book is personal and reminiscatical.

[Keegan Family.]

Students of Roman law will be interested and profited in Mr. Roby’s Introduction to the Study of Justinian’s Digest, which carries it with a commentary on one of the titles of that celebrated code, namely "De Usuris." [University Press, Cambridge.]

Mrs. J. H. Twichell, who has been in Paris with her husband recently visited every one of the seven Canadian Isles, is about to publish an illustrated account of the same.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has in press a book on Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters, by Mad. Villari, to be illustrated with sketches by Mrs. Arthur Gordon.

Professor Minto has written an article on Pope for the Encyclopædia Britannica.

M. Gustave Masson has written a little work on Richelieu.

The Sea in Literature.

It is not by descriptions that the magic of the sea can be brought before the reader’s mind. This can only be achieved by the unconscious touch of one between whom and the sea there is sympathy as rare as it is mysterious. Of wordy and wearisome "sea-scapes" in prose and in verse modern literature is full. But few indeed are the writers who know (or who show that they know) how precious the sea is to man’s life. There are but few who really and truly feel how infinite is the charm. There are but few who know how the beauty of every other object of nature is increased and intensified as soon as it touches the sea. There are but few who feel how the joyous news of sunrise, for instance, is not only fulfilled and finally realized, but has owned it, caught it, tossed it from wave to wave. There are few who really feel that the silent stars are never so dowered with comfort to a soul in sorrow, and that the bright cloudiness of a summer noon is never so joyful to a soul in joy, as when all these riches of the earth and air live a larger and fuller life in the mirror that girdles the world.—Alkenæus.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. Edited by James E. Scudder. Two volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00


Essays and Sketches.

AN ESSAY TOWARDS A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MARLOWE’S "Tragedy of Dr. Faustus". Edited by William Haines. London: Stock. $1.75

A NATURALIST’S REMARKS ABOUT HOME. By Charles A. Abbott. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25

TRUE ISSUE. By E. J. Donnall. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.


Fiction.


TIP CAT. By the author of Miss Tease’s Mission and Laddie. Roberts Brothers. $1.00

SCHWARZ RIVER TALE. By Sherwood Bonner. With illustrations. Roberts Brothers. $1.00

JACK ARCHER, A Tale of the Crimes. By G. H. Asby. Illustrated. Roberts Brothers. $1.00


THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, A Story of Wroth and Remedies. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

THE PRAIRIE DAUGHTER. Translated from the French by Anna H. Gilis. Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Holiday Books.


Juvenile.

THEHunter-CATE OF CORNISHDALE, By Helen Jackson (L. H.). Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell.

Poetry.

THE NEW CHRISTIAD. By Jasper B. Cowdin. Brook- lyn. $1.00

MEMOIRS OF VASEY. By Bayard Taylor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00

THE WORKS OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. Edited by A. H. Bullen. E. P. Dutton. $1.50

A DREAM OF THE ADORAMAD'KAR: And Other Poems. By Helen Hindox Rick. G. P. Putnam’s Sons. $1.25

FORMS. By Mary Hunt McCabe. G. P. Putnam’s Sons. $1.25
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.


Scientific and Technical.


The Principles of Perspective as Applied to Modelling, Drawing and Sketching from Nature. By Geo. Towle 

Cassell & Co. $3.50.

Historical Sociology. By John R. M. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.


Cyclopedia of Excerpts and Select German Readers. For Schools and Colleges. By Wm. Deutsch. Ginn, Heath & Co. $1.00.


Theological and Religious.


The Westminster Question Book for 1885. Presbyterian Board of Publication. 50c.

Travel and Observation.

LIFE AND LABORS IN THE FAR, FAR WEST. By W. H. Rankin. With Map. Cassell & Co. $1.50.

The Voyage of the "Vivian" to the North Pole and Beyond. By Thomas W. King. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

A LITTLE TOY IN FRANCE. By Henry James, Jr.


Miscellaneous.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE CATALOGUE OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, TAUNTON, MASS., WITH CLASSIFIED INDEX, ETC. EXECUTIVE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF TASHING, MASS. 1883.

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Concordance to N. T. Young, 8vo. Young, 1p. $1.00.

The English Hymnal. 4to. Hammond, 1p. $2.00.


Blackmur's Bible Dictionary. Hammond, 1p. $2.00.

Brothers, Young, 2 vols. Hammond, 1p. $2.00.

Brooks Index. Hammond, 1p. $2.00.

Bruchmann's Bible. Hammond, 1p. $2.00.

Bunting's Bible. Hammond, 1p. $2.00.

Bulfinch's Mythology. Hammond, 1p. $2.50.

Burling's Novels. Leathers, 80 cents; cloth, 1.00.

Burial of the Dead. Duffield, 8vo, cloth, $1.50.

Child's Life. Gurney, 8vo, 80 cents; cloth, 1.00.

Child's Guide. Hammond, 8vo, 80 cents; cloth, 1.50.

Christian Science. Scott, 8vo, 80 cents; cloth, 1.00.

Christian Science Health. Scott, 8vo, 80 cents; cloth, 1.00.

History of England. Knight. Paper, 8vo, $2.50; cloth, $3.00.

History of English Bible Translations. Conybeare, 8vo, $2.50; paper, 8vo, 80 cents.

History of the Creeds. Sherwood, 8vo, $2.00.

History of the Church. Schaff, 8vo, $3.00.

Hymns for All Christians. Dinsmore, 8vo, $1.50.

Hymns, Standard. Dinsmore, 8vo, $1.50.

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THE LITERARY WORLD.

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is the first of two papers on sanitary subjects, by Colonel George E. Waring, Jr. Among the other contents are: an illustrated poem by Austin Dobson, “The Old Sedan Chair”; “An Acquaintance with Charles Reade,” by Mrs. James T. Fields, with a number of interesting letters hitherto unpublished; “Lawyers’ Morals”; “The Bible in the Sunday School”; “A Phase of Social Science,” by Henry C. Potter, D.D.; a full-page cartoon, poems, etc. Some of the features of the Century for 1885, not begun in this number, are as follows:

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

An interesting group of papers by various writers, describing the opportunities and physical features of little-known regions in the northwestern part of the United States, and the neighboring British territory.

TUSCAN CITIES, BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Descriptive papers on the life, society, customs, etc., of some of the cities of Northern Italy. The illustrations will consist of reproductions of etchings and drawings by Joseph Pennell.

ASTRONOMY, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY.

The interesting series of untechnical papers on Astronomy, by Professor Langley, will be continued. Mrs. Van Rensselaer will write of Churches, Country Houses, and City Houses, with illustrations; and Dr. Edward Eggleston will continue his valuable papers on Life in the American Colonies.

OTHER FICTION,

in which the Century will be unusually strong, includes a novel by Henry James; a novelette by Grace Deno Lithfield (in three parts, with illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote); short stories by Joel Chandler Harris, Frank R. Stockton, Richard M. Johnston, H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, “Ivy Black,” T. A. Janvier, H. H., James T. McKay, Maurice Thompson, Julian Hawthorne, and other writers.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN ART.

Papers on French sculpture, and on the French artists, Corot, Rousseau, and others; on the introduction of Pastel Painting into America; on the work of American artists; on English sculptors, on archaeology, etc.

Additional announcements might be made of papers by John Burroughs; articles on sport and adventure; on American inventions and musical topics; suggestive essays on various subjects of commanding interest, both in the body of the magazine and in the “Topics of the Time” and “Open Letters.” Readers of the Century may feel sure of keeping abreast of the times on leading subjects that may properly come within the province of a monthly magazine. New subscriptions should date from the November number, the beginning of the War Series and Mr. Howell’s new novel. Price $4.00 a year, 30 cents a number. All booksellers and newsdealers sell it and take subscriptions, or remittance may be made to the Century Co., New York, N.Y.
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ADIMIR PORTER'S ROMANCE.*

Several things combine in attracting attention to Admiral Porter's romance, Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable. First, the fact that its author is a member not of the literary profession, but of the naval, so that its undertaking is something of a phenomenon as was Surgeon-General Hammond's Lai. Second, its title, which by its compounding of Scottish and Norman elements, seems to promise variety if not novelty of subject. Third, the form, which is as daring a venture in fiction as any publisher has of late attempted; not a regulation English three-volume novel, indeed, but a novel in nine parts, octavo, of about one hundred pages each, in large clear type and on the best laid paper. Of course the first number of such a work is no standard for the measurement of the whole of it, but only an index thereto, and as an index it possesses an extraordinary aspect.


The seven chapters of this introductory installment concern three totally distinct subjects, any connection between which the reader is left to find out hereafter. Connection of course there is to be, but for the time being it is as if our naval adventurer on the sea of fiction had begun three different novels at once, on wholly separate lines, and had given us in these one hundred pages the collected first scenes of each. The first of these three beginnings begins in the Cape Ann town of Manchester, Massachusetts, a hundred years ago, in the family of an old retired whaling captain, Samson Goliath Gale, who has a wife, Betsey Jane, two married sons, Charles and James, and three grandchildren. James goes out to China for two years on a mercantile adventure, but the ship "Plover," which is bringing him home, is never heard from. Simultaneously with the report of his loss comes the message of his adventures in his two beautiful boys in connection with the visit of a circus. The double blow nearly breaks the wife and her mother's heart, and overwhelms old Grandpa Gale. So much of the story embodies as its distinctive feature a very graphic account of the homeward race from China of the two sea-ships, "Plover" and "Morning Star," with the founding of the former in mid-ocean.

This accomplished, the "romance" begins again in New York, twenty years later, in the office of the Chief of Police, with the appearance of Allan Dare, a gigantic stranger, who introduces himself as a trained and skillful detective from Paris and Scotland Yard, of the Le Coque and Vidico school, who astonishes the Chief of Police by sundry feats of strength, such as snapping a half dollar in two, twisting an iron poker like so much wire, and shivering a heavy door into splinters with his fist as if it had been glass; and who is therupon engaged on the spot and set to work to ferret out a gang of burglars and to discover the perpetrators of a terrible murder that has just been committed in Duane Street.

No sooner is the dreadfully Allan Dare hard at work at this task, than the story takes another leap, and lands the reader at the great Van-Deusen ball, also in New York, in 1820, where beauty and diamonds are in the ascendant, where the fascinating Mr. Deville flirts disreputably with the susceptible Mrs. Eton in a sheltered corner of the conservatory, and the outcome of which is the discovery of a general robbery of guests of jewels and bank-notes, amounting in value to tens of thousands of dollars. And here, too, the reader is distracted by the fate of the "Plover," the identity of Mr. Allan Dare, and the suspiciousness of Mr. James Deville, the reader is abruptly deserted at p. 96, until Part Two shall appear to give him a new start. In which of the three directions indicated above remains to be seen.

Since the foregoing was put in type, and just as we go to press, Part II of the work has reached us. As was to be expected the unity of the story is brought out as it progresses, and its quality improves. A regular old three-decker of a novel this is to be; perhaps the longest ever published in this country. It reminds one that Dickens's novels and some of Thackeray's were also published in parts.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S APPEAL TO CESAR.*

Judge Tourgée's Appeal to Cesar is an appeal to the American people to give to the illiterate South, through Congressional legislation and an Executive administration, the means of securing a common school education. Next to the last Census the book is the most weighty, stirring, and important contribution to the discussion of the national future that has been made since the Civil War. Next to the last Census, we say, for the figures of that Census are the basis of it. Those figures are its illustrations, its point, its power. Judge Tourgée has studied them, mastered them, and here arrayed them in a series of propositions which are startling on their face and irresistible in their conclusions. If this book, with the facts which it presents and supports, gets a fair hearing from that great arbiter to whom it is addressed, that is to say the people, it will make a sensation. It might furnish a policy to the next Presidential administration. It ought to rouse Congress. It is a whole arsenal of weapons fitted to the grasp and disposed to the hand of the philanthropist, the Christian, and the statesman.

Briefly stated the positions taken by Judge Tourgée are such as follow:

1. The feeling of race-antipathy is not peculiar to the white people of the South or incident to recent historical events.
2. The fusion of whites and blacks at the South is an impossibility.
3. In the entire population of the United States there are 6 in 2 whites to every black; but among 18,000,000 of people in the Border and Southern States, in every 5 in 3 of the African race, and among 80,000 in other Southern States there is practically one black inhabitant to every white.
4. At present rates of increase the white population will double itself every 35 years; the black every 20 years.
5. In 16 years at present rates of increase, in 8 States lying between Maryland and Texas, the colored race will have a majority of the population.
6. The percentage of foreign-born population in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana has steadily decreased since 1860.

* An Appeal to Cesar. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hubbert. $1.00.
7. The percentage of native whites of the South living at the North is almost three times as large as the percentage of white names of the North living at the South.

8. The percentage of colored emigration from the South is steadily decreasing.

9. Whereas only 5 and 3-tenths of the 30,000,000 of population at the North cannot read and write, the proportion of the 18,000,000 of population at the South who cannot read and write is 36 and 1-2 per cent.

10. Of 1,900,000 white and black voters in the eight Southern States above named, 867,000, or 45 per cent, cannot read and write — cannot read the names upon their ballots.

These are the samples of the astounding; we might almost say, appalling, facts which Judge Tourgee adduces out of the Census of 1880, and on which he bases his appeal to the American people, acting through Congress, to educate the illiterates of the South. We might add the illiterates of the North as well, except that the Northern States are doing far better, are able to do far better, to reduce the percentage of illiteracy. Every consideration of humanity, of justice, of self-preservation, backs the appeal. The Southern States in the light of these figures present today the spectacle of an impoverished section of their common country, inhabited by two conflicting and never to be blended races, one of which, the black, is in the ascendency of increase and destined to the control of political power, yet who at the same time is in a terrible prostration of ignorance, and unable to rise unaided.

Judge Tourgee's book originated in an interview with President Garfield, the June before his assassination. There is some reason to believe that had his life not been taken, Mr. Garfield would have made its object the leading aim of his administration. Certainly none could have lain nearer to his heart. What Judge Tourgee specifically pleads for is an appropriation by Congress of national funds in aid of common schools in States whose illiteracy exceeds 12 per cent of the population; the same to be apportioned according to the statistics of illiteracy; to be used only for payment of teachers; no appropriation to exceed half the entire expense of maintaining the school which receives it; and the whole to be under careful directive and restrictive governmental supervision.

A large number of statistical tables diversify Judge Tourgee's pages, and many of the chapters are headed by diagrams intended to show, by proportioned spaces, the percentages and contrasts which the text portrays. These diagrams would be clear and helpful to the eye were it not for the meaningless, senseless, useless, and confusing filament work which frames them, devices which the designer must have thought would ornament and improve them, but which ought to be mercilessly cut out in the very next edition of the book. They are themselves an illustration of the artistic illiteracy which sometimes disfigures the best publications.

DR. SEVIER.*

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE'S latest novel, Dr. Sevier, which has been running as a serial in the Century, is now published in book form. It is a vivid picture of New Orleans life, chiefly in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, just running over into the War itself, and into the years following the War, the scene shifting at one point for a few chapters to allow the introduction of a journey of one of the characters, Mrs. Richling, with her child, Alice, from the North across the debatable line between the two armies, into and through the Confederate lines to join her husband in New Orleans.

The Dr. Sevier, from whom the book takes its heartrending, open-handed New Orleans physician, skilled, burdened with an extensive practice, carrying the cares of the poor, and full of a stern common sense and rugged justice which sometimes came into rough collisions with the sentimentalities and weaknesses of softer natures. He is the presiding genius of the piece; his benevolent form and kindly nature hover over all its action. But the story is no more about Dr. Sevier than it is about Mr. and Mrs. John Richling, a young couple who have married for love and without money, who have come to New Orleans to begin life, and whose struggles with poverty, sickness, and trouble in various forms give Dr. Sevier a field for the exercise of his charitable proclivities and occasion for a good deal of incidental discussion of philanthropic principles and methods. But the most engaging people in this quiet tragedy — for tragedy it is, but for the touches of comedy they give to it — are Narcisse, the Creole clerk of Dr. Sevier, Raphael Ristofalo, the Italian soldier of fortune, and Reisen, the German baker, in whose employ Richling at last enters on better times. Each of these three men is sketched as a type of his class, and sketched with extraordinary effectiveness. Narcisse, who is a Micawber of the tropics, is the most prominent of the three, and becomes tedious with his endless palaver, and flattery, and his obsequious efforts to "baw' mony'." One paragraph of his unappeasable dialect is as good as pages of it, and we select the following from the account he gave to Richling of his success as a curse when the yellow fever had stricken the city:

"Yeessh," he said, with a strutting attitude that somehow retained a sort of modesty, "I am the greatest success. H a i nuss a nuss those time. Only some time 'e's not. 'Ts according to the pov'reth — what is that pov'reth, now, ag'in?" The proverb did not answer his call, and he waved it away. "Yeessh, ye'b'body come at once — couill supply the demand!" Richling listened to him with new pleasure and rising esteem. "You make me envy you," he exclaimed, honestly. "We don't say so, Misstoo Itchlin', feau I nevva nuss a single one wit dim payned me ten dollaas a night. Of Consistency, too. It's jest like the pov'svay, 'All work an' no pay keep Jack a small boy.' An' yet,' he hurriedly added, regarding his indolent patient, "'it's an' astonishin' tow' 'tis expensive to live. I haven't got a picayune of that money pweasely! I'm astonishin' myself!"

Ristofalo, the Italian, is a less prominent figure, and not at all a striking personal features, his laconic speech of his energy and heart, the picturesqueness of his whole part in the story, are full of interest from the beginning. His providence, sagacity, and shrewdness, his quaint wooing of the Irish widow, Mrs. Riley, his befriending of Richling in the parish prison, his heroism and success in the army, contribute great variety to the impression he makes upon the reader:

He was short, square, solid, beardless; in years, twenty-five or six, or seven. He wore his hair almost black, his eyebrows strong. In his mild black eyes you could see the whole man revealed. His dress was simple; his coat was his linen soft and badly laundered. But under all the rough garb and careless, laughing manner was visible, written again and again the name of the race that once held the world under its feet.

While Richling was irresolutely patrolling the town looking for a situation, the Italian had borrowed a dollar of him, invested it in a barrel of damaged apples, sorted the good from the bad, sold out the poor to a street dealer, baked, sugared, and himself peddled the good, and so more than doubled his investment. This was the first step towards business, profits, capital, and the conquest of the widow Riley — thus:

"Kate too short by itself,?" he asked. "Aw right," said Kate, "but make it Kate Riley," said Mr. and Mrs. Riley, averting and drooping her face. "Take good care of you," said the Italian; "you will not. Always be kind. Always be kind. Mrs. Riley turned with sudden fervor. "Good care!" — Mr. Ristofalo, she exclaimed, lifting her free hand and touching her breast with the points of her fingers, "ye don't know the heart of a woman, surr! No-o, surr! 'Tis love we wants! 'The heart as has trooly loved never perishes, but as trooly loves sinn the tisone!" "Yes," said the Italian; "yes," nodding and ever smiling, "daas aw right." But she — "Ah! It's no use fur you to be a-takin' an' a-gallavin' to Kate Riley when ye don't be lovein' her, Mr. Ristofalo, an' ye know ye don't. A tear glinted in her eye. "Yes, love you," said the Italian; "course, love you." He did not move a foot or change the expression of a feature. "I've seen her," said the widow. "If ye've she panned. "Ye, yes, a little! A little, Mr. Ristofalo! But I want ye!" — she pressed her hand hard upon her bosom, and raised her eyes aloft — "I want to be — b-b-b- b-dared above all the e'rth!" "Aw right," said Ristofalo; "das Ristofalo; yes — don't love all you want Ristofalo," she said, "ye're a-deceivin' me! Ye can't seee orhin' whenno axed ye — an' that ye know not what ye make of. Say — surr — a poor, unsusp'ctin' widdah, an' [maa] robbed me o'mie hairst, ye did; whic I never intended to git all at once. Fur the terry, say — Fur the terry, Kate — Kate Ristofalo," quietly observed the Italian, getting an arm around her waist, and laying a hand on the farther cheek. "Kate Ristofalo," "Shut it," she exclaimed, turning with playful firmness, and proudly drawing back her head; "shut it!"
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.

Hah! It's Kate Ristsafel, is it? Ah, ye think so? Hah-hah! I'll be at least two years yet before the priest will be after giving you the right to call me that!" And, in fact, an entire fortnight passed on that phrase.

But the gem of Mr. Cable's present collection of New Orleans worthies is the German baker, Reisen, whose labored English is rendered with inimitable perfection, and whose rotundity, guilelessness, and phlegmatic good nature are alike capitally depicted:

He was about six feet three inches in height, three feet six in breadth, and the same in thickness, a massive, squat form; eyes bright and goodnatured; a white shirt-collared just below was without a necktie, and the waist of his pantaloons, which seemed intended for uniformity, remained far down, but did not quite, but only almost reached up to the unoccupied blank.

This is the formidable personage who on one occasion confronts Dr. Sevier as he is leaving his cottage at the Charity Hospital gate, when the following conversation takes place:

"Tooot," he said, approaching and touching his hat, "I like to see you a minute, if you please, a minute. I've noticed for a month past that Mr. Richling rides in your bread-carts alongside the drivers on their rounds. Don't you recall, perhaps, to require such a thing as that from a person like Mr. Richling? Mr. Richling's a gentleman, Reisen, and you make him mount up in those bread-carts, and you put out every few minutes to deliver bread!" The Doctor's blood was not cold. "Well, now," he said, "I draw your attention to that. How shall I shew to the by-standers that you are apodod udt?" he halted and looked at the Doctor to see how this coincidence struck him; but the Doctor was perfectly unmoved, and he went on speaking. "I want you to make him too udt," he continued, starting again; "he cums to me apodod to the oon munds at krimlin, with a little yellow face, a thin yella-fereda — untod yost pays me to let him too udt. "Mr. Richlins," says I to him, "I tootd kint to apodod udt, and he went up in the cart a little hickly, and apodod udt. "As you wish," says Mr. Richling, Obber he says, "Mr. Reisen;" he always calls me 'Mister,' untod i tootd yost apodod udt. "I, like you sayk me 'Mister,'" the Doctor dryly added.

MR. JAMES'S LITTLE TOUR.*

A CONTRIBUTOR to a recent number of the Literary World declares that, as a story-teller, Mr. James is growing dull; but, emphatically, this is not true of him as a traveler. When he has ever been more agreeable than in this Little Tour (happier title than the "En Province" of the Atlantic Monthly, where we are made sharers of his experiences through six weeks of autumn, beginning at Tours and ending at Dijon? And are we not in sympathy with our traveling companion, and do we not feel inclined straightforwardly to trace out the course on the map, to "read up" French history, and, above all, to make ourselves acquainted with romantic and other incidents of a royalty of a certain period with which he seems so stored that spring into our memory chateau. Somewhat too much, however, there is, of cloister, cathedral, battlement, and tower. If Mr. James had been an architect, bent on making professional investigations and comparisons, he would not have said more on the subject. And he even grows weary of it himself, as on page 219, where he confesses:

*I think I have already mentioned that an acquaintance with many feudal interiors has wrought a sad confusion in my mind. The image of the outside always remains distinct. . . . But the guard-rooms, winding staircases, lio-pan-holes, prisons, repeat themselves and intermingle; they have a wearisome family likeness.

All of which the reader had found out at an earlier page, but forgives the author for the sake of the innumerable "bits" like this about the gate-towns of Philippe le Bel, which struck him as peculiarly wicked and grim. Their capacity is of the largest, and they contain over so many devildish little dungeons, lighted by the narrowest slit in the prodigious wall, where it comes over one with a good deal of vividness and still more horror that wretched human beings ever lay there rotting in the dark. . . . There are some very bad corners in the towers of Villeneuve, so that I was not wide of the mark when I began to think again . . . of the stoutness of the human composition in the Middle Ages, and the tranquility of nerve of people to whom the groaning captive and the blackness of a "living tomb" were familiar ideas, which did not at all interfere with their happiness or their sanity. Our modern nurseries, our irresistible syphilis and other discomforts and fears make one think (in some relations) less respectfully of human nature. Unless, indeed, it be true, as I have heard it maintained, that in the Middle Ages every one did go mad — every one was mad.

It is comfortable to meet with a tourist who finds out all the best things and makes the most of them, who is in a humor to enjoy his trip; sensitive, cultured, sympathetic for the time being, and not being very critical. It is a little novel to find Mr. James desiring to keep himself in a state to receive impressions, making a negative of himself. However late in the evening he may arrive at a place, he "cannot go to bed without an impression," he says; he waits for an "impression," he expects one, he is disappointed if it does not come, and if it does, true to his critical habit, he forgets for a moment the receptive mood and begins to analyze it. All places, too, "express" something: Chevenoy is a "light, sweet manufactory," "Chesonnaise is a "singing lightness" and bears in every line the stamp of "a place intended for delicate, chosen pleasures;" the "tone of Langais" is rather dark and gray; a little precinct at Carcassonne has "a warm, lazy, dusty, Southern look, as if the people sat out of doors a great deal, and wandered about in the stillness of summer nights." So he shares with you all that charms him, not finding much that is "provoking" or "dull;" he was surprised that there were so many perfect days; there is always, under the most disappointing circumstances something "which it was very possible to enjoy;" except on one occasion he had no "uncivil words" addressed to him during his tour; his experiences are generally delightful, sometimes particularly delightful;" when he cannot make an excursion in the sunshine, he determines to make it with the aid of an umbrella; instead of being obliged to sacrifice anything by reason of an accidental delay, the accident proves the means of an unforeseen pleasure; he luxuriates in his own moods. "I sat there a
long time," he says on one occasion, "in that pleasant state of mind which visits the traveler in foreign tours, when he is not too hurried, while he wonders where he had better go next." In short, he desired "to arrive at friendly judgments, to express a positive interest," to feel what French life really is, to know the truth. He made the tour with the intent of getting the most out of it, of "looking France well in the face;" and he succeeded.

MR. JAMES PAYN'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

Mr. James Payn's "World Biography" was published in the Literary World for April 23, 1882. He belongs to the younger group of English novelists, though he has passed his fiftieth year. His "recollections," therefore, do not cover so very long a life as yet, and we trust they are to be added to by many years to come. They are always entertaining, sometimes amusing, and often interesting. They are "literary recollections," as relating to an industrious and fertile literary life, and to a variety of literary people with whom the writer has had acquaintance or friendship, among whom are some of the nobility of the English realm of letters. The book is not an autobiography, not even a journal; it is a commonplace book; its subject, the author; its contents, what he remembers of interest in his own life, particularly his labors and experiences as an author and journalist, and what he has seen and known of others in the same walk.

Mr. Payn, of whom a steel portrait appears as a frontispiece, is a pleasant looking gentleman, side-whiskered and spectacled; with an intellectual face which reminds us of Professor Raymond, the reader at Boston, or of the late Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith of New York. His recollections of school days at Etow and Woolwich, and of his college life at Cambridge, we must pass over, though these bring in Dr. Whewell; and will begin our dipping into his chatty and spirited book, in the interests of the reader, with a call he early made on De Quincey, at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, whom he found "a very diminutive man, carelessly—very carelessly—dressed," with marvelous eyes. At luncheon Miss De Quincey did the honors, but on asking Mr. Payn what wine he would take, and as he was about to pour from a decanter which stood near him, not caring which kind he took, she interrupted him by whispering: "You must not take that, it is not port wine, as you think." It was a decanter of laudanum, "to which De Quincey presently helped himself with the greatest sang-froid!" Think of drinking laudanum out of a decanter at the dinner table!

Miss Milford Mr. Payn visited in her little commonplace cottage at Swallowfield, near Reading, where, crippled by rheumatism, she lived in an upstairs room lined with books and fragrant with flowers, and talked in a strain of audacious independence about her writings and her friendships.

From Miss Milford Mr. Payn took a note of Introduction to Harriet Martineau at Ambleside, who received him cordially, not withstanding it was a busy morning of work, entertained him hospitably, and introduced him to lodgings in the vicinity. Here Mr. Payn brought his young wife, and here his first child was born, whom Miss Martineau took under her special protection. Miss Martineau was very deaf, and used ear-trumpets almost by the dozen; and, what was more, was a mild smoker! Mr. Payn says that Miss Martineau was so grateful to a London auriat for the real but ineffectual interest he took in her deafness, that she proposed to bequeath him her ears. On announcing this intention to her physician, she was visited by him that she had already bequeathed her whole head to the Phrenological Society, with ten pounds to the physician for cutting it off!

Mr. Payn spent some years in Edinburgh as editor of Chamber's Journal, with which he previously had connection as contributor. In this position he enjoyed a long intimacy with Robert Chambers, of whom he says he knows no man who did so much literary work of so many kinds, and upon the whole so well. Robert Chambers held two pews at different churches; "because," said he, "when I am not in the one it will always be concluded that I am in the other." Robert Chambers Mr. Payn ranks high above his brother William. At Edinburgh he knew Leitch Ritchie, the former editor of Chamber's Journal, of whom somebody was once so rude as to say that "he had the national complaint twice in his name;" Alexander Russell, editor of the Scotsman, whose instinct of drollery was a powerful weapon in shaping public opinion; Dr. James Simpson, the eminent surgeon, who yet had his enemies, like one, a great English doctor, who maliciously said that Dr. Simpson had never come to London "because there were no coroners' inquests in Scotland;" Alexander Smith, the poet, modest and humorous; and Dean Ramsay, the gentle and hospitable. Of his editorial experiences while conducting Chamber's Journal Mr. Payn relates many anecdotes, most of which are encouraging to young but timid authorship.

Dickens Mr. Payn first met in 1835, when he had come to live in London. The two often compared their adventures in the metropolis, and the character of Mirabehn in Great Expectations would appear to be one for which Mr. Payn furnished the material. Leech he knew, the artist, and Hablot K. Browne, and the Rev. James White, who wrote meritorious dramas from Scottish history, and that excellent manual, Eighteen Christian Centuries. Charles Reade he knew less, and Lever he seldom saw, never at his best. Lever was not well at this time and in a premature old age; yet at times he was a charming raconteur. Trelowpe was "the least literary man of letters" he ever met; "his manners rough and, so to speak, tumultuous;" though Mr. Payn hangs him on "the same line" with Dickens and Thackeray. Thackeray he knew, and tells some stories of his pleasant rambles and gaieties at dinner.

With publishers Mr. Payn has generally been on good terms. They have done well by him. He found the literary ladder hard to climb, and if he has not reached the top, he is certainly a great way from the bottom. His publishers have been his helping hands. The marks of a busy, faithful, progressive, successful, happy literary life are in this pleasant book. If Mr. Payn's story is a testimony to talent rather than to genius, it shows how hard work, and patient waiting have their sure reward. There is much in his relation to check the too sanguine enthusiasm of beginners in the literary life, but nothing to dishearten them. There is some good advice, much enlivening experience, an agreeable flavor of the first person singular, not a little fun, a number of capital stories, and a general staple of wholesome entertainment, which, without furnishing exactly solid nourishment, makes an excellent dessert to follow reading of a more substantial character.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN.*

This novel, while not entertaining in the ordinary sense, has the interest belonging to any veracious picture of human life and character. We may never have known in our own experience such places as Fairview and Twin Mounds, but the description of them impresses us with a conviction of its accuracy. It is very real, and yet at the same time strangely unreal, for the sordid, petty, joyless life of the townspeople in this story seems less an actual fact or possibility than the dream of a morbid imagination. But of the imagination in the sense of invention there is little in this story of a Western country town; it is a record of personal observation, faithful in its grimness, in its lack of any warmth or color borrowed from the author's mind. There are but two characters who can be said to be drawn with any fullness — the Rev. John Westlock and Jo Eerring. The former is the less prominent of the two, and less pains have been given to his portraiture, but he is quite as life-like and as interesting a figure as the unfortunate Jo. The fate that overtakes the latter is a not uncommon one; to mistake in the choice of a wife, or to fall apart from her
through wretched misunderstanding, is the plight upon many a man's life, the ruin of his ambition, his hope, and his happiness.

More power is shown, we think, in the representation of the unhappy John Westlock whose fall results from the conflict between nature and circumstance, from the unsuccessful struggle to pen up native energies that found no healthy outlet, the exercise of which, indeed, his false religionism taught him to regard as sinful; shut up within his breast they kept him ever in a state of seething discontent, and his hard, taciturn, gloomy exterior was significant of the effort of his strong nature to keep under and kill out its passions, its ambition, its love of power, place, and worldly possession.

As regards literary execution perhaps the greatest merit of this novel is the modesty of its style; its artlessness is infinitely preferable to the bad art, the false taste, of the work of many unfledged writers. Its defects are probably inevitable. The author tells us in his simple and candid preface that the time for the composition of his book was long, only after his hours of daily toil on a newspaper were over, and it is hardly possible for a work of fiction to be proof of the writer's real ability when he has gone to it with the mental energies dull and flagging from pure weariness.

Hardly a gleam of humor anywhere brightens the dismal atmosphere of the book; a uniform tone of grimness and dreariness pervades it from which the reader hastens to escape. A touch of sarcasm here and there is welcome, such as occurs in the chapter descriptive of the Rev. John Westlock and his religious opinions. Not that sarcasm is intended even here; the author's single object is to portray men and things faithfully as they have appeared to him.

There is enough of merit in The Story of a Country Town to make us hope that its author may, at some future day when circumstances shall be more propitious, attempt the writing of a second fiction.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Countess of Albany. By Vernon Lee. "Famous Women" Series. [Roberts Brothers. $1.00.]

The Memoirs of Heinrich Heine, etc. With an Introductory Essay by Thomas W. Evans, M. D. [London: George Bell & Sons.]

James Madison. By Sidney Howard Gay. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.]

Simon Peter. His Life, Times, and Friends. By Edwin Hodder. [Cassell & Co. $1.50.]

It was not a happy selection that admitted the Countess of Albany to a place among "Famous Women" by the side of such characters as Margaret Edgcworth, and Elizabeth Fry. George Eliot, to be sure, is in the same set, and George Eliot's fame has a tinge of notoriety; but of the Countess of Albany it is to be said that her grade among women is that of notoriety with just a touch of fame. It is a wretched leaf out of the corrupt life of the eighteenth century which holds her name and her story. To look upon it with any such close-ness of attention as Vernon Lee's brilliant, affable essay invites is to turn from it with loathing and disgust. While the author is apologetic towards the Countess, she is sternly faced towards the life in which she moved, allowing the facts to speak for themselves without restraint. The Countess of Albany was the half-French, half-German, half-Edward Stuart, the drunken reprobate grandson of James II, pretender to the British crown, and last of the Stuarts; a heavy, bloated, bottle-loving philandering with whom Louise Marie was sacrificed after French ideas of marriage for political ends.

The relationship to Florence, until the Countess could bear her horrid old husband no longer, and took refuge from him in a convent. Afterwards she was divorced. At Florence she met Afferi, the wayward, passionate Italian poet, and him she adopted as her camerarius servorum, in the shameful but shameless relation of wife and husband, if not before, she lived with Afferi as wife without marriage. And after Afferi's death she took up with Fabre, a French painter, in an estate open to the same discreditable construction as that with Afferi, even though Vernon Lee declines to admit it. For a vivid picture of a debauched and scandalous society read this story of the Countess of Albany; a carefully studied, ornately-written historical sketch; heavily laden with facts newly elicited from old documents, and somewhat overladen in its diction.

Dr. Evans we take to be the Paris dentist of that name. His book on Heine is printed in that city which Heine loved, though published in London, which Heine hated. Dr. Evans's introduction occupies about half of the book, and is a needless panegyric by the hand of an undiscriminating admirer. It is a particularly well written, it deduces much, it states facts, it is not critical, and we should not wish a stranger to Heine's crooked, veined, stained, uneven character to attempt to make his acquaintance through its medium. It approaches Heine only on his sunny side, and his dark side was in the heaviest shadow. The "memoirs" of Heine, with a few newly discovered "fragments" of his writings, make up the second part of the book. The "memoirs" are autobiographical, and the "fragments" much the same, but neither are very important except to disciples of one of the most deeply dissected of intellectual natures and one of the most perverted of human lives. The book weighs very little in comparison with the life by Stigand, the steel portrait out of which Heine died it borrows for a frontispiece. Students of Heine may add it to their collection, but there is no value in it for others.

It seems to us that the capacity of Mr. Sidney Howard Gay might have made more out of the life and character of President Madison than he has in the tenth member of the series of "American Statesmen." Madison was not the greatest of American statesmen, among whom he held an early place, nor was he by any means the greatest of American presidents, of whom he was fourth in order; but he had more than respectable gifts, and he certainly achieved more than a merely respectable career; yet respectable is about the longest word that Mr. Gay can rouse himself to write of him. Mr. Gay has no enthusiasm over his subject, not the slightest; but no man should write another man's life without some enthusiasm. A cold critical standpoint is taken in this memoir which gives one the historic blues—like a Boston east wind. Madison was a favorite son of the "Mother of Presidents." He assisted at the founding of the Republic. He went early to Congress. He distinguished himself in Congress. Among other things he mastered eloquence by Demosthenian methods. He served as President through the crisis of the War of 1812. He was a scholar. He was a voluminous writer. He was a man of irreproachable personal traits, honorable and honored. His private life shone with all the virtues. He had a remarkable variety of solid gifts, remarkably balanced, and remarkably exercised. And yet he passes Mr. Gay's examination only with conditions. There is no hearty appreciation of what Mr. Madison really was, such, for example, as Mr. Jefferson gave him. It is hard to be patient with this gingly kind of biography.

Not every reader will accept the sweeping statement with which Mr. Hodder begins the preface of his biography that "Simon Peter, more than any other character in the whole range of Bible narrative, stands out a living personality." Both David in the Old Testament and Paul in the New stand out quite as distinctly in the history, and when we take into account the Psalms and the Epistles, their characters leave with the majority of minds an impression of even greater vividness and force. That Peter, however, is a man of singular attractiveness, by reason of his outspoken honesty and the sincere self-revelation that comes through his every word and act, may pass without question. It is strange, as our author notes, that no popular biography of such a character should be current, and in supplying this lack, Mr. Hodder writes with love and warm enthusiasm. He follows closely the order of the Gospels, and adds little beyond the necessary details of historical and local coloring. His occasional suppositions are often built upon slight foundations, as for instance his assumption that Peter was in his youth a follower of Judas the Galilean. His estimate of the differences in character and temperament among the twelve is sometimes fanciful and unjust, especially his characterization of Philip as "a man slow to apprehend, quick to doubt, without any imagination, and with very little emotion." But barring these defects, the book is interesting and will be found useful to those who would realize more clearly the state and surroundings of the first disciples.

—The edition of the November Century will be the largest ever printed of that magazine, something near 200,000 copies, we presume, and in it will be begun Mr. Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham." This work, it is understood, will depict the career of a typical American man of business—a serious and masculine sort of subject with which Mr. Howells ought to do well. We are glad to see him get away from such trivialities as "parlor cars" and "registers."
For our part, we believe that all literature is at last accountable to moral standards; that in relation to these standards it falls into two grand divisions, the literature of the good and the literature of the bad; and we propose to stand by the literature of the good, and do what we can to put the literature of the bad to shame and disgrace. And we hold, and distinctly declare, that no moral responsibility is greater, in these times of ours, than that of authors, editors, and publishers, as regards into which of these two directions they throw the influence of their writings and publications.

There are books of fiction, poetry, biography, springing out of the present, or borrowed from the past, whose aim and tendency, no matter what their subject and materials, are to correct, elevate, and improve mankind. And there are other books standing perhaps by their very side whose aim and tendency are as distinctly and consciously to degrade and corrupt. Public journals like the Boston Advertiser and the Literary World, sharing the moral responsibility of the press in this day and generation, should be in better business than lauding the latter, or apologizing for them, because they are "recognized classics." "Classics" they may be, but the sooner they are banished out of general and popular recognition the better.

It is in no way a part of our position that the moral character of literature is the sole standard by which to judge it. But the moral question is one of the standards. It certainly is one of our standards. We have never commended poor literature as good simply because it was moral; but we shall never pronounce morally bad literature good merely because it is "classical." We have said from time to time what we thought as to the reprehensibility of giving reputable introduction to offensively indelicate and impure writings. We have never hesitated to speak plainly about such publications as these, be they new or old, and we never shall hesitate. We do not profess to be virtuous above our calling; but we shall do what we can to make such publications unprofitable. If our readers prefer a different standpoint of criticism, they can subscribe to the Boston Advertiser.

TABLE TALK

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is still at her summer home in East Gloucester, Mass., seeking recuperation for an overworked brain and body. She has done no literary work for many weeks, and delegates her correspondence. Her new volume of poems in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s press will appear in about two weeks.

William H. Hayne, son of the Southern poet, Paul H. Hayne, is twenty-eight years old, unmarried, and resides with his parents at Cape Hill, sixteen and a half miles from Augusta, Ga. He is a small man, five and a half feet in height, and averaging but a few pounds more than the late Alexander H. Stephens in weight; and is decidedly brunette in complexion, resembling a Creole. Both in size and in handwriting he is very like his mother. He was delicate in his youth, on which account he received his education only at home. Mr. Hayne has been writing for publication since 1831, and produces both prose and verse, though his reputation is in the line of the latter. His first noted work was in memory of the late Sidney Lanier, with whom the Haynes were intimately acquainted. His prose works have included geographical and critical papers about Southern authors, and he has been done for the American of Philadelphia, to which Mr. Hayne occasionally contributes verses. His longest pastoral, "In a Southern Swamp," appeared in Home and Farm of Louisville, Ky., and was highly praised by American critics as well as by an English poet of repute. Mr. Hayne intends to write more Southern landscape poetry; he is at present engaged upon a prose work of some importance, the nature of which will soon be revealed. He possesses one or two of his father's poetical characteristics withal, which will enable him to assure his much success in the field of poetry.

Mr. J. C. Derby, the old-time New York publisher, has just completed his work, Recollections of Fifty Years Among Authors and Publishers, to be issued by G. W. Carleton & Co. Mrs. Oakes Smith regards the advance sheets as very promising. All of Mr. Derby's friends trust the book will bring him large returns in his time of need.

Mr. W. F. Felch, who has latterly been employed as a stenographer in the Superintend-ent's office of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway, at Columbus, O., and who has some reputation in the West as a poet and prose writer, will edit the Western Critic, a forty-page magazine about to appear at Columbus, ten pages of which will be devoted to purely literary matters.

Miss Nora Perry has been spending the summer and fall in Providence, R. I., where she resided from childhood until her mother's death about two years ago. She has done little writing lately, her only literary work being a sketch of Emerson, which is still unfinished.

Mr. Forrest Morgan, editor of the Travels Record, the Hartford insurance monthly, who went abroad to improve his health last summer, is seriously ill at his Hartford home, where he prepares the material for his paper reclining on a lounge. Like Judge Tourgee, he seems to have nearly spent himself in editorial harness. He is only thirty-two years old, and has made, in every sense, a brilliant Record. Many literary, as well as other friends, extend him sympathy and best wishes for recovery.

Mrs. M. F. Butts, the poet, has just completed another of her story-books for children, similar in style to those published by the American Book Society.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, since the death of her husband, last spring, has passed a quiet, secluded life, doing little pen-work, on Charnperron Island, Kittery Point, Maine. She will pass the winter in Boston.

Mrs. Jane A. Eames, widow of Bishop Eaton, is still widely known through her two volumes, Budgets of Letters (from Europe), published in 1845 and 1847, as well as through her letter correspondence in the Providence Daily
THE LITERARY WORLD.

11. Across the continent, there comes a rose,
   "For Love's sweet sake"—its golden heart a-bloom
With sweet good news which not a word
Its grateful meaning must it need disclose.
Too late its fragrant breath? Too late its bote
Red as the heart's red blood, to answer back
The word that came when life and love were true
Within her heart, to thrill mine own? Alack!

III.
Oh Post heart! 'twas of thy thorny crown,
To mine in life somewhat of that thorn-craned—
Receiving sparsely where thou gently gaved.
Oh saluted spirit, drop forgiveness down.
Lei! we bring wheat and lilies, emblems meet
Thy strength and purity to symbolize.
Thy patience, and thy constancy—O, my sweet,
I cannot see the flowers, for tears that blind my eyes.

Riverside, Florida, August, 1886.

To O. W. Holmes.

A flower lies faded on my garnered shaft,
And yet you thou dost only lessen life.
The answer sheet of white, of fittest wheat,
That fills life with odor sweet and rare,
While by is starving stronger souls are fed.
From which the sun in heaven will lead.
Ah, friend of mine! what if with weary feet
You ask, tear-blinded, in a sorrow street
Stretched through a bale, who ever heard, instead?
Now pour your broad gush over all the world,
The fragrance of its blossoms make the air
And on the trees the fruit hangs ripe and gay.
For some poor hearts their every flower has curdled
Its graceful head and withered, and despair
Stands like a ghost beside them night and day.

James Henry Bumel.

To Oliver Wendell Holmes.

On reading his poems, The Chambered Nautilus.

Misol, whose lyre is ever tuned to strain
Of joyful melody—whose and refrain
Has 'seen a tone of triumph rising high
Above the minor wave, in harmony
With God's great gladness, when He gladly said,
Oft all His hands had made, "Lo! it is good,"
In this thou standest in thy solitude,
Aim the harpers, harping for the dead.
The Poet through, sad-eyed and many-sorrowed, stand
Far from the thing of beauty, far to stand.
To them, no beauty's presence to discover,
Undimmed by Sorrow's shadow; nor to learn
A strain unmannered in the song of Love
On Love's divine perfection, to make sound
In song, their poet cadence. Thine the gift
Lark-like, to soar above the world's dead life,
And sing, as angels sing, in God's glad might
Rejoicing ever, many songs of light.
Sorrow and sighing from them flee away.
Aye, Heaven itself reflected, smiles for aye
In thy exalting joylessness of song.
So, stand alone, amid the Poet's throne,
While these sweet strains with dooms and death, grieved, tire
Of life. "Build more thee lofty manseions, O my soul!"
Would they but heed the word, from pole to pole,
One grand glad psalm would arise in song,
As of one voice, from all the poet's throat.
And, as the bright arch space the weeping skies,
And with its rainbow tints th' empyrean glories,
So, poete, and song, eye, life and death
Would wake anew to life, in joy's and sorrow's breath.

Mary E. C. Whith.

Riverside, Florida, September, 1884.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York have issued the catalogue of a collection of rare and choice books for sale by the selected unfrom from a well-known library in New York, an containing the best editions of standards in the best bindings. The collection is especially full in Cruikshankiana, in first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennvson, and others, in presentation copies, and in books with autograph letters inserted. Book fanciers should send for this catalogue.

FICTION.

Almost a Duchess. No Name Series. [Roberts Brothers. $1.00.]

The Children of Isachar. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.]


Love and Mirage; or, The Waiting on an Island. [Harper & Brothers. 50c.]

The new No Name novel is apparently a British importation, and may be by Mr. Hamerton. It is a story of disputable events, and it is a story of a disagreeable character. We see no good object to be accomplished by writing it, and no profitable or pleasant influence to come from reading it. Reasons fail for inserting such a novel anonymously in such a series. A distinguished authorship, if recognized, might commend such a book to a considerable notice; but presenting it in disguise, it must not be a matter of complaint if its admission to good society be refused. We deem it extremely unfortunate to have young minds—any minds—brought into contact with such phases of character and life as are depicted in this French novel. The "almost a duchess" is Leila Cavendish, a beautiful but shallow English girl, with a worthy and honorable lover, Dr. John Chandos, to whom, without being over fond of him, she has given her promise of marriage. Meanwhile the Duc de Wardes, a dissipated young Frenchman, betrothed to his cousin, Jeanne de Verneuil, has been sent off to a school in England, with his horses and hounds, to get him away from the influence of a notorious Parian actress. Here in England he meets and falls violently in love with Leila, who withholds falls violently in love with him, throws Doctor Chandos overboard, and is persuaded into an immediate marriage in London. The Duke, having won in his fancy of the hour, embarks on a course of hunting in the fields and flirtation with married women. Three years later he is summoned back to France by the serious illness of his father, meets his cousin Jeanne, is persuaded by his mother that his marriage with Leila is null and void, throws her overboard, and marries Jeanne! Bah! We have no patience to follow here the further particulars of this nauseously unhappy tale; not the least repulsive picture of which is the ease with which Leila finally after all consents to marry Dr. Chandos. The materials of Almost a Duchess are in bad taste; the treatment of them is in bad taste; and the tale is bad throughout. It is well enough written, and the really capable author ought to have chosen a better subject.

There is no special attraction about the Children of Isachar, and despite the reference to the Chronicles xii; 32 on the title-page we see no special reason why the book should be called by their name. It is a "Reconstruction" story, the story of Granby, Alabama, being the scene, and the time ten years immediately following the war. The author has evidently drawn on real life and actual facts for materials, and in the more delicate points of the story he has used his powerful hands to such a point that they would have yielded a better result. As it is the picture made from them is commonplace
and of little value. Some things about it are positively unpleasant. There are negroes in it and carpet-baggers, midnight harangues and reports of the mystery商店 and warning of lynch law, Northern republates and Southern fire-eaters. There are some exciting stories about intermperate card-players. There is an unhappy love-story of a girl who was seduced, who was afterwards found under the heel of her betrothed who was arrested for causing her death by poison, as was supposed, to head off his threats to make her shame public, and who was acquitted after a sensational trial. The truthfulness of many of the incidents related is probable, but that does not make them pleasant, and the book does not lead in elevating direction, or familiarize one with crime and violence to any even good purpose.

For her story of The Armorer's Prentices Miss Yonge has studied Stowe's Survey of London, Mr. Lotto's History of London, Dr. Burton's English Merchants, Hall's Chronicle, Knight's Pictorial History of England, Horace Winchester, Brand's Popular Antiquities, Rope's Life of Sir Thomas More, Galt's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, and other authorities of the period, with the intent of presenting in the form of fiction a picture of English, and more particularly London life, at the beginning of the 16th century, in the reign of Henry VIII. The fiction is a story of two boys, brothers, Ambrose and Stephen Birkenholt, who are obliged by domestic trouble to leave their home in the New Forest at an early age, and who set out for Winchester and London, with their faithful bound Spring, to seek their fortunes. In each of these tasks they have an uncle living. The Winchester uncle is found, but is in his dotage, and powerless to help them; the London uncle proves to be jester in the household of the Archbishop of York. The rural scenes from which the boys emerge and the city life into which they enter are described with careful study of the historical conditions, and a clever imitation, in the dialogue, of the manner of the time. In London Ambrose is bound out to printer Hansen, and takes a hand in making 'Tindal's Bible'; while Stephen, with armorer Headley in Dragon Court, helps to forge helmets, cuinasses, and swords for knights and men of arms. The King and the Archbishop appear upon the stage; Dean Colet preaches in Ambrose's hearing at St. Paul's; Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More have a part in the events which shape the fortunes of both him and his brother; Sir Thomas's disrevered head dangles before their eyes on London Bridge; a tournament, a press-gang, Sunday in the great city, a fair and a holiday, May-day and a mob, arrest, imprisonment, and almost execution, are among the enlivening incidents of the narrative. This historical background is picturesque and effectively put in, and the story embroidered on it is really interesting. Half way between a "romance" and a "juvenile," this book has elements of interest for a wide circle of readers.

"Mirage" is a good word to introduce to the title of so vague and shadowy a story as that in its connection with which it appears this week. The "love" and the "waiting" are those of two young Englishmen, Arthur and Hervey, and two young girls, Elizabeth and Flora, who meet on an island that is as indefinite as a phantom, and under circumstances that are as unsubstantial as a dream. There is probably some point to the story, but we have not yet found it. Perhaps it is a modern version of Paul and Virginia, or of the Babes in the Wood. Let the imitation be poor and the interest small.

BOOBS FOR CHILDREN.

Another war story for boys is furnished by Mr. Henty, a popular English writer of the pictorial school, in the adventures of Jack Arbury. In this was a promising young English lad, whose father found him a midshipman's berth in the British navy when the Crimean War broke out. In that capacity he went out to the Crimea by way of Gibraltar, having a touch of exciting adventure on the voyage; and having reached the seat of war saw Inkerman, Balaklava, the Redan, and the capture of Sebastopol, meanwhile was taken prisoner, got carried inland, and took part in a Polish insurrection. Last but not least he meets, woos, and marries a daughter of a Russian Count, and settles, happy and honored, in an English home. The story is an imaginative filling of an historical framework, and suffices to give a good idea of the causes, course, and character of the great conflict which furnishes the subject. Nor is it exciting in an unevenly-some way. Interesting is what all boys and most girls would pronounce it.

An historical story again, only of a much older period, is Mr. Stockton's of Vitae. Vitae was a chateau in Burgundy, where, six hundred years ago, lived a widowed Countess and her two sons, Raymond and Louis. The boys were trained to knighthood, and the mother became an object of suspicion to the Inquisition, arrest by whose agents she barely escaped. After various experiences of pursuit and deliverance, and similar vicissitudes of medieval fortune borne by her two sons, her troubles and theirs in her happy marriage to Count Hugo de Lannes. Castles, brigands, falcons, monks, and nuns, and equip this pretty story with picturesqueness, and its historical place makes it instructive. It furnishes an entertaining prelude to the far away past.

Edward Eggleston's Queen Stories are freaks of the imagination about movable key-holes, talking trees, and other impossibilities; with a spice of good sense and good sentiment sprinkled along through by way of conveying a few grains of profit. We do not set high value on this kind of literature, but this is pretty good of its kind.

Louis Bousenard is a French combination of Jules Verne, Capt. Marratv, and Oliver Optic, who, by means of a graphic style and coarsely drawn pictures, has made an exciting story out of the adventures of a French convict in French Guiana on the northeastern coast of South America. The convict is a political prisoner named Robin. In a terrific thunder-storm he escapes from the colony, takes to the woods, is joined by his family, picks up a picturesque old negro named Cassim for his man Friday, and establishes a home in the forest, having nothing to begin with. The book belongs to the Robinson Crusoe order, but is distinctly of a lower type.

Less sensational, but more varied in incident, and showing more literary pretension, is Dr. Gordon Stables' polar romance, in which a Scotch party set sail by way of Iceland for Arctic Seas, and pass through the stereotyped round of adventures with snows and ice, cold and hunger, seals and white bears. Two winners at the north pole, sled journeys, and other logical accessories enliven the narrative, which, while often true to facts, is not always considerate of probabilities. The influence of Jules Verne is again seen in this book, and we should prefer for young folks' reading the actual relations of real Arctic explorers.

Of three new Sunday-school books from the Presbyterian Board4, 5, the best is A Good Catch, which is a true story of the four years' cruise of a mother and her little daughter Muriel in the whaling ship "Caledonia," and of the good they did to a runaway boy on board. The other two books are religious stories of a conventional and rather commonplace type.

MINOR NOTICES.

Hand-Book for the Dominion of Canada. By S. E. Dawson. [Montreal: Dawson Brothers.] With its meeting of the British Association, its railway to the Pacific, and this new red-covered Hand-Book, Canada is waking up. We wonder how many Americans in the true and proper sense realize at what a rapid rate, and on paper, the Dominion of Canada now stretches from shore to shore; and its heavy eastern trend gives it a considerably greater breadth than the United States. The Canadian Pacific Railway lacks only the scaling of the Rocky Mountains to complete its connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific. With Minnesota a busy line of railway communication is already open by way of Winnipeg and the Red River Valley. This very summer new surveys are being made of Hudson's Bay with reference to the possibilities of that grand inland ocean as a way of approach from the Old World. The Grand Trunk Railroad with its 4,500 miles of track throughout Western Canada, and the Intercolonial Railway in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, joined to the Canadian Pacific, the St. Lawrence River, the Great Lakes, and Hudson's Bay, give the Dominion unrivaled facilities for travel. The area of the Dominion is 3,470,393 square miles, or about 40 per cent of the aggregate of British possessions throughout the globe. Of this nearly one third is good wheat land. The entire population in 1871 was figured at 4,348,510. With Nova Scotia, New

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4 Wild Adventures Round the Pole. By Gordon Stables, M.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.


6 How It Came About. By Mrs. A. K. Dunne. Presbyterian Board.

7 Redeker Granger. By Margaret E. Winslow. Presbyterian Board.

8 A Good Catch, by Mrs. H. E. Brown. Presbyterian Board.

9 How It Came About, by Mrs. A. K. Dunne. Presbyterian Board.

10 Redeker Granger, by Margaret E. Winslow. Presbyterian Board.

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Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario on the east, with British Columbia on the west, and with Athabasca, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Kewatin, Manitoba, North Territory and North East Territory lying in between, the territories being confederated in the Dominion is complete. Whatever may have been the prospects of the annexation of Canada to the United States a quarter of a century ago, they have materially lessened, it seems to us, under the extraordinary internal development of the peninsula. And we look now for a great companion Republic of Canada, which sooner or later will dissipate its political relation to England and set up among the nations for itself. Mr. Dawson's Hand-Book indicates the probabilities.

A Naturalist's Ramble About Home. By Charles C. Abbott. [D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.]

These thirty-seven chapters are records of personal observation, extending over a period of several years, and are made up in part of "field notes." The author is a scientific man, and many of the papers have before appeared in periodicals as Hardwick's Science Gossip and Nature (London), Science of Cambridge, The Popular Science Monthly, etc. A very pleasing, gossipy paper, called "A Walk at the Start," introduces and explains the miscellaneous contents; while in an appendix is wisely put a list of scientific names with all necessary facts. Under the "mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachians, and fishes" of the county which was the author's hunting ground, Mercer County, New Jersey. To the ordinary observer the number of birds (about two hundred and twenty) would seem almost incredible, but New Jersey is highly favored in this respect as well as in its flora, well known to botanists; and Mr. Abbott set out on his strolls with the purpose of learning something he did not already know, and making sure that certain birds or other creatures were actually there.

In all my experience (he says) I have never yet failed to find some trace, at least of that object to observe which I took the walk...If I have seen something new, that day is pleasant, brighter to the meteor registers, or thunder blow. Surely, too, after a month of sunny days, a steady, pouring rain is delicious, not to look at much, but to listen to it. It is charming enough to tempt one out to see how the birds and mice and squirrels, and the snakes, frogs, and insects pass their time when it rains. ... And is it not a sufficient incentive to learn what the birds and mammals are about when snowed up, to warrant a ramble over snow-clad fields and in the leafless woods? ... It is a sad error to suppose that the most familiar of our birds, to say nothing of other forms of life, both vegetable and animal, can be so familiar that nothing further can be learned by observing them.

In this spirit Mr. Abbott studied weasels, minks, the skunk and otter, squirrels, mice and musk rats, birds, turtles, toads, frogs and snakes, and made very careful observations on fishes, noting down some singular facts not familiar to most readers of natural history. Some theories about animals he puts in new form, as

by many creatures which we do not see; and many a squeak or whistle, which, if we heard it at all, is attributed to squirrels, or to the secrecy of darger made by some one animal, which, having seen us, takes this method of warning its fellows.

Avoiding statistics and technicalities, though thoroughly practical, the author presents the picturesque side of it, according to its attractiveness for young people (who ought to like the book and learn from it), by stories of adventure among animals told by a certain Us Gaunt, an old trapper and fisherman near his home, which is on Crosswick's Creek; and, like his fellow naturalist, White of Selborne, he has "never roamed elsewhere" than in his own parish.


This work should be called an abridgment rather than a revised edition, which latter language gives no idea of the reduction made in the bulk of the original. Moreover, the editors say in their preface:

The main body of the work is precisely as Dr. Smith himself made it. We have made some abridgments, but most entirely of matter not specially helpful, etc.

Now would anybody who did not know the original work derive from these words any adequate and just impression of the proportion between that and this reproduction of the "main body of it" "revised and edited?" The English edition of Smith's Dictionary, 1863, contains about 310 pages, and a total of more than 3,584,000 words; this "main body" of it according to REV. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet only 770 pages, or about 550,000 words. So that we have here in fact about one sixth of the "main body of the work precisely as Dr. Smith himself made it." That the present editors have made an intelligent and serviceable abridgment may be readily admitted. But the uninformed reader ought not to be left to the impression that he is getting "the main body of it," the origin, the original, and to guard against that impression it is not enough to mention incidentally "the four volumes" of the original. The editors have made some additions of later knowledge, under their own signature, as for example the substance of REV. Dr. Trumbull's discoveries concerning Kadeshe Barnea; and have inserted many wood-cuts. The eight colored maps at the end are excellent. So is the typog.raphy and taking the book for what it really is, a condensation in the proportion of one to six, of Smith's famous and invaluable Dictionary, it is good and useful.

Occident. With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.]

Outwardly the Rev. Joseph Cook's new volume is cast in the same mold as the seven which have preceded it, one of which is in its 16th thousand, another in its 10th, a third in its 7th, and a fourth in its 6th. Each book consists of so many lectures in the Monday Lecture Course at Tremont Temple, Boston, the lectures constituting a series of more or less unity upon some one general topic; and each lecture is accompanied by a "prelude," which is the lecturer's way of delivering his lecture, so that it may happen to be the uppermost public matter on that particular Monday. The lectures are shots at a single mark; the preludes are a scattering fire on the right hand and the left. The lectures are delivered standing, notes in hand; the preludes are delivered sitting, which was the preferred posture of the philosophers of old. Joseph Cook is in his element, the philosopher of the modern, the typical, the philo-sophic which, if put in marble, would have adored the Parthenon. Head, eyes, voice, and manner are alike immense. He speaks with the authority of an oracle, and the versatility of a journalist. He is distinctive a journalist, using the voice instead of the pen. His face is not turned back on the past. He is not the moralist of the permanent, and thinks he sees beyond the horizon into the future. To a certain extent he does. There is no disputing the largeness of his vision, the closeness of it, his skill in collecting, sorting, arraying facts, his vigor in applying them to suggest or support his theorems. The present volume takes its title Occident as being for substance a survey of the present intellectual aspects of Europe, with special attention to sundry theological questions raised by the recent contest at Andover. The preludes are to a considerable extent parallel with the lectures, each of them on such themes as Free Civil Service Reform, Temperance, and Missions. In style we notice no marked change in this volume from its predecessors. Mr. Cook is the same widely read, statistically furnished, rhetorically mannered, Monday lecturer as of old; picturesque, vehemence, occasionally grandiloquent, sometimes specious, usually self-conscious, often pretentious if not pompous, and always interesting if not always convincing. His displays of fire-works invariably dazzle the eye and provoke the applause of the spectators, even though it is probably left to the unobtrusive street lamps to guide the actual wayfarer through the darkness, or to the quiet glow upon his hearthstone to give him solid warmth and comfort in his home.

The Art Year Book. 1884. [Prepared and Published for the New England Institute, Boston, Mass. $4.00.]

Liberal instincts and an enterprising policy seem to characterize throughout the management of the New England Institute, an organization of New England manufacturers and mechanics, one of whose aims is the establishment of an annual exposition of industrial and art products in Boston. The exposition for 1884 is now engaging the attention of the community. One of its features is an art gallery, which presents a creditable collection of paintings. Another is a Mexican exhibit made up of fabrics, minerals, gems, photographs, vegetable products, and other illustrations of the present Mexican nation; a collection of great and unique interest. A third is this Art Year Book, which is really a notable publication, and well worthy of possession by bibliophiles. It is a large quarto, printed on various papers of fine texture, lavishly illustrated with examples, and embellished with typographic devices which revive study and skill. The art department of the Boston exposition is described in full, with illustrations in detail of objects, materials, and processes. Architecture, interior decorations, and subordinate topics enter in succession. The title-page is a Moreau design by George R. Halm, in red and black. The preface, which is不出错, is by John Mason Little, the Vice-President of the Institute, is headed by an etched vignette by C. Y. Turner of New York. Four pages of
historical text which follow are printed on a delicately tinted ground, each in connection with an autotype illustration of high quality. Descriptive and biographic notes upon the exhibition, its contents, and its contributors, occupy the next two pages. Then come a series of full-page plates illustrating the newer graphic processes, such as the heliotype, the photogravure, photographic engraving, and the like, some of them taking their subjects from objects in the exhibition. A catalogue of the art gallery concludes the binding. Priced at $0.70 a copy, and a wrapper of marbled paper with bound edges protects the cover. This is altogether a unique and beautiful book, itself a distinction to the enterprise with which it is associated. *Édition de luxe* of 100 copies is published with extra attractions at $20 a copy, and *Édition de grande luxe* of 50 copies with extraordinary attractions at $100 each. Orders may be addressed to Mr. Little.

*Our National War Songs. With Accompaniment for Piano or Organ.* [S. Brainard's Sons.] In appearance this is a collection of sheet music bound in paper covers, the obverse of which shows a battle-field, alive with “blues” and “grays” and partly obscured with the smoke of cannon and musketry. The songs number fifty-seven, solos or choruses, or both; and include such standards as “America,” “Battle Cry of Freedom,” “Glory, Hallelujah,” “Hold the Fort,” “Kingdom Coming,” “Star Spangled Banner,” “Hail Columbia,” and “Yankee Doodle.” Here are the songs with which the camps resounded in the late Civil War, the Union camps, we presume, for “Dixie” is not here. Grand Army Posts, we should say, would find this book very much to their purpose.

From the same publishers we have *A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother*, a song and chorus, the words and music by Ben Williams, a simple composition of the negro minstrel order, such as “Old Folks at Home” [sic]; *Rocking the Baby to Sleep*, by the same, also a song and chorus, but less pleasing than the foregoing [sic]; *When My Rover Comes Again*, a pretty little waltz by Collin Cee [sic]; and *Sweet Roses Waltz*, by Rosabeal, good like the last named for a beginner’s practice [sic].

From R. A. Saalfeld, New York, we have *With Cleveland we Will Win the Day*, a bombastic campaign song by J. P. Skelly [sic]; *You Ask Me to Forget the Past*, words by Tommy Tucker, music by Ed. Greene, a weakly sentimental love song [sic]; and *Better Luck Tomorrow*, words and music by Frank L. Martyn, which would almost pass muster in some quarters as a Sunday-school hymn and tune [sic]. *The Cleveland and Hendricks Grand March*, by J. J. Freeman [sic], and *The Amator Wallens*, by Frank Conway [sic], are for the piano. Mr. Saalfeld offers to send these five publications to any one address for 50c.

*Myths in Medicine and Old-Time Doctors.* By Alfred C. Garratt. [G. P. Putnam’s Sons.] Dr. Garratt's book is a piece of literary conglomeration, a kind of book which is rendered particularly inaccessible and useless by the lack of an index. It addresses only the medical mind, or to be more exact, to that officer of the history, a little of biography, a little of antiquities and curiosities, a little of scientific discussion, a little of extracts from medical writers of all ages, and a little of professional sectarianism. That is to say the author belongs to the “regular medical profession,” and all others are quacks. Homeopathy, to an “analysis” of which he devotes his closing 70 pages, he denounced as “a sham, a falsification, an organized quackery.” This view of the system gives it a place, of course, among the “Myths of Medicine.” Another “myth” is alchemy, to which one chapter is devoted; other chapters review the eminent physicians of ancient times, the ignorance and barbarism of medical practice in the dark ages, the state of the profession two hundred years ago, and the old-time theories of the causes and cures of nervous disorders. The author is a Boston physician of standing.

*Harriet of the Eastern Diplomatic Service.* By Charles Scribner's Sons. [G. P. Putnam’s Sons.] As there is no living scholar more competent to write learnedly, clearly, and authoritatively on the ancient Eastern history than Professor Sayce, so there is no book now before the public upon the subject which can be placed in advance of his essay on *The Ancient Empire of the East*. The Empires are Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, the Phoenician, Lydian, and Persian. The whole ground is covered in 275 pages; 25 pages more are occupied with tables of the several dynasties. The peculiarity and the value of this monograph are that it is based not upon other writings, but upon the testimony of the monuments. Professor Sayce has gone to the histories graven in stone for his materials. In this field he is easily the first of living authorities. It causes a little twinge to part with dear old Herodotus, as Professor Sayce's fidelity to the cause of historic truth obliges him to discard in his preface; but there is no help for it. For comprehensiveness, accuracy, and simplicity, this modest essay leaves little to be desired except a series of maps, and an index.

*Poetry.*

*Poems.* By Mary Hunt McCaleb. [G. P. Putnam’s Sons.] A *Dream on the Astral Soule.* By Helen Hinadale Rich. [G. P. Putnam’s Sons.] *Melodies of Verse.* By Bayard Taylor. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.] *The Parli of the Republic.* By George Macdonald Major. [G. P. Putnam’s Sons.] Etc., Etc., Etc. Many volumes of current verse would receive justice if they were classed with books “printed, not published.” Intended for special occasions, dedicated to private friends, and wholly personal in character and interest, they may be worth printing, but should be reserved for the few true reader who can interpret them through individual acquaintance and sympathy. The critic, or the general reader, when these productions are spread before him, feels as if he were intruding upon another’s privacy, or breaking the seals of a correspondence marked “strictly personal.” Of this character are the verses of Mrs. McCaleth. A few of the poems in it are more general in topic, and a few, upon her children, by their simplicity and truthfulness rise to a level of interest. But in the main they are the record of private joys and sorrows, the outgrowth of a changeful and saddened life, interspersed with a few false notes of unreal sentiment. Bridal offerings, birthday tributes, and memorial lines make up the larger number, and the personal poems are better in form and contents than the more ambitious attempts. The rhythm is generally faulty musical, the tone now passionate, now pathetic, now plaintive, and the pieces are well suited to the occasions that gave them birth.

The poems by Mrs. Helen Hinadale Rich are only a few of the flowers that have sprung up by the wayside in a busy life, full of private and public ministries of love and service. Though free from dreariness, and formal moralizing, have a useful tone, and are inspired with noble purpose. Within her modest but charming range the poet's touch is true and tender. Her naara
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ative pieces, "Little Phil," "The Engineer's Story," "Only a Woman," and above all "Justice is Kind," and "But she is written with force and pathos." Her tribute to Peter Cooper, to whose memory the volume is inscribed, to "Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Emerson, are fresh and thoughtful, and her verses upon "The Music of Labor" and "Wanted - Men," are vigorous and substantial. But the rest of her songs are such as come from home and its affections, or from nature and its quiet aspects. A wilderness of flowers greets us in her lines, and each is fitted with its appropriate epithet or figure, from the "saintly lilies" to the many varieties of roses for which her feeling rises almost into a passion. And certainly the depth of a mother's love has seldom found better expression than in such poems as "Home-Light and " and "Silent Mothers," from the last of which we quote this closing verse:

I think the wing of death must be
Resigning love's sweet mystery.
To bid our little ones "Good Night,"
Their loving hands kiss, and their dear feet,
Even with all of heaven in sight.

Bayard Taylor's poetic works are accessible in complete collections: the Melodies of Verse now presented in a dainty little parchment covered sixteenmo seem to be a handful of choice selections merely, culled by a loving and sympathetic hand, just as samples of the flowers which grow in the larger gardens. Nine lyrics from "Prince Deucalion" are included, and a dozen or so independent pieces, which show the lamented and versatile author, whose published life was but yesterday sketched, in the tenderest and sweetest of his musical moods.

Mr. Macdomald Major's collection, which is sumptuously printed in small quarto form, on laid paper, with wide margins and rough edges, includes religious poems, foreign themes, sonnets, and a miscellaneous remainder. In one of the earlier stanzas of the title poem Mr. Major committed a bad heterodoxy, writing "Medusa" for Minerva; but this is corrected in the "Errata." A great deal of poetry in Mr. Major's poems we do not find.

Nor do we in a dozen or more other volumes: the slow accumulation of the summer, which has been daily waiting attention, and now must "move on" with only a few words for each: Mr. Charles H. Collins's Echoes from the Highland Hills, are such as find their way usually to the country newspapers, and have this local interest — perhaps importance — that they are chiefly on Ohio themes that at least have definiteness. [Peter G. Thomson. $1.25] — Mr. Jasper B. Cudwin's New Christiad is a Miltonic flight of excellent intention, in which Satan, Israfil, Elijah, Michael, and other personages figure. The Rev. W. H. Boole, we are informed in an accompanying recommendation, "pronounces it a very fine thing." [Brooklyn. J. B. Cudwin. $1.00] — Somewhat better than the average are Herbert Wolcott Bowens's Verses, which, in measures often very sweetly rhythmical, embody not unfrequently sentiment that is pure and pleasing. [Cuples, Upham & Co.] — Mr. S. H. M. B. — has published a new volume of Drinking and other Poems and Other Poems, on an agreeable range of topics that lie near human hearts, but do not stir the reader very deeply. [Cuples, Upham & Co. $1.25] — Mr. H. F. McDermott's Blind Canary is simply a second, revised, and enlarged edition of a collection of verse that first appeared several years ago. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. — In The Pleasures of Home Mr. David Newport makes an offering of halting verses "to adorn a recollection of life"; the ideas in which are better than their expression. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00]. — Similar faults of measure and accent disfigure Annie Armstrong's Threads of Thought. [Brentano Brothers. 75c. — Sentimentalism, pure and simple, has full possession of Barry Stratton's Lay of Love. [St. John, N. B. J. & A. McMillan.] — Mr. George Ambrose Dennison begs the muse of his Songs and Lyrics to lead him by waters clear and sweet, where tones of liquid harmony arise, where forms of woodland beauty charm his eyes, and changing light and shade his glance meet; but, to continue the figure, we do not see that she does. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25] — Mr. Robert C. Adams has written a History of the United States in Rhyme, which has at least the merit of ingenuity and the charm of novelty. [D. Lothrop & Co. 60c. — Similarly Mr. Augustus H. C. F. — has put the history of the Aztecs into an heroic poem entitled Mostezuma, adding thereto enough miscellaneous Poems to make a collection of 160 pages. He, like Mr. Adams, has a musical ear for the historical facts. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. — Respectable poetic forms, too, are to be found in Mr. Thomas C. Harbaugh's Jests and Journeys, with some touches of true poetic feeling.

Raymond Eshoeb's dramatic poem, How Much I Loved Thee, deserves a little more attention than can give it now, and we shall reserve it for the future. [Washington.]

CURRENT LITERATURE.

How many people know what "maigre" means, and what sort of a cooking book Maigre Cookery may be? The word is obsolete, but signifies, when applied to cookery, food for fast-days. Fast-days still exist, according to some religious uses, and this little book is a manual for the preparation of simple inexpensive dishes containing no meats.

The Rev. Dr. Charles J. Jones is now an American Presbyterian chaplain to seamen, but he began life as a British sailor boy, and for a number of years led a rough wild life all round the world, learning all sorts of evil by practice, and doing a great way on the doverward road of vice and ruin. Suddenly he repented and reformed, and set himself to do what he could to save others. Hence forty years of Christian effort, chiefly among sailors, to lead them into sober, pure, godly lives. His book is the story of it all, giving the larger place to his missionary activities, and the all sorts of experiences, incidents, obstacles, helps, and successes, which have diversified his way. The story is personal, religious, anecdotal, and full of the flavor of the prayer-meeting and the revival.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Cross, having been interrupted by sickness in the publication of his series of volumes of sermons, has made his confinement an occasion for the production of a volume of Studies and Meditations of a Sick-room; dividing them into thirteen chapters on God, Christ, and the Christian, fitting to each a text of Scripture, and blending poetry with the prose. The strain is often fierce.

We do not know who is the editor of the collection of Anecdotes Illustrative of New Testament Texts. What he has done is to bring together 614 illustrative anecdotes, fit a New Testament text to each, and number them with Roman numerals. We observe no attempt at classification, but there is an alphabetical index of topics, and an index of texts quoted. As a rule some one leading word or thought occurs in both text and anecdote, binding the two together. The book is intended as a tool for preachers, and has its uses.

The compiler of Quotations and Confessions has hit upon a new device for "questioning much, learning much, and containing much," as Lord Bacon hath it; or for "procuring amusement, entertainment, and diversion" according to the formula of Crabbe. It consists of a little book, arranged in eight pages, four pages being occupied with questions and the four opposite left blank in which to write the answers. The questions are such as "Define briefly your ideal man," "What is your favorite quotation?" "At what age should a man marry?" "Name your pet animal." At the end is a space for the autograph of the friend whom the owner of the book may have asked thus to expose his or her true inwardness. The book when filled with the confessions of a score or more of people to these categorical questions becomes a sort of index to characters, tastes, and propensities. Dainty little sketches of a great variety of wild grasses ornament the pages and give the book a pretty aspect.

Milton's prose is a curiosity, not an example. It was his poetry which he wrote with his right hand; his prose, as he himself tells us, he wrote with his left. His prose is like an ancient and numbersome weapon, to be handled and examined as illustrating the manners of old times, but antiquated and superseded now. Prose was the door by which Milton entered the political field; but the world has changed, his ideas are of value largely as a part of history, as a factor in the past; the spirit pervading the verses remains to quickly and directly enter Milton's prose. His rich vocabulary, but a heavy structure. There is too much timber to it, like the old houses which we are now tearing down. Just what it is, in manner and matter, one can well see from this inviting little Parchment Library book, with its careful introduction by Mr. Myers, a competent English critic.

Interest in several forms attaches to the hundred and fifty cartoons selected from Punch, illustrative of the last fifty years of English politics. Politics is a better word than history to define their field and function. They have a certain interest as art, being caricatures of a broad type. They have a personal interest, as Leech, Tenniel, Doyle, and others are among their authors. There is the interest of their subjects, among which are Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Gladstone, Lord John Russell, Mr. Bright, Mr. 

2 Quotations and Confessions. Illus. T. Whistaker. 75c.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

[Oct, 18,

Cobden, and other leaders of English opinions and party on all sides. The left-hand page of the book at each opening holds the cartoon; the right-hand page its title and text and the political interpretations to it. How clever some of these pictorial epitomes of national situations are; how sharp and keen the feeling that designed them...

Mr. Pendleton King's account of Governor Cleveland's Life and Public Services is a much better piece of work than the campaign sketch noticed in our last issue. It is a more tasteful looking book, and is more to the purpose. Its strength lies in its documentary features, which consist largely of Mr. Cleveland's vetoes while mayor of Buffalo and Governor of New York. The texts of these are given in full, and they certainly go to increase one's sense of the clear-headedness and moral courage of the man. A good steel portrait precedes the book, which is in paper covers, and the Democratic managers could not do better than give it the largest possible circulation.

The rural New England judge who facetiously styles himself "Judge Wigittle" has a first-rate subject to write about, but has not been very successful in the writing. His book comes nearer to being dull than interesting, and interesting it ought to be. Ten years in a police court ought to give a man a large store of touching, dramatic, picturesque incident pertaining to the lower levels of life; but there is too much of the judge in this narrative and not enough of the court-room. Localities and names are disguised. The district was a manufacturing town somewhere on the Massachusetts line between Connecticut or Rhode Island. The business was all petty, and the story is rather petty too.

THE PERIODICALS.

—The English Illustrated Magazine has reached the size and the dignity of a bound volume containing the numbers running from October 1834 to October 1835, and a really very handsome volume it is of nearly 800 pages, quite worthy of comparison in paper, type, presswork, and engravings with the best of the American magazines. The standard of reading matter too is as high as that of its outward form, and in every respect the English Illustrated Magazine, especially as now seen in its annual bulk, is a credit to editorial and mechanical taste. We are not surprised to hear that it has already reached a large circulation in England, and is finding many readers in this country. It has an agreeable flavor of its own, and its pictures introduce the eye to some of the most pleasing pieces of English and Continental scenery. [Macmillan & Co. $3.00.]

—A very noticeable feature of the Century for October is a portrait of Rosa Bonheur, the French artist, which, besides being good engraving, presents probably one of the most remarkable female physiognomies known. It is a strong masculine face, with heavy wavy hair parted on the right side, and the bust wrapped in the loose apparel of a man. There is something in the face that reminds one of Gie Bull, something again that is like Henry Ward Beecher, something again that suggests a great pope, a great general, or a great statesman. One thing seems certain: that there cannot be another woman in the world that looks like Rosa Bonheur.

—The Anteater Review, whose progress, as the newest of the periodicals, is watched with an especial friendly interest, presents no striking features in its October issue, as it has done on one or two occasions of its appearance, but it has a vigorous article by Rev. Edward E. Hale on the sovereignty and steadfastness of the American people as a factor in government, which is as good as a tonic in such times as these, and it is also noticeable for an editorial body of suggestions towards the liturgical enrichment of the worship of non-liturgical churches. This last article, with one that preceded it a month ago in the same direction, is sure to attract attention as a sign of the times. That it should emanate from Andover is not a little remarkable.

NEWS AND NOTES.

—It now appears that the title concocted by M. Max O'Rell for his new book was stolen before it was announced in connection with his own venture. A rough proof of one of the pages strayed into the hands of a pirate who promptly secured the copyright on the title. Rather than submit to blackmail the author gave up all claim to the title and resolved on a new one. All this and a good deal besides is related in a pamphlet just published in England by Mr. Teur of the firm of Field & Teur, under the title John Bull's Womankind, the object being to protect this title which will be used to designate Max O'Rell's new book, the English and American editions of which will be published on the 15th of November. The Messrs. Scribner have purchased the American rights. The text of Mr. Teur's pamphlet, consisting of less than a dozen pages, we have before us. One thousand copies were printed. They are offered for sale at a farthing each, and are properly entered at Stationer's Hall. Mr. Teur's text is so amusing that it affords not only an interesting explanation of the inscrutable English law but it is itself a most ingenious advertisement for John Bull's Womankind. It gives an opportunity to speak of the extraordinary sale of the author's former book, which he puts at 200,000 copies (figures however that grow small in comparison with the stories told daily about the success of Called Back), to re-animate the interest which existed concerning the author's personality, and to start a paragraph around among the newspapers, keeping the name of Max O'Rell constantly before the eyes of the literary population. But so far from finding any fault with Mr. Teur we can only thank him for an interesting essay on the copyright of titles, a matter in which comparatively few are versed.

—The Scribners publish today Captain Bourke's The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona, a book of much historical and archaeological interest. It is the best and most beautiful edition from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to the villages of the Moqui Indians who inhabit a number of pueblos on the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico. The book follows in the line of what Mr. Frank Cushing of the Smithsonian Institution has given us recently in the magazines about the Zunis of New Mexico. The rites of the Moquis Indians are quite as remarkable as, and in some respects more extraordinary than, those mentioned by Mr. Cushing. The snake dance which Captain Bourke is the first writer to describe, is a snake dance in truth. The bravery who perform the rite carry each in their hands, or held between the teeth, a live rattlesnake. The fangs are not extracted, and nothing but the great care of the dancer prevents the most disastrous results. Very many of the religious observances, which the author speaks of, bear a peculiar resemblance to the practices of some of the ancient races of the Old World. A series of thirty beautiful colored plates adds much to the artistic attractiveness of the book.

—Mr. A. R. Frey of the Astor Library is making rapid progress with his book of Musae; A Dictionary of Pseudonyms. Few persons who have not tried their hand at such a dry bit of literary work as this have any conception of the labor involved. To make the whole work complete is an almost impossible task without the assistance of students who have done something in the way of tracing pen-names, and of the writers who have themselves used pseudonyms. Mr. Frey's appeal to all who may have information likely to be of use to him ought to meet a generous response. As he says, and especially no American name," he says, "can be so obscure as to be unwelcome."

—Mr. Hamerton's forthcoming book on Landscapes will have some forty illustrations on copper, of which "one half are etchings or engravings." What can the rest be? The original etchings include "The Port of Blanzy," by Mr. Hamerton himself; "Le Bas Mendon," and "Nogent-en-Marne," by M. Lalanne; "Lobster Fishers," by Mr. Colin Hunter, and "A Stag and Ter," by Mr. Heywood Hardy. M. A. Brunet-Delabens has also specially etched for the work, Turner's "Toates" and Mr. C. G. Murray has etched Landseer's "Eagle Nest."

—The subscription list of The Continent goes to the Christian at Work. Why to the Christian at Work it is not easy to imagine. The two papers certainly covered widely differing fields, but as Judge Torrey assures us it is his intention to continue to meet a Christian at Work, he will, perhaps, be able to supply The Continent readers with what they most enjoy in the desiccated periodical. The subscription list of the later paper it was understood consisted of about 6000 names, certainly a valuable addition to the Christian at Work.

—The new series of war articles which are about to be begun in the Century Magazen promise to be of very great personal interest. The expressions of opinion in a decided way will doubtless arouse much comment, but the first paper perhaps most of all. General Sheridan, in his history of the Battle of Bull Run which appears in November, will give the reasons why the Confederate victory at Bull Run was not followed up by an attack on Washington. He criticises Davis with much plainness of speech.

—Mr. Bouton has decided to reduce the price of his book, The Great Western Journeys, to one half of that first arranged for, i.e., $12.50 instead of $25.00. He finds it necessary to do this to protect the public from a garbled and imperfect edition, which is to be put in circulation. We have no way of estimating the cost of Mr. Bouton's edition, but a book so full of engravings and extremely expensive publications
shortly The National Geographer and Geographical Dictionary of the United States. A million references, it is said, have been made obtaining its information and authenticating it.

- Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, London, has reprinted from the Bibliographer, Mr. William Heinmann’s “Essay Towards a Bibliography of Marlowe’s Tragic History of Dr. Faustus,” comprising 71 titles.

- Mr. Julian B. Arnold, a son of Edwin Arnold, is now in this country superintending the publication of an Arnold Birthday Book edited by his sister, which is in press by D. Lothrop & Co. of Boston.

- D. Appleton & Co. have in press for immediate publication a new edition of John Stuart Mill’s Political Economy, with elaborate notes by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of Harvard College.

- Admiral Porter, the author of Allan Dare and Robert Le Diablo, is in a hearty and healthy old age. He spends the winters in Washington, and the past summer he has been in Newport.

- Messrs. Holt & Co. are receiving the first pages of Mr. Conway’s new book which will be published in London and New York on November first. It is entitled Dark Days.

- Probably few American publishers have so large a private and friendly correspondence with foreign authors of note as Mr. Niles of the Boston house of Roberts Brothers.

- St. Louis had a grand carnival last week, a feature of which was a spectacular parade consisting of twenty-two Shakespearean tableaux, most elaborately dressed.

- The Orange Judd Publishing Co. have in press a new edition of Wright’s Practical Poultry Keeper, and a treatise on Cattle, by Dr. Gordon Staton.


- Messrs. Cassell & Co. are to add an American edition of Thucydides to their list of periodicals.

- Dr. Edward A. Freeman has been appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

**LITERARY INDEX.**

*Under the above head we keep an alphabetical index to such articles on strictly literary topics in current periodicals, the authorship, or the pages in which they appear, are likely to deserve the notice of readers of the Literary World.*

Biographical sketches of living writers, essays upon distinguished authors not living, criticisms of famous or important works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each entry is subject to alteration, caused by leading change in periodical literature, foreign periodicals in periodical, date, volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.

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that give life to history are revealed at every turn, and the general impression which the reader gains from her pages is a truer, more real, and more living representation of this important era than any outline sketch could give.

In her opening essay the author defines the Renaissance as that phase in medieval history in which the feudal and ecclesiastic influence was neutralized by the existence of democratic and secular communities. No exact bounds of chronology or of geography can fix its limits. In Naples, in Savoy, in Rome, it found no room; north of the Alps it appeared in single and scattered towns; south of the Alps it made its widest and most lasting triumphs. Yet it was not a pure and unmixed blessing at its first appearance; indeed, its blessings were for other ages and other lands, rather than for the time and place in which it wrought its work. Italy, in the striking figure of the writer, was made a sacrifice for the world, and the gain of mankind was at the price of her loss, loss of political supremacy, of national unity, of collective and individual morality. The true touching pathos in the pages that paint without disguise and without excuse the crime which ran riot in medieval Italy, yet present the land and the people as the victims of a pitiless, inexplicable fate, a sacrifice as stern, as mysterious, and as necessary, as that of Iphigenia. The second essay traces the connection between the Elizabethan drama and Italy, and notes with subtle accuracy the contrasted effects produced by stupendous crimes and appalling vices upon the Italian nature of indifferencedness and upon the healthier sensitive English conscience. The growth of a feeling for nature forms the subject of the paper upon the Out-Door Poetry, and the diverse aspects of the outer world to the Greek, the medieval, and the modern mind are severally sketched. To the ancient nature apart from the abodes of man was peopled with terrors; to the undiscriminating mediæval fancy the woods and spring in endless monotonous succession make up the external background of poetry and romance; with our modern age the love of nature is interfused, and the watchful study of her changes enter as a new force into literature.

The second volume is devoted mainly to the School of Bolognese and to Medieval Love. The relation of the Arthurian cycle to the Carolingian tales which it supplanted, and the growth of a sentimental, unreal, immoral view of social life which it fostered, are described. The wondrous purity and inspiration of Dante’s Vita Nuova are set in vivid contrast with the enveloped literary passion of Petrarch, and the debt which modern life owes to Dante’s ideal is fully recognized.

The simple but beautiful appearance of these volumes, their perfection in print, paper, and binding, are in thorough keeping with the writer's taste, and make the work a delight to the eye as well as to the mind.

GENERAL KEYES'S FIFTY YEARS.*

GENERAL KEYES is a United States Army officer of some distinction, who graduated at West Point in 1853, and served his country up to and through the late Civil War. He has written out his recollections of men and things into a solidly printed book of more than five hundred pages. Such a story is always interesting, providing it is well told. General Keyes has a good memory, is a good talker, and has a good subject. The result is a readable book, not always in the best taste, but generally racy, frank to the point of confession, a little too frank sometimes about other people, full of the first person singular, of course, abounding in anecdote, presenting vivid pictures of the ancien régime before the War, and containing on well-nigh every page something that we should like to quote.

Of the Civil War General Keyes has comparatively little to say. He devotes to it only his last four chapters, and it is perhaps quite as well that on so recent a topic so outspoken a writer should say little. He is very free here in his criticisms and judgment, however; does justice to the importance and value of his own services, as perhaps he is right in doing; and adds some touches to accepted history. Of all his acquaintances among men, he says, General Robert Anderson had the fewest vices. “If ever there was a diamond in the rough ... it was Abraham Lincoln.” McClellan was one of his pupils at West Point, and made an impression by the facility with which he learned his lessons and his strong attachment to his friends. General Keyes, in turn, served under McClellan on the Peninsula, and the only really military chapter in this part of his book is the one that describes that early campaign in Virginia which was so disastrous to the Union arms.

The foremost figure in General Keyes’s book is General Scott, to whom the six opening chapters are almost exclusively devoted, with generous allusions in at least two chapters more. Young Keyes first saw General Scott at West Point in 1831, when the latter was President of the Board of Visitors, and he was appointed to Scott’s staff on his graduation in 1853. For eight years he was associated with his chief on terms of great and peculiar intimacy, and he uncovers the old hero to public gaze with a liberality which is affectionate if not reverential. Scott was at this time a little past middle life, but in the perfection of his manly pow-

* Fifty Years’ Observation of Men and Events, Civil and Military. By E. D. Keyes. Charles Scribner’s Sons. $1.50.
ers. He was six feet four and a quarter inches in height, and erect as an arrow. He was somewhat vain and consequential, fond of compliments and attention, and unforgiving of slight or criticism. His ruling passion was ambition. His relations with women are the subject of an entire chapter, which is a tribute to his gallantry and purity, enlivened by a number of stories. At thirty he married a Virginia lady, widely noted for her beauty and wit. He had a high sense of the honor due in all dealings with the gentler sex, and did not hesitate to rebuke coarseness and selfishness in this direction. Scott was well educated in a general way, and a good reader. His special fondness was philology. With the standard English writers he was at home. He was prepared to make acquaintance with Carlyle. He liked to be observed and waited upon, and his body servant must always be within call. This body servant for many years was David, a jet black Ethiopian, who stood so straight that "a plumb line falling from the back of his head would drop clear off his body to the ground." General Scott's chief recreation was whist. He had a healthy and vigorous stomach, and enjoyed the table. He was an epicure, and liked good company at meals.

In connection with the account of General Scott glimpses are given of Webster, Benton, Jackson, Preston, General Worth, and Sam Ward, and of Generals W. T. Sherman, Thomas, Pillow, Lee, and other afterwards notable officers in these and their early days.

After leaving Scott's staff General Keyes was ordered successively to Florida, New Orleans, West Point, California, and Washington Territory, and took a varied part in commanding barracks, teaching cadets, and fighting Indians. Grant and Lee appear side by side in chapter XII, and are traced from their West Point careers up to the end of the War; and to Grant General Keyes gives easily the highest place among all soldiers who have been born in America.

General Keyes has a good deal to say of the sectional preferences which governed army administration in the years preceding the War, a feeling which made way for Southern officers to obtain first favors and privileges, and left Northern officers quite behind.

A considerable element of letters and dispatches gives the book a certain documentary authority; but its chief quality is that of narrative, enlivened with anecdotes, displaying a strong personal flavor, containing plentiful portraits of men of mark, touching on important passages in the national life; a book not of history exactly, nor of biography, but of reminiscences pure and simple, and thoroughly readable.


**CONTemporary Socialism.**

This is the American edition of an English work, some of whose pages, the preface tells us, first appeared in the Contemporary Review, and the British Quarterly. The whole work, however, has been remodeled, and more than two thirds of it is now printed for the first time. The volume has an introductory chapter devoted to a description of modern socialism — its rise, its prevailing type, its spread through Europe — together with some pertinent remarks on what is called recent class-legislation in England; and there are chapters on the Socialism of Lasalle and Karl Marx, on the Federalism of Carl Marlo, on the "Socialists of the Chair," on Christian Socialism, on Nihilism, on Socialism and the Social Question, and one of seventy-five pages on "Progress and Poverty: Mr. George." Whether or not this last chapter is an afterthought we do not know; it is not very appropriately closed the volume, which we think would more aptly have ended with the chapter on Socialism and the Social Question, wherein the author gives us some of his most vigorous and suggestive thought.

Mr. Rae traces the growth of socialism in Germany through Fichte, Hegel, and Schleiermacher, among whom it took a speculative and purely philosophical form, up to Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lasalle, who were the first to shape it into a political system and to intensity it. He next acquaints us with the federalism of Carl Marlo, whose theory for the nationalization of all permanent stock in some degree resembeles the recently formulated doctrine of Mr. George. Both alike ground their arguments on "man's natural right as a sharer in the dominion of Nature, to the most advantageous exercise of that dominion;" and both alike err in their last analysis by falling to understand the precise grounds upon which tenure of land-property rests.

We must pass over "The Socialists of the Chair" — the latest phase of socialism in Germany, whose efforts have been directed towards a better administration of the principles of economical science by insisting on the elements of time and circumstance in every question of industrial complication — as well as the chapter on Christian Socialism. Under the latter head mention is made of the work of Maurice, Kingsley, Tom Hughes, and their associates in their labors as also of the labors of Ketteler and Monfarg among Romanists, and Todt and Stöcker among Protestants in Germany.

In the admirable chapter on Nihilism — whose principles are summed up by Schedo Ferroti "as simply the critical spirit pushed to an extreme and left without belief in anything but itself" — Mr. Rae takes us over the field of recent popular agitation in Russia, and shows how dangerous may be the state of any nation in which a considerable portion of its members ask themselves as to the working of any brute revolutionary scheme, not whether they will be the better for it, but whether they can be any the worse for it.

The chapter on Socialism and the Social Question — one of the best chapters in the book — clears away much fog from the subject under discussion, and enables us to see some of the crucial problems of the day, not through medium of a distorting theory, but as they actually exist and operate. While the socialism of today despairs of better men except through the instrumentality of political authority, and hence its first endeavor is the conquest of the powers of the State, Mr. Rae shows reason for believing that — while conducing eminently to the production of wealth — the present condition of things contains also the promise of its more equal distribution, and the potentiality of industrial success and happiness. While socialism aspires to found a state in which power and property shall be based on labor, and in which citizenship shall depend on a labor qualification — thus doing away with the present state of affairs, and establishing a government control of all permanent stock and a democracy of labor, Mr. Rae brings forward weighty evidence for assuming that in the private control of property alone do we possess an incentive capable of promoting to the utmost that industrial activity which is necessary to prosperity.

On the question of the relative poverty of the laboring classes in England since the Revolution, Mr. Rae's figures are explicit and reassuring. Two hundred years ago
THE LITERARY WORLD.

one person in six, of the whole population over sixteen years of age, was in receipt of parochial relief; now the proportion is one in fifteen. Then the hours of labor were longer, the death rate was greater, and — though beef and mutton were but 1 a 4d. and 2d. per pound respectively — half the population had meat but twice, and a fourth had meat but once, a week. Then the average income of a working-class family (including artisans and handicraftsmen with other laborers) was £12 12s.; it is now £81. The average income of families generally was then £12; it is now £162. While the average income of the country has increased fivefold, that of the laboring-class has increased six and a half times. The change that has come has borne most heavily on the yeomanry — then one seventh of all the population — and on small masters of trade: the new condition of things has failed to create as many of these as it has destroyed. Here and there are fewer retires in other classes in the social order, the gulf between capital and labor has apparently widened, and the number of avenues of escape from the condition of a wage-laborer is lessened. Still, while the standard of comfort among laboring men was lower in the 17th century than it is today, fewer were able to maintain it without parochial relief.

Mr. Rae sees no adequate grounds, however, for the despondency with regard to the condition of the wage-laborer indulged in by eminent British economists; he believes that a solution of the problem, how best to lessen the friction that at present exists, lies along those lines whereon the world today is moving. Unlike many economists, he takes note of the quality of work, and of the bearing upon this of the condition of the laborer. He favors the piece-work system where it can be used, and believes that this will prove one step towards the achievement of small ownership by the laborer. As an instance of the virtue of the principle of cooperation, he cites the case of Oldham, where seventy-five mills are worked on this system with a capital of £25,000,000; there are also in the town other cooperative undertakings valued at £71,500,000. Here and there individual Oldham operatives are stated to be worth from £5,000 to £10,000. Sheffield is mentioned as that town in the kingdom where the inequalities of fortune are least acutely felt; there operatives own their dwelling-houses, and some of them are both operatives and employers. All these results from the fact that the industries of the town are such as permit them to be carried on with small capital.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Mr. Rae's chapter on "Progress and Poverty." He takes up consecutively Mr. George's positions — his "problem," his "scientific explanation," and his "practical remedy" — and shows him to have misconceived some of the most elementary principles of industrial economy, to have battled with more weapons than he well could use, to have shifted front on one or two points, and to have signally failed to verify more than one of his most sweeping assertions. Mr. Rae cruelly says that Mr. George "first tormented his brain with imaginative facts, and then restored it with erroneous theories."

As to the point at issue between socialism and the situation as it stands today, Mr. Rae wisely points out the share that individual ambition has borne in bringing the world to its existing standard of productiveness, and expresses his conviction that "the best and surest guarantee for the highest utilization of land is private ownership, coupled with occupation by the owner."

We commend this book — which mechanically is well made, though it lacks an index — as a careful and singularly lucid contribution to the literature of the problem how best "to give the man a man's share in what goes on in life."

A YOUNG GIRL'S WOOSTING.*

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We understand that the Rev. E. P. Roe's own estimate of his novels is privately expressed to his friends in about this language: "I don't think they amount to much, but they seem to sell pretty well."

To the latter term of this sentence the figures above given bear ample witness; with the former our readers know that we pretty much agree. But power of some sort there must be in Mr. Roe's novels, or more than 41,000 copies of them in the aggregate could never have been sold.

What the power is, and where it resides, we have long since given up trying to find out. The late Dr. George Ripley thought he found in these novels "a power of invention and of description which is not met with every day in the best of writers of popular fiction."

Invention and description Mr. Roe's novels certainly show, but most critics have never yet been able to go so far as the genial Dr. Ripley in general praise of them. We have always contested Mr. Roe's claims to be considered a great novelist, if indeed he has ever made such claims; but the popularity of his books, a popularity which is simply enormous, is a fact not to be overlooked or sneered at. Any author of fiction, the circulation of whose works, at this present point of the nineteenth century, has approximated half a million of copies, has a right to at least respect from criticism; and some of his contemporaries, who think that they do better than Mr. Roe, might be thankful if they could do half so well. Judged by apparent popularity, not Mr. James is the leading American novelist of the time, not Mr. Howells, not Miss Phelps, not Mr. A. S. Hardy, not Mr. Fawcett, not Mr. Harte, not Mr. Julian Hawthorne; but the Rev. E. P. Roe. Yet popularity is by no means the only or the first test of merit.

In some respects Mr. Roe's latest novel is his best. The indefinable defect of style so glaring in former books is less glaring in this. Mr. Roe's style has always seemed to us of the lymphatic sort; a style like a fleshy, flabby, soft, bloodless kind of person, who looks round and full, but has neither textual firmness nor muscular force. In the present work, "A Young Girl's Wooing," there is, we think, a noticeable improvement. The descriptive passages are less strained and more vivid, the dialogue is less artificial, there is a florid but not flowery, and a better literary tone, and there are places in it where the author's method rises to real excellence. One of these is the account of Magde's contest with the horse which Graydon Muir has procured for her, an account which, taken in its connections, few readers will be able to pass without feeling the blood stir within them:

She put her foot in his hand, and was mounted in a moment; the reins were in hand. The horse reared, but a sharp downward pull to the right brought him to his feet again. Then he plunged and kicked, but she sat as if a part of him, meanwhile speaking to him in firm, gentle tones. His next unexpected freak was to run backward in a way that sent the neighboring group flying. Instantly Magde gave him a slinging blow over the hind quarters, and he fairly sprung into the air. "Get off, Magde," cried Mr. Muir, authoritatively, but the horse was speeding down the road toward the house, and Graydon, who had looked on wildly, followed, saw the hotel she had brought him up with the powerful curb, and prancing, curvetting, straining管线 first in one direction, then in the other, meanwhile trembling half with anger, half with terror, the mastered brute passed the piazza with its admiring groups. Graydon was at her side. He did not see Miss Wildmire frowning with vexation and envy, or Arnault's complacent observation. With sternly compressed lips and steady eyes he watched Magde, that, whatever emergency occurred, he might do all that was possible for Magde. The young girl herself was a presence not soon to be forgotten. Her lips were slightly parted, her eye glowing with a joyful sense of power, and her pose, flexible to the eccentric motions of the horse, grace itself. They passed on down the winding carriage drive, out upon the main street, and then she turned, waved her hand in chief to Mr. Muir, and with her companion galloped away.

Magde Alden, the "young girl," whose "wooing" is the subject of the story, is the good angel of it; Miss Wildmire is the bad angel. Magde is a miraculously recovered consumptive, whom a sojourn at Santa Barbara has converted from a pale, listless, unattractive child into a strong, radiant, magnetic woman. Miss Wildmire is an indolent, empty-hearted coquette. The question laid before the reader is — which of these two women Graydon Muir will marry? Magde, whose sister is his brother's wife,
and with whom he has grown up on so familiar terms as almost to overlook her altogether; or Miss Wildmire, whose father is financially embarrassed, and whose choice hesitates between Graydon Mur and another lover, who has it in his power to relieve her father. Madge is the one real deliberate woorer in the book; but works in a disguise of course, and we shall leave our readers to find out from the book itself the measure of her success.

As for scenery, the foreground is supplied by the Catskills and the background by Wall Street. The undertone only is religious, and faint at that. Mr. Roe has done his best to write a novel, pure and simple, picturing New York and suburban society of the day in colors designed to bring out the virtues of truth and unselfishness, and the higher ideas of life and duty. Mr. Roe is still conventional in his types of character and commonplace in his incidents of action, but he certainly lays a stronger hand upon our attention and interest in this book than in anything he has yet written.

A HISTORY OF MARYLAND IN PART.

This is the third volume in the series of "American Commonswealths," but like Dr. Barrows’s "Oregons," which was the second, it falls behind Mr. John Esten Cooke’s "Virginia," which was the first, both in ability and in interest. Mr. Cooke’s "Virginia" was simply admirable, and we said in our notice of it, if we remember, that he had left a hard task for the writers who were to follow him.

In Maryland, Mr. William Hand Browne has a subject which is almost as picturesque as Virginia, if not so large and imposing in its outline and dimensions, but he has handled it in rather a mechanical and perfunctory manner, with but a little of that touch which made Mr. Cooke’s monograph so fascinating. Nor have the defects of his work been supplied by the editor of the series, as the reader would expect that they might be. What is the function of the editor of a series of books like these, if not to instruct its several authors that the time has gone by for good and respectable books to be published without tables of contents? Yet here is a book, professing to be a history, and not only has it no table of contents, but its chapters even have no headings! It has an index, and it has also an excellent map, for both of which features thanks are due. But the omission of chapter headings and contents is a serious blemish, from which we cannot think of any possible excuse.

Furthermore this history of Maryland by title, is, in fact, a history of Maryland only as a "palatinate," that is to say as a royal province; it covers only the colonial period; it does not give a line, not even a word, to the history of the State subsequent to 1781.

Now so far as Maryland was a "palatinate" it was not a "commonwealth;" so far as it is a commonwealth its history subsequent to 1781 has a certain place in a book like this. If Mr. Browne’s plan and space prevented his writing the history of Maryland’s last hundred years, he should at least have sketched that history in a single chapter, or have appended a chronology of the events of that period. In this respect the work seems to us seriously defective.

Further still, for the period which it does cover it is almost exclusively a political history, and almost not at all a history of the people. Barren the vague glimpses of Calvert, and Claiborne, and Mistress Margaret Brent, there are no portraits to speak of. Except for a few faint lines in chapter X there are no pictures of manners, customs, life, and social evolution. Yet how rich was colonial Maryland in scenes over which an historian could play with delight at the margin! What romance has been imparted to Maryland’s story by her peculiar configuration—her great dividing bay, her innumerable rivers, estuaries, and creeks, her famous Eastern Shore. But of all this, except the mere statement of the fact on p. 159, there is nothing in Mr. Browne’s pages. Here and there is a little touch which shows the susceptibilities of the subject, as for example the allusion to the tobacco currency on p. 155 and the "rolling roads" on p. 162. The foreground of the narrative is all taken up with charters, grants, boundaries, and assemblies; things important, of course, but not all of history. Mr. Browne has set up the skeleton of Maryland as a youth; but Maryland clothed with flesh, Maryland the mature, we do not see. The general character of the work, of course, cannot be changed, but a supplementary chapter or two should certainly be added in a future edition, doing justice, in a breath, at least, to Maryland’s later years.

These exceptions taken, Mr. Browne’s book has the merit of having been written "almost entirely from the original manuscript records and archives," now, by the liberal action of the General Assembly, made easy of access to every student. It is in sixteen chapters. The first and second introduce Lord Baltimore, and describe the charter of Maryland, a charter which "contains the most ample rights and privileges ever conferred by a sovereign of England." The colony is planted in Chapter III, and the "hundreds," as the districts of population were known, begin to appear in Chapter IV, though their formation is not explained with sufficient clearness. In Chapter V Skene the Virginia colonists and Lord Baltimore’s difficulties with Cromwell’s Protectorate, ending in his complete triumph. Governor Kendall’s administration, with its unfortunate developments, follows in Chapter VI, and then the colony enters upon a prosperous but uneventful career. It grew steadily. The colonists led an almost ideal life. Tobacco was the one staple, and its over-production an error which led to much trouble. Lord Baltimore died and was succeeded by his son. There was less than the usual friction with the Indians, but there were difficulties with sorer-headed politicians, disputes about boundaries, jealousies between Protestants and Romanists, and now and then a civil conflict at arms with some unruly faction. Communication was easy by water. Almost every plantation could have its own landing; grist-mills were few and far between; ducks, crabs, terrapin, and oysters, lived in security; and cider was plenty. The wealthier planters lived in brick houses, built of bricks made on the spot. Society was aristocratic. Families were the centers. The marriage bond was revered. Hospitality was boundless. The rougher and coarser crimes were infrequent. Courts were held at St. Mary’s and Annapolis, the only almost the real towns of the colony for the first ninety years of its existence, were added the beginnings of the present metropolis. The sixty acres of Baltimore’s original site were bought in 1729 for forty shillings the acre. Braddock’s campaign of 1753 touched the nerves of Maryland, and made them jump, and as the Revolution drew on, the province was prompt and spirited in taking ground for independence; but for the story of Maryland’s generous and important aid in the Revolutionary struggle, of her sufferings by the War of 1812, and of her unique relations to the late Civil War, we must look to some other writer.

What Mr. Browne means by saying that "the history of Maryland’s share in the War of Independence would be the history of the War itself," we do not exactly understand. That extravagance is tantamount to saying that Maryland fought the War.

—D. Lathrop & Co. have in preparation the following gift books: Hein’s "Lyric Interlude," translated by Franklin Johnson; "It is the Christmas Time," twelve Christmas hymns and poems; The Lost Chord, by Adelaide A. Proctor; and an E din Arnold Birthday Book, edited by Miss I. Arnold. They will also add the following to their list of juvenile books: A Family Flight Around Home, by E. E. Hale and Susan Hale; A Double Story, by George Macdonald; Intra-

*[Maryland, the History of a Palatinate. By William Hand Browne. (American Commonswealths. Edited by Horace B. Scudder.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.35.]*
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1854.


INDIAN LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND.*

The collector of these legends was extremely fortunate in having the aid of several careful workers along the same line, and obtaining, himself or through them, all of his material "directly from Indian narrators," so that he is sure of "aboriginal authority for every tale except one." He considers himself but a beginner in this field, and says:

This Wabanaki mythology, which was that which gave a fairy, an elf, a naiad, or a hero to every rock and river and ancient hill in New England, is but the one of all others which is least known to New Englanders. When the last Indian shall be in his grave, those who come after us will ask in wonder why we had no curiosity as to the romance of our country, and so much as to that of every other land on earth.

Mr. Leland finds in Indian traditions the remains of a grand mythology, whose central figure was suggestive of Thor or Odin, with a strong, domestic element. This god, "Glooskap," is the Norse god intensified; and the connection of various legends shows them to be parts of one great whole, and constantly analogous to those of the younger Edda. To one who will take the trouble to compare the two books the similarity is surprising. In the Algonquin, two loons are the "tale-bearers;" in the Edda, two ravens; in the former, two giants were born, one from his mother's arm-pit, while in the latter, both were from her arm-pit; the Edda has a sun made from the ash-tree, the Indian from the trunk of the ash; in the Edda, Loke is the mischief-maker, and a similar being called Lox is the hero of a series of merry Indian tales. In this wise the parallel might be continued, furnishing evidence provocative of diligent investigation. It is further a singular fact that the Indians declare how "all these tales were once poems, handed down from generation to generation, and always sung. Once they were religious. They have been cast into a new form, but they are not yet quite degraded to the nursery tale." Mingled, however, with tales of the power of good or evil, of sorcery, of transformation in animals, of the origin of animals, of tricks and adventures, are several so distinctly of the nursery order that they instantly recall the story of Cinderella and others of that class. As further proof that all lore and legends have their roots away back in one locality, and are only variants of an old theme, there is a master who has a magical pipe that persuades all animals to follow him, and there is also an aboriginal Rip Van Winkle. The freshest and the rarest of all the stories showing how Glooskap could not conquer the baby, is worth quoting entirely. He had conquered ghosts, witches, devils, cannibals and wondered if his work was at an end:

And he said this to a certain woman. But she replied, "Not so fast, master, for there yet remains one who has ever conquered or got the better of in any way, and who will remain unconquered to the end of time." "And who is he?" inquired the master. "It is the mighty Waasis," she replied, and there she sits; and I warn you that if you meddle with him you will be in sore trouble." Then Waasis was the Baby. And he sat on the floor sucking a piece of maple-sugar, greatly contented, troubling no one. As the Lord of Men and Beasts had never married or had a child, he knew nought of the way of managing children. Therefore he was quite certain, as is the wont of such people, that all the people in all the world could do nothing to Baby with a bewitching smile and bade him come to him. Then Baby smiled again, but did not dip into his sugar. And as the master had made his voice like that of the summer bird, but it was of no avail, for Waasis sat still and sucked his maple-sugar. Then the master frowned and spoke terribly, and ordered Waasis to come crawling to him immediately. And Baby burst out into crying and yelling, but did not move for all that. Then, since he could do but one thing more, the master had recourse to magic. He used his mouth sang the songs which raise the dead and scare the devils. And Waasis sat and looked on admiringly, and seemed to find it very interesting, but still sat quite unmoved an inch. So Glooskap gave it up in despair, and Waasis, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went gool, gool, and crawled. And to this day when you see a babe well contented, going gool, gool and crawling, and no one can tell why, it is because he remembers the time when he overcame the master who had conquered all the world. For of all the beings that have ever been since the beginning, Baby is alone the only invincible one.

As a stroke of genius and humor the above, told by an old Penobscot woman, is the greatest success of the book. There are about eighty of the tales in all, with several queer, aboriginal illustrations. The frontispiece is from a picture scratched on birch bark representing the Indian Puck in a few spirited, characteristic touches or "scrapings." The publishers have done their part in putting the legends into a handsome dress, the rich covers and red top making an appearance gratifying to the eye.

MINOR NOTICES.

Manual of Preaching; Lectures on Homiletics. By Franklin W. Fisk. [A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1854. Svo. Pp. 88.] After the almost countless lectures upon homiletics published within a few years, elaborate and minute exposures, and more desultory fragments of experience, there is still room for a Manual of Preaching as simple and excellent as this by Professor Fisk. During the twenty-five years of his residence at the Theological Seminary, as the author tells us in his preface, "from year to year the lectures in this department have been abbreviated, and the practical exercises increased." In this book, therefore, we have not only the ripe results of a teacher's long experience, but we have these results condensed into concise and practical form. The contrast in this respect between this volume and the volumes of Professor Phelps and Dr. Hoppin is striking, and however valuable the latter books may be for reading and reference, for practical use Professor Fisk's has an advantage at the outset. Nor has brevity been gained at any cost of clearness or force. The details are quite sufficient, the logical arrangement is complete, and the distinctions and definitions are made with admirable precision. Two introductory lectures discuss the design of the study, the difficulties and dangers of the preacher, and the means of attaining skill in his work. The sermon is next defined with its parts, and each of these is in turn studied—text, introduction, exposition, subject, division, development—expository, illustrative, argumentative, persuasive, and the conclusion. Illustration and style form the theme of three lectures, and from the analysis the author turns to the synthesis, closing with three chapters of suggestions in regard to the sources of the sermon, and the methods of composition and delivery. Here, and throughout the book, the author's counsels are wise, earnest, and straightforward. His remarks about modesty in the speaker and his style are unusually well put. Indeed we note but two faults, neither of them serious. The frequent use of the undeniable though allowable adjective "lengthy," and a somewhat indiscriminate recommendation of authorities in his second chapter. No student and no minister in active work could fail to profit by reading this book with care.

Select Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited with Notes by Wm. J. Rolfe. Illus. [J. R. Osgood & Co. 1856.] We are glad to see that Mr. Rolfe, having finished his edition of Shakespeare's single plays, is going right forward with critical studies of other English poets, and that there is a prospect of having a full line of helps from him along a considerable part of the path of English literature. This collection of Select Poems of Tennyson presents identically the same appearance and much the same plan with the Shakespearian series; and the short poems it embodies are the following:


Mr. Rolfe gives in full the text of these several poems from Tennyson's collected works, and inserts in his preface a characteristic note from Miss Elizabeth Peabody deprecating Lord Tennyson's habit of revising his earlier poems, and adds to the 142 pages of poems nearly fifty pages of notes, besides an index of words and phrases explained. There are also numerous and generally valuable wood-cuts. For ordinary reading of Tennyson, and for school use, such a handbook as this is certain to be serviceable. We hope to hear soon that a similar edition of "In Memoriam" is in preparation.
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BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

Table Talk.

... George Alfred Townsend, otherwise known as "Guth," and the author of The Entailed Estate, writes about twenty-one columns a week for the Cincinnati Enquirer, two for the Philadelphia Times, two for the Boston Globe, and two or three a week for the New York Tribune. He sends three columns daily to the Cincinnati Enquirer by telegraph, and his income from the aggregate of his newspaper work is thought not to fall below $8,000 a year. He keeps two assistants, one of whom takes down his dictation in short-hand, while the other does the writing out.

... Mr. C. E. Bolton, who has had a prominent part in the management of that great popular instructor, the Cleveland Educational Bureau, will take the lecture field this winter with an illustrated course of "European Travels." We have reason to believe that Mr. Bolton is an instructive and entertaining lecturer.

... Mr. Axel Gustafson, the author of The Drink Question, is not a graduate of Harvard College, as was stated in these columns a few weeks ago, but was for some time a student at the Harvard Divinity School. He is the son of the Rev. Frederick Thure Gustafson, a Swedish scholar and divine, was born in Sweden, and studied at the University of Lund. For some seven years he has been a naturalized citizen of the United States, but for the last three years has lived in London with his gifted wife, Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson, whose name is already well known to American readers, and who assisted him largely in the preparation of his work on alcoholism. Mr. Gustafson's articles in the Reviews have appeared under his own name, but his contributions to the Boston dailies under the pseudonym of "Cari Bremer."

... Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor now of the Century, and the former time poet, is a slight man with a moustache, long hair, an intellectual face, and "marvelous eyes." Julian Hawthorne is another man of marked personal appearance, about six feet tall, with a full dark red beard. Mr. George F. Lathrop is living in New York in an up-town flat — "up" in two senses.

... An interesting occasion at Providence, R. I., on Friday of last week, was the presentation at the Friends' School of a portrait of John G. Whittier, accompanied by an address on the character and writings of the poet, by President Chace of Haverford College, Pennsylvania. Other addresses, and letters from distinguished admirers of Mr. Whittier, added to the commemoration.

... Mr. E. P. Roe is to receive five thousand dollars for his story "An Original Belle," which is to appear in the Current of Chicago this month. The originality of the belle in question consists in her forsaking a life of triviality and social success in order to devote herself to the task of making forceful men out of flippant society. The era chosen for the story is the time of the great riots of a few years since, and a dramatic strain is interwoven with the main motive.

... Mr. Eben E. Rexford, author of Silver Threads Among the Gold, intends to issue his first considerable volume of verses next year. Latterly, he has written the words for a collection of songs for church use, from Gossow and other celebrated composers, to be published by a New Yorker; at present he has in hand a blank-verse story of much promise, to appear in a proposed Western magazine. Mr. Rexford keeps very busy with his literary work, which he finds increasingly remunerative.

... "Margery Deane" (Marie J. Pitman) whose European Breeze was one of the most successful books of foreign travel and observation, is about to put her later newspaper letters from Europe into a volume, which Misses Lee & Shepard will publish in season for the spring trade. Mrs. Pitman has a novel in view, which she hopes to put in manuscript before the end of the year. She will remain in her Newport home most of the winter.

... Emma Alice Brown, who has written the verses for the New York Ledger for more than twenty years, though isolated, and little discussed in print, is a remarkable character, and has experienced an eventful history. She is a native of Maryland, but spent most of her childhood and youth in Wayne County, Pennsylvania. Her father, William A. Brown, a Methodist preacher, was a relative of Felicia D. Hemans, whose maiden name was Browne. Emma Alice, left fatherless in babyhood, found life a hard struggle at an early age. Her poetical precocity manifested itself in season to enable her in her own chosen way to meet the conflict with poverty; however, and after years of unpaid practice in verse-writing she entered upon her career at thirteen, as a compensated contributor. George D. Prentice, who then edited the Louisville Courier-Journal, became interested in the girl, used her verses regularly and paid for them, and assisted her greatly in obtaining relief from a lung trouble which threatened her. Robert Bos- nen, to whom she sent poems, was struck with their popular qualities, and called for more, until he came to employ her in such writing at a salary. She now writes almost exclusively for the Ledger. Her love of nature led her into a kindred occupation to that of verse-writing, namely, that of flower-painting directly from nature; in which she still engages, and is very successful. She now resides with her three little boys — left her in widowhood — in Danville, Ill. In personal appearance she is small (only four feet, seven inches high), of nervous sanguine complexion, perfectly molded, rather plump, and very quick in movement; her face round and girlish, though somewhat worn and melancholy in expression; her hair very dark and abundant, her eyes dark gray, forehead full and bold, and cheek and chin dimpled. Mrs. Bevar (her name since marriage) has enough material in her own history to fill a similar interest. Her work in literature, however (certain pieces of which, as "Measuring the Baby," have become widely popular), is verse, exclusively. She contemplates coming East before spring with the material for her first volume.

... A week or two hence, at the Boston O., will shortly begin the publication of a somewhat pretentious magazine, to be called The Inland Monthly.

... Miss Emma E. Brown, author of The Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.'s biographical series, has just completed another volume of the same series, which will appear forthwith.

A Floating paragraph states that "Miss M. E. Sangster, the talented poet, is a journalist of distinction, and is assistant editor of the New York Christian Intelligencer." This doubtless refers to Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who, if a "talented poet," is yet so far from being "a journalist of distinction" as to be merely the editor of the home department of the Christian Intelligencer; a quiet, middle-aged woman, who, besides keeping house in the city of Brooklyn, entertaining friends, and conducting the newspaper department alluded to, contributes to various leading periodicals those tender verses and sweet and sensible articles on home culture and spiritual life which are copied almost exactly; whose Talks With Girls, a book of wise reflections and counsels, sold widely in this country, and was republished in England; and whose other books — of which there are five — have been extensively read; yet who, since she voices so little verse and so popular a phase, and occupies so modest a sphere as an editor — her work lying distinctively in the field of home and the affections, would not recognize herself as either a talented poet or a distinguished journalist, or even a successful author. If the paragraph had spoken of Mrs. Sangster as possessing an almost unique and enviable reputation as a newspaper contributor, he would not have characterized her inappropriately.

A private letter to this office from a London literary lady of distinction speaks of a private hearing the day before of parts of the lecture which Mr. E. W. Gosse is coming to give in Boston. "They are very remarkable and novel, and give quite a new idea of the early beginning and the long duration of what people generally call the 'Queen Anne' period of English verse."

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Our notices of Holiday Books we shall reserve for appearance later in the season; but we will keep their titles posted here before the reader's eyes from this time on.

Hawthorne's Wonder Book. Illus. Houghton. 5.50
Scott's Marmion. Illus. Osgood. 6.00
Burns' Works. Illus. Crowell. 2.50
Some Modern Excursions. White, Stokes & Allen 10.00
Good Things from Life. White, Stokes & Allen 2.00
Lay of the Last Minstrel. Crowell 2.50

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

In 1873, Chicago, then a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, was entirely without any public library, or even any considerable private collection of books to which the public might gain access. The great fire of that year drew the attention of the world to the rapidly growing city, and the nucleus of the present Public Library was formed by contributions from charitable people the world over. It is to efforts of a number of English gentlemen that the citizens of Chicago are largely indebted for their Public Library. Mr. Thomas Hughes headed and circulated a subscription list, by means of which seven thousand pounds was raised. A donation of £3,000 of Oxford caused richly-bound copies of all the publications of the University Press to be added to the collection. The Queen sent a copy of the
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Early Years of the Prince Consort, with an autograph letter of condolence for the stricken city.

On the arrival of the books at Chicago, no library was found with which the new collection might be incorporated. The books were therefore stored away to await the action of the legislature and upon the most advantageous terms, a large circular iron tank, previously used as a reservoir, was utilized as a place of deposit. It was not until 1874 that a librarian was appointed, and the library, containing 18,113 volumes, opened to the public.

At present the shelves of the library hold 110,000 books. The total accessions the past year numbered 420,313 volumes; of which amount 320,000, or well over half, were presented, and the remainder purchased at a cost of $13,995. The expenses of the library are provided for by a tax of one half a mill on each dollar of assessed valuation of city property. The library is considered well up toward completeness in its historical department and in periodical literature. In the latter department it has been the aim of the directors to possess every periodical treated in Poole’s Index, and this end is now nearly obtained.

During the past year 420,313 volumes have been drawn from the circulating department for home use, an increase of fourteen per cent upon the circulation of the year before. The average daily circulation was 1,404 volumes, the largest number drawn on any one day being 3,317. Twenty-three thousand seven hundred and eighty-three cards are held by book borrowers, entitling them to draw books for home use. During the year the Reference Department accommodated 59,566 visitors with the use of 175,350 books. A noticeable feature in the development of the Reference Department is the marked increase in the use of patent publications. In the past year the demand for these has increased 71 per cent. Complete sets of the United States, British, French, German, and Canadian Patents are on the shelves, and are in constant use, not only by residents of Chicago, but by citizens from all the northwest. The Reading Room connected with the library contains 415 serials which were consulted during the past year by 603,303 visitors.

The efficiency of the library has been largely increased by the establishment of four delivery stations in different parts of the city. A wagon makes regular trips between these stations and the main library, and orders left at the former are filled in a few hours.

A very commendable plan has been recently inaugurated for the purpose of awakening a love of books among the pupils of the public schools, and guiding them in their use of the library. The plan, briefly stated, is this: A teacher makes an appointment with the librarian for a certain day, stating the subject to be investigated. The standard works and illustrated books on the subject in the library are laid out on the tables in the directors’ room. The selection of these books is left to the teacher, thus enabling him to speak understandingly upon the subject under consideration. The most advantageous method of using the books. On the arrival of the class, the librarian makes a short address, giving hints as to the methods of using the library, and of making investigations. The teacher then makes his address upon the prescribed topic, after which the pupils are shown through the library, and taught the proper use of the books. Twenty-seven of these classes have been held, and at each the room has been filled to its utmost capacity.

It is impossible to speak too severely of the unreadiness of the present library rooms for the use to which they are put. The large collection of books is arranged on the third floor of a business block by no means fire-proof. The fire of 1871 was the indirect cause which led to Chicago’s possessing this library. Today there is great danger that a fire may suddenly take it away again. The arrangements for visits are very inconvenient. To reach the circulating department two steep flights of stairs must be scaled, while a visit to the library proper is no more than a climb of one flight. The rooms are cramped and ill ventilated. The desks set aside for readers in the Reference Department are insufficient in number and always overcrowded. The existence of these unpleasant conditions is not due to any malfeasance on the part of either directors or librarian. The former are all well-known Chicago gentlemen; and the latter, Mr. William F. Poole, the author of Poole’s Index, and a librarian of national reputation.

A plan is now under way for the erection of a public library building, fire-proof, and of suitable size. The piece of land known as Dearborn Park has been selected as the site, and, if favorable action upon the matter is taken by the next Congress, work will be at once begun. The location is a central one, and citizens of Chicago are anxious to see the Public Library suitably housed.

WILLIS J. ABBOTT.

Chicago, October, 1884.

World Biographies.

Vernon Lee. This is the pseudonym of Miss Violet Paget, a contemporaneous English author, one of whose two latest works, Euphrosyne and the Countess of Albany, is reviewed in the present number of the Literary World. Miss Paget was born of English parents at Chateaux de Leonad, near Boulogne, October 14, 1856, and has always lived on the Continent. Her childhood was spent in France and Germany, with succeeded. When she was ten years old she went to Nice; two years later she was taken to Rome, where she lived until she was seventeen. During these years in Nice and Rome her chief companions were her half brother, Eugene Lee Hamilton, then attache at Paris, and now a rising poet, whose name is becoming known for his fantastic and dramatic verse, with Mr. John S. Sargent, the painter, and his sister, with whom she spent long hours in the galleries of Rome. Miss Paget published her first story when she was only thirteen years old. It was written in French, and appeared in a French-Swiss magazine called La Famille. The French language was then more natural to her than the English. Five years later she wrote in Italian a series of essays on English novels for the Rivista Europea. When Miss Paget was fifteen she had already begun her literary studies for a some of the most magnificent methods of writing in Italy, which was published as a collected whole when she was twenty-three. This work, whose component parts had attracted notice as they first appeared in the different reviews, at once established Miss Paget’s position in a front rank of English essayists. Since then she has published Euphrosyne (1877), tender (1878), written when he was thirteen; The Prince of the Hunter Dewsley (1871), Euphrosyne (1871), a collection of essays first appearing in the Contemporary. The Messrs. Blackwood will publish this coming winter a novel of character study and analysis by Miss Paget, entitled Miss Brown. Miss Paget visited England when she was six years old, and since 1880 has spent a rule the summer months in England, but the winters in Florence.

Eugene L. Didier. Mr. Didier, whose Life of Poe is one of the most notable of the many lives of that author, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, presumably about the middle of the present century, but to what exact date of his birth it has not yet become a matter of public information. His name, as might be supposed, is of French origin, but has become Americanized as to its pronunciation, and is known as dy-deer. Mr. Didier’s literary career began early by the publication of several sketches in the Home Journal, and since then his name has frequently appeared in leading American reviews, magazines, and literary journals as a contributor. In 1876 he published his Life of Poe, which has since passed through ten editions. In 1879 appeared his Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte, which won popularity in England and America, and in a very short time went through several editions in both countries. In May, 1883, the People’s Publishing Co. of Baltimore issued a tiny volume by Mr. Didier entitled A Primer of Criticism, which at once attracted attention by reason of the severity of its attacks upon Howells, Stedman, Stoddard, Richard G. White, and other popular writers. As a correlative to certain tendencies which work against impartial criticism, this book might be of substantial service but for the fact that the author more than once fails to draw the line between “fearless criticism” and intemperate zeal, and in the failure passes the bounds of good taste and good feeling. Mr. Didier has published the present season a pamphlet of much the same spirit upon Mr. James G. Blaine, and is now preparing a volume of Sketches of European Travel. His foreign letters to the Literary World have been among the best of their kind, and have always been Baltimore, and he is suspected of being the soul, if not the body, of the People’s Publishing Company.

The Irish Athens.

Strolling along the beautiful banks of the river Lee near Cork, one afternoon in the early spring, the sound of the distant bells of Shandon came faintly but sweetly to my ear. Listening to those musical chimes my thoughts naturally reverted to him who had made them immortal—Francis Mahony, better known by his nom de plume of “Father Froul.” The evening before I had dined with the learned Miss Delany, the venerable bishop of Cork (by whom let me say, en passant, I had the honor of being beaten at a game of chess, after sparing his queen), and he had sung at my request, the “Bells of Shandon.” In spite of his fourscore years and the two centuries of English bishops who have been bishop of Cork, rich, and the fifteen priests and laymen who sat at his hospital board joined in the chorus with a will which showed that the genius of Father Froul was highly appreciated by the people of Cork, both lay and clerical, although early in life he had retired from the priesthood and joined that brilliant band of living writers, including Dickens, Thackeray, Maginn, etc., who made the rep-
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[Nov. 1,

Good punch, tell a good story, sing a good song, and compose one, too. But Father Prout was the most moderate of that fast set. Unlike Maggin, whose hair was white at twenty-seven, and who died of premature old age before he was fifty, Francis Mahony lived until he was past three-score. He died at Paris in the year 1866, having become reconciled to the church on his death-bed. An old Franciscan Father, whom I met in Cork, and who had known Mahony well, told me that, even in his most careless days, he had never been guilty of any serious lapses from his sacerdotal character.

During his long and restless life Francis Ma-

hony wandered far from his native city, but he never forgot the tender associations connected with the spot where his happy youth and early manhood had been spent. In the “Bells of Shandon” — the poem by which he will be the best and longest remembered — he tells us in lines that blend sweetness with strength, spirit with pathos, how he longed to distract his unsatisfied soul, by roaming the world over, he had come to Moscow’s famous bell, and heard the Turkoman calling men to prayer from the tall minarets adjoining Saint Sophia’s mighty dome, but,

Where'er I wander,
I still grow fonder,
Sweet are these places.
With thy bells of Shandon,
They reverberate on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

After life's fitful fever Father Prout sleeps be-

neath those bells which he loved so well.

As I stood by the humble grave of Gerald Griffin in the grounds of the Christian Brothers at Cork, I thought of the gallant fight that proved and gifted poet had made for literary success — how he had left home, friends, and country, and gone to London to seek his fortune — that London whose streets have been watered by the tears of so many men of genius — where Spenser had died of want, and Otway had choked to death from too eager devouring a roll when famished from hunger; where Johnson and Gold- smith had struggled for years with poverty until at last their splendid talents had burst through the clouds that hung over their youthful lives. Undeterred by these examples and by the tragic fate of the marvellous boy, Chatterton, Gerald Griffin in all the pride of youth, started out to crown himself with literary honors. Like the young Alexander when he set out to conquer the world, he was inspired by hope. The Grecian hero depended for success on his sword; the Irish poet depended on his pen. The struggle of the latter was long and fierce — he suffered from cold and hunger, he worked day and night, wrote novelas, operas, poems, plays, essays, songs, criticisms, etc. His beautiful novel, The Colle-
gions, furnished Bouchault with the plot of the Shaughran, a play which brought both fame and money to the dramatist, but very little money and not much immediate fame to the novelist.

It has been said of Gerald Griffin that he only waited the gift of judgment to be an Irish Walter Scott. Had the talents requisite to write short and simple stories, but he wanted the crowning gift of genius — that grand, comprehensive judgment which grasps the whole plot of a play or story at once, by intuition. His genius was not equal to the unfolding of a drama like that of Waverley, or a purely tragic story like that of Kenilworth. He could not paint the passions of such princely nobles as Leicester and Buckingham, much less the mighty hearts of kings, and what is a drama without kings and queens? What would the Athenian drama have been without the Royal House of Athens? What would Shakespeare be without royalty? Gerald Griffin wrote three plays before he was twenty years old, two of which were destroyed by their author, after vainly endeavoring to get them on the stage. The third, the tragedy of Gyippus, after being read, admired, but declined by Charles Kean, and other actors and managers, was played at Drury Lane, with Macready in the leading part. Under such favorable auspices Gyippus was a great success, but it has not kept the stage. Gerald Griffin is best remembered now by The Collegians and some of his sweet and graceful lyrics. Among the latter may be mentioned “A place in thy memory, dearest,” which was once only less popular than the “Last Rose of Summer.”

In the thirty-eighth year of his age, Gerald Griffin, tired of the endless toil and endeavor of a London literary life, returned to his native country, and sought in the religious retirement of a Christian Brotherhood solace for his wearied soul. Two years later he died. In the full flush of youth and ambition, he had been haunted by the thought of an early death, and wrote a poem which contained these lines:

With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,
I glanced up the rugged way penting for fame,
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
I won for my garden:
My triumphs I viewed from the least to the brightest,
As gay flowers plucked from the fragile of death
Whenever my garments faded and lightest,
I looked for the skeleton lurking beneath.

Daniel Maclise, who did as much with his pencil to make the Fraser set famous, as they did with their pens, was a fellow townswoman of Maginn and Mahony. Justin McCarthy, the novelist, historian, essayist, lecturer, and Member of Parliament, is also a native of the bright little city on the river Lee. In the Cork Cathedral I saw a tablet erected in memory of Dr. England, the first Catholic Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, whose learning and eloquence won for him the title of the “Boswell of America.” He, too, was a native of Cork, but when he was made Bishop of Charleston, he became an American in heart and soul, and many men who opposed his coming to Charleston lived to regret his death as a calamity to his adopted city and adopted country.

Dublin is the metropolis of Ireland, and the seat of Trinity College, before which stand the life-size and life-like statues of Goldsmith and Burke. But Trinity College is called “our silent sister” by the great universities of England and Scotland, so rarely does it send forth a man who distinguishes himself in after life. Yet Cork, which possesses neither college nor university, by the number and brilliancy of its literary men has deserved the proud title of the Irish Athens.

EUGENE L. DIDIER.

Baltimore, Md., October.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are something to say, about, to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

"The Literature of the Bad." To the Editor of the Literary World:

For one, I beg to thank you for your excellent article under this title in the number for Oct. 18th current. Would that all editors were as conscientious! The production and publication of an indecent book should be sufficient to disgrace author and publisher. The sexual passion in its inordinate and unlawful developments should never be referred to in books intended for general circulation. But this evil often has its root in early education. Boys are rewarded for a dangerous knowledge which they should never be permitted to acquire; and an acquaintance with the corrupting images of Propertius, Petronius Arbiter, Ioannes Secundus, and others of the same school, in youth, is supplemented by the lewdness of Congreve, Farquhar, Beaumont and Fletcher, Vanbrugh, Ford, Wycherley, Massinger, Tobin Moore, Ouida, and Swinburne in later days.

But should all these books, and many like them, be lost to the world because they are licentious? Certainly they should, and the world would be greatly the gainer. Surely there are enough things which are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, of virtue, and of praise, to think about, and to write about, without descending to the disgusting topics which many men, and, alas! many women, seem to find so attractive. Let no such offenders obtrude themselves or their vicious production upon the public, or on society which has reason to regard them as among its dire enemies.

S. AUGUST ALLBONE.

New York, October 25, 1884.

NEW FOREIGN BOOKS.

Sir Henry Cole has written out his recollections of Fifty Years of Public Work, beginning with his leaving of the Bluecoat School in 1823, and continuing through his associations with Sir Francis Palgrave, Sir Rowland Hill, and the Prince Consort, chiefly in connection with State Papers and Public Records. Sir Henry copied, edited, designed, and played the various parts of a versatile man in fortunate positions. His two volumes are gossipy, personal, readable. [Bell & Sons.]

Mr. Richard Howlett is editing for the Rolls Series Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen, Henry II, and Richard I. The first volume consists of the first four books of William of Newburg's Historia Rerum Anglicarum, a sort of Justin McCarthy's history of our own times," says the Athenæum. William of Newburg entered an Augustinian priory on the road from York to Durham about the middle of the 13th century, and spent fifty years there listening to the tales of travelers and poring over the old manuscripts in the library. The signal of his Historia has long been disappeared, but no less than nine copies of it remain, all of which have been collated for Mr. Howlett's edition. William of Newburg was an exact and authentic recorder. [Longmans & Co.]

Mr. John T. Gilbert's edition of Fac-similes of National Manuscripts of Ireland is concluded with the second section of the fourth volume just published. It pursues the subject in chronological order, with profuse illustrations, furnishing a complete panoramic view. The trustees of the British Museum have caused to be printed a Catalogue of the Books in that Library printed in Great Britain, and in English printed there up to the year 1640. It makes three volumes.

The first volume of Bigmore and Wyman's Bibliography of Printing was published four years ago. The second volume has now appeared, carrying the titles from M. to S. A third volume will complete the work. The work is very rich in annotations, and supplies an immense amount of information. One item, for example, is a 439-page list of "Periodical Publications," defunct and now existing, devoted to printing and allied arts. The earliest of strictly typographic journals was Der Buchdrucker, first issued weekly in Hamburg in 1668. [Quartitch.]

Of the two volumes of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's At Home in Paris is the first is composed of a series of letters on French politics, written between 1866 and 1874 and 1875; the second contains a sort of treatise on state aid in France for the poor. The interest of the first volume is that of contemporary French politics; that of the second, a study in social science. [Allen.]

The New life of Jean de Witt, Grand Pensionnaire de Hollande, by M. Antonine Lefèvre-Partalis, in two volumes, viewed as a study in Dutch history, is pronounced by the Athenæum equal to those of Hambourg in 1765. [Quartitch.]

Mr. H. T. Poynter's Literary Journal is the name of a new octavo monthly magazine at Salt Lake City, the advent of which in that particular place is certainly a sign of promise. The first number shows thirty-two pages of excellent reading, the subjects being miscellaneous, partly original and partly selected. If such a journal as this could find an entrance to Mormon homes it would be a blessing. [Joseph Hyrum Parry & Co. $1.50.]

The article on Emerson in the Temple Bar by Mr. C. A. Ward is a reply to Mr. Arnold's lecture, and the writer shows appreciative view of the sage of Concord. Its key-note may be said to be sounded in the following sentence, that "to treat Emerson as Emerson, such is the rarity of the man, would be like treating America, or immensity, or eternity, or any other subject that has passionate meaning."—[The initials "H. D. T." which have been appended to some clever articles of late in Macmillan's Magazine, are probably those of H. D. Trall. The article in the November number is a dialogue on the corruptions of Queen's English going on at the hands of the newspaper writers of the day. Mr. Trall makes some sharp points, and the dialogue is sustained with' wit and logic.]

The new Brooklyn Magazine is a disappointment in appearance and contents, having a cheap and second-class look and taste which is not at all in keeping with the traditional culture of the City of Churches. The mixing of advertisements and reading matter on the same page is a serious blemish in a magazine professing the character of this.

A handsome trade journal is The Woodworker's Magazine, of Philadelphia, the second number of which comes to us printed in different colored inks. The illustrations are profuse and well executed, and cabinet makers and interior decorators will find much in it to please and instruct the eye. [907 Arch Street. $2.00.]

The Periodicals, a monthly repository of matter selected chiefly from the English periodicals, and published at Northampton, appears in a new and improved dress of type and a freshened cover, with other signs of prosperity. [$1.50.]

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY W. J. BOLPS, A.M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Another Shakespeare-Bacon Book. An anonymous contribution to the Baconian side of the question, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" has recently appeared in London with the title, Shakespeare, Bacon's Enquiry into the Connection of the Plays and Poems, with the Origins of the Classical Drama, and with the Platonic Philosophy through the Mysteries. The argument is well summarized by the Saturday Review thus: "The author of Shakespeare's plays and poems was (by clear internal evidence) a Platoniist and a mystic. Bacon was the author of the plays and poems (by the like evidence) a Platoniist and a mystic. Therefore Bacon either wrote Shakespeare or had a great hand in it."

The reviewer, however, is rather inclined to the theory that Shakespeare wrote Bacon; and he makes out quite as good a case as anybody on the other side has done.

The internal evidence relied on by the Baconian school can only prove that the same person wrote (let us say) Twelfth Night and the Tempest. Whether he was Shakespeare or Bacon or Shakespere — which was the sculptor, and which the ghost — is a matter of external probabilities. And those probabilities all point, not to Bacon having written Shakespeare for his own diversion, and kept the secret to (borrow a phrase from the author of Bacon's Essays) in a waggishness, but to Shakespeare having written Bacon for Bacon's purposes, and kept the secret because he was paid for it. We know that Bacon was the wiser and also the meanest of mankind. Pope and Macaulay have settled that. What, then, is the likelihood, and the more natural hypothesis, than to perceive the surpassing merit of the still obscure William Shakespeare, and convert it to his own uses? In one word, Shakespeare was the ghost of Bacon's literary workshop. He was suborned by Bacon to write Bacon's literary and philosophical works (the genuineness of the strictly professional ones may remain an open question), and the complete success of the trick is a new and unexpected monument of Shakespeare's universal genius. The more this hypothesis is considered, the more perfectly will it explain everything. For example, the commentators have been puzzled at Shakespeare's knowledge of law, which is much for
a layman, but (as the more discreet of them have found out) not overmuch for a lawyer. Now the solution is plain; it is just the sort of knowledge that one would have picked up from Bacon in their secret conferences. We will merely point out that our scheme is the first and only one that possibly clears up the mystery of the Sonnets; not having time to demonstrate this at large, and trusting to the ingenuous reader to apply it, we put it thus into his hands. As for the supposed external evidence of handwriting, letters, manuscripts, note-books, or what not, it is alleged that Bacon was the author of Bacon's works; it is not to be thought that a man of Bacon's cunning would have omitted to provide evidence of that sort in abundance; and we beg the learned reader to consider very seriously with himself whether the abundance is not suspicious. Indeed, there is but one thing which makes us announce a capital discovery with so much difficulty; and that is the possibility (we say possibility, for we are unable to countenance the opinion ourselves) that it was really King James I, who wrote both Bacon and Shakespeare; in which connection, we cannot deny it is very fit to be observed that neither Shakespeare nor Bacon says any good of tobacco.

Walt Whitman on the Historical Plays.

The discovery of Shakespearean mare's-nests goes not so very long ago so that Mr. George Wilkes, in his Shakespeare from an American Point of View, proved—to his own satisfaction at least—that the poet was a pauper and an aristocrat, in whose works cannot be found “one generous aspiration in favor of popular liberty, that would be a gift for genius to repose, or one expression of sympathy with the sufferings of the poor—nay, hardly one worthy sentiment accorded to a character in humble life.” And now Walt Whitman makes him the very apostle of modern democracy. In *The Forum* for September 27, Whitman raises the question: What Lurks behind Shakespeare’s Historical Plays? He is sure that there is “an essentially controlling plan” in that group of dramas, and what is that plan? He quotes his “friend William O’Connor,” who says:

They seem simply and purely historical in their motive, as aiming to give in the rough a tableau of warring dignities—and carry to me a lurking sense of being in aid of some other ulterior design, though not enough understood, that age, which perhaps time and criticism will reveal. . . . Their atmosphere is one of barbarous and turbulent men; they do not make us love the times they limn, . . . and it is impossible to believe that the greatest of the Elizabethan men who have sought to indurate the age with the love of feudalism which his own drama in its entirety, if the view taken of it herein be true, certainly and subtly saps and mines.

Reading the plays “in the light of Mr. O’Connor’s suggestion,” Whitman is disposed to “defy any one to escape such new and deep utterance-meanings, like magic ink, warmed by the fire, and previously invisible;” and he asks:

Will it not indeed be strange if the author of *Othello* and *Hamlet* is destined to live in America, in a generation or two, less as the cunning draughtsman of the passions, and more as putting on record the first full exposal—and by the far most vivid one, immeasurably ahead of doctrinaires and essayists of the political theory and its fruits which America has come on earth to abnegate and replace?

The conclusion of the whole matter is as follows:

The summary of my suggestion would be, therefore, that while the more the rich and tangled jungle of the Shakespearean area is traversed and studied, and the more baffled and mystified, as so far appears, becomes the exploring student (who at last surmises everything, and remains certain of nothing), it is possible a future age of criticism, diving deeper, mapping the land and lines finer, completer than hitherto, may discover in the plays named the scientific (Baconian?) inauguration of modern Democracy, a fitting and realistic and first-class artistic portraiture of the medieval world, the feudal personalities, instituting, the moral ambitions, despotic upon politics and sociology—may penetrate to that hardpan, far down and back of the ostent of today, and the (and on which only) the rest of the last two centuries has built this Democracy which now holds secure lodgment over this whole civilized world.

Whether such was the unconscious, or (as I think likely) the more or less conscious, purpose of him who fashioned those marvellous architectural, is a secondary question.

This is fearfully and wonderfully expressed, but the reader will doubtless get at the gist of it. And now what will be the next man manage to find in the plays?

A Shakespearian Oarsman. A London friend sends us *The Referee* of Oct. 9th, from which we learn that the Maurice Rowing Club, of which Mr. F. J. Furnivall is President, “brought their season to a close on that day with a scratch four-oared race, in which six crews took part, the course being from Chiswick Ferry to Hammersmith Bridge.” In the first heat, Furnivall’s crew (he rowing stroke) “drew out soon after the start, and, gradually increasing the lead, won by about three lengths.” In the final heat (the only other one in which his crew took part), “Furnivall had a lead of half a length going a hundred yards, and was clear at the centre of the basin. Gradually increasing the interval between this point and the finish was won by more than two lengths.” This is not a bad “record” for a man who will be sixty on the 4th of next February; but he could never “run” half a dozen societies, and do all the other literary work he does, if he did not keep himself in good physical condition by plenty of active exercise out of doors.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

647. Brennan. (See No. 645.) The first name of Brennan, author of the poem to his wife commencing:

Come to me nearest, I’m lonely without you,
In which occurs the line:

Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,

is Joseph, as appears in Our Poetical Favorites, First Series, collected by Prof. Kendrick of Rochester University.

New York City.

648. Authorship Wanted. Can you tell me who wrote the following:

Go, blessed of the pure heavens of gold
And pourly roll the eye high; and
And give the captive tenderest care:
But say, in luxury’s limbo pent
And find you the king of birds content.
No fair bell sound the starting waggles,
And dash the grains with every buck.
Etc., etc., etc.

Monaster, Mich.

E. B. FAIRFIELD.

—The first edition of the first volume of Mr. Parkman’s new Missouri and Wolfe, nearly 1,500 copies, was sold on the day of publication, and Little, Brown & Co. are now printing a new edition. The second volume completing the book will be ready November 15.

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

—Capt. R. F. Burton finds no publisher for the 10 volumes of his forthcoming edition of the Arabian Nights, and asks all well-known subscribers to send him their names at Trieste, Austria. The price is a guinea a volume, payable on delivery, and three volumes are promised for March next. A thousand copies are to be printed, the manuscript of the whole work is to be ready before the first volume goes to press, and the work is to be completed within two years.

—Mr. Eugene Lee Hamilton, the half brother of "Vernon Lee," Miss Paget, whose World Biography appears in another column, and a poet whom good English critics highly praise for his gift of fantastic and picturesque originality, will publish this coming winter through Chatto & Windus, London, a new novel entitled Apollo and Marsyas. His last work, *The New Medusa*, met with an enthusiastic reception.

—Mr. John Ormsby has finished the new translation of Don Quixote on which he has been at work some years, and it will appear in four volumes with an introduction and notes, and a better bibliography, it is believed, than has yet been produced.

—T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh announce a new theatrical magazine, *The Interpreter*, the contributors to which will include a large number of the foremost theologians and religious writers of England.

—Mr. R. L. Stevenson’s new novel, *The Story of Prince Otho*, is a romantic comedy, of Bohemian surroundings, and will first see type as a serial in Longman’s *Magazine* early next year.

—Mistral, the Provençal poet now living in Paris, has been presented with an album of autograph tributes from Victor Hugo, Renan, Le-gouvé, and other distinguished Frenchmen.

—The Rev. Thomas Motley has in press another volume of *Reminiscences*, this time not of "Oriel College and the Oxford Movement," but of "Towns, Villages, and Schools."

—The Clarendon Press has in press a volume of selections from Heine’s prose writings, to bear the title of *Heine’s Press*. It will have an introduction.

—Sampson Low & Co. are to publish an English edition of Harper’s *Young People*, in weekly and monthly parts, beginning in November.

—Capt. Burton is making rapid progress with his translation of the works of Camoens, the Portuguese poet of the 16th century.

—The Letters of Jane Austen make two volumes, and contain a prototype of the author, showing her at the age of seventeen.

—Mr. Serjeant Ballantine is ready with a new volume of personal experiences entitled *From the Old World to the New."

—The Travels in the East of the Crown Prince of Prussia are to be published by Bentley & Son with 200 illustrations.

—Lord Tennyson’s forthcoming volume will contain a single dramatic poem on the subject of Beckett.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley’s book about the Congo may be expected at the beginning of the new year.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

— Mr. Swinburne has in press a new volume called *A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems.*
— Mr. Mallock has ready a new volume of *Essays on Topics of the Day.*

Dr. Browne's *Guide to Science* has reached its 50th thousand.

NEWS AND NOTES.

— The Messrs. Putnam have now got the work upon the "Zyder Zee," edition of De Amstel's *Pious and People sufficiently advanced to give an excellent idea of the thoroughly artistic and satisfying character of the book. There are twelve etchings made especially for the edition by American artists; among which are plates by Messrs. Gifford, Platt, Pennell, and Vanderhoff. There are many illustrations on wood, and finally some beautiful photogravures which are being prepared by Messrs. Goupil & Co., Paris. Other books which the firm are preparing for Christmas are: *The Land of Rip Van Winkle,* by Mr. A. E. F. Searle, illustrated profusely by wood engravings from the designs of Charles Volland and Mr. Lauber, and engraved by Mr. Ernest Heineimann; *The Nutshell Series,* six little books of brief extracts ranged under various heads; *Pre-Historic America,* an important contribution to our historical literature, illustrated by many plates, revised and added to by the American editor, Mr. W. H. Dall, and finally *Views Afoul,* an illustrated edition of Bayard Taylor's popular account of his travels.

— We notice that *The Book Buyer,* published by Messrs. Scribner, says that the firm will not issue Max O'Rell's new book, *John Bull's Womankind,* which they announced some time ago. If we may form any fair inference of the character of the book from the extracts printed in the French journals which just come to us, we feel that Messrs. Scribner have done wisely in refusing to attach their name to a book, the tone of which is altogether low, bordering dangerously upon gross indecency. Mr. Max O'Rell may have modified his text to the tastes of English readers, as the London newspapers which have taken passages from the book do not comment upon its vulgarity, but we take it that no rendering of the book could be made acceptable to English readers.

— *Lee & Shepard* announce the *Guess Book* in which the coming and going of guests can be recorded, with pages for incidents and sketches of visits; *Baby's Kingdom,* a book in which any events and incidents of a baby's life may be placed as a memento for after life—both these compiled by Miss Annie F. Cox; *From Greenland's Ice Mountains,* Heber's Missionary Hymn, in the "Golden Floral Series;" *Chats,* by G. Hamlen; *One Thousand Blunders in English,* by H. H. Ballard; *Out of the Wreck;* or, *The Ormiston Inheritance,* by Amanda M. Lamper. *Polly's Folly,* a novel by Angeline Tea; *Fornell's Folly,* by J. T. Trowbridge; *Pretty Lucy Mervin: A Story of Girlhood from Eighteen to Betrothal;* and *The Grand Dickens Commenara,* comprising several unique entertainments for use in school, home, or all.

— A book said to be much in the style of *The Bread Winners* the Messrs. Appleton have in press and will publish under the title of *The Money Makers.* It is hardly just, perhaps to judge of the book by its title, but certainly its name seems to indicate that it is to be floated upon the success of the former book. The volume like its predecessor is anonymous. This firm have also published, *The Teachings and Life of Our Lord in verse,* being a complete harmonized exposition of the four gospels by Abraham Coles, M. D. It will be issued in two volumes. Volume one is called *The Evangel,* and volume two, *The Light of the World.* An expensive family illustrated edition is to follow.

— Ginn, have also published on *Hand Book of Latin Synonyms,* by Edgar A. Shumway; *An Introduction to the Study of the Compounds of Carbon;* or, *Organical Chemistry;* How to Tell the Parts of Speech, by W. D. Whitney and Mrs. H. L. Knox; *An Arithmetic for Grammar Schools* and a *University Algebra,* by G. A. Wentworth; *Elements of the Calculus,* by J. M. Taylor; *The Antigene of Sophocles,* edited by Prof. J. L. Dodge; and a *Manual Gymnastic,* by Dr. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst.

— The Century Company have prepared an elaborate announcement of attractions which will be illustrated in a brief autobiographical sketch of the late Stephen Dewhurst. Under the guise of a fictitious autobiography, Mr. James began a sketch of the growth of his mind, upon a background of personal history. The greater part of this curious paper is published in the *November Atlantic.*

— The July number of the Bulletin of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia contains a considerably extended *List of Indexes,* of certain value to people who have to "hunt up" things.

— The Orange Judd Publishing Company of New York have published *Four R's,* a paper-covered manual useful for house cultivators at this autumn season, and also *Modern Window Gardening,* a practical manual by S. Wood.

— We are informed by T. Y. Crowell & Co. that the text of their new edition of Scott's *Marmion* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is from the eleven-volume edition of Scott's works published by Black of Edinburgh. That of Rossetti's poems is from Ellis White's London edition of 1881. The American publishers of these reprints have taken great pains to secure careful proof-reading and accuracy.

— Mr. George E. Woodbury is writing a new life of Poe for the "American Men of Letters Series." It will contain important letters from Poe and others, which have hitherto been kept private; several passages in Poe's career will be for the first time satisfactorily explained, and a fuller account will be given of his parentage, marriage, and last days, than has been hitherto possible.

— Mr. W. R. Jenkins, New York, who has already issued so many excellent French books, proposes to publish immediately Edmund About's novel, *Le Roi des Monages,* also a series of Spanish plays, the first of which will be *La Independencia,* by Manuel Breton de los Herreros. The plays are presented with English notes by Professor Knapp of Yale.

— The late Senator Anthony's large and valuable collection of American poetry was bequeathed to the library of Brown University. The foundations of it were laid by the late Albert G. Greene, and the superstructure was largely raised by the late Caleb Loomis. In furtherance of this collection and securing its final resting-place, "Little Rhody" has new reason to be proud.
THE LITERARY WORLD.

LITERARY INDEX.

Din Irae, Two Translations of G. M. Davy. Catholic World, Nov.


Gestes, II. J. R. Seely.


Literature, Classification of J. Taylor Key.

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Peach's Missionary, Prior, Matthew, was (he) a Dowreshire Man?


Reade, Changip. Wh. of Wh. J. M. Fields.


PUBLIC RELIEF AND PRIVATE CHARITY. By Josephine Shaw Lowell. O. P. Putnam's Sons.


TALES OF THE TYPICAL CITY. Edited by Henry H. HALLEN. Chicago.

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eye, the lines in the face, and the wart on
the nose. No ideal portrait painter is Mr.
Froude; no Turner is this with an imagina-
tion, and a brush to serve it, which trans-
forms a stark reality into a vast dream.
It is Carlyle himself, shaggy, rough, un-
clouded, who stands before us in these pages;
a mountain afoam, a thunder peak reverberat-
ing. Carlyle poor, depressed, irritable and
irritating, at discord with his wife, dyspeptic,
nerveless, working, worrying, and wearying,
and rising at last only into the peace
and the sunshine of celebrity, popularity, and
material comfort.

In the precinct of London known as
Chelsea, down the Thames, below West-
minster, and then a suburb, settled Carlyle
in 1834. The house in Cheyne Row [pro-
nounced Cheem-row], into which he moved
he lived in, with alterations, till he died. Here
he sought for the breast for bread comfort,
and then for fame, and won it. His post
here is a standing-point from which to see
much of what is most important and inter-
esting in the intellectual life of England
for the past half century. Wordsworth, Southey,
Sterling, Maurice, Miss Martineau, Lord
Houghton, Dickens, Dr. Arnold, Thackeray,
Jeffrey, Erskine, Bishop Thirwall, Mazinni,
Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Clough, Landor,
Tennyson, Coleridge, John Wilson, Ruskin,
Bishop Colenso, Lord and Lady Ashburton,
John Forster, Mill; these are individuals in
the procession to be seen from the house in
Cheyne Row. There were visits to Scot-
land, Ireland, Germany, and the South of
France. There was the tragic burning of
the manuscript of the first volume of
1854-61. By J. A. Froude. Two volumes in one.
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The Same. Harper & Brothers. Ill. $1.00.
There were distinctions offered and declined.
There was homage which he could not accept.
There was tribute of which he was proud.
And then came the end, the simple, affecting
and the burial to correspond in the old
graveyard at Ecclefechan.

In the twenty-second chapter, Vol. II, will
be found an entertaining picture of the dom-
estic interior at Cheyne Row, partly in
Mr. Froude's own words, partly in shape of
an odd and characteristic epistle from Mrs.
Carlyle, and from it we make the single ex-
tract which our other obligations this week
will allow:

There was a discussion some years ago in
the newspapers whether two people with the habits
of a lady and a gentleman in London
for a year. Mrs. Carlyle, who
often laughed about it while it was going on, will
answer the question. Miss Jewsbury saw that
no one who visited the Carlyles could tell
whether they were poor or rich. There were no
signs of luxury, but none of poverty.
The drawing-room arrangements were excep-
tionally elegant. The furniture was simple, but
solid and handsome; everything was
exquisitely clean; everything good of its kind; and
there was an air of ease of a household living
in its means. Mrs. Carlyle was well-dressed
always. Her admirable taste would make the
most of inexpensive materials; but the materials
themselves were of the very best. Carlyle him-
selves certainly got a horse. They traveled, they
visited, they were always generous and open-
handed. They had their house on rooms.
The rent, which, when they came first was £50
a year, I think was never raised — out of respect
for Carlyle character; but it [sic] had many
rooms in it, which, because they could not bear to
have them otherwise, were maintained in the
best condition. There was much curiosity among
their friends to know how their establishment
was supported. Mrs. Carlyle had £150 a year
from Craigenputtock. He himself, in a late cal-
culation, had set down his average income from
his books at another £50. Carlyle was thrifty,
but never penurious; he gave away profusely
in his own family, and was liberal beyond his means
elsewhere. He had saved, I think, about £2000
in all, which was invested in the bank, and this
was all. His German law had been
expensive. The new room had cost £170.
The cost of living was increasing through the
rise in prices, which no one had ever heard against,
and though they had but one servant the
household books mounted disagreeably. Mrs.
Carlyle, not wishing to add to her husband's
troubles, had as far as possible kept her anxieties
to herself. Indeed, Carlyle was like most hus-
bands in this matter, and was inclined to be
irritable when spoken to about it. But an
explanation at last became necessary, and the humor-
ous side of the matter kept in the background.

The letter of Mrs. Carlyle's which follows
this explanation by Mr. Froude is certainly
a remarkable one in many ways, and per-
haps shows up the peculiarities of the Carly-
le temper on both sides of the house as
effective y as any writing of its length could
do.

Full particulars will be found in these
descriptions, either in Mr. Froude's own
pages, or in the extracts from correspondence, of
the inward and outward history of all of Car-
lyle's works, of his habits of reading and
writing, of his literary acquaintances and
friendships, of his journeys, of his income
at various times and from various sources,
of his sentiments and beliefs on current
JOHN FISKE ON IMMORTALITY.*

I

N this brilliant and striking essay one of our leading cosmic philosophers announces his belief in the final supremacy of the Human Race and the unconditional immortality of the Human Soul. The reasons for this belief he finds not in the data of science, but in conclusions derived from a careful survey of the origin and development of man. Mr. John Fiske is a Darwinian evolutionist of the most pronounced type; a pupil of Huxley, a disciple of Herbert Spencer, who accepts the teachings of those great investigators and thinkers without a question. Here however he follows the consequences of those teachings in unexpected directions, until they bring him fairly and squarely out upon the ground of a Christian Theism. This limited essay upon an almost illimitable field, was a contribution, we understand, to the Concord Philosophy of the past season. As such it is a fresh illustration of the service which the Concord School is rendering to the cause of truth.

As no American scholar stands nearer to the center of the advanced scientific thought of the day than Mr. John Fiske, so none accepts more implicitly than he the boldest data of the school to which he belongs. With him Evolution is no longer an hypothesis but an established law of the universe; and Natural Selection has conquered a place among the forces that have shaped the development of things. The principles settled by the discoveries of Kepler and Newton are surpassed in grandeur and importance by those which have been brought to light by the researches of the nineteenth century.

Zoologically speaking, Man can no longer be regarded as a creature apart by himself. We cannot erect an order on purpose to contain him, as Cuvier tried to do; we cannot even make a separate family for him. Man is not only a vertebrate, a mammal, and a primate, but he belongs, as a genus, to the catarhine family of apes. And just as lions, leopards, and lynxes—different genera of the cat-family—are descended from a common stock of carnivora, back to which we may also trace the pedigrees of dogs, hyenas, bears, and seals; so the various genera of playthine and higher including man, are doubtless descended from a common stock of primates, back to which we may also trace diverging pedigrees of monkeys and apes, until their ancestry becomes indistinguishable from that of rabbits and squirrels. Such is the conclusion to which the science of anthropoids, within a quarter of a century since the publication of Mr. Darwin's Origin of Species; and there is no more reason for this conclusion to be ever gainsaid than for supposing that the Copernican astronomy will sometime be overthrown and the concentric spheres of Dante's heaven reinstated in the minds of men.

That the Darwinian theory of man's origin is unattractive to many minds Mr. Fiske frankly concedes. But the scientific mind, he insists, finds that the "terrible theory" must be adopted, let the consequences be what they may; and from this point he goes on to show how, according to the Darwinian theory, the perfecting of Man is and has been Nature's goal all the while. He argues from the Darwinian standpoint that there will never be a higher creature on the earth than man, or a superior moral human being; that the dawn of consciousness, the gradual increase of brain surface, the accompanying preponderance of the psychical life, the resulting genesis of society and morality, the elimination of warfare, and the steady amelioration of humanity, so that the message of the prophet of modern science really resolves itself into nothing more or less than the substance of Christianity.

We have no space to follow the argument in detail. We do not think it always sound, nor do we believe that it will command the assent of members of the school to which Mr. Fiske belongs. But it is ingenious, it is impressive, and it interests us as showing how a man whose heart rests essentially on the grounds of Christian faith feels the necessity of bringing his head around to the same solid foundation, and does so by a route which many other adventurers have pronounced impassable. Mr. Fiske has leaped the chasm and scaled the cliff with the agility of a chamäleon.

One more extract must suffice for our notice of this eloquent scripture:

The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in Man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. It goes far toward putting us in permanent intellectual confusion, and I do not see that any one has yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for our accepting so dire an alternative. For my own part, therefore, the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme fact of faith in God's work. Such a belief, relating to regions quite inaccessible to experience, cannot of course be clothed in terms of definite meaning. From an experience which alone can give us such terms we must await that solemn day which is to overtake us all. The belief can be most quickly defined by its negation, as the refusal to believe that this world is all. The materialist holds that when you have described the whole universe of phenomena of which we can become cognizant in the conditions of the whole story is told. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the whole story is not thus told. I mean the story of the universe in its entirety. The greatest philosopher of modern times, the master and teacher of all who shall study the process of evolution for mankind's own good, holds that the conscious soul is not the collocation of material particles, but is in the deepest sense a divine effulgence. To Mr. Spencer, the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe, is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness. Speaking for myself, I can see no insurmountable difficulty in the notion that at some period in the evolution of Humanity this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure forever. Such a crowning wonder seems to me more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been ineffably beautiful and marvelous in all its myriad stages. Only such a view can the reasonableness of the universe, which still remains far above our finite power of comprehension, maintain. There are some minds inaccessible to the class of considerations here alleged, and perhaps there always will be such. But on such grounds, if on no other, the faith in immortality is likely to hold by all who look upon the genesis of the highest spiritual quality in the world as the goal of Nature's creative work. This view has survived the Darwinian revolution in science, and it has survived the Darwinian revolution in life. If, for the foregoing exposition be sound, it is Darwinism which has placed humanity upon a higher pinnacle than ever. The future is lighted for us with the radiating colors of hope. Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme. The dream of poets, the lesson of priest and prophet, the inspiration of the great magician, is confirmed in the light of modern knowledge. And as we gird ourselves up for the work of life, we may look forward to the time when in the truest sense the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords.

JUSTIN McCARTHY'S FOUR GEORGES.*

M

R. JUSTIN McCARTHY is a good example of the distinction to be drawn between historians and historical writers. An historical writer he certainly is, and in many respects an admirable one; an historian, we presume, he does not profess to be. The historian is first the investigator and then the writer; while the merely historical writer is not an investigator, but, accepting the materials ready to his hand, employs his skill in combining them in fresh forms and under new colors. In this special work Mr. Justin McCarthy is coming to have few equals and no superiors. We should be at a loss to name the living writer who possesses in a greater degree the fine art of clear, strong, graphic portraiture of the men and events, and especially of the men, who vividly the past.

An excellent History of Our Own Times Mr. McCarthy has already written, which brings the immediate past, so often lost to history, into a strong light, and lets us see in perfect relation and perspective of parts, the civil and social fabric which we


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THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.

wourselves have been helping to make. In the work now before us Mr. McCarthy has undertaken to write a history of The Four Georges, whose combined lives are the life of England from 1714 to 1830. The work has been done before, as by Thackeray in his memorable lectures; but it is likely to be done over and over, for the subject is almost unique, and one that tempts in many ways the pen that is pointed for fine, telling, critical biography. What a succession of political romances, personal scandals, international conflicts, and social episodes, diversify that period in English history. The South Sea Bubble, the French and English War, the rise of the East India Company, the revolt of the American Colonies, the sympathetic effects of the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, these were some only of its leading features. And what great and brilliant names usher it in or overhang it — Marlborough, Bolingbroke, Pope, Walpoe, Swift, Addison, Lady Montague, Stanhope, Newton, Pulteney, Congreve, Steele, Hervey, these are a few only among the many who line the way as we pass along down the last century from its beginning into the first third of the present.

Such is the rich and animated field which Mr. McCarthy now enters, and to which he proposes to devote four volumes of as good writing as he knows how to do — a volume for each George. In this the first, good Queen Anne is seen just passing off the stage at one side and George the Second just coming on at the other. All the center is occupied by George the First, with his Hanover in the background, his courtiers, generals, statesmen, and mistresses around him, and all England at his feet—England, when the total population of the British Isles was barely more than three times that of London alone today; when London was scarcely more than a hamlet compared with its present self, when Liverpool was hardly thought of, when Ireland was in the quietude almost of the grave, when Edinburgh looked much as Mary Stuart left it, and when the Highlands of Scotland were as remote and inaccessible as Abyssinia is now.

Of London in particular Mr. McCarthy gives a most interesting picture as it looked to George the First when he ascended the throne in 1714. It was curiously small. South of the Thames it barely had a footing. Its best part centered in the parish of St. James's. Except in some of their names the streets have vastly changed. There was no general numbering of houses then. Places were known by signs, or by their vicinage to signs. The streets were ill-paved, always dirty, always crowded, and at night dark and dangerous. The clubs were only beginning to form. "Mug-houses," where men met to drink beer and talk politics, were more numerous; "coffee-houses" most numerous and popular of all. With Coffee-house, with its memories of Dryden, had ceased to exist in 1814, but Addison had started Button's on the other side of Russell Street. The Spectator smoked its last pipe at Child's in St. Paul's Churchyard. At these coffee-houses met the wit and fashion of the town. The rich came attended by their servants, who wore fine clothes and aped the manners of their betters.

With similar photographic distinctness Mr. McCarthy draws for us the portraits of the notabilities who stood around the King, and who lent luster or notoriety to his reign: Marlborough, with his ignorance and avarice, his loose spelling and looser morals; Bolingbroke, as eminent for his profligacy as for his political successes at the early age of thirty-six; Harley, who took his indulgences on the sly; Walpole, of whom it was said that nature formed him for a grazier, but that chance made him a Prime Minister; Swift, whose churchman's gown did not fit him, greatest of pamphleeters, and politician more than a divine; and Townshend, representative Englishman of the competent, capable, trustworthy class.

If Mr. McCarthy goes on as he has begun, and there is no material of his novel that it will be for us to have from him one of the most readable of shorter accounts of England's Eighteenth Century.

FICTION.

My Friends and I. By Julian Sturgis. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.]

The Unper. By Judith Gautier. [Robert Brothers. $1.50.]

The Shadow of John Wallace. By L. Clarkson. [White, Stokes & Allen. $1.00.]

Doris. By the author of "Phyllis." [E. L. Lippincott. $1.00.]

In Partnership. By Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.]

Serial stories, like poems, may be said to be rather born than made, and to some stories such a fragmentary presentation seems a violation of the very law of their being. It is like producing in succession the disembodied limbs of a statue; the unity of the whole being destroyed, the beauty of the separate bits is destroyed also. But the charm returns when the dislocated stature is put together again. And so with the story. Judith Shakespeare as a serial was an eminently failure, but now that its disjointed fragments are gathered again into a harmonious whole, the art and skill and meaning of its author become apparent, and it takes its place as rightfully belonging to the best of Mr. William Black's work.

It was a hazardous task which this clever novelist set himself when he chose the Shakespeare family for a novel; but it is high praise to say that he has thoroughly succeeded. Judith, his heroine, is one of those dainty figures, half mirthful, half melancholy, which remind one of the madrigals and ballad-snatches of the plays. Shakespeare himself is shown at a veiled and judicious distance. He is the inspiration and dream of his little daughter, his approval is her highest good, his anger a sorrow which she cannot cure, but he does not seem so near as to seem prosaic. The pretty English landscape, the flavor of quaint living and thinking, the plot ingenious as it is simple, the charm of touch and feeling, all go to make us a picture and a story whose delightfulness can only be understood by the reader—to whom we commend this work. Unconscious self-portraiture is the motive and the merit of the book, combined with the fact that the writer supposes himself the while to be drawing something quite different which he takes to be his real likeness, and has no idea of the picture which is growing under his hand. Of the three, "Michael I" is the most finished bit of work; "My Poor Wife" is less original. We have met the same fresh-hearted country maiden who marries a worldling and dies of disappointment more than once before in fiction, if we mistake not.

The Unper is a Japanese story under a French guise, founded upon an episode of the seventeenth century, the crafty but defeated plots, and the subsequent open and successful revolt of the Prince Regent against the young Shogun, Pide-Yori. The love of a rebel's daughter, Otsuyo, for the Shogun, her two brave efforts to save his life, her peril and punishment, and her brief but happy reward as his queen, lend additional romance to the deeper currents of strife and court intrigue. The story is dramatic in intensity, picturesque in treatment, and vivid in effectiveness of line and color. Each detail of dress, scene, and circumstance is wrought out with the minuteness care, and the description of city, coast, and country has been finely drawn. The spirit of the story, however, cannot be fully disguised, its ideas betray at times their modern and the insipid character of the Mikado, for instance, is thoroughly French in conception and execution. But for all its natural, perhaps even necessary, incongruity, the story is brilliant and fascinating.

L. Clarkson we have known in past years as a designer of holiday books of a somewhat unique pattern; The Shadow of John Wallace, we believe, is his first venture as a novel. As such it is creditable. It is an American novel with an English lining. John Wallace was a mysterious stranger who appeared in the sleepy old Long Island town of West-Hampton, about forty years ago, when he established himself in an inn, and led a slow, patient, loving, lovable life which went out in an enigma. He had a servant who knew his secret, and who was summarily dismissed for well-nigh revealing it. A woman as mysterious as himself tracked him to his retreat, confronted him for a moment, and then disappeared, inexplicably as she had come. Annie Calderwood, with whose father he found a home, but did not marry her although she loved him. He is a Christian and a Churchman; he owns a noticeable prayer-book covered with ivory and bearing a crest, and a ring similarly embellished figures in the story. Part of his history comes out afterwards through the investigations.
of an artist who comes to Rest-Hampton, and the revelations are altogether creditable and even honorable to his memory. The book shows a good deal of inventive skill, it effectively depicts the sleepy Long Island town, it succeeds quite well in character and dialogue, and in short is promising. The proof-reading however is poor.

The new novel by the author of Phyllis and Molly brown, is called Doris. It is written in the present tense, like its predecessors, and it has for background the troubles in Ireland—an agrarian novel it might be called. Besides the love in it there are ambuscades, revolts, ruffians, and midnight encounters. The parties to the love are chiefly, but not exclusively, Doris and her husband Lord Clonstaith, who marry without love, he for her money and she for his title, agreeing in so many words at the time of their engagement to be husband and wife in name only. This compact made, they proceed, through forces of circumstances, to fall in love with each other afterward, and do so finally well and strong. The English society which appears in this novel is of rather a fast and vulgar type; but the excitement, which it furnishes are not of a wholesome sort, and the author, it must be admitted, writes with a bold, spirited, and graphic hand.

Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. H. C. Bunner, two New York members of the literary guild, have published under their joint name a collection of eight short stories, two of which they have written hand in hand, so to speak. Of the other six each has contributed three. If we felt called upon to give an opinion as to which was the cleverer story writer of the two, we could do so without much hesitation. The two would probably prefer that such a comparison should not be instituted. Mr. Bunner’s “A Letter and a Paragraph” is probably clear to him but will hardly be to every reader. Mr. Matthews’s “Venetian Glass” begins well, but ends in an improbability. The best number of the collection in our judgment is the first, “The Documents in the Case,” in which a whole romance of California life is summed up in very terse terms.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Reality of Faith. By Newman Smyth. [Charles Scribner’s Sons. $1.50.]

This volume contains twenty sermons which Dr. Smyth has preached during the two years of his pastorate in New Haven. They are vigorous, thoughtful, and earnest, free from cant and dogmatism, modest in pretension but powerful in their appeal to human experience. The book is useful as illustrating the most clearly defined tendency of religious thought in our country at the present day, viz., a reaching after that which is real in religion in contrast with the more formal, and the exaltation of intelligent experience above superficial dogmas. The author refuses to be called the representative of a school, or the defender of a “New Theology,” but it is tacitly understood that the old church on the New Haven Green, in which the venerable and irreproachable Leonard Bacon once thundered against slavery, is equally advanced in a firm position today upon the issues of faith and morals now before the people. By the peculiar enginery of orthodoxy Newman Smyth was forced two or three years ago to express some doubts and convictions, which he might otherwise never have set before the world, especially in regard to “continued probation for infants, idiots, and some heathens;” and he has come to be known to the world by those expressions rather than by the task he undertakes. The book does not pretend to discuss in any systematic way the phase of faith which its title indicates, but it is a collection of sermons preached while the reality of spiritual things was the special burden of the author’s thoughts; and so it is of value to those who find it hard to be conscious of religious experience or spiritual truth. It might settle an uncertainty in some minds to say that Dr. Smyth pronounces the “y” in his name just like long “I.”

In this volume the title of the United States to the territory west of the Rocky Mountains between forty-two and fifty-four degrees and forty minutes of north latitude, or as it was called before 1846, is treated as an historical question. The book is of especial value, not only on this account, but also, because of the new facts which Mr. Bancroft has brought to light. We cannot state them here at length, and will only say that our author’s researches have convinced him, not merely that the Spaniards discovered the mouth of the Columbia, but that the Oregon coast was “explored and formally taken possession of for Spain by Perez, Heceta, and Cuadra in 1774-5.” Unfortunately the results of these most important expeditions were not published, and the explorer’s charts are not even known to be in existence. What effect this secrecy had upon the Spanish claim—to which we succeeded in 1819—to the territory in dispute, is a very nice question, and cannot be decided off-hand as our author does decide it. Another new point in the fact is that there was a wretet article in the “Nootka treaty” which Mr. Bancroft thinks was unknown to “Greenhow, Twiss, et al.” Whether this is true or not, it is probable that a treaty between England and Spain of 1754 was unknown to Mr. Buchanan when he signed the treaty of 1846, nor do we remember to have seen any mention of it before in the English language. It is not surprising that the author of this series should have unearthed these facts, but that it should have been left to him to discover and bring into notice the journal of Captain Hawsell is not to the credit of our New England historians. Hawsell was one of Captain Gray’s officers on his two famous voyages in the Boston ship Columbia Rediviva, on the second of which he entered the estuary of the Columbia River. This journal was given to Mr. Bancroft by one of Hawsell’s descendants now living in Roxbury. Are there not equally important papers still buried under documents in the neighboring garrets? Pages 343-353 of the volume are occupied with a description of the American fur trade. This part of the book, although it contains much that is new, strikes us as being very nearly the worst thing, in point of style, that the author has yet written. As he shows, as he invariably does when he gets away from the Pacific States, a very imperfect knowledge of the facts with which he is dealing. For instance, he makes Cabot discover Labrador in 1496 (p. 437); and Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed in 1632, send a colony to New Sweden in 1638. He also speaks of “Lord Baltimore and Cecil Calvert,” as the founders of Maryland when Cecil Calvert was Lord Baltimore. Such shortcomings are simply inexcusable.

The remainder of the book (pages 595-703) is taken up with the explorations overland to 1793. It is pretty dry reading—necessarily so—with the exception of the chapter devoted to the journey of Mackenzie to the shores of the Pacific, which is very well done.

In this volume resists the attention of all who are interested in the “Oregon Question.”

Black and White. By T. T. Fortune. [Fords, Howard & Hubert. $1.00.]

Mr. Fortune is the editor of the New York Globe. His book on “land, labor, and politics in the South” has been written, he assures us, out of “personal knowledge.” The book is important by reason of its subject, but none of its method is more important than Judge Torrey’s Appeal to Cesar, to which it furnishes an echo. It is in 16 chapters, with an appendix of about 70 pages containing a portion of the testimony of Mr. John Caldwell Calhoun, a grandson of John C. Calhoun, before the Blair Committee of the United States Senate on Education and Labor. Mr. Fortune’s 242 pages are filled mainly with assertions, theories, arguments, and citations from witnesses, all tending to the same conclusion with Judge Torrey’s book that compulsory education, under the supervision of a national board, by liberal national aid, is an imperative necessity at the South. Mr. Fortune sketches in outline the facts which Judge Torrey has presented with such fullness of detail and in such variety of aspect; makes a strong plea for industrial training after the plan pursued at the Hampton Institute; and is severe on land monopolies. Congress ought to give heed to such facts and reasonings as this book reiterates.

A Yankee Schoo1 Teacher in Virginia: A Tale of the Old Dominion in a Transition State. By Lydia Wood Baldwin. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.00.]

This is not a “tale” in any sense of the word, but an accumulation of character studies and incidents having no special connection, not even hardly a thread of love story to hold them together. Miss Marion Stone of Massachusetts arrives at some mythical place in Virginia one December, apparently having set out on her own responsibility, to teach the negroes; considering her mission to go down into the region as a holy war, she has lost her life, and spends herself as a kind of sacrificial offering. She does not meet with any opposition that is of the least account, eventually builds herself a house, remains ten years pursuing her vocation, all of the time regarded as almost an angel by the colored people, and at the last (by an unexpected turn of affairs), casts in her lot with the last of the Peppons, heir to a ruinous plantation. The book would strike the reader as a very mild showing of any portion of the Old Dominion in “transition times,” with a remarkable lack of the traditional Southern spirit, if it were not that the character sketches are various and so interesting. Each chapter is such a surprise that one hardly notices what a comfortable time the lone
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Yankee girl is having, right in the heart of the "enemy's country." Miss Batro, from up in York State, mother in her direction, and any boarder's invention keep up that steady flow of talk in such a slang vernacular! There is the stamp of reality about all the persons sketched. The tragedy is most tragic. "Mammy's Little Pete" and the chapters about "Jasper's wife," indicate a good deal of power in their direction, and the humor is really amusing. "The Tractable Meetin'," the story of "How Uncle Judah 'come through,'" the political meeting, are capital of their kind, and the negro dialect and characteristics are graphically given. It is a fine line that old Cesar drags at Jenny's funeral, about the "Preacher's tex" which gave such offence:

"I dunno b't I'm ter blame 'bout dat yer sermon," said Cesar, afterward, in a church council. "I c'less I was a-sprised when Brudder Sam'l'sgin' out his name in an old negro word! I see sinkers, of whom thou art de chief,' S'posin' one hadn't done quite right, 'tain't de time it 'sall 'f of it when dey lies ready dey de grave. Sist' Jinny is a sinner, such 'bough, b't de way I look at it, Brudder Robbins, we must 't'n o'm it when dey kin hit back, or hell' on tongue."

The Jewish Law of Marriage and Divorce in Ancient and Modern Times and its Relation to the Law of the State. By Rev. Dr. M. Meizliner. [Crown Octavo; The Bloch Publishing Co. $2.00.]

The considerably revived interest just now apparent in different quarters in efforts for the protection of marriage in law and life lends value beyond that which is merely intrinsic, to any such essay as this upon one particular aspect of the subject; while the octavo form in which it is printed and the sheep in which it is bound invite at least the desired and authoritative semblance of a professional legal treatise. Happily the subject is not large and the work is not long, while the logicalness of the method here pursued and simplicity of the style prevent it from being abstruse. The author is Professor of the Talmas Spiritual Disciplines at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. An exhaustive presentation of the Hebrew law of marriage was recommended, it seems, by the Rabbinical Literary Association of America at a meeting in Detroit, four years ago, and the author of the work now before us is the chairman of the committee appointed for that object.

Dr. Meizliner's work is in sixteen brief chapters, which trace the Jewish law to its sources, discern the relations between monogamy and polygamy, consider prohibited marriages in their several degrees, enumerate the qualifications, describe in contrast the forms of marriage in ancient and modern times, and pursue the subject down to the obligations of marriage and dissolution by death or divorce. The book is provided with an ample table of contents and index, and shows a scholarly thoroughness. The Jewish law appears to be considerably above the Jewish practice in the matter of marriage, and it may be hoped that Dr. Meizliner's exposition of the law may contribute its part toward toning up public opinion.

History of Gustavus Adolphus. By John L. Stevens. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.]

This is a well constructed historical biography, and except for its inexcusable lack of an index, is a useful contribution to apparatus for the easy study of European events of the seventeenth century. Gustavus Adolphus was the

finely formed, fair complexioned, blue eyed, yellow haired "golden king of the North," who inherited the ambition and much of the capacity of his grandfather, Gustavus Vasa, and who became a right hand to Protestant Germany in her contest with Roman Catholicism. Gustavus Adolphus was a soldier, a statesman, and a public benefactor. He was twenty-four when the Thirty Years' War broke out, and thenceforth, until his death at Lutzen in 1632, the story of that war enfolds the story of his life. It was a life of exploit, heroism, romance; betraying the weaknesses and faults which belong not only to his time but to all time, and embodying services to his people so distinguished as to make one of the most splendid pages in all history. Mr. Stevens, his present biographer, as recently United States minister to Stockholm, enjoyed special facilities for the study of this subject, and while no great amount of fresh material will be found in his statement, the statement is fresh, vivid, and interesting. We find in Mr. Stevens' pages a clear conception of Gustavus' character strongly and impressively presented. Such a story as this pure-hearted but obstructed and finally thwarted attachment for Ebba Brabe is only one of many episodes that lend a real charm to the work. In the account of the Battle of Lutzen we are apprised of the manner in which no attention to the theory that Gustavus died of a wound received in the back at the hands of a traitorous cousin. The eighth chapter is noticeable for spirited portraits of Richelieu, Maximilian, and Wallenstein; one of Tilly appears later. Mr. Stevens' style is fluent, neat, and interesting. We do not know of any English life of Gustavus Adolphus which approaches this in fulness; and it is picturesque and readable, while always dignified.

The Principles of Written Discourse. By Theodore W. Hunt, Ph.D. [A. C. Armstrong & Son.] As the title indicates, Prof. Hunt's treatise attempts a philosophical discussion of the Principles of Discourse, a technical resume, and is primarily designed for students who have mastered an elementary manual, and desire further guidance. The introduction traces in the briefest possible manner the fortunes of the art, and presents the author's purpose, plan, and method. To frame a true definition of discourse, to establish its guiding principles, to reveal its dependence upon psychology, to show the relations of the science and the art first to one another and then to language, literature, and life, and last but not least, to emphasize the moral elements that run through all speech — these are the objects of the book. The work falls into two divisions, the first of which, as fundamental, discusses the parts, materials, media, processes, and laws of discourse, while the second and higher begins with a broader definition and analyses the qualities and forms of speech. The author's method is clear and logical, his distinctions are well drawn, and the book seems adapted either for college use or for private study.

Chats. By G. Hamlen. [Lee & Shepard, $1.00.]

This is a good little book, an excellent little book; and we should be glad to hear that it found a hundred thousand readers — or more. It presents the rare combination of good sense in good form. Who the author is we do not know; but evidently a woman. In a pleasant, good natured tone, without a bit of cast or of a brow, or the least suggestion of scolding, she chats briefly, sensibly, entertainingly, and instructively on a large variety of topics which enter into modern life; with the effect of giving all sorts of the best advice to boys and girls and young folks too. The book belongs to the men, to school, but to all humanity and to universal ethics. To the girl who wanted to go upon the stage, to the boy who smoked cigarettes on the sly, to the young man who had ambitions towards poetry, to the naughtiest boy that ever was seen, and to other typical characters, she addresses one after another of her chapters, with passages of useful information interspersed, as about sponges and glass, and with some touches of story-telling. We should think the young people would read this book, and respect it, its manner is so winning, and its matter so commendable.

Hindu Philosophy Popularly Explained. By Ram Chandra Bose. [Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50.]

Mr. Ram Chandra Bose, the Hindu preacher whose recent book upon Brahmosism we have already noticed, has now published an exposition of the six orthodox systems of Hindu philoso-

phy, to be followed, if occasion shall warrant, by another volume of the same size on the hetero-

dox systems. Three introductory chapters discuss the sources from which Hindu philosophy is drawn, a whole chapter being devoted to the Swetawartana, the most modern of the Upani-

shads, in which the earlier and cruder specula-

tions have reached their most mature and systematized form. Then follow the Hindu counterparts of various phases of European thought, medieval and modern, religious, meta-

physical and scientific theories of Logic, Evolutionary and Atomic theories, Asceticism, Ritualism, Pantheism, and the doctrine of Illusion. A contrast is drawn between Hindu and Christian philosophies, and a closing glance is cast at Hindu Eclecticism. The writer's spirit is antagonistic rather than impartial, and his treatment is not suffused with sympathy. To the Hindu, it seems to have been replaced by the Eng-

lishman, the old prejudices being driven out by the new rather than renewed and raised to a level from which he could understand, appreciate, and aid the aspirations of his own race.

That he has gathered a mass of information not easily accessible elsewhere we do not question, and his zeal, energy, and patience deserve high praise, though we may not fully admit the boastful claims of his preface. As an introduction to the systems of Hindu philosophy his book will find its place; but we cannot help thinking that both the Hindu reader and the prosenio-

r will gain a better conception of the relation of Christianity to the Hindu heart and mind from Principal Caird's two lectures in the little volume on The Faiths of the World. A common ground to stand upon, and a truly sympa-

thetic spirit, too large to keep for either scorn or sneer, are always requisite if biases or theories are to be brought together.

— Cassell's Family Magazine, one of the purest and best of the popular monthly, is to have a new cover, the design of Mr. Francis Lathrop.
The Literary World.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

MR. ROE'S LETTER.

We do not think the Rev. E. P. Roe's letter, published elsewhere under the head of Correspondence, the wisest sort of letter, even under the circumstances, or in the best taste, but we print it under our invariable rule of giving everybody, particularly anybody thinking himself injured, a free hearing. As the readers of the Literary World know perfectly well, whatever Mr. Roe may think of his novels, we do not think much of them, though we have never failed to recognize and commend the good intentions with which they are informed. Our criticism of them has been based on purely literary grounds, and the justice of that criticism we are perfectly willing to leave to the sense of the public, and to that of the future, which will try every man's work more rigidly than the present. In one sense Mr. Roe's novels are certainly literature; are there not by this time nearly 500,000 volumes of them? But in another sense they are not literature, and never will be.

We see no reason why Mr. Roe should feel nettled at the terms of our notice of A Young Girl's Wooing. The remark was contributed to him came to the writer through such a channel that he did not doubt its substantial truth, nor do we see anything particularly reprehensible in his having made it. It is one of the marks of genius to put a low estimate on itself and to be surprised at the measure and quality of its fruits. And as we read Mr. Roe's novels, we should place it to his credit rather than otherwise that he did not think of them more highly than he ought to think. We do not know that it is derogatory to an author to see how far short his works come of his own ideals, while at the same time he is in good spirits over fat checks twice a year from his publishers. Mr. Roe, and anybody else, has a perfect right to write books for money as to do any other honorable kind of work for a living, and there is no call to apologize for it.

As to A Young Girl's Wooing, his latest novel, we are happy to repeat now what was said before, that it is probably the best book he has written yet; while the immense circulation of his works in the aggregate gives him certainly one title to the respectful attention of his time. And as now, so ever, our columns are open to him or to any one else who feels aggrieved by our opinions.

— Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are now the publishers of no less than seven periodicals: the Atlantic Monthly, the Andover Review, the Boston Medical Journal, the Law Reporter, the U. S. Postal Guide, and American editions of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews.

JOURNALISM IN BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

Among the respects in which Boston journalism differs much from New York is this, that in the former city "space work" forms a far smaller part of the total contents of the newspapers than is the case in the metropolis. By "space work" is meant work by other writers than the regular staff. In New York there is a large "Bohemian" class, brilliant but unsteady, who write good contributions, receive their pay therefor, and write no more till they have spent all that they have. Boston, though "we call it a large place," is really a small one from the journalist's standpoint, and newspapers are managed after much narrower methods than in New York.

There is a dark side undoubtedly to the picture of the journalist's life. A man's success does not at all depend on his own abilities, as, for example, in law, but on the attitude of some other person or persons, who have the power to keep him down, they being the masters and he in effect their servant. A good deal too might be said as to insufficiency of salaries.

Some of the great papers issue so many editions that the editorial writers are very closely confined to work—have to keep very long hours. It is not meant to work them to death, but the fact sometimes is that they almost are. Any of "the small hours" may be the time of dismissal for subordinates. As a rule they have alternate Sundays. The managing editor, if he have pretty good luck, can generally leave the office by half-past ten at night. An afternoon paper allows much greater regularity in its work and in the hours of its writers than a morning paper.

TABLE TALK.

Mr. Edgar W. Howe, the author of The Story of a Country Town, is a native of Huntington, Indiana, and is only about thirty years old. He is the son of a Methodist minister, was trained as a practical printer, and finished with school when he was eleven years old. He is now editor of the Atchison (Kansas) Evening Globe, and has quite a little property. He has a new novel ready for publication in January, called The Mystery of the Lacks. Admiral Porter, the author of Allam Dake and Robert le Diable, is the new nine-part novel now publishing by D. Appleton & Co., has passed his seventieth year, and is the senior officer of the Navy, having succeeded Farragut in 1870. He has been in the naval service since 1829, and fought in the Mexican War and in the War of the Rebellion. Current pictures of him give him a youthful appearance, as if the weight of years and of long and arduous public duties did not rest very heavily upon him. Joaquin Miller, in whom the eccentricity of genius touches about its high water-mark, is said to have built him a log cabin among the hills near Washington, and to be living there pretty much alone. We give this story for what it is worth, not knowing whether it is true. The poet of the Sierras shows himself bands well out on the sides of his head, a high and prominent forehead, and a heavy mustache and imperial of the Napoleon type, with an eye in fine flety rolling.

Mr. George Munro commenced publishing the "Seaside Library" in 1877, and is now said to be worth $5,000,000, all of which he has made from that enterprise and the Fiskdale Companion. A number of the "Seaside Library" is issued every morning, and the printing establishment is said to be the largest in the world, with the exception of Harper & Brothers. Mr. Munro is a native of Nova Scotia, and has a pleasant face, completely framed in hair and beard, now turning gray. What is probably the tallest building in New York, an apartment house, Mr. Munro is now erecting on 59th Street, opposite the lower end of the Central Park. Some of its portions are, we believe, fourteen stories high.

Mr. George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, about forty-five years ago, is a graduate of Yale College, and married the adopted daughter of Wendell Phillips. His father was a clergyman. Elia Maude Moore, the winner of the prize of five hundred dollars recently offered by the publishers of the Youth's Companion for the best short story, is the wife of Joseph E. Moore, Esq., of Thomaston, Me., and the author of the poem Rock of Ages. Mrs. Moore is a native of Warren, Me., where she opened her eyes thirty-five years ago; but has spent nearly all her life in Thomaston. She began to write verses in childhood; rhymed her way through girlhood, and has since put her poetry into newspaper and magazine print, venturing a volume (Songs of Sunshine and Shadow: D. Lothrop & Co.) in 1880. Miss Hashby, the story for which the five-hundred-dollar prize was awarded her, is the first story she ever wrote for publication; though she has written many stories which she never attempted to get printed, and has invented many fairy tales for use at home. Aside from her book, both her prose and her verse have heretofore been uncompensated, save in the coin of grateful hearts, which has been abundantly bestowed. It is likely now, however, that she will, as far as a woman may, make a business of authorship, as she has engaged to write several stories for the Companion. Her prize story will appear sometime next year.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who did quite as much editorially as did his brother Edward, his nominal editor, to make the late Hearst and Hearst and Home of Orange Judd & Co., has declared weekly that it was, is now absorbed in profitable editorial writing for the New York Commercial Advertiser, and has postponed further book-work indefinitely.

Miss Carlotta Perry contemplates spending the winter in the South. She is very busy now with poem and story work at her home in Milwaukee.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who achieved no small share of her literary reputation as the writer of literary letters from Boston to the New York Tribune between 1870 and
Our Young Folks before it was absorbed by the St. Nicholas magazine, resides in domestic contentment at Bristol, N. H., and takes her summer outings on a farm one mile away, and within sound of the sea. Though only forty-two years old, she seems to have retired from the public sight in every sense, and now writes scarcely a verse, whereas in former years she was quite busy with verse-writing. Her one notable poem is the "Two Pictures," so simple and natural that it was traveled all over the country. Mrs. Robinson has no children, but is quite as busy, in domestic ways, as many women who have. She has thought half-seriously, lately, of writing a journal of her farm-life, and calling it "A New England Saetar." Two or three of her home poems have been included in Mrs. Holloway's collection of verses of like description, just issued.

. . . . The Historical Society of Chicago recently listened to a eulogy upon the late I. N. Arnold of that city. Mr. Arnold was not a relative of Benedict Arnold, but was the author of a life of the traitor which is, in some measure, a justification of the traitor, though not extenuate the treason as much as possible. A life of Abraham Lincoln by Mr. Arnold is now in the hands of the publishers and is said to be complete and excellent.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Our notices of Holiday Books we shall reserve for appearance later in the season; but we will keep their titles posted here before the reader's eye from this time on.


Scott's Marion. Illus. Osgood. . 6.00

Burns's Works. Illus. Crowell. . . 2.50

Some Modern Etchings. White, Stokes & Allen 10.00

Good Things from "Life." White, Stokes & Allen 2.00

Lay of the Last Minstrel. . . 2.50

World Biographies.

A. F. P. Robinson. Agnes Mary Frances Robinson was born in Lenington, Warwickshire, England, February 27, 1837. Leamington in those days was a charming little town, famous for its waters and its hunting. Mr. G. T. Robinson was early interested in the work of Madame Dudevant (Geo. Sand), Harriet Martineau, Madame Rochefoucauld, and other distinguished women. With all her writings she has coupled energetic efforts for the advancement of her race, and particularly her own sex.

She is an active and conspicuous member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in connection with which some of her most memorable poems have been written. Since the establishment of the American Reformer of New York, about two years ago, she has edited its home department, which is notable for its attractive format and verses. She is a New Yorker by birth and education, but has long resided in New York. Few women are stronger in their personal friendships, and the woman is rare who has so many warm friends. Her interest in education and reform has prevented her writing as much as she desired; but the years to come will probably show a larger share of literary production, and afford the public a better view of her versatility and strength.

"Marian Douglas" (Mrs. Annie D. Robinson), of delightful memory as a contributor to...
THE LITERARY WORLD.

quite so full a measure of success as had been given to the first; which is doubtless the reason why the writer is said to consider it, in her heart, the most mature and accomplished of her various efforts. In 1853 Miss Robinson wrote for Messrs. Allen in London and Messrs. Harper & Brothers in Boston a monograph on Emily Brown. At the same time she published with Messrs. Longman and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, a summer novel, Arden, describing the Warwickshire village so familiar to her childhood.
In this youthful and uncertain work the scenery is far more skilfully handled than the character. In that respect the author was too ambitious for her means. Intending to show the effect which a passive and rather callous nature may produce on stronger spirits, she achieved only a love story marqué. Since then Miss Robinson has written a volume of poems, The New Arcadia, as to whose merits we will say nothing, since on that question no two critics have been agreed; also a monograph on the Sister of Francis I, the celebrated Queen of Navarre, which Roberts Brothers intend to produce in their series of Famous Women.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer's full name and address.]

"The Literature of the Bad."
To the Editor of the Literary World:
We have taken the liberty of reprinting part of your most excellent editorial on "The Literature of the Bad." It is so in keeping with our editorial, "Indecencies in Art," written just before the reception of your paper, that we thought the two should go together. You cannot fail to have the most hearty support of all honest, true lovers, dear minded people and papers. Most heartily does the Visitor indorse every word of the article in question.

JAMES R. MURRAY,
Editor with John Church & Co.
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 1.

David Dudley Field.
To the Editor of the Literary World:
The jealousy of the law prompts me to chide the Literary World for one feature of its comments upon the works of David Dudley Field. It is certainly not a ground of complaint that they should receive your attention in the column of "Minor Notices," for while they would take precedence of most recent publications in the book reviews of Law Journals, their relation to general literature did not require more prominence in the Literary World. Nor can any exception be taken to your criticism of Mr. Field's writings and labors; it exhibits an appreciation so just and discriminating as to be refreshing to lawyers whose life or death is fluctuated in the views of laymen about legal topics the exact opposite of these qualities.
But your "bold confession" that you do not remember whether Mr. Field is living or dead implies that he is not one of the few great men about whose name death every one is compelled to know "under penalty" of being argued unknown. David Dudley Field is one of the great men of the century; and the necrological pigeon-holes of the Literary World will not be complete unless they contain the data for an adequate sketch when distant be the day!] his "long, arduous, and beneficent life" shall end. It is a trite saying that the fame of a great lawyer is evanescent: has no credentials but tradition, and dies away, like the faint whisper of receding echoes. Mr. Field's fame is the most marked of all exceptions to this general rule.

That Mr. Field is alive, Judge Dillon, in his Annual Address before the American Bar Association, at Saratoga, in September last, bore this testimony:
"In the law of procedure, we have heretofore led the way; understanding well that the eminent lawyer of this State (Mr. David Dudley Field), in a great reform which spread not only over our own land, but has crossed the two oceans, and lies at the basis of the recent and existing Judicature Act of Great Britain, Fortune man! To have had his days graciously prolonged so much beyond the common span, that he might witness this ecumenical triumph of the ideas of his earlier, but not more enthusiastic, days."

It may be said of the administration of justice under this system that "it follows the morning sun in its march around the earth."

Not only is Mr. Field alive, but he is the most alive of all the members of his profession. The "said" association having a standing committee on "Legal Administration and Remedial Procedure" who had never taken any notice of the greatest defect and failure in that branch of the law, Mr. Field moved, at its last meeting, for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the subject of "Delays in Legal Proceedings."

He is, before the front and front of the movement to reduce the law "from the reproach involved in the Laureate's description of it:

The lawless science of our law,
That codifies myriad of precedent,
That widens of precision.

WALTER B. HILL.
Macon, Ga., Nov. 1, 1884.

Mr. Roe and his Novels.
To the Editor of the Literary World:
Whoever the reviewer of my latest novel may be, I freely acknowledge his right to criticise my books with the utmost severity or to condemn them altogether, but he has no right to say of me or my friends what is unjust and untrue. The reviewer in your columns writes: "We understand that Mr. Roe's own estimate of his novels is privately expressed to his friends in this language: 'I don't think they amount to very much, but they seem to sell pretty well.' Permit me to say that if animated by the spirit you suggest, I spoke in this vein to those who honor me with their friendship, they would not remain friends. I do not think that one of the books would tolerate to palm off for money what he regarded as comparatively worthless, and I am at a loss to know how he had been led to 'understand' that I 'privately express' myself in a way that would alienate any person of sense and self-respect. I do not know what my books amount to. Time and the public will settle that question, but reflections on an author and his friends is [sic] certainly a new departure in literary criticism. E. P. ROE.

Cortlandt-Hudson, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1884.

—Charles Scribner's Sons will bring out at once the Croker papers which have been so long expected. The labor of editing the work has been ably performed by Mr. Louis J. Jen-

nings, who was for so many years the editor of the New York Times. The American edition will be issued in two volumes, and will be ready about the last of this month.

MINISTERIALS.

Callirrhoe: Fair Rosamund. By Michael Field.
[Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.]
How Much I Loved Thee! By Raymond Estohel.
[Washington, D. C.: Published by the Author. $1.25.]

The dramatic form is a better vehicle for either of the two subjects chosen by Michael Field, and certainly for the first of them, than for Raymond Estohel's. Mr. Field is an Englishman, and his twin ventures here bound together have attracted some favorable notice at home. Mr. Estohel is a Washingtonian, and his venture is a native product, pure and simple. M. Field's Callirrhoe was the maiden of Calydon, who was vainly wooed by Coreus, a priest of Bacchus. Angered by his defeat he sought revenge of Bacchus, and Bacchus visited Calydon with a plague. Then the oracle was consulted, and the sacrifice of Callirrhoe was ordered as a propitiation. But as Coreus led the victim to the stake, his love for her revived, and he stabbed himself instead of her. Then Callirrhoe followed suit. Thus a double tragedy points her story. Mr. Field has taken some poetic liberties with the history, but his verse is generally rhythmical, and often strong and good. The subject is remote enough to look well thus treated; and the same is true of Fair Rosamund, Henry II's favorite of Woodstock and the labyrinth. Mr. Field has had unusual success with a somewhat difficult task.

Of Mr. Estohel's book we cannot say much. Here is the material for a modern society novel of Washington and Virginia blocked out in the conventional style of the melodrama. Whatever we could say of it would be almost certain to distress, if not to offend, the author, and we can see nothing about it to recommend it to the reader, except its heavy paper and pretty cover. Its imitations of the Shakespearean tone are plain enough, as for example pp. 56 and 57 compared with the opening lines of the fifth act of the Merchant of Venice; but its course is generally stagy and its details are often absurd. Mr. Estohel should see in the first place that dramatic verse is not suited to a subject like this, and should receive in the second place with meekness the assurance that his particular dramatic verse is silted and poor.

Outlines of Roman Law. By William C. Morey.
[G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.]

The attention of all students and teachers of the history and principles of Roman law, as a foundation of all modern systems of jurisprudence, is invited to this scholarly and convenient manual. The author is Professor of History and Political Science, and was formerly Professor of Latin, in the University of Chicago, N. Y. His own lines of study and teaching have therefore fitted him in a twofold manner to prepare this handbook, which easily answers the various requirements for a work of its class and purpose. It has both table of contents and index, and its logical plan and orderly execution are apparent at a glance. The subject is treated according to a double analysis and classification, which affords an opportunity to study the development
of Roman law outwardly by the historical method, and interiorly by the philosophical method. The two parts of the work correspond to this twofold system. Part First treats the subject historically in five periods, beginning with the earliest times and ending with the Middle Ages, the revival of the study of Roman Law with the renaissance, and the traces of it to be found in European and international law today. Part Second turns the subject inside out, and pursues a methodical investigation of it by topics, which are grouped under the four general heads of the Law of Persons, Things, Obligations, and of Actions. This second part amounts to a digest, and is of course confined to the briefest statements. But the propriety of Professor Morey's method and the clearness of his style impart to the theme a real interest even for non-professional readers. For academic uses, and as a basis on the debt of the present to the past, the book will readily commend itself.

**CURRENT LITERATURE.**

The new edition of I. T. M. Marle, My Farm of Edgewood, looks like a new book, with its fresh and ruddy title-page, its pleasant odor of damask paper, its pleasant descriptions of searching for, finding, setting, planting, and enjoying a farm. Charming papers these on the happinesses and drawbacks of country life; practical, sensible and suggestive.

The new edition of the late Rev. Thomas Bulfinch's Age of Chivalry is more than a new edition, having been both revised and enlarged by a worthy successor of Mr. Bulfinch in this particular path of story telling. Mr. Hale has availed himself of Tennyson's Idylls, borrowed from the Mabinogion, drawn from Froissart and some other old chroniclers, and introduced a few ballads, among others that of "Chevy Chase." The book has pictures, some of which at least are curious, and the binding is a great improve- ment on that of the past. That semi-historical, semi-imaginary world of which King Arthur and his knights were the center is well portrays in this volume.

The scope of Festival Poems might easily have been enlarged, since Christmas, New Year's Day, and Easter are the only festivals represented in the collection. If Christmas, why not All Saints' Day? And if New Year, why not Thanksgiving? The answer to which suggestion probably would be that the compiler could not put everything into one book, and accordingly selected the three festivals named as representative.

Daily Food has become a sort of typical title for small books of devotion, giving one page of text, hymn, and moral for each day of the year. To this class belongs the compilation by the editor of Quiet Hours; an inviting red-edged volume of 372 pages, which devotes one page to each day, and on each page gives one text and sometimes two, always from the Christian Scriptures, one stanza of religious verse and sometimes two, from some Christian poet, and one extract and sometimes more than one from a Christian author. The selections represent all ages, faiths, and types, and have been made with a truly catholic feeling for whatever is true and good and beautiful.

The new "Reminiscences and the Christian Life" goes back to the Christian rule and habit of the first three centuries to find a rule and habit for Christian amusements in the nineteenth century and the twentieth. Which is like going to South America to learn how to live in New England.

Much more logical and forcible as an argument is that against dancing by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, whose convictions are that promis- cuous dancing is a device of the devil, and whose English is equal to his convictions.

Mr. Kirby's exposition of the science of vocal culture is certainly clear, and so abundantly supplied with technical directions, illustrations, and working examples that it would make a good manual for practice by public speakers in their private preparation.

The distinctive features of Fulton and Trueblood's volume of selections is reach, which goes beyond the abundant and excellence of the selections themselves, the prefixed diagram of the elements of vocal expression showing the different kinds of thought embodied therein, the representation of the seven great orators of the world, the scenes from popular dramas, and the appended descriptive indexes to selections from Shakespeare, the Bible, and Christian hymnology, suitable for public use. The collection is unusually rich, dignified, and suggestive.

The three prophets who sit for their portraits in Col. Long's historical tract are Chinese Gordon, El Mahdi, the Moe of the present trouble in the Soudan, and Arabi Pasha, all of whom are done to the life from studies on the spot. Col. Long has served in Egypt, both on Gordon's staff and in the United States Consular service. The upshot of his interpretation of the present unpleasantness in upper Egypt is that England is covertly seeking to establish an "Egyptian Empire," and that Gordon and other agents are but tools to this purpose. The nar- rative is personal and vivid, but not more complimentary to Gordon than to the others.

Mr. Le Van's little volume is exactly what its long title describes it to be. The Indicator is a mechanical attachment to a steam-engine by which a diagram can, at any time, be automatically drawn, showing the exact pressure of the steam in the cylinder at each instant of the motion of the piston. The little book would have been greatly improved by a more careful proof-reading, as there are puzzling slips of attention here and there in the author's style of expression, and uncorrected slips of the types. These are particularly numerous in the introductory pages; although the worst specimen

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3 Festival Poems. Roberts Brothers. $1.15.
4 Daily Strength for Daily Needs. Selected by the editor of "Quiet Hours." Roberts Brothers. $1.00.
7 Vocal and Action-Language. By E. N. Kirby. Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

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1 A Thousand Questions on American History. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. 50c.
2 An Introduction to Early English Literature. By W. B. Harlow. C. W. Bardeen.
5 The Church and the Era. By B. Franklin, D.D. E. J. B. Young.

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The list of books is not complete, but it will serve as an index to the variety of literature that has been published during the past year. The books are at pp. 35, 50, and 51, where the arithmetical and algebraical expressions are printed in defiance of all rule. The misprints are not, however, of a character to destroy the value of the book.

It is a sorry compliment to the intelligence of our teachers that such books as A Thousand Questions on American History find sufficient sale to make their printing worth the while. Still, there are good points in the book, and it is evident that the writer, who is vouched for as an "emincent teacher," had given to some substantial history the labor which he has bestowed on his catechism. He could have produced a popular and valuable work.

The intentions of Mr. Harlow's Introduction to Early English Literature are also good, and in some respects its plan is likewise, but its form and method are not attractive, and it does not wear the scholar's air. It is mainly a small book of selections from early English literature, with brief biographical introductions.

To an already respectable number of hand-books for amateur photographers Mr. T. C. Hepworth, an English expert, now adds an addition, which he calls a "non-technical manual," but which goes precisely and circumstantially into the subject, with numerous illustrations and copious directions for all branches of this useful and ornamental art. As we remember what has hitherto been published, this book seems to us more explicit and helpful than many.

Soups, according to Mr. Murray, are divisible into four groups: viz., clear, thick, purées or bisques, and chowders. Purées are made by rubbing the cooked ingredients through a fine sieve. Of course Mr. Murray does not offer us his fifty soups all for one dinner. His idea is that soups, like salads, are a good cook's opportunity; that, like the dinners which they introduce, they have their occasions; that with a heavy fish should go in advance a light soup; that for a large dinner two soups, one light and the other heavy, are always in order; the soup being "the pivot upon which harmony" depends. Hence these receipts for fifty soups, with blank space left at the end for adding a Kate Greenaway picture of a dainty little kitchen maid stirring the soup-pan on the cover.

We are more impressed with the general suggestiveness of the Pollard-Satterlee exposition of tableaux-giving than we are with the actual value of its particular designs. The book is an elongated, with an illustrative plate and descriptive text at each opening. The directions for arranging and setting the stage for tableaux are excellent; few of the scenes proposed seem to us very good. But the book may put readers on the track of one capital home diversion for winter evenings.

Rev. Dr. Franklin's essay on The Church and the Era is a noble-hearted presentation of religious faith and order as held by a Protestant Episcopal clergyman of a truly catholic type, who wishes to lift his church into something
higher than a sect, to undo her bonds, and to set her free to do a mighty work in this day of doubt and evil.

The second volume of the Spence-Evett-Neil series of illustrative quotations covers the second group of five topics, namely Man’s Nature and Constitution, the Laws by which he is Conditioned, the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia, the Seven Sayings on the Cross, and a first part of the topic of Virtues, encompassing Exemplary Virtues. This work is to be an immense treasure of the best thoughts of the best thinkers classified and arranged so as to fit an elaborate analysis of human character and life.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to the following topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving and answering.] (J. G. P.)

65a. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Castle Nowhere. (c) Tallahassee. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65b. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65c. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65d. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65e. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65f. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65g. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65h. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65i. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65j. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65k. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65l. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65m. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65n. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65o. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65p. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65q. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65r. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65s. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65t. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65u. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65v. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65w. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65x. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65y. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.

65z. J. G. P. (a) Book on Birds. (b) Book on Birds. (c) Book on Birds. (d) Book on Birds. (e) Book on Birds. (f) Book on Birds. (g) Book on Birds.
Buyer as a special Christmas annual. It will be fully illustrated and will contain many notable features. Among the new authors on old-fashioned Christmas books by Donald G. Mitchell [Ick Marvel], a Christmas-day entertainment written and illustrated by Daniel C. Beard, a number of signed reviews of important Christmas books, a general review of the holiday literature as a whole, by Mr. Robinson Johnson, and other articles yet to be decided upon. For a frontispiece there is being engraved for the first time in America, Herbert's famous "Madonna of the Deliverance." Mr. G. Kruehl has the work in hand, and Mr. J. D. Chaplin, Jr., is writing an accompanying article.

-Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have nearly ready Mr. W. F. Crafts's new book, The Sabbath for Men, a discussion of the Sunday question by a symposium of correspondents from whom Mr. Crafts has drawn pronounced expressions of opinion. The Bunting Ball, a book of society verses, whose author we are not allowed to divulge, but whose individuality is so pronounced in his pages that the authorship is quite obvious, is also almost ready. The illustrations are outlined drawings, and the whole book partsake much of the flavor of Mr. Grant's Little Tin Gods.

-Still another magazine is announced in New York. It is to be published under the name Babyhood, and its design, we are informed, is "to become a medium for the dissemination among parents of the best thoughts of the time on every subject connected with the needs of early childhood." Mrs. E. P. Trehune [Marion Harrington] will edit the department of nursery cooking, Dr. Leroy M. Yale of Bellevue Hospital will have charge of medical and hygienic articles. Other writers are engaged to contribute to the magazine, and the first number will be ready in December.

-The fall "trade sale" has taken place in New York. Each year the system of selling books at "trade sale" seems to lose ground. It was not many years ago that almost every publisher in the land was represented at one of these sales; every important bookseller was also in attendance. The sale this year was chiefly for the small number of new books present. The trade paper, which may be considered as an authority on such matters, announces that the "bidding was tolerably lively" and that the "poor 'plugs' were slaughtered as usual."

-J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce as the chief among their holiday publications an illustrated text of The Seven Ages of Man from Shakespeare's As You Like It. They also have in preparation, as already noted, an edition of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, A Young Folks' Josephus, and Episodes of My Second Life, by Amelia Barstow, a distinguished Italian who came to this country half a century ago, of which visit this book gives pleasant recollections.

-Thomas Knox & Co., who succeeded to the publishing and book-selling business established by Mr. James Miller, New York, are preparing the second issue of the Cruise of the Mountebank. This yacht is one of the New York Yacht Club fleet, a fast boat, which, if we remember correctly, has gone through many mishaps. General James McQuade, the author, records the many excursions of the yacht and the adventures of her jolly crew.

-Harper & Brothers are about to issue Miss M. L. Booth's translation of Laboulaye's Last Fairy Tales, an edition of which has also just been issued by George Routledge & Sons; also Edmund Yates's Autobiography. If this book by Mr. Yates is as interesting as we have every reason to believe it is to be, it will form a most important contribution to this delightful class of literature. The writer's experiences have been many and varied, and he wields a pen with which, in the fields of art and letters, his work is not excelled by any in England.

-Cassell & Co. have just ready their fine new edition of Romeo and Juliet, with illustrations by F. Dicksee, F. R. A. Prof. Edward Dowden, the Shakespearean scholar, has written a somewhat elaborate introduction to the work. Mr. Dicksee's pictures, many of which are in the text, are reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Goupil & Co. We notice that the Messrs. Cassell have now established a house in Melbourne, Australia.

-Wide Awake takes a long and inviting list of announcements of its attractions for the ensuing year. There are to be serial stories in its pages by Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Champney, and others; illustrated single articles by Miss Harris and Mrs. Kate Foote; a dozen articles on Boy Life in China, by the son of a Mandarin; two on Child Life in Venice, by Joseph Pennell; and a large variety of other instruction and entertainment.

-The Orange Judd Company have in press Every Day in the Country, by Harrison Weir, with plentiful illustrations; From Home to Home, by Strevy Hill, being an account of two long vacations spent at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; Recollections of Fly Fishing for Trout and Grayling, by Edward Hamilton, and a number of other publications relating to gardening, farming, cattle raising, and the like.

- Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who has of late been turning out novels in such profusion, announces still another venture in the realm of fiction. Funk & Wagnalls will publish shortly a story by him bearing the title Prince Sarson's Wife. The same firm have in press Out of Egypt, by the Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, and Letters from an Island, which is introduced by George Macdonald.

-Leon & Brothers, booksellers, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, have in press A Special Priced Catalogue of First Editions of the Most Prominent American Authors, and in order to make the same as nearly perfect as possible would be grateful for any notes or suggestions or other bibliographical material from collectors.

-The Rev. George Willis Cooke of West Detham, Mass., is ready for the present season with a course of lectures on "Living English Authors"—Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris; also Mrs. Browning.

-Sixty thousand copies of Mr. Conway's new book, Dark Days, were ordered in England before publication. The Mesara. Holt, who issue the author's edition here, announce a very large demand.

-Gins, Heath & Co. have in preparation a text-book for the teaching of temperance in the public schools, to be edited by Mr. Axel Gustafson, the author of The Foundation of Death.

-It is understood that The Flying Bedelia is to be the last of the Bodley books, and that the sale of the series has been very large indeed.

- Mr. Vedder's drawings illustrating the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam have been on exhibition this week at the gallery of the Boston Art Club.

- E. Stanley Hart of Philadelphia has published by subscription the Life and Character of Stephen Girard, by Henry Atlee Ingham, with an appendix describing Girard College.

-Hamerley & Co. of Philadelphia have in press for immediate publication The Indian Sign Language, by Capt. W. P. Clark of the Second Cavalry, U. S. A.

- T. B. Peterson & Brothers have in press a new "Society Novel" entitled Married Above Her, and said to be a true story written by a New York lady.


-Hamerley & Co. of Philadelphia have in press their Cyclopedia in one volume.

-Price is $5.00.

-Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's Country Doctor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is now in its seventh thousand.

-Cassell & Co. are to issue Chateaubriand's Atisus with Dore's illustrations as a holiday book.

-Wide Awake is to have a series of art papers from Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman.

-Little, Brown & Co. announce Volume CXXXVI of Massachusetts Reports.

-Mr. G. W. C. Blake is to read in New York towards the middle of December.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.

-Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Ed. S. R. S. From his MS. Copy in the Pepysian Library, With a Life and Notes by Richard Lord Braybrooks, Deans & Brothers. 10 vols. $25.00


-Autobiography of Hector Berlioz. Member of the French Academy. From his Travels in Germany, Russia, and England. Translated by Rachel Scott and others. Holmes and Emanuell. 2 vols. $5.00

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THE LITERARY WORLD.


HOLIDAY NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

DR. HOLMES ILLUSTRATED.

The tautology in the title of this book is not a serious blunder, but a palpable one, and one that ought not to have been overlooked in the preparation of a holiday volume so generally rich and handsome. "Illustrated Poems... with illustrations"—who is responsible for this infelicity of expression? the witty Doctor of Beacon Street, or the clever publishers of the Riverside Press? At least the "with" is superfluous. Moreover, in what sense, strictly speaking, are these "Illustrated Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes?" We did not know that Dr. Holmes had any "illustrated poems." That here is a collection of poems by Dr. Holmes illustrated by a company of artists is perfectly true, but that is not what the title says. An exact and correct title for this book would have been either "Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated by," etc.; or "Illustrated Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Illustrations by," etc.; or "Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Illustrated. The Illustrations by," etc.

All this, of course, is a small matter. But the uniform excellence and perfect finish of Riverside Press work accustom us to high expectations and to the use of the critical microscope, and expose us to worry by a trifle.

The complete poetical works of Dr. Holmes now amount to about three hundred pieces. We shall doubtless some day have an Illustrated Holmes on the scale of and the peer of the Illustrated Longfellow. For the present venture, which may be regarded as a sort of preliminary, only twenty-nine poems have been selected. Twenty artists have divided the illustrative work among them, and a dozen and more engravers have put the drawings upon wood.

The result is an assemblage of some seventy wood-cuts, inserted in the text of the poems, and imparting to the generous and creamy octavo which enshrinethem an air of true pictorial elegance. Dr. Holmes's verse is distinctively susceptible of illustration, lending itself kindly and suggestively to the pencil. His words paint to the eye, and his playful moods alike with his tender moods offer themes which it is easy to depict in outward forms.

The artistic masterpiece of the book is the frontispiece, which is fittingly a full-page portrait of the poet, printed on paper of its own. This portrait is an etching by Schoff, and is by far the best likeness of Dr. Holmes we have ever seen. For accuracy of statement no photograph could surpass it; and in ease of attitude, life-likeness of manner, and sweetness of expression, it leaves nothing to be desired. The posture is that which may be called "the poet's favorite," the same as that adopted for Longfellow in the Atlantic Monthly's lithograph—the head resting lightly against the hand; but what in the Longfellow picture is so lamentable a failure by reason of the deforming of the arm in order to get it within dimensions, is here a perfect success; and no artist could have posed his subject more skillfully than Mr. Schoff has Dr. Holmes. As a portrait we consider this as near absolute perfection as could possibly be reached; while technically, as an etching, it is work of a very high order. The lights and shadows are admirably conveyed, and the living smile which the poet's face habitually wears is literally upon the paper. The translation of thought into matter has seldom been so cunningly accomplished.

Of the wood-cuts which embellish the pages following we cannot speak with so much positiveness of commendation. There are excellent specimens among them, but their average does not seem to us to touch the high-water mark of American illustration. In "The Last Leaf" the artists have singularly overlooked the figure of the old man, which might have been treated so picturesquely, and have given us instead only the vagaries of the Old State House in Boston, and two commonplace woodland scenes which might go with any one of twenty other poems as well as with this. Why did not Mr. Howard Pyle give us for this incomparable poem a living semblance of the old man with his old three-cornered hat and the breeches and all that?

The typography of the book is luxurious, including type, paper, and presswork; the binding is chastely ornate; and the book is large, imposing, and dressing without showiness; a volume in every way to engage the eye and in many ways to please it, while certain to touch the heart anew with melodies than which no tenderer and sweeter have ever been sung.

A NEW THING IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

WHERE E. P. Dutton & Co. got hold of this of dainty and charming little books we do not know, but whatever their origin one thing is certain—no prettier child-work of its kind has met our attention this season thus far. The flavor is distinctly English, though the imprint is American, and we suspect that somewhere among the art publishers of London the genial partners of 23d Street stumbled on these gems, and forthwith engineered a "corner" in them for the home market. Mr. F. W. Weatherly is a Mother Goose songster of a very respectable grade, and Misses Edwards and Dealy, while having obviously studied in the Kate Greenaway school, have a genius of their own for depicting child life with a quaintness and a sweetness which are quite fresh in these days of many Kate Greenaway imitators, and are ably seconded in a subordinate way along quite a separate line of thought by Mr. Staples. The three artists have worked together in perfect harmony of feeling and style, and are in full sympathy with their author. The result is a series of books which look like the product of a single mind.

The six volumes of the "Art Gem Series" are so many diminutive quarto, about six inches by four, with twenty-four pages each, filled with simple little ditties of the nursery order, about the babies and the birds, the chickens and the flowers, the lobster and the kitten, London River and Christmas Bells. And to these jingling rhymes are fitted two classes of illustrations; first, full-page prints in color, generally accurately drawn and always carefully worked out, and, second, a great multitude of tiny vignettes in brown sprinkled through the text or hovering over it like so many pictures tossed into the air and blown hither and thither by the wind.

These vignettes are done with an especial delicacy, and show a great variety of cuts and the happiest sort of inventive faculty, as if the artist never tired of playing with her

ideas, and could pencil them down as fast as she could think. The covers are as tasteful as the contents, being decorated with spirited fancies, and glazed so as well to endure the touch of little fingers. There is not a page in any one of these books which does not detain the eye with fine points of pictorial work, and delight as well as detain.

The Adventures of Two Children is a little more of a book, though not much more, and is addressed to older minds, though its subject is still drawn from the lowest level of child life. It is in the vein of Dickens's "Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn," and details the summer morning's adventures of a baby boy and girl who fell in love with each other over the garden wall, and started off innocently hand in hand to see the world. "He was six," and "she was four," and a gallant pair of little lovers they made. The story is told in quaint prose which shows a good deal of literary skill, and the pictures, if not quite as good as in the "Art Gem" series, are good, the vignettes in the text particularly so. The artist trips once in the plates facing p. 6 and p. 9, where the little girl out in the garden work undergoes an impossible change of gown and sash in a moment of time.

Taken together, a very engaging Christmas lot is this, and one that will be sure to tempt the pockets of all who see it.

AMERICAN ETCHINGS.*

A present writing this is the conspicuous book of the season. It has the dimensions of a portfolio, the attractions of a picture gallery, and performs the functions of a teacher. Ten large etchings, executed expressly for the work by American artists, with accompanying text by Mr. J. R. W. Hitchcock, describing the plates and introducing the artists, make up its some forty leaves. The volume may be accepted as an exhibition of the best that the etchers' art in the United States can now accomplish.

The best that is in the book is certainly very good indeed, as fine an example of etching, it seems to us, as has yet appeared in this country. This best is a portrait of Rembrandt, after the painting by himself, by J. S. King, a young artist, the biographical notice of whom in Mr. Hitchcock's text is disappointingly meager. The etching is certainly a strong and noble piece of work; not perfect, for there are points at which the perspectives fail, the subject is too closely into the background, and sufficient care has not been paid to drawing; but these slight defects are not easily detected in a general effect so good. The lights and shadows are so skilfully preserved as to convey almost a sense of color. Vigor of outline is softened into great delicacy of expression. And the whole plate shows a luster, a richness, and a finish, a unity, force, and completeness, which are very satisfying.

The next best plate in the collection, as we are inclined to think, is that by J. W. Champney, playfully entitled "Never too Late to Mend." This is a simple figure of an old man with a slightly sunken but altogether pleasant face, sitting in his shirt sleeves on his crossed-legged stool, and mending his coat. For technical reasons, or otherwise, Lis thread and needle do not appear, but the position of the hands at their work is very life-like, and the whole position natural and instinct with animation.

Another plate of marked excellence, though in a different vein, is Mr. Pennell's "Ponte San Trinita." at Florence, one of the stately graceful bridges that span the Arno. The sweep of the structure as here displayed is fine, three of the arches being seen, with the river rippling by. In the background stretch away in well preserved perspective the buildings which line the further bank of the river, with their picturesque roofs and gables, their balconies and irregular windows, and including one tall tower of the campanile variety over-topping all.

Among the other etchings the foremost place, by virtue not only of its position, but its quality, belongs to Mr. McCutcheon's "My Ain Fireside," in which the spirit of the familiar song is translated into the picture of a dear old grandmotherly lady sitting by her grate and encouraging the comfortable fire there with a pair of bellows. The tea-keetle is steaming and the porringer is on. In Mr. Frank Waller's "Testing the Toledo" we have a Spanish-looking gentleman in medieval costume bending his rapier to and fro to try its temper. Mr. Monks's "Driving Sheep" considering Mr. Hitchcock's remark that this artist's specialty is sheep, seems to us the most careless and worthless piece of all. The sheep have heads but no feet, and are not a credit to their author. Miss Clements's "Tramp" is only a head, and a disagreeable one at that, though forcibly done. Mr. Walter Satterlee's "Evening Star" is an ideal floating female figure holding aloft her lamp, and printed in blue ink, as Eliot Daingerfield's "An Old Master at Last," after Mr. Satterlee's drawing, is printed in red; another unsatisfying effort. Catherine Levin's "Old Clarineton Player," after a drawing by Hugo Kaufman, is good again; especially the old fellow's puffed out cheeks; and this closes the series.

The price of this edition of Some Modern Etchings has already gone up, we notice, to $12.50, and is likely to be further advanced. Three other editions are offered by the publishers: one of three copies only, vellum proofs, signed and numbered, at $100 the set; one of ten copies only, satin proofs, at $50; and one of one hundred copies, Japan proofs, at $25. The first and second of these costly editions are also accompanied with an extra set of proofs on Japan paper.

SCOTT'S MARMION.

It is certainly a noticeable testimony to the popularity of Scott's Marmion that two handsomely illustrated editions of it should appear the same season independently from two American publishers. Crowell's edition* has already received attention in these columns, but properly may be called back again for further examination by the side of Osgood's newer and costlier edition. Marmion was one of Sir Walter Scott's earlier poems, having preceded The Lady of the Lake in order of composition by two years. The date of its first appearance was 1808. "A Tale of Flodden Field" was its second title. The Battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9, 1513, between the Scots under James IV and the English under the Earl of Surrey, Henry VIII, who was on the throne of England at the time, being absent on the Continent on an expedition against France. The battle went against the Scots, King James was killed, and with him fell ten thousand of his subjects, including the flower of his nobility and gentry. "Scarcely a family of eminence," wrote Scott, "but had one ancestor killed at Flodden." The hero of Marmion is a figure in this memorable engagement, and the last canto of the poem contains a most spirited account of the battle. The conflict is described as seen from a neighboring hill, and the death-scene of the hero has long been made memorable by these familiar words:

"Charge, Chester, charge: on, Stanley, on!"

The poem is inferior to the Lady of the Lake, but superior in some respects to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and if it lacks somewhat in unity and completeness, is still strong and striking in its pictorial features, and full of the dash and fire of border verse.

The two editions now side by side before us invite if they do not compel comparison. Viewed simply as books, appealing to the eye, we must give the palm promptly to Osgood's, which is larger, finer, and every way more artistic in its look and finish. Not only is it about six times as many illustrations as the other, but the illustrations are generally of a better grade, though there are one or two pictures in Crowell's edition, the frontispiece, for example, and the cuts facing pp. 86 and 208, which are as good as the best work in Osgood's. In Osgood's, moreover, the introductions to the several cantos are framed in rich ornamental border work, of a design distinct.
for each canto, and this feature lends a special elegance to the volume. The paper, too, is heavier, the type larger, and the ink more brilliantly black.

When we come, on the other hand, to the qualities of the book not as a show-book but as a book for reading, we must as promptly give the palm to Crowell's. It alone gives the author's "Introduction" and "Advertisement," which certainly are necessary preliminaries to the poem; it alone supplies the very instructive and useful foot-notes which accompany the text; and it alone supplements the text with historical appendices which furnish much enriching information for the better enjoyment of the poem.

For the mere pleasing of the eye, then, with outward embellishments of grace and beauty, Osgood's edition has the advantage over its rival; but for the uses of a thoughtful reader, who wishes to get the meat of his book, and to see into it from the standpoint of the author, the advantages are as distinctly on the side of Crowell's.

We are sorry for the sake of the publishers to institute this comparison, which probably will satisfy neither of them; but in justice to our own readers we do not think we can help it.

"POPULAR POETS."

THE members of T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s series of "Popular Poets" are excellently adapted to serve as holiday gifts, combining as they do the solid values of standard literature with the attractions of an outwardly handsome and even elegant form. It is always an added pleasure to find an old and favorite poem or author in a new and beautiful dress; and this is what we do in the two volumes now in hand, both of them good examples of the series in which they belong. And while some tastes of the more disciplined sort would doubtless prefer to enjoy their Scott and their Burns in the plainest of typography and binding, even as they would hang a choice etching in a frame of severe oak rather than in one of showy gilt, there are other readers with whom illustrations, gilded edges, and an ornate cover enhance the charm of the text within.

Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was the earliest in the trio of great poems with which his name is so familiarly associated; having been begun in 1802 and finished in 1807, which latter date was three years before the appearance of "Marmion," the two editions of which we notice elsewhere in this paper. Its six cantos were intended as a panegyric exhibition of ancient life on the Scottish Border. As aged minstrel, the last of his race, who serves as a sort of connecting link between the old and the new, is the hero of the tale, the date of which may be placed about the middle of the Sixteenth Century. The pictures of the time are full of romance and spirit, while softening the darker colors in which so many of its incidents would have to be painted in order to present them with historic truth. We have in the present edition the text of the poem complete, with the author's Argument, and his Introduction to the edition of 1830, with copious foot-notes also, with fifty pages of Appendix, and with a dozen full-page wood-cuts by Shelton, Ellen Oakford, Garrett, Taylor, Sheppard, and Share. These are generally satisfactory, though not in every case inserted at the pages designated in the contents. They are chiefly figure pieces, and are well drawn and engraved. We like especially the second of Mr. Taylor's two.

The "Burns"* is certainly an admirable edition of this poet. Though containing over 600 pages, or nearly three times the number of the foregoing volume, by use of thinner paper its bulk is kept within convenient bounds. The illustrations number only ten, and are of even excellence, but the distinguishing features of the book are its completeness and the amplitude of the critical apparatus for the help of the reader. To catalogue the contents there is

1. Biographical Preface, pp. 32.
2. Chronological Table, pp. xvi and Works, pp. 15.
4. Poems, pp. 337.
5. Letters, pp. 239.
9. Index, pp. 8.

The poems are compactly printed, where the meter will allow it two columns to a page; the letters are chronologically arranged and occasionally annotated; the type is unexpectedly good for a book containing so much matter. Taken altogether we see that nothing the volume lacks, besides a portrait of the poet, which certainly would have been an addition.


*An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall.

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," now a sunny-hearted matron in her fifties, but whose fifties are as young as women's twenties, has been making, in company with two of her "children," as she calls them (one in her twenties and the other in her teens), what she entitles An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall. She probably so entitled it because, as described in this generous quarto, that was precisely what it was not. Whatever the journey was, with its matter-of-fact climbing of rugged cliffs, and its face-to-face contact with a hardy and picturesque people, this story of it is full of sentiment, pleasant sentiment, too; and it is none the worse for that. The journey lasted sixteen days, and the sixteen days have fourteen chapters, the incidents of the last three days being compassed in the last chapter. From Mr. Hemy's pencil the sixteen days have two illustrations apiece, with one or two to spare; sometimes full-page drawings facing the text, and sometimes smaller designs inserted in the text, and pointing a passing description with a hint to the eye. The total result is a large, luxurious-looking book, not embracing a very broad or a very important subject, but conducting the reader under pleasant conditions to one of the remotest and most striking corners of Old England, and satisfying both mind and eye with graphic and striking views of a wild scenery and a strange people.

Our travelers started from Exeter on a lovely September day in 1881, and fairly entered on their domain of exploration and adventure at Falmouth, where they were within ten miles of the famous Lizard to the southward, and within twenty miles of Land's End to the westward. The Lizard is the bold promontory by which England plants its extreme foot-foot in the British Channel. Between this and Land's End the shore curves deeply inland, forming Mount's Bay, whose extreme indentation is emphasized by the twin landmarks of Penzance and St. Michael's Mount, the latter a reduced copy of the celebrated Mont St. Michel in Normandy. One might easily mistake the one for the other, so generally alike are the massive towering cliffs crowned each by its castellated buildings of the olden time. Along this high, rocky, storm-washed shore it was that our travelers spent their fortnight of pleasure rambling, ranging the high cliffs, scrambling over the rocks close to the water's edge, sauntering through the little villages—half huts on the land and half houses on the water, peering into the fishermen's cabins, adventurously visiting the light-houses when the elements made it hard work to stir abroad, interviewing old sailors and old sailors' wives, picking up bits of shipwreck yarns, listening to traditions of hairbreadth escapes, boating it now and then over rough swells and around into placid coves, trying the tight-rope dancer's skill on the tops of the stone walls which often serve as Cornish pathways, varying water excursions with picturesque drives inland, strolling into the old churchyards, and watching the sun drop like a ball of red-hot iron into the quenching waters of the Atlantic as they rolled up black and cold from the coast of far-off Labrador.

Sure the reader may be that amid such scenes as these Mrs. Muloch-Craik is an attractive guide to follow, and though as a book to read we should have enjoyed this quite as much if it had assumed a more modest form, still the attractions of large type and broad pages, and of gilt edges and
handsome wood-cuts, are not to be belittled or despised. Many are the American friends of this gifted, whole-souled, beam-
ing-eyed Englishwoman who will treasure with especial satisfaction so elegant an em-

bodiment of so characteristic a story.

SHAKESPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

The twenty-eight lines in As You Like It in which Shakespeare sums up the seven ages in the life of man form one of the most complete, most striking, most picturesque, and most celebrated of all the detachable passages of his plays. Those of our readers who are at all acquainted with literature must remember them well, beginning:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

Then follow, in procession of fine and clear-cut outlines, the "mewling infant," the "whining school-boy," the "lover sighing like a furnace," the "soldier, bearded like the pard," the "justice, full of wise laws and modern instances," "the lean and slippered pantaloon," and finally the shrivelled trembling impersonation of "second childishness, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

It can be seen at once what an oppor-
tunity this passage opens for an ambitious effort in figure-drawing, and such is the opportunity which the quarto before us seeks to occupy. As a book it is hardly more than a collection of seven large full-
page plates, but these are placed out by means of blank pages, pages containing a line or two of text, title-page, etc., so as to justly binding and to give to the enclosing covers a respectable fullness. The Shake-
spearean collector will want to employ his inexhaustible patience and skill in making use of the single agate and in printing of novel and beautiful design. Then follow the seven illustrations in succession, each being confronted with the special lines of which it is the attempted expression. The illustrations are after drawings by different artists, but display the same method, and show a unity of intent and feeling, as well as of technical process. The colors may be described as a slightly tinted black and white, the effect of which is not unlike that of a drawing in India ink. The first picture, that of the nurse and infant, is by F. S. Church, but a fundamental defect in it seems to us the apparent poising of so realistic a figure on nothing but a tree branch among the clouds. At least a woman carrying a baby should be standing on something solid. Mr. St. John Harper does the school-boy, but pictures him in quite a fine dress, and with too much of the festival aspect to his counte-
nance. Mr. Hovenden does the sight-

lover, and does him well, depicting skillfully the face of a would-be ballad-writer at a loss for a theme. Mr. Gaul's soldier is vigorous, but is it also a little woody? Very good is Mr. Frost's picture of the justice, with his fat legs, and belly "capon lined," and with a capital expres-
sion. Mr. Smedley's lean and slippered pantaloon again is perhaps less successful. The old man has a girl sitting by him. The most difficult subject of all is the last, Mr. Walter Shirlaw's, but he has shown the weakness and immibility of second childhood at least with considerable power, if not with the utmost truth. The face of the venerable man strikes us as more faithful to the poet's thought than the still alert and active frame-
work of his body.

Still, as a whole this is a striking series of prints; their foundation invests them with permanent interest; every Shakespearean collector will want to enrich his ex-
amples of his favorite poet in the hands of the illustrator; and the publishers have done their part with taste and excellent workmanship. The very reasonable price will bring the book within the reach of many who must belong to a less costly range of holiday publications, and the book cer-
tainly goes a good way for the money.

PICTURE BOOKS FOR GROWN FOLKS.

The Good Things of Life. [White, Stokes & Allen. $2.00.]

There is a play upon words in the title of this book which needs explanation, and which sets the title apart as an absolute stroke of genius. We happen to know, and think it no harm to say, that the selection of it is to be put to the credit of Mr. Stokes, the middle partner of the firm which publishes the book. Life is a humorous paper, appearing in New York, following somewhat the fashion of London's Punch, and doing with commendable success so far what no other American "comic paper" has yet at all succeeded in doing, namely, giving fun without coarseness and tickling people into laughter with-
out provoking their blushes at the same time. The best spirit of young college-hood is to be detected in Life; and if it is distinctly to be rated, we believe, as a fruit on the Harvard bough. We have heard it said by readers more familiar with its pages than we are, that no indec
dicate picture or equivocal allusion has so far defied them. It is a selection of the "good things" of this periodical "Life" which are collected into the oblong book before us; than whose title a nearer, happier, or apter one has seldom been in-
vvented. There are about sixty pages of cuts and text, the cuts predominating, the text simply sounding the key-note of each. For a title-page we have Father Time, with his scythe, and adding away to pass the poet a couple of cherubs, and a gambol gracefully in the measures of the walls. The mile-post, the sailboat, the academic temple, the lovers' bower, divaricate the story. Turn-
ing to the pages then, one finds a succession of well-drawn pictures, spiritedly conveying each of its satire, or its "r is", or its sharp hit at some social silliness, or its clever joke over some typical ig-
noramus or fool, or its funny mirroring of our- selves as others see us. Truly again at the advice of his fellow passenger on the steam-
ship what that he should get a trunk to put his clothes in, and exclaiming: "An' me go naked?" Kitty hilariously bottling up a mouse in a tea-pot, and then topping it up with expectations of "go-
ing for a meal, only to see the captain escape through a hole in the bottom; Miss Frost icky asking Mr. Wm. Doodle, who says he wears gloves at night because "they make one's hands so soft," if for the same reason he also sleeps with his hat on; these are examples at random taken from a gallery which seldom wearies us with silliness, never offends us with vulgarity, and is often considerably amusing. Mr. Palmer Cox's roguish way of treating cats and mice is particu-
larly clever, and the sense of fun which many of these pages exhibit is ingenious and irresistible.

A Book of the Bicycle.

Wheel Songs. Poems of Bicycling. By S. Conant Foster. [White, Stokes & Allen. $1.75.]

A book of the bicycle ought to be round, but this is square, as square as a foot-robe could make it, which is an odd shape in books. Mr. Foster's poems are twenty-one, three of them being sonnets, and all of them finding their subject and inspiration in the pleasures and perils of the wheel. The book has pictures, some of them ordinary engravings, others sil-
houettes, some sentimental, others comic, some occupying an entire page, others interwoven with the text, or framing its corners with suggestions of the mechanism and apparatuses of the bicycle. Poet and artist both find place for Cupid in their fancies, showing the dangers to human hearts of the cycling passion; but a view of the "scooter," with a husband and wife trundling cosily along therein to do day's marketing, exemplifies the part which the wheel may play in promoting comunal peace and satisfaction after the glittering enchantments of the honeymoon have faded into the sober realities of keeping house. Mr. Foster will be satisfied if his book, having given us Shelley, Lowell, Keats, Scott, Mrs. Hemans, Jones Very, Dr. Holmes, Miss Procter, Whittier, Emerson, Aldrich, and about the same number of minor singers; the pictures full-page colored plates, five of them making room at the bottom for fac-similed bits of author's manuscript—Hawthorne, Aldrich's, Trowbridge's, H. H.'s, and Will Carleton's. The pictures show bright nauturistics, with their veined and waxy leaves of green; the orchid-like flower-de-luce, with its grassy spears, and Mr. Howell's purple ink exactly to match; pink roses, large and luscious, but not so choice as buds would have been just opening; lovely pansies, very rich and natural,
with a spring of wild rose peeping out from the corner; a handful of white water lilies, admirably done, ranging from the close and modest bud to the full open flower; geraniums, with their serrated leaves; showy tulips, in pink, yellow, and deep blood orange; passion flowers with their drooping tendrils; a magnificent cluster of yellow daisies and red autumn leaves; a group of pale and delicate orchids, with their hooded half of insect and half of flower; a delicious mass of great yellow roses, sweetened, if anything, that can sweeten roses, with tufts of heliotrope and mignonne, and, last of all, a dozen primroses, each with a spring of two or three lilies-of-the-valley. These are the particulars of this floral assemblage. Flower pictures are the most desirable sort of artificial flowers, and some of these are extremely well done. The attempt to display a drooping branch of fraschian on the cover in gilt is not so successful.

SHOW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Stories in Rhyme.

The Princess Nobody. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated. [E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.]

Mr. Lang's fairy story of The Princess Nobody is founded on a set of drawings by Richard Doyle, printed in color by Edmund Evans. Doyle is an English artist of the Cruikshank-Leech-Du Maurier school, who for many years did much good work in Punch, who is widely known by his Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and by his illustrations of Thackeray's Newcomes, and who of late has turned his attention to depicting still-life, as witness a number of books embellished by his pencil. A set of his fairy pictures Mr. Lang seems here to have selected, arranged, and fitted out with a story which dates from "once upon a time," where, in a country close to fair land, "lived a King and Queen." In a book so to be explained, the pictures of course first demand examination, and these repay it. They make a pretty succession of odd and delicate conceits, and full of tender and pleasant feeling, especially for animal and insect life. The world is the world of sprites, who mingle on intimate terms with the birds and butterflies, and who hold of grace in one of the slender points of the wing of a butterfly, who is bigger than he; another is shaking hands with a mouse in all the gravity of a perfect politeness; the little forest Queen Niente, straw baton in hand, is seen seated on the grass with her feet crossed, conducting an oratorio by birds, whose singing efforts are depicted with amusing realism; there is a baby in a bird's-nest, frightened half to death by the proprietors of the nest as they return home from a foraging expedition; there is a field tournament between two tiny knights, mounted respectively on butterflies, a bee, and a grasshopper; a big dragon-fly has been waylaid in the fields by a trio of highwaymen, who have seized him by the leg, with the result of a frantic struggle for victory; there is a Prince asleep under a mushroom, with a big black beetle about to prey upon him; and there are couriers, dances, lovers, moonlight, water-lily flotillas, and numberless other pictures of routines and imaginations. As for Mr. Lang's story, it is in full sympathy with the pictures, and crystallizes their spirit into a shining form.

Other Folks at Home.

[Estes & Lauriat. $1.00.]

This original, tasteful, and useful book is so defective in that it has no title-page whatsoever, and that beyond the words on its cover there is no handle, so to speak, by which to take hold of it. The design of the author and illustrator, be they one and the same person, or two, is to join with the account of a journey in Europe a series of brightly colored pictures and illustrative of European geography, scenes, costumes, etc. The family are Mr. and Mrs. Everest, their nephew Philip and their niece Cora, and the account of their adventures and observations is given generally in a series of letters in verse, written home by one and another member of the party. With this reading is associated a dilated and illuminated series of bright colored pictures, crowded with details illustrative of the features of the several countries to which the letters refer. The center-point of each picture is a postage-stamp. Adjacent to it is a map. Pasted to the corners of each map, as it were, is a shield showing the national coat of arms. And then around these constant ingredients of the several pictures are grouped in each case scenes and figures in great variety characteristic of each people and their lives. The picture devoted to England shows St. Paul's in the moonlight, the Tower and the passing barges on the Thames, the redcoated huntsmen scouring the fields, one of England's historic men of letters, in Sweden, over all a natty sailor lad holding aloft the Union Jack. In the case of France a soldier boy takes the place of the sailor boy, and around him are grouped a seaport with its unloading merchantмен, one of the imperial avenues of Paris, a group of grape gatherers on the vineyard hillside, and the two ancient castles in the wheat fields. In Sweden, in case a demure maiden in her pretty cap and petticoat is seen surrounded by vintages of icebergs, polar bears, fur clad hunters of the far North, and the fjords and cliffs by the sea. Holland is represented by her low, flat coast, her canals, and her windmills. Altogether this is an uncommonly fresh, inviting, and instructive picture book for young eyes, embodying a novel idea in a very pleasing form. The little maps are beautifully done. The postage-stamps look real enough to be soaked off and transferred to the stamp album. The drawings are uniformly good, and the coloring always satisfactory. The whole tone is refined and cultivated. There is some use in such a book as this, and we do our part to help it along into circulation with more than ordinary satisfaction.

A Nonsense Book.

Staff and Nonsense. By A. B. Frost. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.]

By Jack Frost, we had almost said in our efforts to decipher the author's name on this rather indistinct title-page, but A. B. Frost it is. And if this is his picture standing against the title of his book, he is an amusing looking gentleman, dressed like Harlequin, topped with fool's cap and bells, holding a magic wand, and all ready to proceed with the show which fills his nearly one hundred pages. After a fantastically printed table of contents, comes first a tale of a cat, whose "Fatal Mistake," is related wholly by means of pictures. The cat in question, it seems, meddled with a pot of cream, and it was milk, which wasn't. The first effect of this indiscretion was a bad stomach ache and considerable alarm of mind, neither of which manifestations seemed to produce much of an impression upon the doting grandmotherly old mistress, who sat with her cap and spectacles knitting placidly before the grate, as if everything in her pet's life was entirely serene. The stomach ache quickly developed into a coical of the severest type, which ended in a spasmocdum jump, a paroxysmal rush, a series of upsetting catastrophes in sitting-room, hall, and kitchen, and finally a suicide from the end of the whip, and a wound grave. All of which is "nonsense," pure and simple. Other similarly silly stories follow, told in pictures without words, and between these and after them come a variety of doggerel verses, each morsel with a picture to suit; the verses being of about the same bestial nature as that of Mother Goose, and the pictures going to the extreme of absurd caricature. There is no question as to the "staff and nonsense." in this book. But we do not think the commodity is of a very refined kind, and we should say that Mr. A. B. Frost might have employed himself to better advantage than in connecting it, and that the public could do better with its time and money, even in its
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prodigal holiday mood, than to waste either over it.

Hawthorne's Wonder Book.

A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by F. S. Church. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.]

The fascinating legends of classic mythology have often been told in books meant for greater grace than by Hawthorne in his Wonder Book, of which there have been many sorts of editions, and of which there appears this fall one of dimensions and quality to leave all that went before to be forgotten, and to make it certain that after this, when "Hawthorne's Wonder Book" is called for, every one particular book can possibly be intended. Happy the bright-eyed boys and soft-hearted girls who wake up Christmas morning to find this choice and beautiful volume among the love-gifts of their friends. The Riverside Press has touched the wonder-words of the gifted necromancer of the Old Manse with a magic of its own, and set them forth with a largeness and a brilliance which leave almost the effect of a sensation, while the artist Church has made free use with his pencil of the capti-
vating subjects of the tales. There are between thirty and forty drawings, all, we believe, in colored ink. They are delicate rather than imposing, and charm by their lightness and the sympathy of their manner with the author's spirit, rather than by any attempted independ-
ence of genius. Here in succession are the terrible Gorgon's head, with its writhing hair; the little Perseus and his mother drifting helplessly in the curious carved chest upon the lonely sea; King Midas nursing his treasures, and invoking the aid of his strange visitor that everything he touched might be turned to gold; Pandora and Epimepheres, gathering fruits from the laden boughs in the innocent days before the mysterious box was opened; the mighty Her-
cules with his ponderous club, entertaining the maidens at the river side as they twine their wreaths of flowers; good Baucis and Philemon, hospitable to strangers, and so entertaining angels unawares; and the handsome young Bellerophon mounted by the fountain to interview the pretty maiden and her companions in behalf of his search for the fleet Pegasus. The incomparable text on which these picture beads are strung is printed in large type, whose edges are cut with the sharpness of the facets of a diamond, and whose face shines with a coal-
black luster. Heavy calligraphed paper, ample margins, gilt-edged, and a tempting cover complete the sum of rare attractions with which this book is endowed. Such a book as a mere object to look at is an education to a child's judgment and taste in the mechanics of book-
making; but when we taste its contents, how far elevated its stature is above the "stuff and nonsense" with which some purveyors seem to think it proper that young minds be fed.

CHILDREN'S QUARTOS.

The children's quartos seem to be going a little out of fashion, at least it is not so conspicuous among the holiday books this year as last, and the first one we take in hand is the last of its series. This is The Viking Bohleys, with which Mr. Horace E. Scudder announces that he takes leave of the Bodley family finally and forever, and turns to new fields of literary endeavor. The Bodley family, in their later generation, has been duly followed through travels in Hol-
land and England in search of an architectural treasure. The pages are here made to look like North Sea in the steamer "Rollo" from Hull, and to explore Norway and Sweden, penetrating to the far North, visiting the chief cities of these lands, and Copenhagen in Denmark, getting glimpses of the Northmen by the way, and enjoying introduc-
tion to Hans Christian Andersen, Thorne, Bok, Bjarne, Ole Bull, and other notabilities inde-
pendent to these latitudes. Well selected pictures enliven the narrative, and a host of readers, it may be expected, will learn that the much trav-
elled Bodleys are to travel no more. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.]

The adventures of the Three Vassar Girls in South America, related by Mrs. Champney, and illustrated with unusual freshness and spirit for a book of this class by her husband, "Champ," make a better story of travel than common, in which views and descriptions of the country, as seen through the tender eye, are blended with the somewhat exciting hunt for an abscending North American financier and the pleasantly engaging incidents of a love affair. The pictures are not all new, but the new ones are very good indeed, and the tone of the book is sprightly and lightish without being frivolous. The flora and fauna of the tropics are prominent throughout the book, as well as some curiosities of the human species, agreeable or otherwise; there are voyagings on the Amazon, visits to Para and other cities, ascents of the Andes, views of volcanoes, studies of mountains, and other instructive uses of entertaining topics. Sketch maps on the inside of the covers are a great help to the reader. [Estes & Lauriat. $1.50.]

Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's Zig-Zag Journeys are this year in the tempting land of Acadia and New France — the land of Longfellow's Evangeline; with diversions into New Brunswick and on the St. Lawrence, to St. John, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and to Ottawa, the capital of the Canadas, with its high perched parliament houses, like a nest on a rock. Mr. Butterworth sprinkles his pudding with plentiful plums of song and story, and wakens the historic echoes of every spot as he passes along. A good deal of infor-
mation about places and people is imparted by his vehicle of a simple fiction. The illustrations "by distinguished artists" belong to the stock company whose appearances are as frequent as their talent is versatile, and who are equal to almost any service on almost any occasion. [Estes & Lauriat. $1.75.]

Chatterbox is here again for 1884, with its more than 400 pages of pictures and poems, songs and stories, useful knowledge, wholesome sentiment, descriptions of famous people and fa-

mous places; a perfection of a scrap-book for young eyes. And readers are now confirmed in their title to it. [Estes & Lauriat. $1.25.]

The typograph, illustrations, and general qualities of Our Little Ones make it a superior book of its class. The volume is the bound col-

lection of the numbers of the monthly magazine whose names below is that of the magazine and to which it is adapted to the youngest grade of readers. Prac-
tically it is the old Nursery in a new form. "Oliver Optic" is the editor. [Estes & Lauriat. $1.75.]

The Compton of Mr. Augustus Hoppin's Two Compton Boys in a New England seaport

town of 15,000 inhabitants, which might be Salem. The two boys are Richard Lion Reyno-
dons and Richard Prince. The former is a shipping merchant; Pizarro is the son of Mr. Reyno-
don's black coachman, and the boys are comrades. Dick goes to Miss Kamin's school. Miss Kam-
lin is tall, thin, and wears spectacles and a frieze. The boys and girls at this school were well spotted with warts and sprinkled with freckles. The boys played fishing, had fights, and robbed birds' nests. The girls had parties. Together they underwent all sorts of haps and mishaps, the story of which is told by Mr. Hoppin with both pen and pencil in lively and amusing style. The pictures be-
long to the order of caricature, and the narrative is realistic rather than ideal, the book lying on the line beyond which we do not care to see young readers go. Readable it certainly is, full of "the old Harry." [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.]

The Six Girls whose pleasant, sunny life is described by Fannie Belle Irving are six sisters, Beatrice, Ernestine, Olive, Katharine, and Kath-
leen, who are strong and bright, and little Jean, who is a pale but patient cripple. They have a strong and sympathetic father, who roams and studies with them by turns, and a loved and lov-
ing mother, whose dauntless "wings" have good times at the table and around the fire, until sorrow comes by the father's death. And then the sorrow and joy of life alternate in the usual round of domestic experiences, and strong hearts and patient spirits make the best of things as they come, and discipline develops the character. The story is evidently written to fit the pictures, and is rather better for its purpose than they are for theirs. [Estes & Lauriat. $1.50.]

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's Country Cousins are the birds, the snakes, the squirrels, the flowers, the fishes, the seals, and the other denizens of for-
est, meadows, and waters, of whom he has been writing in a number of American periodicals. The several articles, as here collected into unity and order, and generously illustrated, make a handsome book of studies in natural history, popular more than technical, and adapted to general reading. [Harper & Brothers.]

Reading, the book full of meat, is a meaty sort — wholesome, solid, nourishing food for head and heart — is that by Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, about Our Great Benefactors, in which in plain terms and short meter he tells the stories of the lives of nearly a hundred eminent men and women (but mostly men) in Literature and Art, Science and Invention, Philosophy, Philanthropy, and Patriotism, and the walks of Discovery and Exploration. We miss some names that we should expect to find in such a gallery of the great and good, the famous and the successful, as, for example, Spenser, Wordsworth, and Brockett, Dante, Michael Angelo, and Men-
delssohn, Stanley and Chinese Gordon, Lord Bacon, General Grant, and Darwin; but such a book cannot include everybody who holds a title to remembrance, and this is capital as far as it goes. A feature is the portraits, which, however, are not always improved by the ornamental ac-
cession with which they are enframed. [Roberts Brothers. $3.50.]

Mr. Francis S. Drake, who, we believe, is a brother of Mr. Samuel A. Drake, has written an Indian History for Young Folks, which the Har-
per's have published in luxurious style, with great
of the work would have been greatly increased by a minute index, but there is an Alphabetical table of contents which answers the purpose in a measure, and the illustrations which are so prominent and attractive a feature are listed by themselves. The pictorial beauty of this work as thus re-arranged and presented, there is need for us to add but little. Whether as a reporting gallery of the best work that modern artists are doing in color, in marble, and in various branches of artistic manufacture, this collection of artists' work themselves best known to fame, or of such as are winning fresh laurels; or as a landscape gallery introducing us to scenes, famous paintings, and memorable figures belonging to history; or as a reading book full of instruction on a great variety of art topics; or as a journal of progress recording the currents, incidents, and achievements of thought and workmanship in the art world; viewed in either of these aspects, this Magazine of Art is true to its name, fills a place of its own without a rival, and offers itself to please and edify us in many ways. The quality of its gilt edges, the brightness of its heavy paper, and choice print and presswork, unites to make an imposing effect. [Caswell & Co. $5.00.]

Not a magazine of art in title, but all of that in contents and character is The Century Magazine, whose two bound volumes for 1884 and '9 are before us in covers of old gold stamped curiously in brown, and with cover linings embelished with artistic devices sprinkled over with half-invisible gold—a totality of binding which is novel, rich, and striking beyond any dress in which we have yet seen it appear. Does the Century afford a new suit like every year? Within, what a wealth of best reading and best engraving do these two volumes of well-nigh a thousand pages each display! And all (exclusive of the binding) for the pittance of $4 a year! We are not surprised that three editions of this last issue of the Century were sold out, and the number of 160,000 copies are in the press. How short the time before we shall be hearing that the circulation of the Century has reached a quarter of a million, and then—if [The Century Co. $6.00.]

Much the same, only with a softening of terms, must be said of the two volumes containing the volumes of St. Nicholas for the corresponding period, and of Baby-World, a scrap-book of stories, rhymes, and pictures cut out, so to speak, from the overflowing pages of the same periodicals especially to delight the eyes and please the fancy of the youngest members of the family. Very excellent are these pictures, and so is most of the rest, containing the reading and play matter. What a vast work for good in these several ways is the great magazine publishing house of the Century Company doing; what an uplift is it giving to good taste, good morals, good politics, and good manners, as well as to the dissemination of useful knowledge, to the culture of the "masses," to the comfort and peace and pleasure of home, to the welfare of society in general. No engine of the things that are true and pure and good is more mighty than a work like this; we ought all to be thankful that it is in such hands. Making money, of course, the Century Company are; we are glad of it; but they are also making hearts happier, lives better, and homes brighter the world over.

By much the same methods and with rivaling charms of print and picture is Harper's Young People filling out the round of its year, as the volume also for 1884 reminds us. Harper's Young People has this advantage over other magazines for young folks that it comes every week, not only regularly on Saturday nights, but every night or holiday afternoon. And what a welcome visitor it is, with its load of stories, instruction, and wood-cuts, and not least the advertising department of "exchanges," managed in the interest of its readers, and filling the inside pages of its green covers with columns of fine print which eager eyes of boys and girls in the stamp and curiosity business are first to turn to and scan in search of their own name or initials, or of an eligible offer from somebody else. [Harper & Broth. $3.50.]

CALENDARS.

Ornamental calendars, enriched with selections from favorite authors, are now an established feature of the holiday provision, and grow numerous and beautiful year by year. The novelty this year is A Requiem Time and Tide, a good sized book of twenty-four heavy leaves, every left-hand page holding the calendar for the month, and every right-hand page a selection from Ruskin, while both pages are printed in colors, and richly embelished with landscape views, flowers, birds, snow-wreaths, and the like, emblematical of the successive seasons. The work is tastefully conceived and prettily executed, and if the price seems high, it must be remembered that a good many mechanical processes are involved in making a book like it. [John Wiley & Sons. $2.75.]

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. now have four hanging card calendars made up to represent four of their leading authors, namely, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes. [Each $1.00.]

White, Stokes & Allen of New York publish a similar one, only on a smaller scale, in a weekly sheet, according to Macdonald. [50c.]

The plan of the five is the same, comprising a richly ornamented card, showing a portrait of the author, and a variety of devices appropriate to his character and work, and holding on its front a block of tickets, to be stripped off one by one as the year advances, each ticket numbering a page and its play and sentiment for that day. The Longfellow, Emerson, and Macdonald calendars hang the long way up and down; the other two the broad side up and down. Mr. Longfellow's vignette rests quietly under the protecting hand of the Goddess of Poetry, about to receive therefrom the wreath of laurel. Mr. Emerson looks forth benignly from a cluster of the branches of his Concord pines. Mr. Macdonald sits grave and business-like with folded arms. Mr. Whittier is escorted by full length figures of Maud Muller and Mabel Martin. And Dr. Holmes is attended by a bevy of Beacon Street maidens, in very early-in-the-morning costumes, bringing festoons of roses surreptitiously gathered from the Public Garden.

There are several points of novelty about Harrison Weir's Every Day in the Country. In form it is a book, with no straining at novelty whatever, a diary simply for every day from January to December, nothing more. The only other feature is a bright braided thread that runs through it and in the illustrations which embellish it. Each right-hand page is spaced off for four days, with a left-hand
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tiful as they are in workmanship, they would fit any other event or no event at all, almost as well.
T. Buchanan Read's Wagner of the Allegheni- eis, first published we believe, in 1861, is one of the best of the well-known among his narrative poems. It was lovingly dedicated to his friend, the late James L. Claggett. It drew its inspiration partly from the patriotic ardor of its author, and partly from his love of natural scenery. As the noble Alleghenies are so rich in the latter, so hardly any theme could more keenly awake the former than an episode of the Revolution. A Revolutionary story strongly upon it is which is told in this stirring poem, the scene laid on the beautiful banks of the Schuykill between Philadelphia and Valley Forge, the time antedating the War of Independence and running largely through it. The poem has been a favor ite one with the well-known dramatic reader, Mr. James E. Murdock, and his frequent recitations of parts of it have familiarized the work to many minds.
Four American artists, Hovenden, Fenn, Low, and Gaut, have taken the poem in hand for illustration. The poets have produced only half a dozen pictures for it, and none of them are particularly striking. There is so much of the poem, too, that its text, printed as it is in double columns, crowds the page and de- tracts from the air of amplitude and ease which most befits a holiday book. The cover is a rather unique combination of colors. The poem, in short, is better as a poem than as a subject for holiday presentation. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

Four attractive small quarto books, bound in limp parchment, and bearing the titles respect- ively of Holy Night, Centuries Age, The Song of the Angels, and The Happy Christmas Times, have come to us from A. D. F. Randolph & Co., making a modest and extremely tasteful quartette of Christmas poems, selected from a wide survey of literature, and illustrated with auto- type reproductions of famous paintings by the old masters. Correggio's "Holy Night," Dome- nichino's (misprinted Domenichino) "St. Cecilia," Rubens' "Birth of Christ," and no less than five of Fra Angelico's works are included among these illustrations. Some of them are of most beautiful effect, and in clearness, deli- 

Very beautiful are the passey pictures in colors which embellish Susie B. Skelding's Heartfulness, a short collection of poems of pawsies bound in a satin-covered and silk-fringed booklet. But we should have liked it better if the pawsies on the covers had been of natural instead of abnor- mal size. [White, Stokes & Allen.]

In Bridge's Vacation is an oddly planned book of bills-of-fare for twenty-one meals, bound up after the "Silent Comforter" idea, so as to be hung in the kitchen and consulted by leaf, day by day. Susan Anna Brown is the author and designer. And if pretty cook books could ensure good breakfasts, dinners, and teas, this one ought to do it. [J. B. Osgood & Co.]

We have from L. Prang & Co., Boston, a package of Christmas cards which in the artistic and technical point of view certainly take a high rank. But out of a Christmas life is but half a card if it fails to bear on its face, and something more than a merely verbal reference, an inwrought allusion to the holy sentiments of the event it commemorates. Expunge the "s" from these cards, and perfect and beauti-
literary work of his life, is as singular as himself. Intricately logical in its professions of a plan, it is ridiculously irregular in its execution; the most elaborate of analyses with the most conglomerate of materials. Dabbling in all sciences, quoting from all books, flavored with all sentiments; running out in all directions, physiological and psychological; full of Latin; a doctor's treatise, a theologian's essay, a schoolman's reverie, a moralist's homily; there are few works in the language more characteristic of their age; or, we may add, less useful to any other. The third "Partition," or part, contains understanders reading; as for the rest it is mostly harmless if not edifying. There is much wisdom, for its own time if not for ours, about diet, baths, ventilation, diseases, self-regulation, excesses, and temper. The succession of ideas is endless; the flow of words knows no intermission.

Burton's Anatomy is a book to know about, and for some of us to own. Few of us would care to read it, though many of us would see it with pleasure standing on our shelves. The old-fashioned literature of which it is a striking sample has passed forever away. We are glad to think, as we turn from its place in the 17th century to its successors in the 19th that books are wiser, more sensible, more refined, more practical, more useful than they once were. The pen has come to be the tool of ideas not of whims. Such writings as Burton's are as far from such writings as Emerson's, for example, as the East is from the West. The world has bidden them forever goodbye, except as curiosities for its museums.

POE.*

THE interest in Poe is certainly not dying out; we incline to the opinion that it is increasing. The present season witnesses not only this revived edition of his works complete, but a promised new study of his life and works by Mr. Woodberry, and at least one or two fresh magazine articles upon his genius and character. The present edition of the works is not a new one, but has the freshness of a new impression, of a new binding, and of the imprint of a new publisher. It is for substance Redfield's edition of 1856, which, by the vicissitudes of business, has passed successively through the hands of Mr. Widdleton and Mr. Bush, to rest in those of its present proprietors. It calls for no words here, beyond the mere cataloguing of the contents of its several volumes.

The first volume opens with well-known critical papers on Poe by Stoddard, Lowell, and Willis; and two essays by Poe on the Poetic Principle and the Rationale of Verse. Then follow some thirty miscellaneous poems, headed by "The Raven," and a dozen "Poems Written in Youth." The volume closes with Poe's Essays, which, in the contents, are defectively classed with the poems. In Volume II we have twenty-three tales; in Volume III the tales continue to the number of seventeen; in Volume IV are thirty-four more. The greater part of Volume V is occupied with the "Eureka," "The Philosophy of Composition," "The Marginalia," and the "Chapter on Autographs," the concluding 125 pages being occupied with Poe's famous series of biographical and critical notices of New York "Literati," originally published in the "Lady's Book." Thirty-nine similar studies compose the sixth volume and complete the set. Here are to be found those notorious papers on Longfellow and Lowell, and the last two volumes divide between them a large mass of slantingly independent criticism upon the best known American men and women of letters belonging to Poe's time.

The illustrations consist of a few fac-similes of Poe's manuscript inserted in the first volume, a vignette of his Fordham Cottage duplicated on the title-page of each of the six, and a series of frontispieces for the several volumes, the first of which is a portrait of Poe on steel, while the others are etchings illustrative of subjects in his writings. One additional etching has spilled over into the body of Volume IV, and there are ornamental head and tail-pieces to the chapters. The edition is suitable for ordinary library use.

PEEPE'S DIARY.*

ODD, MEAD & CO.'S edition of the immortal and incomparable Peeps—we spell his name as is to be pronounced, is not, as its outward appearance would lead one to suppose, an imported piece of English goods: these are mistaken, an honest American manufacture, from the famous press of Theodore L. De Vinne & Co., New York. Its look is that of an English work of the first class, and is sufficient to deceive the very elect. It only shows what excellent book-work is now easily done at home, and how American printers and binders are capable, when they choose, to set the best of examples. Ten convenient sized volumes of this edition of Peep's Diary are bound in a neat uniform of cherry cloth, the title-page gilt upon their backs. Taking up the individual volumes we find uncut edges all round, a rough wholly unglaed paper, a page well proportioned between type and margin, and a type that is compact without being fine, and perfectly clear and readable.

It is well, we think, in the case of a standard work like this, which has a bibliographical history of interest and importance, for the publishers of a new edition to tell us in a prefixed note or advertisement of their own precisely the basis of it. Of what is it a reprint? What is its pedigree? Its authority? Does the true, pure blood of the original course unrestricted through its veins? This information however Dodd, Mead & Co. have not vouchsafed in the present instance, so far as we can discover. We are left to infer, but as we believe correctly, that this is substantially a reprint of the London edition of 1875, known as the Mynors Bright edition, which is complete and final.

A full account of Peep's Diary will be found in our Vol. XI, pp. 432-3. The original short-hand MS., after lying fifty years unknown altogether, waited a hundred years more to be deciphered, and first saw the light in fair English in Lord Brabrooke's edition of 1825. In 1875-9 Rev. Mynors Bright, who was then President and Senior Fellow of Magdalen College (not Magdalene, as erroneously printed on the title-pages in this edition), published his improved edition in six volumes. The excellence of this was so marked that it speedily ran out of print, and the trade price rose to 9l. 9s. The text was founded on an entirely fresh reading of the original MS., added about one third of matter not previously published, and catalogued at the end of each volume the mistakes of former editions. Passages of the Diary that would be unquestionably tedious to the reader or unfit for publication alone were excluded. This Mynors Bright edition leaves nothing to be desired, and this, we judge, it is which is now offered to the American public in this serviceable and attractive form at the low price of $15.00. The text is edited with a scholar's sense and skill, and is supplemented by copious notes and appendices, which are full of curious and helpful information touching historical, biographical, and genealogical points; while a feature supremely to delight the critic's eye is the thorough and minute index at the end of the tenth volume extending through not less than one hundred and forty pages.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

These five solid twelvemoon volumes, ranging from 600 to 700 pages each, uniformly bound, and suberving us in a prefixed note or advertisement of their general uniformity a single plan, constitute a real encyclopedia of quotations; the first attempt, so far as we know, to cover the entire field with a single work. The books are new, not in their substance, but in their arrangement and unification, being an American re-presentation of English originals. They lack the exact bibliographical details which enable one to construct their accurate history, but it would appear that their oldest
member is older than anything else in the same field. Mr. John Bartlett's Dictionary of Familiar Quotations, the most famous American book of its kind, and in many respects the best, first appeared in 1835, and has been followed by several similar compilations, latest of which are the Hoyt-Ward Cyclopaedia [Funk, 1882] and the Dictionary of Quotations from English and American Poets, based upon Bow's [Crowell, 1885]. But Mr. Grocott's volume, the first in this series, was published in 1854. Who Mr. Grocott is, or is, and who Dr. Crawford Tait Ramage may be, we do not know; the only clue to the latter's identity being the associations of his given name with the family of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Miss Ward, who has added an American supplement of 60 pages to Mr. Grocott's volume, is widely known as an industrious worker in this department of literature.

Mr. Grocott's collection of English quotations is alphabetically arranged by subjects, the subject being determined in each case by the leading thought or word in the quotation. The quotations proper are followed by a Concordance which facilitates reference, and with an index of authors accompanied by references to the pages on which the quotations of each author appear.

Our arrangement of Dr. Ramage's volume differs from that given by the publishers, but is based on a careful collation of the pages of the four. The plan of each book is substantially the same, comprising, first, an index of authors, alphabetically arranged; second, a chronological index to the same; third, the body of quotations arranged alphabetically by authors, and, under each author, alphabetically by subjects. The quotations are uniformly brief; each is furnished with a subject title of its own, is located, chapter and verse, in its author's writings, and is not only printed in its original form in Latin, Greek, Spanish, German, French or Italian, as the case may be, but is supplied with a translation into English. At the head of the quotations from each author stands a brief biographical note upon him. Following the quotations in each volume are two indexes, one to the original texts, the other to the translations.

Taken altogether these five books furnish a very comprehensive and useful index to the best sayings of the best authors of the languages named. No book of this kind will answer all the questions which even can be asked of it, but the volumes relating to the classics and the continental literatures will be peculiarly welcome. The plates in neither case appear to be new, but they are in good condition, and the Greek and German type is distinct; all of them have passed through more than one edition in their English form, and as here revived and reinforced are certain to extend their career of honorable usefulness. The thanks of all lovers of what is good and true are due to the American publishers for getting hold of and bringing out, in so convenient, attractive, and inexpensive a form, a set of books, so valuable for every library and so important to every scholar.

MINOR NOTICES.

Heidi: Her Years of Wandering and Learning. A Story for Those Who Love Children. Translated from the German of Johanna Spyri by Louise Brooks. [Cupples, Uphan & Co. $2.00.]

One of the most fascinating books for children (good also for anybody), which this or any season has produced is this German tale, which a cultured Boston lady, distinguished for philanthropy, has translated and caused to be published for the benefit of the kindergarten department of the Blind Asylum at South Boston. It was a lovely thought for a noble charity; and if all recent literature for children could have been hunted over, nothing sweeter and purer could have been found. If this is a sample of Johanna Spyri's work, let us by all means have more of it, to supersede some of the trash and worse than trash, the diluted religious teaching as well as the moral sentimentality of many books for the young. Heidi is a graceful idyl of child life, a sweet gospel without cant, pretense, or moralizing. The language flows on as limpidly as a mountain brook; and the peace and strength of the high and holy home are felt in it. It is a strong, fresh, pure, invigorating, out-of-door atmosphere, a tonic for tired nerves and discouraged spirits, a stimulus towards a higher life; every one ought to be made better by reading it; it is from first to last a help.

How Heidi, a quaint, simple, innocent, pure-souled but melancholy little orphan girl of five is taken up by the mountain by her aunt Detie who had grown tired of the care of her, and left with the morose old hermit grandfather, how she takes to the ways of the place at once, and loves the hut and her bed of hay, and the goats and goat Peter, and does not want her bundle of clothes any more because she wants to go about like the goats "they have such light legs," how she nestles herself into the old man's affections till his whole heart is won and softened, how she comforts the blind grandmother down at goat-Peter's hut, how after a few happy years the selfish aunt forces her away to Frankfort to be companion to rich Mr. Sesemann's crippled little daughter, Klara, how she amuses everybody in the house by her eccentric ways but wins all hearts except that of the housekeeper, how she pines away in almost deadly homesickness and is sent back to the Alp, how after a time Klara is sent there too and is healed up in the high air, and how blessings and good, compensation and happiness, come just where they should after trials and many scenes and adventures, sometimes pathetic and heart-breaking, sometimes humorous—all this is told, and told deliciously, so that the interest never flags and everything comes out just as we like to think it; and after our mother we feel as if we had been up in the hut and on the mountain pasture ourselves, and associated with many persons worth knowing.

Such is Heidi; and she comes in dress befitting her, in paper of exquisite texture and decay, in covers like china, gold artistically decorated with a branch of pine and mosses, the shining ground—the design of Mrs. S. G. Whitman; so that the book is a delight to look at and to handle as well as to read.


Two Congregationalist divines by the name of Leonard Woods, father and son, have held a conspicuous place in New England history. Leonard Woods the father, the author of this posthumous History of Andover Theological Seminary, was born in 1774, and was Abbot Professor of Christian Theology at Andover Seminary from its foundation in 1807 until 1846, and is known in New England parlance as "Dr. Woods of Andover." Leonard Woods the son, was born in 1807 and died in 1875, having been President of Bowdoin College from 1839 to 1866. He is known as "President Woods." Dr. Woods of Andover began this history in 1839 at the request of the trustees of the Seminary. For the task he was thought to be particularly well qualified by reason of his personal familiarity with the circumstances attending the founding of the Seminary, his remarkable memory, and his voluminous papers. The history was completed by the aid of his wife, during his later years, and only needed final revision at the time of his death to be ready for the printer, with whom negotiations were actually in progress at that time for its publication. Before the death the manuscript passed to his son, President Woods of Bowdoin, who contemplated its enlargement, but who died before undertaking the work. In a fire which seriously damaged President Woods' library at Brunswick, the manuscript was charred, some parts of it so seriously as to be practically useless. In 1881, by order of the trustees and of the manuscript was committed to Rev. George S. Baker, a grandson of Dr. Woods of Andover, as trustee to effect publication. Mr. Baker, who has so far diverged from the path of his fathers as to become a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and who is chaplain, or the same as that, to St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, doubted his fitness for this duty, but accepted it in view of the merely clerical work which it involved. Providentially, it seems, duplicates of the burned chapters were found among Dr. Woods' papers, and the work is therefore given to the printer substantially as it left its author's hand. As such we may remark of it that its interest is mainly that of documentary history; that obviously it does not enter the period of the last thirty years; and that therefore it is only a partial history of the Seminary. It is an old-fashioned history of old-fashioned Andover. Of New Andover, the new in its buildings, resources, and theology, it gives no glimpses. The history proper occupies thirteen chapters, or about 300 pages out of 638. It opens with an intelligent survey of the course of theological education in New England prior to the
present century; a statement follows of the theological opinions and parties in New England during the same period; the relation of the Seminary to Phillips Academy is clearly defined; there are sketches of its founders, and of its first five professors, Drs. Pearson, Bartlett, Griffin, Stuart, and Porter; and the events in the first fifty years of the Seminary's life are chronicled in outline. The second part of the volume is devoted to the acts and acts of incorporation, the constitution and laws of the Seminary, which alone fill more than a hundred pages, the substance of various controversies relative to the obligations of the Seminary Confession of Faith, and a great body of letters which throw much light on the subject. There is no index, without which such a work has no right to be; there is a steel portrait of Dr. Woods of Andover; and there is a modest preface by the editor, to which we are indebted for many of the facts above given.

Elements of English Speech. By Isaac Baselt Choate. [D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.]

Philology is one of the most valuable of modern sciences, and, in competent hands, one of the most interesting. The writer of the little work before us is a man of large reading, and is full of points and illustrations, but his peculiar methods and conclusions are likely to confine the use of his book mostly within the circle of advanced students and teachers of language. We notice an occasional slip; as, "the substituting the proper names are instances of no connective appearing." p. 63. In the remark, p. 39, that "we owe the Germans in our tendency to carry the preposition over beyond the verb in compounds," the writer seems to forget the common German usage of throwing the preposition forward to the end of the clause: "Ein neues Land wie Amerika." So, also, the criticism of his for its, p. 107, seems oblivious of the fact that it is a new comer in the language, hardly in use at the dates of the writers quoted. The conclusion, p. 209, that "the pronunciation of English will be corrupted but little by contact with other languages in America," is not borne out by the facts; for, even in New England, especially in the larger places, our American children are everywhere speaking in the tones, and idioms, and grammatical expressions of the foreigner.

Icaria: A Chapter in the History of Communism. By Albert Shaw, Ph.D. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.]

The chapter is a most interesting one. It opens with the great social upheaval in France, culminating in the revolution of 1848. Etienne Cabet, a man of considerable ability, was filled with the communist ideas, and resolved to carry his theories into effect by a colony in the New World. The desperate struggles of these people in Texas, in Nauvoo where they bought out the Mormons, in Iowa, and lately in Icaria-Speranza, California, furnish an example of high idealism, of self-sacrificing purpose, of suffering, of resolute persistence, worthy of a more hopeful cause. Few socialist efforts afford more convincing proof of the utter insufficiency of the communist idea. Mr. Shaw has collected his materials with diligence, and worked them up with marked ability, adding a very important contribution to the literature of social science. The influence which Johnns Hopkins is exerting in bringing out original studies of this sort is a new feature of university work in this country, and cannot receive too high commendation.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the brilliant announcement just issued by The Youth's Companion is a series of articles written expressly for that periodical by Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Max Muller, Prof. Freeman, Mr. James Anthony Froude, and Canon Farrar. Tyndall will write on "Popular Science for Young People," Max Muller on the "Cultivation of Memory," Freeman on "Child-life a Thousand Years Ago," Froude on the "Study of History," and Farrar on the "Study of English Literature." Surely any magazine might well be proud of such a group of writers as this.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

There is no edition of Bacon's Essays so good for students as that with Whately's Annotations; but here is a good one for readers, containing an interesting bibliographical preface by B. Montague, Esq., a considerable biographical sketch and critical notice by Dr. A. Spiers, the text of the "Essays," and of the essay on "The Wisdom of the Ancients" complete, and a few running notes. A gem of a little book, on rough paper, with uncut edges, and in parchment covers, is the "Centenary Edition" of Doctor Johnson, in which to seventy pages of biographical introduction are joined about eighty pages of "Table Talk" about Dr. Johnson and his equally immortal satellite, Boswell, giving altogether a bird's-eye view of the ponderous lexicographer, so far as a dignitary of his magnitude can be presented within the dainty dimensions of a zany.

For a scrap-book of bon-mots, gathered from the lips of the most celebrated conversationalists of England see The Enchiridion of Witt, into which 372 pages some diligent collector, with a relish for jokes, has gathered a fund of anecdotes, of which Barham, Boswell, Brougham, Charles II, Count D'Orsay, Erskine, Samuel Foote, Hook, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Parr, Selwyn, Samuel Rogers, Sydney Smith, Dean Swift, and Thackeray are heroes, among others, and in which the intellectual cuisinier may find many a grain of the pepper and salt of sarcasm or satire with which to flavor his modern dishes. Here is a whole sky of lightning flashes without any thunder of hollow feeling.

Mr. Alfred Ainger's collection of the Essays, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays of Charles Lamb, "contains all of Lamb's miscellaneous writings that he had himself selected for preservation in a permanent shape." It embodies all of his works, as published by the Olliers in 1818, and all of the Album Versus, as gathered by Moxon in 1820, with additions of some pathetic utterances belonging to the days of his deepest sufferings, but not making any pretension to being an absolutely complete collection of everything known to have been written by the Gentle Elia. The poems are arranged in a chronological development in which each, in itself, suggests its personal history. Mr. Ainger's introduction is brief. It might well have been longer. But to the book as it should be joined in inseparable companionship Mr. Ainger's sketch of Lamb in "English Men of Letters."
Macmillan & Co. have brought out a new edition, in four uniform volumes, of Mr. Brown- ing’s Selections from his wife’s and his own personal experience. The majority of his wife’s first published works, and a selection from his own coming down no later than 1872. A beginning upon the Brownings can indeed be made with these volumes.

We are glad to notice a new edition, at a considerably reduced price, of the Rev. G. L. Brice’s valuable Geistus Christi, an exceedingly interesting and valuable summary of what has been accomplished in eighteen centuries by Christianity for the elevation of mankind. The work is noticed in full on p. 35 of our 14th volume, and is here commended anew to the study of all Christian scholars and to the candid consideration of those religious men whose religion is being harassed by doubts. We have a new edition also of Dr. Seiss’s Gospel in the Stars, which was briefly estimated on p. 115 of our 13th volume as an ingenious, fanciful, plausible, and untenable argument for a religious interest in the disposition of the starry heavens. Dr. Seiss has been carried away by his enthusiasm over the Piazzi Smith theory of the Great Pyramid. Science has bound up in a book of about a hundred pages its Report of the recent scientific congresses in Montreal and Philadelphia. Its appearance, as for a volume for preservation, is injurious in retaining it in the colored covers and advertising pages of the periodical. The distinguishing marks of Dr. Walker’s Anatomy are good type, numerous and good wood-cuts, text in numbered paragraphs, and questions at the end of each chapter. Its sanitary and hygienic tone is strong. Wentworth and Hill’s A Book of Questions and Problems in Geometry is a book of hard questions and puzzling problems for the practice of advanced students. The First Italian Reading Book contains grammatical questions but no grammatical principles, and is made up of a wide variety of selections for reading. The method of Bread-Making is practically expounded by T. N. T. in a short essay good to put into the hands of any cook who takes pleasure in perfecting her work.

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Fiction.

Dark Days. By Hugh Conway. [Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.]
The Mysteries of Marseilles: or, The Lives of Blanche and Philippa. By Emilie Zola. [T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 50c.]

It is always a critical moment for a new writer, when, in the wake of a first novel which has met with exceptional success, he sends forth a second venture. Too much is expected of him. If he does not repeat the exact impression of the first he is soundly and bitterly falling off; if he does, of sameness and a lack of originality. In either case, story No. 2, like baby No. 2, hardly meets with the share of enthusiasm and welcome which it merits, and that by virtue of causes not quite within its control. It may be this natural tendency to inflate accounts for our finding Mr. Hugh Conway’s second novel, Dark Days, so much less noteworthy than its predecessor. It is written in a lighter and more sketchy style, it is true; the characters are less endowed with flesh and blood, and there is no episode which in strength of vivid detail approximates to the journey into Siberia taken by the hero of Called Bac in search of the evidences of his wife’s innocence. Still, considered per se, there is indubitable originality in the plot, which is briefly this. Dr. Baal North, the teller of the story, loves a beautiful girl named Philippa, whose maiden name is not vouched for by anyone. She does not love him, but instead loves a rather shabby Baronet of the melo-dramatic type, named Sir Mervyn Ferrand, whom she privately marries and accompanies to Europe. For two years Dr. North is ignorant of her fate, then she appears in the secluded neighborhood where he has buried himself, a desperate woman on the verge of brain fever. Her husband has wound up a long course of ill-treatment by telling her that at the date of their supposed marriage he had another wife living, and that consequently she has no legal claim upon him. Dr. North at once makes arrangements to take her from the power of Sir Mervyn and place her under the protection of his own mother, but before these arrangements can be carried out, Philippa’s illness develops into delirium and is found by her old lover at midnight in a heavy fall of snow, standing over her husband, who lies dead with a pistol bullet through his heart. Dr. North’s desire to save the unhappy woman from the consequences of her act is assisted by the snow, which conceals the body for many days and defers its discovery. Before it melts he and his nurse have conveyed Philippa, whose reason is restored, to Spain, the only country in Europe where for the lack of an extradition treaty she is safe from arrest. She has no remembrance of the terrible night when she went mad, but some months after she has become the wife of Dr. North its events are recalled to her by a conversation accidentally overhead between two strangers. Later, through the English papers, the husband and wife learn that a man has been arrested for the murder, and that they at once start for England to declare the truth. Philippa is hardly held back from accusing herself in court before the trial is fairly opened, and the shock of astonishment to her, to Dr. North, and to the reader, when the culprit is convicted and sentenced, is a fine confession of guilt, the crowning point of the story. We do not remember ever before to have met with a similar denouement, and it leads us to hope that Mr. Conway may still hold in his inventive imagination farther possibilities of surprise for his future readers.

A dog’s bark is sometimes worse than his bite, and the title of Zola’s latest novel is considerably worse than the book itself, which is pretty much harmless and as poor as it is harmless. Blanche and Philippa marry too much in haste, and without either of Blanche’s uncle, and therefore without proper formalities, and so go wandering off as a pair of fugitives, with the police on their track. After their arrest, Blanche’s uncle terrifies her into a declaration that she did not willingly go with Philippa, but was abducted. This makes things bad for Philippa, but by the skill of his ugly brother, Marius, and the disinterested affection of Fine, the flower girl, he is extricated from his plight, the wicked uncle is defeated, Blanche comes to herself, and the lovers are duly made husband and wife according to State and Church. The title of the book is salaciously suggestive of far more evil things than this, and the publishers have confirmed the suggestions by a vile picture on the reverse of the cover. What a terrible responsibility is taken by those who, for money, pander to the lowest tastes in human nature!

The Literary World.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 29, 1884.

Mr. F. B. Stanford, formerly one of the editors of the Sunday-School Times, but more recently editorially connected with the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, sailed for Europe Nov. 15th, in the steamer Parisian, intending to spend the winter in Paris and other cities of France. While abroad he will furnish letters to the New York Independent and the Lewiston Journal.

Miss Caroline B. Le Row, for twenty years a public reader, and a teacher of elocution in our female colleges, but who has latterly devoted a portion of her time to literary work, has written a story for young girls entitled "Honeymoon at the Seaside," which the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society of Boston will immediately issue. Some readers will recall Miss Le Row's story of "A Fortunate Failure," published about three years ago, as an entertaining and truthful sketch of New England life and character, written with a maturity of power and purpose such as seldom characterizes a "first story," and breathing an atmosphere both morally and religiously wholesome. Her second
venture has to do with life in a New England country town, and illustrates the influences which Wall Street speculations have on youth in rural places.

Mrs. Lydia Wood Baldwin of Milford, Delaware, who has lately given the public an illustration of her power as a story-teller and her skill in character-portrayal, in A Yankee School-Teacher in Virginia, issued by Funk & Wagnalls, is a native of Adams, Berkshire County, Mass., and is 48 years old. After her marriage, in 1834, she moved from Adams to Nelson County, Virginia, where she resided until last year, when, with her family of six children, she took up her abode in Delaware. One who knew her when she lived in the East, describes her as at that time tall, fair, with noble head and fine presence. In her youth she possessed a great deal of color and animation. She began writing at twelve years of age, her first article appearing in the Pittsfield (Mass.) Sun; she has since contributed, in short story, poem, New England dialect sketch, and correspondence, to the Springfield Republican, the New York Times, the New York World and other journals, and has written (1853) a novel, entitled Rubina, and A Yankee School-Teacher in Virginia. Though largely absorbed in the care of her family, she proposes to follow up these graphic and thorough literary performances with others, for which there is an eager demand.

... Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, who, a little more than a year ago, lost all her property in the fire which destroyed her father's house — known to friends of the family as "Heart's Content" — in Ann Arbor, Mich., is slowly gathering around her the implements of a literary worker, in the city of Chicago. The difficulty of her task may be judged from the fact that all her manuscripts, including a completed story for youth and a novel about two thirds done, all her books, literary data, addresses, etc., were swept off by the flames. She has, however, already put some new work upon the market, D. Lothrop & Co. having published her versification of *Aesop's Fables* for young people, and *Doll's Roly Days*, a juvenile. Mrs. Bates is preparing a second series of the Fables, and doing a good deal of current work.

Among volumes of original poetry which the coming year is likely to bring forth, is one by Thomas Stephens Collier of New London, Conn., who has produced some of the most noteworthy sonnets which have appeared in recent issues of the magazines, and many of whose longer poems are of marked excellence. Mr. Collier has already made several respectable appearances in book form, his poems having been used by others in collections of poetry, the editor of *Surf and Wave* adopting seven; but it is natural, as well as desirable, that he should wish to make a collection of his own. Dr. H. O. and夫s *Critical Standard* have recommended certain of his efforts, and the idea of issuing a volume has the warm approval of Mr. Whittier. The poet who has such a backing, and who can point to such pieces as "Memorial Day," "The Pine Tree," and "The Queen's Revenge," as his own seed need not have waited so long for the award of Adams to A. B. who commend his efforts.

... The oldest child of Emma Alice Browne, the *Ledger* poet, is named Robert Bonner. We do not know whether or not he is possessed, like his namesake, of horse-sense; but we are told, on excellent authority, that he is developing a talent for writing blood-and-thunder literature, which inclines us to doubt. However, the boy is barely in his teens; and some great heads in literature have lost, with vanity, in youth.

... A character of much interest both as a woman and as a writer — though relatively little heard from in these days — is Caroline A. Mason of Fitchburg, Mass. Very few, probably, of those who have sung that touching and popular song, "Do They Miss Me at Home?" know that Mrs. Mason is its author. That song was written more than forty years ago, when Mrs. Mason was about twenty years of age, and was first printed in the *Register* of Salem, Mass. It was set to music both in this country and in England, and was popular everywhere. Since then, several other of the author's poems have been set to music, including "The King's Quest," which first appeared in the *Century*. Mrs. Mason is a native of Marblehead, Mass., where she was born (Caroline A. Briggs), in July, 1823. She was educated at Bradford Academy. Before twenty, she had written many poems for the Salem *Register* and other papers. She early contributed to the *Antislavery Standard* and the *Commonwealth*, and brought out a volume of verses through Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, before her marriage, to which much favor was accorded. Her work in prose has been slight, embracing an anonymous Sunday-school story, "Rose Hamilton," published in 1859, a serial, "Letty's Pathway; or, Following On," which appeared in the *Boston Recorder* in 1866, and occasional short stories and sketches appearing in leading periodicals. But her work in verse, which has been graceful, and, in didactic elements, true and strong, has been considerable. In respect to purpose, and, in a measure, to method, her poetry resembles that of her contemporaries, Lucy Larcom. Whatever she writes is inspiring. Her poem "Waking," which begins with I have done at length with dreaming
was the means, early in its career, of transforming at least one young woman from a butterfly to a thoughtful and one of the recent productions, a touching bit for mothers called "Only Me," has received the widest editorial favor. Mrs. Mason has written some of the best hymns of this century, as recent Unitarian praise-books and other religious compilations show. The sonnet form is a favorite with her, of late, and has been used to fine purpose, especially in her series of pieces on the months. Her only son, Dr. Atherton P. Mason of Fitchburg, a writer as well as physician, therein following the best of all his immediate ancestors, contributed a paper on "Wachusett Mountain and Princeton" to the October number of the *Bay State Monthly*.

... Mrs. Mary Bradley, the author of several articles in Prof. John D. Champlin, Jr.'s, *Young Folk's Cyclopaedia*, and of some charming love songs which have been accorded places in the best recent anthologies, is engaged with an associate upon a collection of autographs in facsimile, the first part of which is devoted to novelist's of all nationalities.

... Estes & Lauriat have gained an important award warranting them a sole right to the title "Chatterbox" as a trade-mark. The title is borne by a well-known series of illustrated juveniles, of which they are the publishers, and which has been adopted by some others in the trade.

... The Leonard Scott Publishing Company have issued a novel and striking prospectus of the periodicals republished here by them, including the *Nineteenth Century*, *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Edinburgh*, Quarterly, and Westminster Review*, the *British Quarterly*, and *Blackwood's*. Also *Shakespeareana*, which is an original magazine with this house. The novelty of this prospectus consists largely in its binding together in consecutive order the title covers of the several periodicals named. The idea is admirable, and the form in which these great English journals are now presented to the American public could hardly be improved.

... Some years ago, as a banker of Frankfurt, Ky., was walking along a back street of Louisville his attention was arrested by a painting in the window of a dingy shop. On examination it proved to be the portrait of an intimate friend, and such was the excellence of the likeness that the gentleman determined to seek out the artist. Following the directions given him by the shopkeeper, he took his way through dingy streets until he reached an old mansion that in the early days of the city had been elegant, but was now left behind in the march of civilization, to morn, unattended, its lost respectability. In a back room of this building the artist, its only occupant, was found at work upon a painting of the "Temple of Our Lord." After some conversation it was decided that the artist should accompany his new-found patron to Frankfurt, and today he has attained a more than local reputation for talent. About the same time Mr. Wakeman of Chicago, while in Louisville, received from a lady friend some manuscripts, with the statement that, though they had been the rounds of the press and had met only with refusal, they showed talent. An examination of the papers showed them to consist of two poems of no small merit, and upon their publication they were received with favor. One of them, entitled "A Wild Violet in November," attained the honor of translation into several foreign languages. The name appended to the verses was Robert Burns Wilson, and a search for the obscure poet proved him to be the painter so lately raised from poverty. Today Mr. Wilson is probably best known throughout the country as artist and poet, is secretary of the Kentucky State Historical Society, and, while not a voluminous writer, has published several poems which show the possession of true poetic spirit.

Richard Realf and His Home. 1. The Man.

My visit to Brighton and its vicinity was made for the purpose of obtaining material for a biography of Richard Realf, whose name is familiar to the readers of the *Literary World*. Realf was the son of English peasant parents, and was born at Framfield, a little hamlet near Buxted, and not far from Brighton. His father was rather superior to his class, and late in life became a member of the constabulary force of his district. The mother, although not of a cultivated background, was of a sensitive, artistic turn of mind, and was in the habit of reading and repeating poetry from memory to her children. Two of the children, Sarah and Richard, displayed a decided poetic bent, and while the girl wrote...
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many pleasing verses, the boy wrote poetry which will live. Richard had the usual pleasant experiences; plain fare, very little education, and hard work early begun. At a very tender age he was sent to labor in the fields, and afterwards, with an undertaker, Stephen Markwick, whose habits were so repulsive that the boy fled from his employer, and after drifting about for a while, determined to go to sea, and went to Portsmouth for that purpose. He was unsuccessful in getting a berth at once, and was first at service with one Lady Stafford, the wife of a fashionable Brighton physician. While she Lady Stafford became so interested in him that she employed him as a sort of amanuensis and page. At this time Reaf was about sixteen. His patroness learned of his skill in writing, and not only encouraged it, but during the following three years paid great attention to his reading and education. A phrenologist visiting Brighton became the guest of Lady Stafford, and being shown some of Reaf’s verses, borrowed them, ostensibly for more careful examination; but during the delivery of his lectures, read them as illustrations of ideality, mentioning the fact that they were the productions of a mere boy. In the audience were Lady Byron, the poet Rogers, Miss Mitford, and other distinguished people, who at once became interested in the boy. Lady Byron took him under her special care, but their pleasant relations seem to have been disturbed in some way not clearly explained; and pretty soon Reaf began to suffer the bad results of patronage. Not fully, however, until after his admirers had published a collection of his poems, under the title of Guesses at the Beautiful, a modest little volume edited by Prof. De la Pryme of Oxford, and sold by subscription. The book demonstrated the precocity of the lad, and made him a great many more friends in circles much above his own, but did not make his fortune, and did make him very discontented. After various ups and downs, a few of his most substantial and sensible friends assisted him to emigrate to the United States, and secured him a position in connection with the Five Points House of Industry in New York. This was in 1856, when he was about twenty-two. He had not been in this country long, when the troubles in Kansas arrested his attention, and with a little money and a ride which a friend gave him, he set his face towards the West. In Kansas he fell in with John Brown, and was associated with him first in the famous “Border War,” and afterwards in his preparations for the Harper’s Ferry insurrection. He attended the secret convention held in Canada, subscribed to the constitution which was there adopted, and was chosen Secretary of State in the prospective “Black Republic.” He did not take part in the insurrection, but instead visited England, and after a considerable absence, during which he was not known to be dead, he returned to this country, landing at New Orleans. In Texas his connection with John Brown’s insurrection was discovered, and he narrowly escaped hanging. He was taken to Washington, examined, and discharged. Shortly after the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private in an Illinois regiment, was promoted for gallantry, and at the close of the War had a lieutenant-colonel’s commission. He afterwards enlisted in the regular army, but was discharged, at the instance of friends who were interested in him. After this he became very widely known as a newspaper man, temperance lecturer, and occasional contributor of remarkable poems to the various magazines of the day. Domestic infelicities involved him in a series of unfortunate experiences which frequently caused a change of base, and he finally drifted to San Francisco. A subsequent encounter there with one of the women with whom he had had trouble in the East led him to commit suicide at the Windsor hotel at Oakland, in October, 1859.

Gambier, O. (To be concluded.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

(The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World are, something to say, ability to say it, brevity, and the writer’s full name and address.)

The Baconian Society.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

Perhaps your readers may be interested in the announcement that the Baconian Society of London is organized—like the Camden Society, the Parker Society, and others—to preserve, by reprinting and studying, the remains of English literature associated with the era its title represents, and not by any means exclusively, to find a Baconian authorship for the Shakespearean plays. A paragraph to the latter effect which has gone the rounds of our American press, has already done the society harm in some quarters. I am authorized to state that although the platform of the society is as yet tentative, the scheme of its operations will be mainly as follows:

I. To elucidate the real character, position, and genius of Francis Bacon, as philosopher, lawyer, essayist, and poet.

II. To inquire, on the strictest principles of scientific investigation, what was the influence of Bacon on the spirit of his own and succeeding times? and what the tendency and result of his writings.

III. To institute a searching comparison between the works generally acknowledged to be by Bacon, and controversies works not generally attributed to him, or of which he was not the author.

IV. To ascertain how much the English language, law, and literature owe to Francis Bacon.

V. To come to some conclusion as to the supposed relation between Bacon and the Shakespearean plays and poems.

The society proposes stated meetings, discussions, and the reading of papers contributive to its study, which will be printed in its collections; besides reprints of hitherto unpublished records, letters, and collections, such as the letters of Lady Anne Bacon, of her son Anthony, and of Sir Tobie Matthew, of Bacon’s Orders in Chancery, Herch’s Court of James I, and the like.

Cooperation is requested from all citizens of the United States who are pursuing the like studies, and from all who are desirous of subscribing—when the society is ready to receive subscriptions—to its publications.

A complete and permanent organization of the Baconian Society has not yet been effected. But, meanwhile, parties wishing to enroll their names as prospective members and subscribers can send their names to the subscriber by mail, at 25 Park Row, New York City, who will forward them to the promoters of the society in London.

APPLETON MORGAN.

New York, November 15, 1854.

The Excavations at Zoor.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

To the bright and genial Oliver Wendell Holmes may now be added the honored diplomat and poet, James Russell Lowell, as a subscriber to the Egypt Exploration Fund in its excavations at Zoor. Mr. Lowell honors us in becoming a vice-president, and his speech at the annual meeting in the Royal Institution, London, so happy, and so every way apropos, cannot fail to aid the cause. Mr. Petrie will resume work at Zoor, and M. Naville will seek for Raamzes (Esodus), built by the oppressed Israelites. His Memoir of Pithom is about ready for all American contributors. It was presented in proof at the meeting. Some $5,000 are required for the season of 1884-5. Will not the readers of the Literary World continue to aid us? I acknowledge the donors by name in the press, and the Fund forwards its official receipts to each subscriber for the amount given. Reports and documents, some of special value, are mailed to contributors. Surely the value of this historical undertaking needs no further portrayal to the readers of the Literary World.

WM. C. WINSLOW.
Hon. Treasurer for America.

429 Beacon Street, Boston.

Honor to Mr. J. P. Anderson.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

In Table Talk, in the Literary World for November 1st, some interesting information was given concerning Mr. Axel Gustafson’s receipt of The Drink Question. The Literary World credited Mrs. Gustafson with having largely assisted her husband in the important work which has already attracted so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic. This credit is undoubtedly well deserved, but Mr. Gustafson has had another co-author to whom he owes not less, to whom he acknowledges immense obligations, and to whom the American student in England owes much for the courteous and invaluable aid in the way of research into difficult and obscure paths, and upon lines of study hardly possible elsewhere than in this magnificent library of the British Museum. This gentleman, himself an author, is the Assistant Superintendent of the British Museum Reading Room, Mr. J. P. Anderson. Mr. Anderson has grown up from a boy in that library, and his mind is a perfect store-house of literary and scientific data such as lie remote from the path of any but the most erudite. He has assisted Mr. Gustafson as scarcely another man in England could, in collecting authorities upon the Drink Question in all languages and from the most obscure and forgotten directions, and not only Mr. Gustafson but all other American students and readers in England will join me in this small expression of appreciation and gratitude for unfailing courtesy and invaluable aid received from Mr. Anderson.

Smithport, Pennsylvania.

M. B. WRIGHT.

SHAKESPEARIAN.

EDITED BY W. J. DOLPH, A.M., CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Donnelly’s Discovery. Some of our readers may have seen in the newspapers sundry references to an “extraordinary discovery” that has been made by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly.
Having read somewhere in the writings of Bacon the description of a cipher " whereby one writing could be insinuated and hidden in another, omnis per omnis — the writing involving holding a quintuple relation to the writing involved;" and having also noted in Bacon's De Augmentis that he described certain "secrets of knowledge," by "obscurity of delivery," from the "capacities of the vulgar," and reserving them for "wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil;" and being withal a believer in the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Donnelly suspected that these references to a cipher were intended by Bacon as "a hint that there was such a cipher in the plays, in which he asserted his authorship of them." He has therefore set himself to finding out the cipher, and after four years of hard labor he feels confident that he has got it. By next spring or early summer he will bring out a book on the subject; meanwhile he gives us a few hints of his discovery in a Minnesota paper:

The play Mr. Donnelly has been principally working on is the first part of "Henry IV." He is working on this play by the fact that within a few pages (Act II, scenes i, ii, and iv, and Act IV, scene ii), he found the words "Francis," repeated, "4c.," repeated, "Shake," repeated, "spear," repeated, "spear," repeated, "Shake," and "Ske," repeated. "Francis," "son," "master," "king," "exchequer" St. Albans" — the latter, as being the name of Francis Bacon's place of residence. In Act II, scene iv, he found the name "Francis" (Bacon's first name) repeated on one page twenty times, while in a scene in the "Merry Wives" (Act IV, scene i), the name "William" (the first name of Shakespeare) is repeated eleven times in one short scene, as if, by one reiteration of these two names, to call attention to the fact that there was a cipher. The name of Shakespeare occurs as "Shake" and "spear" or "spear," or as "Shakes" and "peer," and these combinations are found in every one of the plays. It was upon these clues that Mr. Donnelly labored until he has discovered the rule, and worked out enough of the cipher story to show that the play is a narrative of Bacon's own life, and a secret history of the reign of Elizabeth.

We are told, moreover, that the thing admits of mathematical demonstration:

The words of the hidden story hold a fixed and regular relation to the scenes and acts of the play, demonstrated by counting. The results are not matter of guess-work, but as demonstrable as a sum in arithmetic.

Now this finding ciphers in Shakespeare — like finding doctrines in Scripture — is a game that two can play at; and a certain friend of ours whose name we are not at liberty to announce just at present, but who is equally eminent as a Shakespearean and as a mathematician, has been hard at work, and by a curious coincidence (which will remind our astronomical friends of the story of the Leverrier and Adams figuring out the Neptunian problem) for about four years, in this same line of investigation, but with wholly different results. His theory is that Shakespeare had a suspicion that somebody might some day try to rob him of the credit of his works on the ground that he had warped Warwickish and English and all that, and it occurred to him that the learned Bacon was as likely as any of his contemporaries to be picked out by these saucy critics as the real author of the plays. Of course William did not like to say anything about the matter then, for the world might have laughed at him; so he "fixed" the future Baconians by the ingenious device of a cipher in the plays whereby these should be distinctly labelled as his, and at the same time the pretensions of the sage of St. Albans explicitly ruled out. As Mr. Donnelly has noted, every one of the plays is as plainly marked with the name of Shakespeare by " the "shake" and the "spear" or "spear" or "peer" — as a pocket handkerchief with "John Smith" writ in a bush. Nor was the content, by the aid of ingeniously put inside the hem where one in the secret may find it, though invisible to ordinary inspection. Why, we may ask Mr. Donnelly, should Shakespeare be at the trouble of working Shakespeare's name into all the plays when, by the honorable gentleman's own statement, he marked only one of them with his own name? Why should he label any of them as Shakespeare's? They were nominally William's as it was, and if Francis wanted to claim them as his own he should have stamped them "Bacon," not "Shakespeare." When a man puts a private mark upon a piece of property he is not likely to use another man's name for the purpose.

It is a curious fact that, with one exception (to be noted farther on), the word "Bacon" occurs in no play or poem of Shakespeare's but "Henry IV," in which it is found three times. What does this mean? Our friend has discovered, by the aid of the mathematical calculus combined with the judicious use of quaternions, that William introduced the name for the expressive purpose of interweaving this significant sentence into the texture of the drama: "Francis — Bacon — did — not — write — this — play." The words are "all there," and their position "holds a fixed and regular relation to the scenes and acts" — though we are not mathematician enough to understand our friend's demonstration thereof.

In this same play, moreover, the use of the calculus leads us to give special attention to the expression in v. 475. "You shall find no boy's play here;" and a little additional figuring makes it clear that "boy's" is used instead of "Bacon's," which occurs, slightly disguised, in i. ii. 55: "On, bacon, on!" Of course William did not want to write in so many words: "you [readers of the 19th century] shall find no Bacon's play here" (in i. 1 Henry IV). It will be seen that he came pretty near it, and that this was what he meant!

As we have said, the word "Bacon" occurs in one other place in Shakespeare's works; to wit, in "Merry Wives," iv. 1. 501: "hang-hog is Latin for bacon." Our friend may be right in thinking — he says the quaternions indicate it — that this is a hidden flag at Bacon's learning. At any rate, William meant that nobody should take it as a mark of Baconian authorship, for he is noted that "this very scene is the one in which, as Donnelly observes, the name William is "repeated eleven times" — as to call attention to the fact that it was William and not Bacon who wrote it.

Perhaps our friend is inclined to run his theory a trifle too far in some respects, as all people with theories are apt to do. For instance, we are not sure that he is right in recognizing a hit at Bacon and his fabulous etologists in 1 Henry IV, ii. 1. 26: "a genman of bacon;" and in id. ii. 2. 88: "bacon-fed knaves." It seems also rather fanciful to lay stress on the fact that Shakespeare makes Prince Hal poke fun at Francis of the Bear's-Head Tavern; and that elsewhere he chooses Francis, the Christian name of the famous Flute, the bellows-mender, in M. N. D., and Feeble, the woman's tailor, in 2 Henry IV. There may be something in all this — if the calculus and the quaternions prove it, we suppose there must be — but even mathematical demonstrations sometimes lead to an absurd conclusion. For ourselves, we believe that Shakespeare was the author of the plays he wrote, whether there is anything in this "cipher" or not; and on that account we may be in danger of treating the theory too flippantly. If any of our readers who have leanings towards the Baconian heresy find comfort in this sort of evidence for the old-fashioned Orthodoxy faith, we wish them all joy of it.

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An Interesting Epitaph. We find the following paragraph in one of the daily papers:

In the cemetery in Fredericksburg, Va., there is a red sandstone slab with the following inscription:

Here lies the body of Edward Helden.

If this Helden was one of the poet's pall-bearers, he was probably a resident of Stratford or its immediate vicinity; and if he was a medical practitioner, we should expect to find his name mentioned in some of the least important records of the time. We cannot recollect having met with it, and do not find it on a very hasty glance at the pages of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare. It may nevertheless occur there or in some other book about Shakespeare or Stratford. The veteran Shakespearean whom we have just mentioned can doubtless settle the question at once, and to him we shall refer it.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[All communications for this department of the Literary World, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the full name and address of the author; and those which relate to literary topics of general interest will take precedence in receiving notice.]

654. Novels for Public Libraries. Have you published the past year, or years, a list of popular and approved fictitious publications, suitable for a public library for general reading? Or could you suggest where such a list could be obtained readily and with little expense?

North Haven, Connecticut.

W. T. R.

For an exhaustive list of Sea Tales see L. W., Vol. XII, pp. 37-59. Below we give a list of novels, reviewed in these pages during the past year, suitable, in our judgment, for circulation in public libraries: 
as they are. The inability of the public to see things often as they are unless they are so explained is notorious.

- Mr. N. L. Munro, New York, has quietly put in the market a new magazine which will be published semi-monthly, and will rely upon its literary attractiveness entirely for its success. It is called the *Pocket Magazine*, and is sold at a low price, as the publisher can afford to do, using it largely as he does English matter. In the first number is printed the complete book, *John Bull's Daughters*, by Max O'Rell, and Hugh Conway's story, *A Family Affair*, which is running in Macmillian's new *Illustrated Magazine*. Beside these and a number of other reprinted articles, a few American contributions are added. It is to be hoped that these grave violations of publishers' rights may lead to some successful legislation in copyright matters. Mr. Munro might in common courtesy have spared, for example, the story by Hugh Conway which the Macmillians paid a large sum to publish in their magazine in both England and America.

- *Trajan*, the serial story which was cut off in an untimely way by the cessation of the *Manhattan Magazine*, in which it was appearing, is to be issued in book form by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

The publishing of American books (other than juveniles) by this English company is a new move and one which we hope may prove successful. Messrs. Cassell only place their name on good books. The *Manhattan*, which made so hard a struggle for life under the most disadvantageous circumstances, has apparently died a final death, but we wish much talk of reviving it, and Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co., the dry goods merchants into whose unwilling hands the bulk of the stock fell, have offered the magazines on the most liberal terms, but no one with the required capital has been found willing to undertake the task of reviving a periodical with so unfortunate a reputation for absorbing unlimited sums of money.

- The Jane Austen letters are to be published in an edition by Messrs. Scribner & Welford, New York. The work is in two volumes and is edited by Lord Brabourne, who also writes an introduction at the foot of many of the pages. The letters were written, it will be remembered, at a time when the first great misfortune fell upon the Godmersham family in the loss of the mother so tenderly loved by all. The first of the letters were written just before this event, and are bright and cheerful, but early in the first volume the tone changes to one of sadness, as Miss Austen communicates to her correspondents the melancholy particulars of the death at Godmersham. The letters are easy and graceful, and models of epistolary writing. Mr. Bentley is the London publisher of the volumes.

- The venerated "Quaker poet" now adds his "shovel" to the "spades for Zoan," as follows:

> **Dear Friend Wm. C. Winslow:**
> I am glad to have my attention called to the *Examination of the Construction of a Mill*... It is a revision of a small manuscript, and seems to be entirely to itself every reader of the Bible, and every student of the history and monumental wonders of Egypt. It is published at a hand in it.

- "I hesitate a little about disturbing the repose of some ancient mummy, which per chance Hohornebbed with Pharaoh's glass to glass, Or droph'd his net to Queen Dido pass;"

but curiosity gets the better of sentiment, and I follow the example of Dr. Holmes by enclosing an order on Lt.-Governor Ames for one of his best shovels. They found...

*John G. Whittier*

- Mr. Clarence Cook is working hard to bring the *Studios*, which he with Mr. Gaston Feurand bought from the company of young men who founded it, forward as an artist's paper. Very much of the text (almost all) we should say is from Mr. Cook's pen; which to say the least of Mr. Cook's criticism, is often of great value, he has the knack of writing in a most readable fashion, and it would seem as though ought to be a place for a journal devoted to the fine arts, as distinguished from decorative and unworthy art triflings which have of late years so much occupied public attention.

- Quite a number of the interesting and epoch-representing articles found at Zoan by Mr. Petrie, are to be sent to Boston, as the *Londons Times* says, in recognition of American sympathy and support in the explorations by the Egypt Exploration Fund at the place. As the work goes on at Zoan and elsewhere, the archaeological treasures are sure to have a special historic value, and to the victors, very properly, will belong the spoils.


- Mr. John Habberton, the author of *Helen's Babies*, has been put into the editorial chair of the *New York Telegraph* by Mr. Bennett, the autocrat of the *Herald*. Of the Saturday paper he is making a regularly illustrated journal, for which an extra cent is added to the price. Very considerable additional space is being devoted to literary matters since Mr. Habberton took control.

- We regret to hear of the financial embarrassment of Mr. J. W. Boston of New York, the importer of and dealer in fine books, whose crowded store at 705 Broadway is one of the literary features of the metropolis. We are surprised to learn, in the same connection, that the *New York Graphic* was to be offered at auction this week to satisfy judgments obtained against it.

- It is said that $50,000 have been spent during the year just closing by the Harper's for the illustrations used alone in *Harper's Magazine*. The figures are certainly larger than we expected to hear, but it is well to remember that almost every drawing used in our modern magazines costs $50, and to engrave it twice or thrice as much is required.
—The New York Commercial Advertiser, in common, we believe, with a number of other journals, is publishing a series of short stories by American authors. The current tale is by “J. S. of Dale,” who writes very little, but with the most scrupulous care. Its title is Bill Shelby.

—The drawings for the Rakshasat of Omar Khayyam by Mr. Vedder, which have been for some time upon exhibition at the Boston Art Club, will be shown in New York. We are told that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have paid Mr. Vedder $10,000 for his year’s work upon this book.

—Lippincott’s Magazine for January will contain a considerable article of considerable length on Sir John MacDonald, by Mr. J. M. Oxley of Ottawa, which will give a summary of his life, illustrated with anecdotes and extracts from his speeches.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. issues this week Mr. Andrew Lang’s volume on Customs and Myths. He advances some new theories which are said to be founded on sound logic and careful reasoning.

—A. C. Armstrong & Son would call the special attention of buyers of holiday books to the attractions for the purpose of the Biblia Pauperum, the edition of which is almost gone.

—Mr. Crone’s memoirs of his wife, George Elliot, are to be issued by the Harper simultaneously with the publication of the work in England by the Blackwoods.

—John P. Morton & Co. of Louisville, Ky., offer for the holidays a new edition of Marcus Blakely Allmon’s Estelle and Other Poems.

—We are happy to have a series of articles next year on “American Pleasant Authors,” by that pleasant writer, Miss Amelia B. Harris.

—The Memoirs of George the Second, by John, Lord Hervey, will be published at once by Messrs. Scribner & Welford.

—Mr. Black’s new novel, White Feather, will appear in Harper’s Bazaar as a serial.

**LITERARY INDEX.**

(For the above and below we keep an alphabetical index to such articles as appear on the literary topics in current periodicals by the writers of the Boston and New York, their authorships, or the pages in which they appear, are likely to deserve the notice of readers of the Literary World. Hence, in our index of living writers, many under distinguished authors not living, criticism of famous or important works, and the materials of literary history, will be chiefly represented. The order of each subject-tile, entered by leading word, name of writer, name of periodical (foreign periodicals in italics), date, or volume, number, and page. Suggestions towards making this index as useful as possible will be welcomed.)

American Literature, Perspective of. C. F. Richardson.


Archer, Mark. C. Morrison.

Bennett, J. C. Morrison.

Beutsch, Am. J. Morrison.

Bliss, Am. J. Morrison.

Putiloff and His Writings. P. A. S. Ward.


Spanish Grammars and Dictionaries. R. J. Bell, Boston Public Library Bulletin, No. 66, St. Louis, Revolutions of The.


**PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.**

*Biography.*


*Diary.*


*Essays.*

An American Politician. By F. Marion Crawford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50


*Essays and Sketches.*


At Home in Philosophy, and Other Essays. By Frederick Henry Hedge. Roberts Brothers. $4.00

*Fiction.*

Dark Days. By Hugh Cowley. Henry Holt & Co. $1.00

The Barratt Claim. By Henry J. Elliot. G. P. Putnam’s Sons. $1.00

*Folklore Girls.*


Allan Dark and Robert le Diable. By Admiral Porter. Porter, Pent. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50


*Novels.*

When the Eves Rye. By Susan Brownlee. J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.00

*Novels, and Other Stories.*

The Son of the King. By William Henry Maxwell. Illus. Bishop, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00

*The New Books of King.* By J. Morrison Davidson. Roberts Brothers. $2.00


*Holiday Books.*

Our German Benefactors. Short Biographies of the Men and Women of Science, Literature, Science, Science, Science, Philosophy, Art, etc. Edited by S. D. A. Drake. Illus. Roberts Brothers. $3.00

An Uncommercial Journey Through Cornwall. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman. With Illustrations by C. N. Longley. Macmillan & Co. $4.00

Every Day in the Country. By Harrison Weir. Illus. Orange Judd Co. $1.00

*The Waggoner of the Alleghenians.* By T. Buchanan Read. Illus. J. R. Lippincott & Co. $1.50


*Centuries Ago.* Songs of Bethlehem. Illus. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.25

The Happy Christmas Time. Songs of the Season. Illus. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.25

The Song of the Angels. Illus. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.25

*New York.*

The Seven Ages of Man, from Shakespeare’s As You Like It. The Artist’s Ed. Illustrated with Photographs from Original Paintings. J. L. Bingham & Co.

*Juvenile.*

The Brows. By Mary P. Smith. Roberts Brothers. $1.00

*Spinning Wheel Stories.* By Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Brothers. $1.25


*Rhythms.* By Donald Robertson. Charles Scribner’s Sons.


*Fiction.*


**Yale College, New Haven, Conn., June 12, 1884.**

Prof. Marcus R. Alonzo,

My dear Sir: Some one has so kind as to send me by post a poem by yourself, entitled:—"Having to leave a home to spare time at once took it up, and was so interested in it as to read it through in the evening. I take the liberty of congratulating you as the author of a very lovely little poem, rather in the spirit of the pleasant, and admirably felicitous in its whole. What can I say more, I could not put my own, if I should try anything. Most sincerely yours,

R. Frost.
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It is not too much to say of these two books, that their illustrated settings of familiar and popular verse, they very nearly if not quite touch the high-water-mark of American workmanship, and of the engraver's art in particular constitute an achievement which we shall hardly see surpassed the present season. In form and size the books are alike, being small quartos of about twenty-five leaves each, and there is uniformity in their intent and method. In spirit the two poems are of course widely different, but the artists have done admirably with each of them, and whether we consider the profusion of the engravings, the excellent judgment with which their subjects have been selected, or the delicacy and refinement with which they have been executed, they easily distance most of the high-class pictured books of this season. The characteristic element of Heber's poem is landscape; that of Tennyson's the human figure; and as here depicted the first is as generally beautiful as the second is impressive. We are enabled to read this story of the Eskimo in these wood-cuts in an unusual degree. How beautiful, for example, is the old tower, battle-mottled and ivy clad, from which Tennyson's Lord Ronald steps down to speak to Lady Clare; at the same time how admirable on another page is the face of the mother as she clasps her daughter in her arms, exclaiming, "You cannot be here,法官!" and how natural and spirited are all the figures which enliven the pretty scenery of this poem. The imagery of Heber's lines has been equally well delineated. We have seen no two books this year, of their size and character, which can dispute precedence with these, and we commend them with special emphasis to the eye of the holiday buyer.

Mr. Roe's "Serial Story."  "Nature's Serial Story." By Edward P. Roe, illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson and F. Dielman. [Harper & Brothers. $2.50.]

In illuminated covers with birds flying across and further decorated with flowers, rich in coloring and design, in gilt tops and choice paper, with one hundred and thirty-two charming illustrations, Mr. Roe's serial is put into holiday shape, making a handsome and solid volume of four hundred and twenty-nine pages. With its subject matter and artistic work of the two artists in their respective favorite fields readers of Harper's Magazine are familiar; and a great many have undoubtedly in this way received instruction and help on a subject which they had not been interested in before, that is to say, "Nature." Of all modern stories with a purpose this had a purpose most novel. To make a running record of the changes of the changing year, incorporating with its two love stories suggestions on strawberry culture, bee-keeping, the best way of producing eggs in winter, "latent heat" as applicable to the care of a green-house in winter, sheep-rearing, information in general, and particular on horticulture, ornithology, and other matter pertaining to nature; all this was a new idea which probably grew out of the popular demand that everything must be in story form, and was also devised to secure more of the incomparable sketches of one of nature's own best artists. Certainly without the illustrations (the equally admirable figure and other pieces of Mr. Dielman included), the effort could not have been the success it has proved; standing by itself, Mr. Roe's popularity could hardly have floated the story. Mr. Roe believes in developing "a love story" viewed from a "scientific point of view," this serial must have proved to be all that he could have anticipated. It will introduce his large parish of readers into a beautiful realm, and stimulate many of them to studies on a subject they had little knowledge of and interest in before. It is nothing to the purpose that we may be of the number who prefer our natural history and love stories separate; that we miss crispness, juice, nerve, fiber, flavor, and have a conviction that nature would rebuke any purely sentimental treatment, as she also would any prigish, pedantic talk about her—and Mr. Roe's people do talk as nobody else but a book is ever known to. In this story at least, whatever may have been the case in others, the author has shown no inventiveness or fancy; the conversations of the family about their peaches and strawberries lead like the proceedings at a stated meeting of a horticultural society; the lovers are such as any man of the backwoods would have met in the woods; the beetle, the apple-worm, moths,umble-bees, caterpillars, ants, and spiders were never before made so picturesque, never so idealized. The author likes them, humanizes them, lives among them, finds an inner meaning to their little lives, makes in every way the most of them. Ants and spiders are his specialties, and his wife says of his visiting Texas once to study a certain ant: Certainly he did... in the blazing heat of summer, too. He lived like an Indian, worked like a negro, spent no one knows how much money, went through the forests, etc., etc., etc. Owe-persuaded to write and published his book at his own expense; all for the sake of one miserable little ant that stings like a wasp, and is a nuisance in Texas harvest-fields. ... Talk about the curiosity of women! I don't believe there's a woman Christendom that would go through so much labor, danger, and expense, just to pry into the secrets of an ant-hill... Men are more curious than women, men live more times one; I have often said it, and for that very reason have maintained that the sterner sex will always be the superior naturalists.

Housekeepers will surely be amused and prob-
ably surprised by learning just how moths go to work (p. 88), and the chapters on crickets and katy-dids are very fresh and animated; the same is true of the humble-bees and spiders; and what is not really new is put in new shape. For a book in this over-done colloquial style of dressing up facts it is remarkably pleasant, and Mr. Dan Beard has brightened it by a great many "comical adaptations," sketching spiders, ants, and other drollies persona in keeping with his fanciful conception of their characters; while the artistic fact natural history drawings (of marked excellence) are by Mr. Edward Shepperd and Mr. Frank Stout.

Nutshells.

The Nutshell Series. 6 vols. Edited by Helen Kendrick Johnson. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, 3500.]

This pretty silvered box of six old-gold bound books called Nutshells might also be called a Homeopathic Pili Box, containing, as it does, assorted pellets of wisdom, wit, sentiment, and other essentials of the intellectual pharmacopoeia, carefully compounded in infinitesimal doses and recommendable to sensitive palates for doctrine, conscience, sentiment, and general refreshments and improvement. Helen Kendrick Johnson is the skilful editor who has compiled these pretty booklets, long 32mos we should call them, or peradventure 4mos, if there be that greatly reduced dimension. The little books open the longer way of the page, are made of rough laid paper, with neatly trimmed edges and gilted tops, and are printed in a beautiful Old English type, with the names of the authors cited for the most part added in red ink. This fusion of two colors gives a brilliantly dary air to the dainty pages, like wings of butterflies. All writings have been searched for the extracts herein stored like sweets in the honey-comb— all, that is, save Shakespeare's and the Bible, from which says the compiler, "it was easier not to draw at all, than only to sip." The several volumes by title, and their general contents, respectively, are (1) "Philosophy," or utterances which on sober thought suggest principles; (2) "Epigram and Epitaph," or famous sayings whose pointedness has fastened them in the universal memory; (3) "Wit and Humor;" (4) "Proverbs," which are traced to their national rather than to their individual origins; (5) "Wisdom," or the voices of experience on practical matters of life; and (6) "Sentiments," whose principle of classification is looser than rules in either of the other volumes. This diminutive library engages the eye at once by the novelty of its plan and look, by its mechanical beauty and delicacy, and by its refined excellence as a body of thoughts. "How pretty!" every one will say on looking at the outside; "how good!" every one will add on examining what is within. Our only criticism relates to the title. "Nutshells" are worthless husks; these books are distinctly not the shells of nuts, but the rich and meaty nuts themselves.

Rip Van Winkle Land.


Not Van Diemen's Land, but Van Winkle's, a land not of fact, but of fancy, yet of fancy founded on fact; and on fact as real and rugged as the Catskillse themselves, whose legends and traditions author and artist have here made the subject of a luxurious and imposing quarto. We wish that Mr. [or Miss or Mrs.] Searing's inviting door had been opened to us a little earlier in the season, when more liberty could here have been enjoyed; our party very early and improving the pleasant tour which he describes. A mountainous land it is, always picturesque to the eye and often grand; clothed with memories of pirates and their haunts, illustrious in associations with Revolutionary incidents and heroes, and, last but not least, the fine touch of Dutch life, with the sweet beauty of Irving's fancy until its summits glow again. Into this charmed precinct, one September not very long ago, the pilgrims of Mr. [or Miss or Mrs.] Searing's party entered, bound respectively to literary, artistic, and botanical shrines. "They were seven," these Cats-kill pilgrims, three ladies and four gentlemen, though traveling here, we suspect, under a disguise of names. How they voyaged up the Hudson and clambered up the mountains, and threaded the valleys and the dells, and dabbled their feet in the brooks and waterfalls, and drove, and walked, and rested, and got caught in the rain, and watched the bright shining sunsets, and retold the story of Captain Kidd, and awoke the slumbering echoes of old Indian and Revolutionary days, and read again the pages of Irving amid the scenes he invested with such living interest, and wrote anew the slender threads of romance amid the sunlight and the shadows that clothe by turns these everlasting hills; all this our author tells us in a pleasant narrative, with the assistance of above fifty wood-engravings by Heinemann after drawings by Lauber, Volkmar, Northcote, and others, not all of whom are named. Some of these pictures fill whole pages, others are inserted in the text. One, in sections, mounted as a frontispiece, opens out into a fine panoramic view of the Catskills as seen from the Overlook House. Pictures and letterpress together suffice to give a faithful impression of a region full of interest not less for its natural features than for the marks humanity has set thereon. The vast hotel, perched high upon some commanding crest; the sequoistered lake hemmed in among the mountain slopes; the far-reaching expanse of forest; the lofty precipice scaled only by ladders and with peril to the uncertain footstep; the humble farm-house nestled in its little of meadows; the cascade foaming its way over the ledge into the pool below; the long vista leading the eye down to the valley distant sunset; views from dels upward to dizzy heights and from the dizzy heights outward and away until the eye is lost on an almost indistinguishable horizon; grotesque profiles in which nature seems struggling to put on the mask of humanity; coolly dripping springs, where the wayfarer kneels to quench his thirst; shady seats by the brookside, where one's head is crowned by the foliage while the feet play in the water; huge rocks that shelter from the sunshinging shower; the sunburnt slope that irradiate the landscape and make every quivering drop a jewel; merry parties on the wagon road up or down the mountain side; creeks, chasms, towering trees, wee cottages belonging to the old life or the new, the fisherman throwing his hook by the river until, pulpit rocks and poets' benches, lovers in their retreats, and invalids in their wheel-chairs — this is the world which the artists bring before the eye, and which author peoples with the figures of history or tradition. A handsomely quarto it is, with its heavy paper, gilded edges, broad margin, large fair type, and brilliant cover in black and blue and claret and gold.

Brentano's Fairy Tales.


Brentano is an author altogether new to American children, though his name in full was Clemens Brentano, he was a brother of Goethe's Bettina, he was one of a very gifted family, he was born at Ehrenbreitstein in 1778, and he died at Aschaffenburg in 1842. He had a wild and capricious imagination, and when a youth in his father's counting-room used to amuse himself with all kinds of vagaries instead of attending to business, making caricatures on the margins of the bills of lading, which he wrote out in the most absurd rhymes. It was at this time that he composed Fairy Tales for the children in his brother-in-law's family, showing himself therein a born storyteller, so that he might have had as wide a circle of admirers as Hans Andersen himself, if he had followed his whimsical and delightful-giving fancies. But his tastes suddenly changed, and he denounced all such nonsense forever, positively refusing to have his tales published, until towards the close of his life, when he consented on condition that the proceeds be given to the poor. Unfortunately, some of them were left unfinished; and also unfortunately, some of the best are so full of quips and quirks and puns that they "baffle translation." The four in the present volume are now for the first time put into English: "Dear-my-Soul" (unfinished); "The Story of Sir Skip-and-a-Jump;" "The Story of Ninny Noddy;" "The Story of Wackenhard and of His Five Sons.

They are not by any means on an altogether new plane, for we find an unskill landlord who gets a sound beating from a magic cobalt which has come by, and there being three such fairy gifts ready for time of need, and, of course, the king's daughter who is to be given with half the kingdom to the man who can do a certain thing. But they are irresistibly funny and fantastic, from the exuberance of an old genius in full flower and fresh from the well of comparison is out of the common line, like that of the princess who was "as solemn as a bottle of medicine," the witch who "postured in her chair as elegantly as an ear-wig that has fallen into a jar of honey," and the monster who had a head "as large as a bag of juts," a nose "as broad as a pair of smith's bellows," and a mouth nearly "as large as a mail bag." Some of the conceits too are novel, like that where Dear-my-Soul has to weep the sleeping prince out of his tomb, and proceeds to let her tears drop into the "lachrymatory urn which held about three gallons and a half," and if the only pastime arranged by the king, of having the marble pavement of the square in front of the palace sprinkled with oil, so as to see the fashionable people "slipping and slopping about" and spoiling their fine clothes. The stories will be a treat to the "juveniles," who will have but one fault to find with the pretty pictured book, and that is, that the man who was born to write Fairy Tales should not have stuck to his vocation instead of turning into a remorseful and strict recluse, as he did, "ab-
horning these children of his earliest and bright- est fancy."—Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo and Juliet. Illustrated by Dickens. With an Introduction by Edward Dowden. [Cas- sell & Co. $3.50.]

This work must be set down distinctly as the surest product of the season. In a very large folio of 53 pages is printed Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet in large type, two columns to a page, and with the text goes a series of illustrations which for dramatic force, artistic beauty, and mechanical excellence, are notable above most other work of the year. The illustrations comprise twelve drawings by Mr. F. Dick- see of the Royal Academy, all of which are re- produced in the photogravure process by Goupil & Co. of Paris. Several of them are full-page plates. These include the famous Balcony Scene, the Death Bed, and the Hall in Capulet's House. The smaller illustrations are inserted in the text. All are alike remarkable for correctness in drawing, and for successes of light and shade, the photogravure process seeming to combine the best traits of wood-engraving and etching, and throwing over the plates a softness which is peculiarly their own. Beside these illustrations proper, there are ornamental head-pieces for the several scenes. The text is rubricated, and the paper is that known as "Whatman's hand made," through which there is none that can more surely delight the eye or the touch of the connoisseur in books. Rough edges at the sides and bottom enhance the charm. Mr. Dowden's introduction is of itself a feature of great value, re- telling as it does, the original story which Shakespeare re- habilitated, and critically reviewing the play it- self from the stand-point of the highest modern English scholarship. Finally, we like the studi- ous plainness with which the book is bound; the old gold covers plainly stamped in gilt, not di- verting the eye from the endowments of the work itself. So late is this volume in reaching us that we give it less attention than it deserves, but it is certainly one of the first two or three holiday publications of 1884.

The same publishers have put Chateaubriand's celebrated romance Atala, with its accompani- ment of illustrations by Gustave Doré, into the splendid form of a large quarto, heavy with luxurious, glossy paper, and brilliant with the largest and blackest of type, and showy to the eye in edges of gilt and covers of green and gold. This love idyl of the American forest was written in 1801, and was a fruit of the author's French enthusiasm over the virgin grandeur of the New World. Somewhat in the spirit of Paul and Virginia he pictures the wanderings of a pair of lovers through the forest and over the prairies and among the mountains of the then almost unknown continent, bringing in the aboriginal savage and the missionary priest upon the scene, but allowing his subject to work itself out free from the entangling accesso- ries of plot upon most modern occasions.

The field was a congenial one for the pencil of the great and grotesque French artist who has just passed from us, and if he has depicted the features of American scenery with some exaggerations, there is no questioning the power of his touch. The romance appears in an English translation by Mrs. Jameson, from the Firmin-Didot edition of the original, and is provided with a useful introduc- tion. The weird fancies of the illustrator are fully in keeping with the somewhat unnatural tone of the romancer, but the two together make up a whole which has points of interest and a place in every complete collection of foreign treatments of American themes. [50.00.]

The Character Sketches from Dickens have a familiar look, as if we had seen them before, but after ransacking our recollection and turning back over our files we cannot find any record of them, and therefore the reminiscence is a mistake, and only another sign of the preexistence of souls. The large portfolio con- tains six loose photogravures executed by Goupil of Paris, representing several of Dickens's best- known characters. There is Mr. Pecksniff, with his benevolent throat and collar; Mr. Peggotty, the incarnation of old saillordom; Rogue Rider- hood, from Our Mutual Friend; Little Nell and her grandfather, sitting plaintively under the trees within sight of the great tower of St. Paul's; Mr. Weller and the dutiful Sam, the latter illustrating his uncommon powers of "sac- tion" over old Caleb Pimper; and his blind daughter, from the touching story of The Cricket on the Hearth. The plates are all from original drawings by Mr. Frederick Barnard, and while they all have excellence, there is none better than the opening view of Mr. Pecksniff. One advantage of the form in which these drawings are presented is that they can be taken out, if preferred, and framed without any waste. [Cassell & Co. $7.50.]

A handsome edition of Bayard Taylor's Views Afoot is a desideratum. It is a book to read and to read again. And here it is in generous quarto form, with a set of excellent wood-cuts, which invest the "views" with freshened interest, and vivify the world into which this prince of travelers takes the reader. The "Kensett Edition" it is called. The illustrations are not numerous, numbering only twenty, but the broad page on which the text is printed and the large heavy type which is used are a positive charm and afford additional conditions of pleasure for the reading. We feel our readers that the European tour which this book describes was begun in 1844, when such an expedition meant far more than it does today, and that it took its adventurer into almost every corner of Europe and disclosed scenes now familiar in conditions of freshness which adds very much to their charm. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.]

Cupples, Upham & Co. have published a nov- elty in calendars—not in the form but in the substance of it. It has the traditional shape and plan now so familiar by reason of the Long- fellow and Whittier Calendars and the like, but its matter is furnished by Mr. Punch, and consists of a comundrum and its answer for every day in the year. This makes a happy variation from a uniformity which is getting a little monoton- ous. [30c.]

The Common Sense Household Calendar is like all the others in shape and style, but its adorn- ment is a view of what may be called Marion Harland's chimney-corner, with a very good picture of that excellent lady as she appears sitting before the fire; and the black daily extracts accompanying relates to cookery and domestic science in general, with a text of Scripture to sweeten each day's toll. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.]

We have received from D. Lathrop & Co. bound volumes of their several periodicals for 1884. Wide Awake, whose volumes are lettered Volume X, is embossed (this is mere description or commendation at our hands. Both in its reading matter and in its illustrations it is the peer of the best publications for children, in this country or in any country, and in some respects it seems to us unequalled. While the material is reporters and features are expensive, it has always seemed to us that the tone of Wide Awake in its graces, avoiding flippant and trivial subjects, and appealing to the moral nature and the sources of character as well as to the taste and the imagination. We have been surprised to turn the pages of this volume, to see how extraordinarily good much of the engraving is. Some of these cuts are marvels of effect, showing the fineness and delicacy of the best banknote work. The Peny is a weekly of eight pages, packed with pictures and stories of child- life in this and other lands, and dignified with several issues of instruction in science and art. The illustrations, however, are inferior to those in Wide Awake. Our Little Men and Women and Babyland have also a serial origin, but bind up into very beautiful picture-books, the latter especially. The large type and copious illustrations of this remind us of the old Nursery in its best days, and its large square pages have a generous look which that lamented magazine never attained. Upon all these serial publica- tions of D. Lathrop & Co. we put the stamp of our heartiest commendation. There are none better of their kind.

The Rev. E. E. Hale and sister's Family Flight Around Home is a jolly good book of travels about New England, beginning at Boston, where all good travels begin and end, exploring the haunts of the Pilgrims, tracing colonial foot- steps, reviving acquaintance with the Indians, hunting up the wild flowers in the woods, study- ing the mountain ranges, lakes, and rivers, locating historical incidents, and surveying the topo- graphical basis of all the principal events in the New England story since the beginning. The instruction is given in the form of a story, and the pictures, which are very numerous, are uncommonly good for a book made up in this way. Anybody who knows Mr. Hale or his sister, especially any one who has traveled with either of them, as it has happened to the writer of this notice to do, can testify to their excellent traveling gifts and their ability to make the most out of such an opportunity as this. [D. Lathrop & Co. $2.50.]

The outward traits of the new London edition of the immortal Pilgrim's Progress are a quarto form, a moderately showy cover in blue and black and gold, a title-page in black and red, large type well displayed between good margins, and nearly one hundred wood-cuts scattered through the text, or occupying full pages, drawn by Frederick Barnard and others and engraved by the Dalziel Brothers. There is a difference in the quality of these pictures and none of them equal the best American wood-cuts, but the excellence of the better grade among them is the excellence of strength rather than of delicacy.
drawing and a hasty look about the engraving which depreciates the general effect. Some of the countenances, however, are of marked merit, and occasionally the figures rise to corresponding rank. But taken altogether this is a good edition of Bunyan. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. import it for the American market. [4.00.]

The latest "birthday book" is called Star-Drifts, and consists of 270 pages, 16mo, bound in imitation of red alligator skin, with orange edges. Each opening of the book shows a space of the two pages for three days of the year; the spaces on the left-hand page being filled with quotations from English and American authors in prose and verse, those on the right-hand page remaining in blank to be filled in with birthday entries. We do not observe that the book differs from other record volumes of its class, except in being larger and so more spacious than some of them, and in drawing its sentiments from a wider range than a single author's writings. Next ornamental head and tail-pieces open and close the days of each month, and the book has a quietly stylish look. [Cupples, Upham & Co. $2.00.]

At the late hour at which we write this paragraph we can say only a word of Mr. Bonney's edited volume on The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales, and that must be a word of description, reserving words of criticism, until we have had further time for examination and can find larger space for statement. The book is a handsome quarto of 372 pages, and consists of historical and descriptive sketches of thirty-five cathedral churches by a staff of different writers; each sketch being accompanied by wood-cuts, of which wood-cuts there are upwards of one hundred and fifty, all told. These cuts are good specimens of English drawing and engraving, and the appearance of the volume is rich and attractive. It promises a delightful and instructive tour, through one of the most interesting rounds of English sight-seeing; but as we have said above we shall speak of it more at length hereafter. [Cassell & Co. $5.00.]

A little book of selections from the tender and comforting religious poems of Frances Ridley Havergal is printed in green ink under the title of Ivy Leaves, one verse to a page for each month and evening of the month, and each verse being framed in a cluster of English ivy leaves. The book is tastefully bound, and is a pretty expression of a pretty idea. [A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 40c.]

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Flaxie Flaxie! has grown up—in part, at least—and we are glad of it. She was a child whom we never particularly admired, precocious as were some of her ways and amusing as was some of her talk. She is now a demure child of twelve years, she is rejoicing in her proper name, Mary Gray, she is able to take charge of the younger child, she can play the piano, is dressed with a good deal of dignity; and the adventures of a spelling school, of camping out, of a dinner present contribution to her history. In times of doubtless, we shall have her "woof, married, and a."

A "smarter" girl even than Flaxie Flaxie is in the Mary Jane, whose autobiographical papers are presented with illustrations by the author. The papers are intended to be funny, and some of the pictures are good. Mary Jane is a loud, "harum scarum" sort of girl, who does and says things in "American style," as our friends over the water express it, and the interest of whose story depends on the familiar transcription of a wild kind of life. Life-like in a certain way the story truly is, but there is little refinement in it, and we should not want to put the book into the hands of any girl who had any faults to be corrected and any rough traits to be tamed down. Already the young readers of St. Nicholas have had a pleasant time over Miss Alcott's dozen of new stories before their coming into a book by themselves. The old Boccaccio and Canterbury Tale style is a good one, and always works well, forever fresh, though a fashion of centuries gone by. This time it is a party of young people snowed up at the old homestead, a house with a garret full of antique things, and with a grandmother first leading off with a spirited story about wolves and a soldier youth of the War of 1812, and then turning over her "faded old portfolio" of tales for the favorite aunt to read. Of course the storm increases, and the manuscripts held out; and it was all the same to the absorbed listeners if they did not prove to be "old tales" as grandmother professed. The listeners never noticed the anarchistic tendency of the venerable lady, who was a maiden marriageable in that far-away war-time, and yet had for some of her subjects the young girls with their "jewels" and the bicycle experience; but it is just as well—all is fair from such a good story-teller; and who would find fault with Miss Alcott; or hardly presume even, for example, to ask if the lesson is quite clear in "Daisy's Jewel-box" how she filled it.

We used to know the author of The Brownies as P. Thorne, in the Christian Union, much wondering at the odd pseudonym, and enjoying her life-like sketches of country ways and children's doings. This time the locality is Cincinnati, the author's home, and for matter we have been busy with our books for months or a year and out, for a few months on the road and in, more of a family—father, mother, two growing girls and a boy. A "cunning Baby Brown" is after all the heroine of the book, with various haps and mishaps. More "cunning" than anything else. She has a "Boo," as she names the "naughty, obstinate little spirit that sometimes possessed her." The children are very natural, and have natural and real experiences and adventures, in the relation of which a general description of Cincinnati and the country around is given, also a picture of the flooded district, and account of the sufferings in that calamity as Dr. Brown and his son knew about them. It is a sketch of a wholesome family life from day to day, where wise, kind mother keeps the helm, and at the end she takes the children across country to Cape Ann for the summer, finding on

reality than they look on maps," and over-powered at first sight of the sea by the thought that "all this has always been in the world, and we never saw it before." We take leave of the family and the Baltimore farm, and heartily do all agree there is half promise on the author's part that "other chapters of their story may sometime find their way between book-covers."

Among the blessings of a happy childhood is that of having a large acquaintance with fairy stories; every child is possessed of a fantastical library, which does not contain all the classics in this kind of literature. We sometimes hear of a prosaically-minded child who does not believe in Santa Claus, and don't care for fairy tales. Poor little thing, how it is to be pitied! This last collection of Laboulaye's tales ought to doubless will delight all young readers who have proper taste in these matters. The stories have been drawn from many sources, so the author tells us in his preface, comprising tales from the Icelandic, Finnish, Dalmatian, and Servian. They are told briefly and graphically, with touches of humorous comment from the narrator, and will, we are sure, please many grown readers, as well as the girls and boys. The illustrations are a real addition to the beauty and interest of the volume, being spirited and graceful. We hope that all the children who are sensible enough to want this book for a Christmas present will be so fortunate as to get it. The volume is handsomely printed in clear type on thick tinted paper.

More tempting still externally, in its covers of deep India red decorated with a gay terra-cotta and black, and pictured over with fairies and witches—the genuine old witches of our childhood, black cat, broumstock, pointed hat and all is the Old-Fashioned Fairy Book of Mrs. Burton Harrison. The stories number twenty-four, including six "Romances of the Middle Ages." Several of them are in very bad taste. Cannibalism is not an agreeable subject to anybody; and certainly, for a child, a story of a brother trying to find an opportunity to eat his sister is most objectionable. That is the first; the second has crimes, tombs, and other loathsome things; the third has snake scenes horrible enough to throw a sensitive child into convulsions; worse and worse is "The Ogreess and the Cook," which is poisonous and so highly offensive. Such things are not only most unprofitable, but are likely to have dangerous effects on the susceptible imaginations of little people—worse bedtime stories could hardly be imagined, and the children who listen to them at that hour will be likely to have a night of mortal terror. Having entered these strong exceptions, and added that it is too bad to have spoiled such a pretty invention as little "Ha'penny" by such a flaw, and that undue prominence is given to marriage, we are glad to be able to commend the greater part of the tales in other respects. If only all could have been on a plane with "The Fairies and the Fiddler," and that capital old-style fairy legend of the Emerald Isle, "The Leperhaun," or those poetical and fanciful tales, "Deep-Sea Violets" and "The Ice-King's Bride," after Kingsley's and MacDonald's style! What child would not

3 Spelling-Whale Stories. By Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Brothers. $1.25.
4 The Brownes. By Mary P. W. Smith. Roberts Brothers. $1.00.
POETRY.

The "silent world" of which Miss Phelps speaks is for the most part the world of pain, suffering, and sorrow, of longings unsatisfied and yearnings unutterable; the world of the departed; the world ever in sight but ever beyond the reach of the living; the world which one can enter only alone; the world of shadows, doubts, questionings; a world almost of complaint but never quite of despair; a world whose silence is the silence of the tear more than of the smile. Yet it is not a gloomy world of which these songs are written, and they are not in a minor key exactly. There is intense sensibility in them, a passion that is not always quite coherent, usually the strict forms of poetry, and often something of its indefinable spirit. We can think of no other metaphor which so well describes the contents of these hundred and fifty-five pages of sighs, rhapsodies, outcries, love notes, and beckonings, than to call them the drops which fall from the wringing of a woman's heart.

We think there is a healthier tone, and that the average heart will find considerably more music, in such poems as those of Lucy Larcom, of which a new and complete edition is now out, compactly printed, two columns to a page. There is a naturalness about these poems, a community with ordinary experience, a cheerfulness of temper, a moderateness and tranquility of tone, which satisfies and soothes one's feeling instead of exciting it to no particular purpose. Miss Larcom's place is distinct and fixed among the singers of New England scenery and life; her verse is a clear and moving current rather than a tempest and a tempest sea.

The Rev. J. Hazard Hartwell — he would appear to be a "Reverend" from the clerical vestments which enrobe his person in the frontispiece — prejudices the impartial critic by inserting his portrait at all. The man who thus puts himself before his work is not a man whose work, as a general thing, is worth looking at. Examining the work itself, our conclusions as to Mr. Hartwell's "wanderings on Parnassus" is that he has got lost on the mount. He has a certain facility of writing verses, and mistaken that for the poetic gift. There is almost no poetry in this book whatever.

There is less than no poetry in the Poems of Mr. Stokely S. Fisher, V.D.M., which injudicious friends probably have persuaded him to copy, and with additional attractions of good and black and belted boards at $1.25 and $1.50. As in the volume named before, a portrait of the author is thrown in; but Mr. Fisher's "beard is not yet grown." We speak of him both as a poet and as a youth. What the initials appended to his name may stand for, we do not know. He speaks modestly of the "my children of passion," and he may. If Mr. Stokely S. Fisher ever does become a poet, his first act will be to disown these "children."

Of Mr. Leavitt's thin booklet we can only say that it holds some twenty-five pieces of well-intended but poorly-executed religious versification; of Mr. Scollard's Pictures in Song we can say that its contents display a good deal of real freshness of thought, and not a few clever turns of rhythmic expression. There are true forms and colors in some of these simple little "pictures."

In very poor imitation of "Hiawatha" measure Mr. J. A. Nunez has written a description of a visit to Cuba; of which we can only say that it is printed on a quality of paper, with traits of type and margin, with beauty and daintiness of illustration, with attractiveness of title-page, and with elegance of binding worthy of a far finer composition. The pictures are nearly if not quite exquisite: the verse is execrable.

We do not fancy such a title as has been chosen by "J. L." for his or her narrative poem in autobiographic form, though the tone of composition itself is elevated, and the verse comparatively smooth and flowing. The most ambitious poetical work of the season without doubt is Dr. Abraham Cole's metrical paraphrase of the harmonized narratives of the Four Gospels; a work very ambitiously conceived, and executed with a good deal of deliberateness, care, and learning. As a poem we cannot give it very high praise; as a curiosity it deserves notice. The work is the braiding of a triple strand. The metrical version is under-laid, page by page, with a harmonized prose version of the gospels; and beneath this again follows an accompaniment of didactic expository notes. The poem is the treble, the notes are the base, and the prose text is the alto, to Dr. Cole's New Testament sonata. The author's spirit is intensely in sympathy with the traditional theology, and everything in the Scriptures is gospel to him. But the poetical form cannot often help being prosaic, and the epic intent surpasses the epic effect.

Biographical Essays. By F. Max Müller. [Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.]

This, Max Müller's last volume of "Chips," gathers seven biographical sketches which, with the exception of one on Charles Kingsley, have an especial attraction for readers interested in Oriental themes, such as the Brahma Samaj of India and the development of the wonderful country of Japan. "If there is ever to be a real religion in India," writes the author, "it will, I believe, owe its very life blood to the large heart of Rammohun Roy and his worthy disciples, Debendranath Tagore and Keshub Chunder Sen." The first paper is a eulogistic address on Rammohun Roy delivered in the Bristol Museum on the fiftieth anniversary of the Raja's death, Sept. 27, 1883. To those who have followed the periodical literature of recent years, it will seem, like the succeeding essay on Chunder Sen, somewhat elementary, but is probably all the more to be recommended to readers as yet unacquainted with this most impressive movement of religious thought and feeling in India — a movement at the head of which now stands the Babo Mozoomdar, whose recent visit to this country, and whose remarkable work, The Oriental Christ, must be still fresh to many. A series of letters that passed between Max Müller and Chunder Sen at the time of the latter's difficulties arising from the marriage of his daughter, is appended to the essay, and will be of interest to the best informed. Dayakamida Sarasvatl, the head of the Ayya-Samaj, the orthodox society who hold to the divine authority of the Veda, is the subject of a brief paper. "He was a curious mixture, in some respects not unlike Dr. Fazy." Two young Buddhist priests of Japan who came to England to learn English and to study Sanskrit under Max Müller, tell the novel story of their lives in the next two papers, and the last two are affectionate tributes to Julina Mohi, the eminent Persian scholar; and Charles Kingsley, the noble-hearted Rector of Eversley.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Christian Ministry at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, Bishop of Long Island. [Thomas Whittaker. $2.50.]

We have in this portly octavo more than 500 pages, being the "Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1884," a vindication of the position, claims
THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

WE do not often ask the readers of the Literary World to express their opinions of its traits, but if any of them should feel disposed to do so, briefly or at length, and to send us the same just now in these closing days of the year, we should be glad to hear what they have to say, and might get good therefrom. We do not ask for encomiums, but for honest judgments frankly expressed. If they are favorable and commendatory of course we shall have encouragement accordingly; but if they point out where our work is defective and how it can be improved that also will be acceptable, and perhaps the better for us and for them.

Friends: you hear from us regularly; suppose now, for once, you let us hear from you!

* * *

A large number of important new books and of interesting Notes and Queries must wait for attention until after the holidays.

TABLE TALK.

... Miss Susie B. Skelding, the compiler and artist of the "Flower-Songs Series" of poems, has just prepared a number of souvenir books, to be issued about New Year's and later; among them, one for St. Valentine's Day. Mears & White, Stokes & Allen will publish them.

... "Hope Harvey," the Portland (Me.) Transcript's contributor of didactic sketches, is a young, unmarried woman, and resides at her birthplace, a farm in the town of Garland, Penobscot County, Maine. She has been in too delicate health since girlhood, and too much needed in domestic ways, to venture far from home, either personally or by pen. It has therefore traveled but little, and contributed to but few journals outside her own State. She has the appearance of a "smart" young woman, in the New England sense of that expression; a bright, earnest, purposeful face, round and plump; erect head, and hair falling in curls upon her shoulders. She has a sister, older than herself, who, though less striking in literary style, is a terse, forcible writer, and contributes to magazines for women, as "Charity Snow." "Hope Harvey's" real name is Susan O. Curtis.

... Rev. John W. Chadwick is printing his tenth series of sermons preached to the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, New York, in pamphlet form, preliminary to issuing it in connection with the preceding series. His Sunday evening lectures (monthly) on noted Americans — Andrew Jackson, Henry D. Thoreau, J. C. Calhoun, James Russell Lowell, Henry Clay, and Oliver Wendell Holmes — are generally well attended, the church, which holds about six hundred persons, being often crowded.

... The publication, today, by Mears, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of a second and enlarged edition of the Rev. Theodore T. Munger's model book of sermons to children, Lamps and Paths, demands attention both on its own account and on account of the success which has attended the two more notable volumes, Freedom of Faith and On the Threshold — by the same author which preceded it. Lamps and Paths was first brought out by Mears, N. J. Bartlett & Co., booksellers of Boston, who sold one thousand copies of the book without a line of advertisement. It now appears, in a neat second edition, from a regular publishing-house. The Freedom of Faith has sold in England and America to the extent of about fifteen thousand copies. It has had three publications, in various forms, in London alone. Its circulation, like that of On the Threshold, has extended to India, where a translation is proposed. Probably no book of recent publication has enjoyed so thorough and critical a reading, or more materially affected the religious thinking of the time. The essay entitled "The New Theology" is generally regarded as the best statement on the subject yet made. The author considers the truest piece of literary work that he has ever done. On the Threshold, which was issued before, but has created less stir than The Freedom of Faith, has sold to the extent of twelve thousand or so copies in this country — not to mention the sale in England — and still sells well. It is as stimulating as anything Emerson ever wrote, and has taken hold of thousands of lives in a strong way. It, too, is to be translated in India.

... Mr. Oscar Fay Adams has corrected and enlarged his Handbook of English Authors, which will appear in a second edition soon after the holidays, and is preparing the matter for a second edition of the American Handbook, which, if called for, will contain at least two hundred additional names. Mr. Adams is also giving informal literary talks twice a week to a class of ladies in Erie, Pa., where he resides.

... Mr. David W. Judd, formerly agent of the Associated Press in New York, and a brother of Orange Judd, the veteran agricultural editor, is credited with a large hand in the remarkable success which the Orange Judd Company, the house which the latter Judd founded, and which publishes the American Agriculturist, has always maintained. He is the present president of the company at a critical period in its history, on his brother's withdrawal to establish a new paper, but by rare business and social qualities has placed both the concern and its newspaper on a very prosperous basis.

... Col. T. W. Higginson, who, since the first two numbers of the Woman's Journal was issued, has been its leading editorial writer, will sever his connection with that paper January 1st, soon after which date he will enter upon an engagement to furnish Harper's Bazaar a contribution once a week under the general title of "Women and Men." His successor in the Journal has not been named.

... Edgar W. ("Bill") Nye tells us that he was born in Skowhegan, Me., in the summer of 1850, but went West with his parents at the age of two. He says that he assisted his father in fighting fire flies, wolves, and rattlesnakes for twenty-five miles wild or not very woolly, neither hiliarious nor hairy, but very human in his appearance, and so gentle in his manners that after he has been fed a little girl not more than seventeen years old can lead him all over the menagerie. He fitted for the practice of law, and practiced a short time, but for the last six years has been industriously writing humor. He was in charge of the Laramie City Correspondent, which he formerly known through his paragraphs, about four years — his only editorial engagement; he is now living on the "interest" of his writings, at Hudson, Wis., and contributing to two or three well-known papers. He belongs to the lighter type of newspaper humorist, his writings smack strongly of the "breath" and soil of Western jokery. He is probably the most purely humorous writer now parographing. He is always "in character," and finds it very hard to stop grinning.

... The Disciple of Christ, the semi-monthly magazine of the Disciples denomination, which has been edited at Cincinnati the past year by S. M. Jefferson, will be edited after January first by the brothers Isaac and Russell Errett, of the Christian Standard, and issued as a monthly, double its present size, with lithographs instead of engravings, and additional literary matter. It has been conducted in a broad spirit, and upon a high plane as regards both moral and literary qualities, and with a larger expenditure for original contributions might soon reach the front rank of literary-religious periodicals.

... The State of Maine has been the home of so many marked literary characters — men and women of genius as well as of practical and brilliant talent — that we are getting to take it as a matter of course that the line shall continue unbroken. Latterly, the leadership among Maine literati has been taken by women. Among these latter stars we have the author of One Summer, the author of Deephaven, Mary Agnes Tinchker, Frances L. Mace, May Thacher Higginson, Ella Maude Moore, Rebecca Perley Reed, Anna Boynton Averill, Susan O. Curtis, and Kate L. Vannah. Miss Vannah is the latest comer, and is probably the most versatile. She was born at her present home in Gardiner, on the Kennebec River, twenty-seven years ago. Her full name is Letitia Catharine Vannah. She is an "only child," and has never married. She has written, in prose and verse, continuously since girlhood; has issued a book of poems (J. B. Lippincott's) in 1867, and has completed a prose work of some continuity; has written regular Washington correspondence for Eastern newspapers, and contributed sketches to Boston, Washington, and Portland weeklies, and to Roman Catholic monthlies. Music, however, has been the ruling power and pleasure of her life. She has composed numerous songs ("Three Roses," "Come, for the Sun is Going Down," and an "O Salutaris") are her noted compositions), and has become mistress of the piano, organ, violin, and harp. Her accomplishments indeed, have exceeded the power of her pen to express. Those familiar with her verses, know how strikingly dramatic some of them are, and what peculiar power they all possess to move the reader. In the sonnet, her skill in dramatic incident or conception is signal. An illustration of this appears in the current Transfers Record, while in her degree, at least, of her power of low, is the latest poem of Alice Wellington Rollins's. Miss Vannah intends visiting Washington this winter, as usual, on her newspaper mission, if she is able to leave Gardner; just now, however, she is under a stress of domestic illness and trouble, and,
HENRY FAWCETT.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

ALTHOUGH Henry Fawcett was not exactly "a literary man," he yet ventured so far into the world of letters that no excuse is necessary for offering in these pages a slight sketch of a very remarkable career. It was the writer's fortune to come in contact with him more than once, and each occasion had a somewhat dramatic character. I can yet picture that scene in the House of Commons in the early morning of the 12th of March, 1873 — Mr. Disraeli, speaking with the triumph of a successful victory, and Mr. Gladstone, winding up the debate on his Irish University Bill in an oration full of eloquence and of the pathos of certain defeat — a defeat to which no one contributed more than Henry Fawcett, the Radical member for Brighton. Passing on a few years, I find myself in Hackney Town Hall, where the members for the borough — Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Holmes — were to give an account of their stewardship to a somewhat exacting democratic constituency. The British workman had turned out in force and the greatest animation prevailed. Mr. Fawcett was accompanied to the platform by three Indian notabilities attired in their native turban and toga and dazzling with diamonds. These were of those who had borne personal and substantial testimony to the heroic efforts of the blind professor to ameliorate the condition of the down-trodden natives of India. Mr. Fawcett declined with all his usual vigor and precision on the topics of the day. The questions asked. Amongst others put was whether the members would vote for a Parliamentary inquiry into the Tichborne trial which had just come to an end. I can yet hear Mr. Fawcett deliberately repeat the question, and then thunder forth a triumphant "No" which made the hall ring. There was no mistake about his meaning. His colleague answered to the same effect, but in a rather roundabout way. Then arose an extraordinary scene of confusion. The platform was assaulted, the rails broken, a free fight ensued. Mr. Fawcett, his form towering above that of every one else — he was the tallest man in the House of Commons — moved about on the platform unable to strike in case he might hurt a friend, and unable to retire. His Indian friends followed him about in Indian file, each trying to get in front of the other, with abject terror depicted on their swarthy countenances. The incident had its comic as well as its pathetic side.

It was in this city of Aberdeen that Mr. Fawcett made his first public appearance. In 1859 the British Association met here under the presidency of the late Prince Consort. According to the record, a "Mr. Henry Fawcett, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge," read a paper in the Economic Section on "The Social and Economic Influences of the New Gold." In introducing the "reader," Lord Mounteagle, who presided, described him as "a young man who labored under the misfortune of blindness, but who had conducted his design of reading or rather of delivering his paper..." Mr. Fawcett's experiment was regarded with a certain amount of dread, and by himself with considerable nervousness. But his success was unqualified. From that moment, as he himself told, he resolved to reenter the Parliamentary path he had cut out for himself, and which had been so rudely broken in upon. Ever after he was a constant attendant at the meetings of the British and Social Science Associations, at which he delivered papers on his special studies — education and political economy — and on these occasions the departments were crowded to see the blind man "read." In the party saddle Mr. Fawcett was very restless. He entered Parliament quite unfeathered and thoroughly independent. As Mr. Disraeli said, on a memorable occasion, he stood on his head. Mr. Gladstone said, "I never saw a sharper thrust, with merciless logic he attacked every weak point, and infinitesimal indeed was the weakness which escaped his keen mental observation. Once after a more than usual scattering of his leaders, Mr. Gladstone was tempted to retort: "I always enjoy one feeling of satisfaction in listening to the honorable gentleman — the satisfaction of knowing that we have touched bottom, and that when he has spoken we know the worst that can possibly be said of any of our measures." What a compliment and rebuke! As he began, so did he end. True, his independence was not so pronounced latterly when he had the responsibilities of a great office on his shoulders; but he nevertheless remained a praise to those who politically did well, and a terror to those who did evil.

The outlines of Mr. Fawcett's life may be briefly sketched in. Born in 1833, he is survived by his wife and family, and by his father and mother. His parents reside near Salisbury, where his father is a gentleman-farmer and an alderman. The family belonged originally to Wilmot, but the father when quite a young man migrated to Wiltshire, where for a time he engaged in trade, afterwards turning his attention to agriculture. He has all his life been a staunch Radical. He is a personal friend of Mr. Bright, and took an active part in the Anti-Corn Law agitation. The mother, too, is a keen politician, and to her the deceased attributed to a great extent the strength of his own Radical convictions.

Until fourteen years of age Henry Fawcett attended school in the neighborhood of his home. He was sent thence to Queenwood College, Hants, where he spent two years. It was his good fortune his paper. By his friends as his reading. At the lectures of Professor Tyndall and Frankland. From Hants he removed to London, attending for a short period Kings College, and in 1852 was, finally, entered as a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. In 1856 he graduated seventh wrangler, and in due course was elected a fellow of his college. A hard student, he was a devoted athlete. His country training had accustomed him to all kinds of outdoor sports. At cricket, boating, hunting, fishing, swimming, he had few equals, and throughout his life, notwithstanding his great infirmity, he was a gallant oarsman, unequalled angler, daring horseman, expert skater, and strong swimmer. A study of the works of John Stuart Mill strengthened his natural desire to enter politics for himself while the debating arena he resolved to come a barrister, and accordingly began to "keep term" at Lincoln's Inn; but the accident which so much affected his whole life occurred before he had been "called." The benches, however, recognizing his great talent, offered to "gown" him, but he declined the honor. How the accident occurred is not accurately known. Mr. Moncure D. Conway gives one account of it. A perhaps equally reliable authority, Mr. J. Morrison Davidson, barrister, says:

In the autumn of 1858 he was one day out with a small party engaged in partridge-shooting. A covey rose and flew over a slight elevation on the remote side of which Mr. Fawcett momentarily disappeared. A companion, unfortunately, fired at his head and topped the rising ground, and two bullets, with something like diabolic precision, nearly perforated the spectacles he was wearing, lodged themselves in the retina of the eyes, and "at one stroke came the dark.

As has already been said, Mr. Fawcett spoke in the following year in Aberdeen. He subsequently addressed meetings in Glasgow, and Exeter Hall, London, and on every occasion to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. In the meantime he had been appointed Professor of Political Economy in Cambridge University, the income from which was his sole mode of subsistence, except what profit there may have been from his books and magazine articles, of which he was a voluminous contributor. One of his favorite pupils at Cambridge, it may be remarked, was Sir Charles Dilke.

But it will be by his efforts on behalf of the down-trodden natives of India that Mr. Fawcett will be best remembered. He was known as the member for Hindostan, and in gratitude for what he did for them the Indian natives subscribed a fund sufficient to pay his election expenses for Hackney when opposed. In 1867 Mr. Fawcett was married to Miss Millicent Garrett, a lady known in the literary world, and a ready and sympathetic helpmate to her husband. Mr. Fawcett's published works belonged to a special subject, and to the students of political economy are well known. His domestic hearth was as happy as it would be possible to wish. He occupied an old-fashioned house, with an acre or so of garden, in the South Lambeth Road, London, where he lived in a very unpretentious fashion, his fund of money being otherwise disposed of. He was proud of his garden, in which he took the greatest interest, and he used to boast that within half a mile of the city he could grow his own fruit and vegetables. In his own house he moved about unattended, and the last thing at night he always took a walk around his beloved garden. In the family circle he was bright and cheerful, much given to good-humored chaff, and constantly chuckling over a joke. He was fond of society, dined out a good deal, and was a generous host and a most enterprising talker. His chief literature consisted of the daily papers, which were religiously read.
Richard Reaf and His Home.

II. The Visit.

I was in California at this time, and in common with many others, found myself deeply interested in the career of the dead poet. A subsequent correspondence with his family, and afterwards personal interviews, led me to edit his poems and write his biography. This was why I afterwards made a pilgrimage to Brighton and its vicinity. I decided to go to Uckfield by rail, and then drive to various places of interest in that neighborhood.

The town of Uckfield, with which Reaf was so familiar in early life, consists mainly of one long street, lined the road towards Tunbridge Wells. On "market day" this street presents a lively scene — Sussex lasses, fresh and blooming; Sussex farmers, many of them retaining the traditional top-boots and "cut-away" coats of the Georgian era; London contractors; and strolling villagers gathering here on derrals.

Rising to secure a vehicle of some sort for my excursions, I was embarrassed by the rival attractions of two delightfully old-fashioned inns in the center of the town, whose signboards were respectively inscribed, "King’s Head" and "Maiden’s Head." My romantic tendencies decided for me in favor of the latter, and I found the hostess very polite and accommodating, albeit the day was Sunday. Her interest and attention redoubled when she learned that I had come all the way from America to look up certain people in her neighborhood. I mentioned Reaf’s name, hoping she might be acquainted with the family, and be led to contribute some incidental history. In this I was disappointed.

The name seemed to fall strangely upon her ears, and beyond the suggestion that the Realfs could not belong to the "quality," she hazarded nothing. However, she cheerfully undertook to furnish me with a fly and a driver, familiar with the surrounding country. While the necessary preparations were being made, I visited the village church. In the old graveyard, one of the first monumental slabs I found was "Sacred to the Memory of Stephen Markwick," the builder and undertaker by whom Reaf was employed when a boy. I found that many of the friends of Reaf’s early life were laid to rest in the village, which they probably never left, long before the "dairies were planted at his head and feet" far away by the Golden Gate in California. The lads of the Streamfield, Banister, Venus, Shoebridge, and Whopham families, who were his school-fellows and companions, were sleeping less now tranquilly under the primroses in old England.

There, too, was the warmest friend of Reaf’s boyhood, Napkin Brooker, who might have contributed many a picturesque incident to the story of the life which I am to tell. In a house close by, lived Mr. Henry N. B. Findlay, an old schoolmate, now a prosperous merchant in San Francisco, who has come across many interesting and valuable hints. Among all the blossoms by which we were surrounded in our tour of the garden, he seemed most proud of an American tiger lily. Our conversation was carried on by the assistance of one of his daughters, who acted as an interpreter, Edward being totally deaf, and conversing entirely by signs which I did not understand. This was no drawback to our pleasure, though, I broke bread with the family, a little fellow of seven or eight having first very distinctly asked a blessing. Our frugal meal consisted of buttered bread, tea, cheese, and a huge cucumber, from which all cut large slices, and ate, with no other dressing than a little salt. At my departure, Edward placed one of these vegetables in my hands, wrapped in cabbage leaves.

And so, laden with my gifts of flowers and vegetables, I took my leave; as proud of this pleasant entertainment as though I had supped with the Queen herself. The flowers were regarded with wonder at our Brighton boarding-house, and the cucumber was eaten by the guests there in the same peculiar way that I had observed at Horsted, and with as keen a relish. At Brighton I was entertained by Mr. Bishop, the editor of the Brighton Review, and an author of some distinction, in the most hospitable manner. Mr. Bishop was acquainted with Reaf, and the interview was particularly helpful to me in connection with the poet’s later visits to England. He also assisted me in procuring from a lady friend of Reaf’s at Brighton a very extensive correspondence, and numerous poems, not before published. In a humble tenement in Jersey Street, Brighton, I also saw Reaf’s sister Ellen, who, in the poet’s boyhood, served in the family of Dr. Parnell Stafford, and secured her brother a place as page in the same family. Of course her recollections of that period were interesting and valuable.

Thomas D. SUPFLE.

Gambier, Ohio, November.

Ramona.

When Ramona was announced, about a year ago, unusual interest was aroused from the fact that it was to be the first elaborate piece of fiction of any length from the pen of H. H., and because the subject was one which had engaged her profoundest thought and deepest sympathy — chosen for that reason, and the scenes were those which she had recently made herself familiar with. A story of Indian life in Southern California, at a period not far in the past, and of wrongs done the Indians by the United States government, was one to call forth on her part most tender feeling, to arouse her sense of justice and burning indignation. It was sure to be carefully considered and written with choice painstaking. There would be the charm of novelty — the situation and theme were as yet unspoiled.

* Ramona. By Helen Jackson. Roberts Brothers. $1.50.
power, and she would bring to this selected work the treasures of years of training, great keenness of perception, and a wide and catholic nature.

The announcement was modest, but the author’s public had expectations. Nevertheless, as the serial progressed, it probably helped to the satisfaction of those more superficial qualities which really catch the attention of Bulwer calls “art in fiction”—such qualities as its graceful style, its graphic description of life in a Mexican household, and the skill of the gradual development of the story. What a profusion of pictures like this:

The house was of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on the three sides of the inner court, and a still broader one across the entire front, which looked to the south. These verandas, especially those on the inner court, were supplementary rooms to the home. The greater part of the family life went on in them. Nobody stayed inside the walls, except when it was necessary. All the kitchen work, except the actual cooking, was done here, in front of the kitchen doors and windows. Babies slept, were washed, sat in the dirt, and played on the veranda. The women said their prayers, took their naps, and wove their lace there. Old Juanita shielded her beans there, and threw the pods down on the tile floor, till towards night they were sometimes piled up high around her, like corn-backs at a husking. The herdsmen and shepherds smoked there, lounged there, trained their dogs there; there the young made love; the hens and the roosters, which ran the entire length of the walls, were worn into hollows, and shone like satin; the tiled floors also were broken and sunk in places, making little wells, which filled up in times of hard rains....

The arched veranda along the front was a delightsome place. It must have been eighty feet long, at least, for the doors of five large rooms opened on it. The two westernmost rooms had been added on, and made four steps higher than the others, which gave that end of the veranda the look of a balcony, or a loggia. Here the Señora kept her flowers; great red water-jars, made by the Indians of San Luis Obispo mission, stood in close rows against the walls, and in them were always growing fine geraniums, carnations, and yellow-flowered musk.

Such is the central scene of the story, the home from which Ramona goes, driven forth, to follow the sad fortunes of Alessandro, hiding in almost inaccessible solitudes among the wondrous mountains, or finding a little home with neighbors for a brief time. We shall not outline the story; those who have not read it will hardly care to read an exposition of it; those who have, will keep a vivid impression of the persons, whites and Indians, who come into its varied episodes, not forgetting the crude, kind-hearted “Aunt Ri” from Tennessee—a character in her way—with her shrewd sayings, as when she forgot herself, and talked in English (Tennessee vernacular at that), to Felipe who knew only Spanish:

‘Taint much use sayin’ anything more plain yea’n no, between folks they can’t understand each other’s language; ’s’s fur’t that goes. I allow that ain’t any gret see’n the biggest part o’ what’s said between folks that does.

Now that the serial comes into a book, than when read by weekly installments. It is an admirable piece of literary workmanship from a purely artistic standpoint. Its sustained power, its proportion, its roundness and completeness, the steady carrying out of a purpose, the working of events to an end that could not have been otherwise, are as forcibly brought out as in any of George Eliot’s works. Compared with her this is without machinery or complexities. In the careful delineation of Señora Moreno, one is often reminded of the great English author, especially in the twelfth chapter, where the mother and the son discuss the fate of Ramona, and he is drawn into admissions and made to seem the adviser, feeling all the time that there is “a flaw somewhere in his mother’s reasoning,” but unable to point it out, confused but inwardly protesting, and conscious that “the meshes are closing around him.” The author’s conception and management of the Señora are masterly; but in this fine and powerful and distinctively American novel, it is Ramona who will live among the heroines of fiction.

The half-Indian girl has individuality enough to make and keep for herself a place there. Was it the intent of the author to leave Alessandro a failure, in order to bring out the fiber and steadfastness of Ramona; or is it a foregone conclusion that a woman’s hero must of necessity be ideal?

NOT THE WAY OUT!*

M. BELLAMY’S contribution to the popular literature of the industrial problem is rhetorical and articulate, rather than analytical, argumentative, or historical. It appeals chiefly to the superficial and unscientific mind, it is calculated to call attention to an evil rather than to provide for its removal, and the remedies it proposes are likely to prove chimerical. It embraces nineteen chapters, and with the introduction makes up a thin 12mo volume of 200 pages. Its trend may be gathered from the titles of the most conspicuous chapters: 1. The prosperity and happiness of the many should be the end sought by society; 2. The return paid to capital should never be permitted to exceed market rates of interest; 3. It is reprehensible for any class to spend money on extreme luxuries, so long as necessaries are not within the reach of all; 12. Eight hours should constitute a legal day’s work; 13. There should be no individual property in land; 14. The amount of wealth susceptible of inheritance should be regulated by law; 15. Government should grant no franchise in the nature of monopoly for private profit; 19. The sick and incapable should be provided for, the vicious reformed, by government. To

The reader of Mr. Cable's romances will find in this history the raw materials, so to speak, out of which he has wrought the deep compositions of the fancy. New Orleans in the hands of its French founders, New Orleans under Spanish laws, New Orleans passed over to American control; the first Creoles, the pirates, the sufferings in the War of 1812, the sensations of floods, and the horrors of pestilence; this is the framework of the fabric, filled in with great detail and careful finish, and building up out of its many nationalities and out of its strange vicissitudes the city as we know it today. Unique New Orleans: there is no American city like it today, antique, quaint, flowery, once valiant, wealthy, polished, and proud, of late prostrated by great reverses, now rising, it is hoped, from prolonged struggles with adversity to a new position and a new career. Destined "to be the greatest city the world has ever seen," said Jefferson in 1804. Perhaps not that; but its destiny may yet be far ahead of any of its realizations to this time.

With a map designed and equipped in an original spirit, with a striking exposition of the nature and function of the bayou, and with a solemn portraiture of the vast swamps and glades that lie in sleepy possession of Southern Louisiana, Mr. Cable traces the Creole to his origin, explains the anomalous of his presence, and picks out the historic and the bizarre in his character. The title "Creole" applied first to descendants not of Spanish but of French settlers. Later changes have adulterated and confused its meaning. Commercial uses have extended it. But strictly speaking the Louisiana Creoles are "the French speaking, native portion of the ruling class." They are found in both high and humble grades. They are proud of their antecedents. They give the city its predominant local color.

A correspondent inquired in these columns a few days since for some book or books on New Orleans. First of all we should have mentioned to him, had it then reached us, this fresh, life-like, fascinating book of Mr. Cable's.

AN OLD ENGLANDER IN NEW ENGLAND.*

Mr. DANIEL PIDGEON is an English engineer, and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who has been taking observations in New England from an Old England point of view. He has recorded his observations in a book of twenty chapters, which a well-known London house has published, and which has now reached our table in one of its original packages. Any such book the average American reader will open with interest, and any disappointment it may occasion is apt to be a serious one.

and chief of a department. In this laborsome routine he found time for his great works, Logic (1843), Essays on Some Unsettled Questions in Political Economy (1848), Principles of Political Economy (1848), besides large portions of those subsequently published, and a multitude of learned and elaborate reviews and essays. His Liberty was published about 1859, Republican Government, 1860, Utilitarianism (a work of which he is said to have been the author), 1861. In 1865–8 he represented Westminster Parliament, but failed of a re-election. After this were published his Subject of Women and Thirum, besides his posthumous Nature and The Utility of Religion. Only Mill's chief works are enumerated above, but they are books that stirred controversy and shaped thought as only a few in the last quarter of a century have done. He was educated by his father solely to be the apostle of progress, and he has said of himself that he was probably the only man in England who did not have to outgrow preconceived beliefs and prejudices in his own mind in advocating the liberalism and materialism of the times.

Perhaps Mill's most important and influential work, because most generally accepted, is the one before us, Principles of Political Economy. Though by no means so original as Adam Smith's, or even as Ricardo's, still his mastery of the subject, his clearness and logical force, and his originality of method and arguments, produced, as his present editor well says, what, after nearly forty years, "still remains the best systematic treatise in the English language" on the subject. But the work is too bulky for any but the professional reader; many parts have been outgrown by the progress of a generation particularly active in political studies; the very wealth of illustration and argument that has rendered the book a classic makes it cumbersome and wearisome to the young student; especially there is need of a redissertation of some important subjects, as well as of additions and illustrations to adapt the work to American readers. For these reasons Professor Laughlin has carefully and it would seem judiciously cut down the original work not much over a fourth of its bulk, adding at the same time perhaps as much more of his own. The original is given unchanged as far as it goes, and is printed in larger type, while the editor's part is smaller and more compact, so that the two are always clearly distinct.

But Mill is gone, there is no question about that—the smooth-flowing pages that were a delight to read are now too broken and too haphazard by change of style to remain a delight any longer. Besides, instead of those pages half ethical, sometimes half poetical, we have columns of figures, and pages of statistics, and arrays of cast-iron facts and diagrams, which are not half so they may be of true science. Still these additions of the editor are wisely made and valuable in the extreme. They bring the discussion down to date in almost every point, and give precisely those things that the teacher has most to hunt for in his class work.

The more important additions are under Fundamental Propositions Respecting Capital, pp. 87–92; Socialism, pp. 100–4; Cost of Production, pp. 263–72; Double Standard of Coinage, pp. 316–24; Paper Currency, pp. 355–60; The Probable Futurity of the Labouring classes (why futurity?), pp. 318–333; Taxation, pp. 590–95; Protection, partly from Prof. Cairnes, pp. 615–26. One of the best features of the book is the series of twenty-four charts and diagrams illustrative of our population, railroads, gold and silver, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, wages, revenues, etc.

There is a list of the best works pro and con on Protection; an Appendix containing brief bibliographies of Bimetallism, and of the Tariffs and the Shipping of the United States. A second Appendix of twenty pages gives a series of questions on the whole subject, as actually set by the English and American universities. A valuable feature is the abundant reference in the editorial additions to late 19th-century books and papers on the points discussed. On the whole, the most valuable work of the editor is the introductory chapter on the History of Political Economy—it is a model which we rarely see excelled of the clear, accurate, full yet compact, outlining of a great subject, its growth, its authorities, and quite largely its bibliography.

There are some serious lacks yet, as of anything on the machinery of banks, or on our national banking system; and, woeful for such a painstaking work, of an index! Still, considering its basia, and the admirable editorial work built in upon it, Professor Laughlin has given us the best furnished college text-book on Political Economy now before the public.

**CONCORD VIEWS OF EMMERSON.**

It is fitting that Emerson, as being perhaps the presiding spirit of Concord, the genius loci, should be the subject of the first formal publication from the Concord School of Philosophy. Reports have appeared of papers and discussions at the Concord School; some separate lectures have been printed in magazines or in book form; but the present volume is the first ripened and perfected literary fruit to be gathered from the tree by the secretary's hand. Into its four hundred and fifty pages Mr. Sanborn has collected all the essays...
and poems read at the session of 1884 on "The Genius and Character of Emerson," with the single exception of Mr. John Albee's essay. Two poems read at the session of 1882 are also not included. The volume contains a good deal of additional interesting matter. For a frontispiece there is a heliotype of a portrait of Emerson painted by David Scott in Edinburgh in 1848, and showing him as he stood to his Scotch audiences that year; and a few pages further on there is a heliotype of the pretty little Hillside Chapel in which the sessions of the school are held. There is also a complete history of the School, with programmes for the successive years in full, and an index. In short the book is carefully edited, as would be expected under the practiced hand of Mr. Sanborn, and is a pleasant and valuable contribution to the literature of Emerson.

In no way except by some such series of views as this can any just and adequate survey of Emerson's character and work be made. The writers whose contributions make up this assemblage occupy different standing points and see different sides. There is a stereoscopic effect in such a delineation that the most striking presentation, perhaps, certainly the most novel, is that of M. René de Puyen Belleisle, which happily is printed in the original French and not in any translation. Emerson in his environment is shown by Mrs. Cheney and Julian Hawthorne, who speak of him respectively as seen against his local and his national background. His religious traits, first as thinker and then as preacher, are discussed by Dr. Bartol and Miss Peabody; his ethics by Mr. Edwin D. Mead. It is well that attention should be called fresh to ethics through such a medium as Emerson's writings. A larger place than has yet been occupied belongs to ethical science in the teaching of the times. Emerson's relation to society, as treated by Mrs. Howe, is less important; but in the presentation of the oriental aspects of his mind, as by Mr. Harris, and in Mr. Mozoomdar's India view of him, the discussion again rises to a novel interest. Emerson, says Mr. Mozoomdar, "was the best of Brahmans." Mr. Harris's weighing of Emerson's relation to Carlyle and Goethe has an important relation on the one side to the now echoing memories of Carlyle's career, and on the other to the subject selected for the Concord School in 1883, which will be "Goethe and Modern Science." Mr. Harris's paper on Emerson's Philosophy of Nature and Rev. George Willis Cooke's on his View of Nationality, with one or two minor items, complete the volume.

The reader will not of course look to this book for the final word on Emerson. This is a collection of testimony, not a sentence of judgment. The place of Emerson as thinker, poet, writer, remains to be settled after the present stage of shifting opinions shall have been passed. The issue of the case will not probably be reached while this generation is on the stage. But all who are interested in the trial, and wish to follow the public mind to its verdict, will see at once the pertinency of this collection of evidences. Additionally it has the interest of intelligent and often able debate upon a living theme, that will hold not less attention but rather more as the days go by.

A REHABILITATION OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.*

Here is another effort to brighten a tarnished name. The verdict has been passed upon such a course as Mary Wollstonecraft's, and that verdict this book attempts to set aside. It may seem ungracious to resist the attempt, but resist it we certainly shall. If Miss or Mrs. Pennell had simply let her pen tell the story of her subject's life, and left the facts to speak for themselves, that would have been another matter; it is in the gloss which she puts upon those facts that the error of her treatment lies. We object to any such appeal for an arrest of judgment; we protest against the admission of Mary Wollstonecraft to a place among truly "Famous Women."

The facts of Mary Wollstonecraft's short, irregular, and on the whole unhappy life, may be briefly stated. She was born in 1759. Her father was shiftless and worthless. Her childhood knew little happiness. Her character had little training. She bore the sorrows of a sister's wretched marriage. She took hold of life as a governess. She developed literary tastes and capabilities, and made a reputation with a book in "Vindication of the Rights of Women," which sounded the advance notes of many modern movements. In 1792 circumstances drew her to Paris, then in the fever heats of Revolution. There she met an American, Captain Gilbert Imlay. An attachment grew up between them. Marriage would have been in order, but the times were full of disturbance; marriage meant publicity, and publicity involved possibilities of arrest and imprisonment; marriage would obligate her to proclaim herself a British subject; a French marriage, moreover, might not be recognized in England; marriage, therefore, was "out of the question." Accordingly she became Imlay's mistress, bore him a child, suffered first coolness and then desertion at his hands, and was driven finally to the verge of suicide.

A few years later Mary Wollstonecraft, having meanwhile returned to London, fell in with William Godwin, a man of attainments, position, and the most pronounced liberalism of opinions. Her sad story touched his sympathies, his personality satisfied her heart. Friendship between them melted into love, and the two became man and wife without marriage. They deemed any legal sanction of their union unnecessary until the wife was about to become again a mother, when a marriage was duly performed in order to secure the legitimacy of the child. This child was the Mary Godwin who afterwards with the poet Shelley repeated the example twice set by her mother. In giving birth to this child Mary Wollstonecraft died.

This is the Mary Wollstonecraft who is now admitted to a place in this series of "Famous Women." The tale of Miss Edge worth, Mrs. Fry, and Harriet Martineau, The voice of her biographer is distinctly in her favor. Her story is told in these pages as apologoetically as possible. Perhaps it is better to lean in this direction towards such a subject than the other. At the same time the story is a painful and profitless one. It pictures no cheering domestic scenes, it portrays no helpful character, it teaches no lesson but that of warning. It instances anew the irreparable blow they deal to their own name who defy the moral sense of mankind and substitute elements of public law the subterfuges of private conscience inflamed by passion.

AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN.*

This is the fifth work of fiction from Mr. Crawford's facile pen. As novels go, it is a good one. The title of Miss Edge worth, Mrs. Fry, and Harriet Martineau, in this respect a pleasing contrast to that of some other of our younger American authors who have endeavored to model themselves after Mr. James with but small success. Mr. Crawford evidently trusts his own powers, and with a better result.

It is safe to say of this book, however, as of its predecessors, that while it has the merit of an easy and unaffected style, so far as the substance is concerned it might have ranked higher still had the author chosen to expend more thought and labor upon it. It has a leading character and a leading idea, it is true, and is so far superior to many of the novels nowadays produced by literary amateurs who rush into print with such a fatal venturesomeness, but this main motive of Mr. Crawford's story is far from new, neither is it treated in a novel way. It is simply that love is the supreme good, to which no human being can afford to think himself superior, a theme on which the author dilates in several passages with much eloquence. The hero-politician, John Harrington, is well conceived and well drawn, and so on the whole is the young English woman whom he marries. The subordinate pair of lovers are entirely uninteresting; Ronald, the typical healthy, good-

*Life of Mary Wollstonecraft. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Roberts Brothers. $1.50.
nurged, simple Englishman, and the ethe-
real-looking Miss Sybil Brandon, an ordinary
“nice” American girl, are only lay figures
put in to fill the vacancy left by the absence
of plot or incident. The author has a good
deal of perceptive power, shown in the por-
traiture of such personages as Vancouver
and Ballymoney. There is a brightness and
freshness in much of the book that is attrac-
tive, and it is pleasant to believe in the
genuineness of conviction that seems to
appear in certain of its pages. John Har-
rington is the ideal politician in whose pos-
sible existence we are quite ready to be-
lieve; but we confess to some doubt with
regard to the potent council of three to one
of whose sittings we are admitted. Admira-
ably efficient as their action is made to
appear on the pages of this novel, we may
be allowed to question the possibility of the
actual existence and practical working of such a body.

To those who may have expected great
things from Mr. Crawford on the strength
of the promise given in Mr. Isaacs, we
should think his later books would prove
disappointing; to our view there is no
advance in these upon his initial work. It
is sometimes a misfortune to be possessed
of a talent so readily available which brings
with it so quick and easily won a recog-
nition.

MINOR NOTICES.

Earth’s Earliest Ages, and Their Connection
with Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy.
By G. H. Pember. [A. C. Armstrong & Son.]

Nothing in the title-page or preface indicates
that this is an American book; but in the
body of the work there are various passages
which indicate that it was written and published
in England. It consists of an expansion of the
book of Genesis up to the Deluge; followed by
a sketch of sundry religious movements of the
last forty years; the conclusion being that the
world is rapidly running for a second destruction
more fearful than Noah’s flood. The author
is evidently a man of considerable learning, and
of honest, earnest intent. We have a profound
sympathy with his intense loyalty to his convic-
tions, and we share in his distrust and fear of cer-
tain modern doctrines, which not only are irre-
concilable with what we believe to be true, but
subversive of what we know to be morality.
But on this very account we the more regret that
his assumptions and his arguments are so un sound
and fanciful. His theological position is that of
the most rigid Puritanism of the 17th century;
he will not allow any meaning to any verse in the
Bible except the literal meaning of the original
tongue; yet in deciding upon that literal mean-
ing, he unconsciously gives full play to his fancy
and foists into the apparent narrative a world of
unapparent inference, for which he claims divine
authority. Giving a new etymology to the Nephi-
lim of Gen. vi: 4, he concludes that they are the
very spirits which are now manifesting them-
selves through mediums and trance-speakers, and
e endeavoring to lead mankind into precisely the
same sins as in the days of Noah. In Mr. Pem-

ber’s judgment, the Christian who takes any
other view of our Lord’s sufferings than that
they were a literal endurance of that wrath of
God which was evidenced by sover-
eign grace for salvation, has taken thereby
one step on the downward path which will infallibly
lead to atheism, sensuality, gross crime, and
eternal damnation.

[Bangor, Me., F. Knowles & Co., Printers.]

Mr. Paine’s use of the words philosophy and
metaphysics by no means indicates any acquaint-
ance with those subjects in any scientific sense.
His new philosophy is simply the theory
that the spirits of the dead are living about us on
every side; having this earth as their local habi-
tation, and yet not beingtrammeled by the limita-
tions of space and time; influencing the living
in a myriad ways for good and for evil. By this
influence he thinks all that is mysterious in human
nature, necromancy, witchcraft, dreams, second-
sight, clairvoyance, hypnotism, genius, insanity,
fault-cures, etc., etc., can be explained. Through-
out the volume he assumes the reality of the
most remarkable phenomena reported under such
heads; and his theory furnishes a complete explanation.
He offers no proof or evi-
dence of either assumption. Each chapter is but
a graceful, well-written, and rather fascinating,
description of the general features of a group of
asserted facts; followed by an equally graceful,
vague, and general theory that they are readily
explained by “the new philosophy.” The vol-
ume is pleasant reading; but it is in no proper
sense of the word philosophical, or metaphysical; it
is simply and purely rhetorical and literary; and
Mr. Paine deceives himself if he thinks he has
offered anything which will be of assistance in
psychical or psychological research.

FICTION.

Noble Blood. By Julian Hawthorne. [D. Ap-
pleton & Co. Paper. 50c.]

Peril. By Jessie Fothergill. [Henry Holt &
Co. $1.00.]

Chy Susan and Other Stories. By William
Henry Bird. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.]

Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina. By Nathan
C. Kouns. [Fords, Howard & Hubert. $1.25.]

Glady’s Fate. A Story of Two Lives. By
T. Wemyss Reid. [London: T. Fisher Unwin.]

There is literary ambition in Mr. Julian Haw-
thorne’s new novel, and literary art; with some
noteworthy slightness of effect; but not much
motive and only moderate interest. There is
a graphic picturing of a Genoa-like harbor, on
the Irish coast. There is a well-
drawn ruined and desolate tower attached to an
imposing old mansion. There is a hair-stirring
apparition, which resolves at a proper moment
into a heart-stirring young lady. There is
an artist who is transformed into a lover. There
is a yacht hovering off the shore, and an Italian
duke who craves an elopement, but has to go
away disappointed. There is an old oak chest,
and an old family secret, and an unexpected
Italian lining for an apparent Irish history, and
a happy discovery between two hearts, nestled
nearly in the heavily mullioned window of the
old tower. The best figure in the short story is
Molly O’Hea, who does the waiting at the inn.

Peril is a story of unusual cleverness. It is
mainly the study of an undisciplined human char-
acter, and of its action and reaction on the world
that surrounds it; but this character, which is
that of Peril Nowsell, the heroine of the story,
would not of itself be lovable and make the
book a charming one. It is in connection with
other characters that it becomes interesting.
Some of these minor characters are excellently
well done, notably so Paul Lawford, his sister
Kathleen, little Humphrey Peck, and the whole
bits of portraiture. “A New Taming of the Shrew”
become might be called; but Peril’s tempers are
due to her organization and are part of her fate;
while Paul owes his final victory over her
atomphe affection not to the cheap and humor-
ous expedients of Petruchio, establishing a Rarely-
like sense of mastery, but to the gradual
awakening of the womanliness within her and to
the prevailing power of many resolution and
indignation over a girl’s bitter-sweet, mutinous,
ignorant nature.

Chy Susan, the best of Mr. Bishop’s seven short
stories, is one of the best short stories by any
American author of the day. In it Mr. Bishop
might almost seem to have subjected himself to
the process which is required by certain news-
paper editors, of cutting one’s work away to
come within given limits of space, sometimes
with satisfactory results, sometimes not. It is
without redundance, a clear, sharply cut, vigorous
piece of writing. Next in merit is “One of the
Thirty Pieces,” working out a novel conception
on the Hawthorne, introsp ective plan; but it is
an uncomfortable story, and so, likewise, are
“Deodand” and “McIntyre’s False Face,” in
which there is a like striving after the unusual
with a taint of morbidity. These three seem
to represent some stage of feeling, some literary
phase previous to the clearing up of the atmos-
phere in Chy Susan. In “Branton’s New Art”
there is another man with “kinks in his brain.”

There are three or four such in all. The reader
will notice that Mr. Bishop has a tendency to-
towards repeating types in character, and has
favorite fancies, as for instance the “Bureau of
Ethereal Claims,” the three young ladies of the
same pattern who snub their suitors after the
same fashion, and the little circumstance that
how to dance has nothing to do with the fate of the
two of the lovers. “The Battle of Bunkeroo”
adds to the variety, and “Miss Cal-
deron’s German” completes the list.

Dorcas, the new story by the author of Arien,
the Libyans, opens in the year 310, at a villa upon
the Appian Way occupied by the Vice-Prefect
Varus, to whom comes one day an Arab girl,
Epaphras, leading a young girl. This girl he
has brought to be reader and writer in Greek,
Latin, and Hebrew for Varus. She is an orphan,
sweet, gentle, beautiful, and a Christian, who,
“every Seventh Day,” takes a mysterious walk
to worship with her own people. Marcellus, the
son of her new master, falls in love with her, and
to escape from sacrificing to his goddess, she
flies to the refuge of the Christiana in the cata-
comb. After long search, Marcellus finds the
entrance, and the chapel in the rock where the
assembly is engaged in worship. He listens,
sees the sacrament administered, and witnesses
a man raised from the dead. This and other
visits and instruction result in his conversion.
He announces publicly to the legion to which he
belongs that he has become a Christian, and is
instantly slain for a traitor; but certain men beat the body hither to the catacombs, where he was restored to life, and married Dorcas. The time now comes when Eschebius had made those terms with Constantine which resulted in "The Edict of Milan," at which many devout Christians were greatly troubled, so that Epaphras said to his followers, "Let us arise and go hence;" and so the whole congregation, including the newly wedded pair, went by land and sea till they came to where

There was a long, low line of fertile soil, and abrupt mountain, and a sparkling river, its bed paved with gold, and the edge of forests; and the land was beautiful. Then cried Epaphras from the foremost ship: "It is a virgin land, where Rome's empty eagles never flew. Behold our pleasant land!"

Here they built a church, and in all things prospered, and whenever a ship approached they prayed, and a mist came up and covered the island. To Epaphras succeeded Marcellus, but after his death new generations came in who did not pray for the mist, and so troubles arose, and the last of the primitive churches forsook Christ. It is a simple, interesting story, and some portions are narrated in a fittingly didactic manner, with a stiffness and restraint which are pleasing, especially so the scenes in the catacombs, and the closing pages; but the author is not always able to keep to the spirit of the age, and often lapses into a nineteenth century popular novel style. It seems oddly out of place, for example, to hear Marcellus talking about "the girls," and to find him thinking that, being a woman, Dorcas was naturally subject to intellectual hysteric, or mental obtuseness, "as all other women are." So, too, would a Roman centurion of A. D. 310, find it easy to say, "She is the loveliest and most gifted girl in all the world!" Probably the young Roman of his day had some word equivalent to "darling," and his "Oh, darling, I have found thee at last," may have been the proper thing to say. There seems no special demand for this kind of historical novel, if novel it be. But, being written, printed, and illustrated, by what pervertity of mis-arrangement need some of the pictures have been fifty, sixty, or a hundred pages out of place.

Mr. Wemyss Reid's novel would appear to have met with great favor in England, having reached a fourth edition; but it is not of a quality to be cordially recommended to American readers. It is the motherless daughter of the prosaic Mr. Jane Fane of Fanesford, present representative of an old family whose chief virtue was "their limpet-like power of sticking to a place." She is unlike the traditional Fanes, having inherited the waywardness and brilliancy, as well as the beauty of a Spanish ancestress, and her troubles begin early by her refusing a good-natured lord, and behaving audaciously towards Rex Mansfield, who comes down as radical candidate to contest her father's election. Immediately after this her father brings home a step-mother for her, the cold, pitiless, jealous, sly creature, who drives the spirited girl to desperation so that she runs away, and being forbidden to return, she makes a new home in Paris, afterwards in Nice, under the care of a lady who is very amiable and "very honest," but "is a bit of a fool." Gladys is allowed the fullest liberty, and becomes herself in various ways, becomes entangled with adventurers, and fails passionately in love with Mansfield, who roves

about the world like one of O'Neal's heroes. It has a mystery about it, but less of the sensationalism which has been cumulative, grows deeper and darker. There are a villain who demands silence money, an imposter who passes for a prince, an insane Mrs. Mansfield, a disgraceful scene at the gambling-house, a duel, and a sad end. The story is spun out, is too sentimental, is feverishly exciting, is needlessly complicated, and is weighted with trite and worn out mystifications. The pity of it is that the author has a heroine whose loveliness deserves a better fate, and that he seems at the start capable of making a better use of his excellent material, for Gladys, Rose, Lady Jane, Mr. Vane, and Lord Lostwithiel are each well-conceived, and they are individually well managed. As for one of the minor characters, Mrs. Lorimer, "the pretty little American"—is this the way Mr. Reid has her talk:

Oh, my! Miss Fane... do you know I am so glad that you haven't got a title. When I came across I didn't know what on earth I should do when I met a lord or a lady. Seemed to me as if I was bound to knock them down, anyhow; just to show I was as good as they were.

And again:

Oh my! Prince... why I was only talking yesterday afternoon to Miss Fane about lords, and wondering what they were like, and whether they talked just the same as other men do; and now just to think that you know such a few of them, and that you are a lord yourself! Of course you are a lord, I suppose, Prince?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The conditions of admission to this department of the Literary World assume that the writer has the ability to say it, briefly, and the writer's full name and address.]

Christmas Books for Children.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

May I add my testimony to that of one of your staff of reviewers, regarding the excellence of Olive Thorne Miller's Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither. It is a book written for children, but although I belong to the grown-up sisterhood, I would proclaim the personal delight I have experienced in reading the book through. The title at first attracted my attention, which, added to a few words of commendation from the Literary World, was sufficient to send my order for a copy promptly on its way. The book abounds with pictures—one for almost every leaf—and each picture is additionally "painted in words." The titles of the chapters, too, are fascinating, as, for instance: "A Long-Legged Fellow that Can't Walk," "The Little Red Store-keeper," "A Walking Stomach," "The Bird Who Carries a Pickaxe," etc. Children too young to read cannot fail to listen with delight to these tales read aloud, and to trace in the picture the peculiarities noticed in the description. The author assures us in her charming preface, that, while she shrinks from intruding upon the field of the scientific naturalist, she hopes her young readers may not only find much to learn, but nothing to unlearn, of all she tells them.

One word about the outside of the book. The showy casquet is unworthy the treasure it covers. I want the books that I buy to keep to have the title and author's name on the back. Bright colored muslin, it seems to me, makes a more attractive looking book, even for children, than the most gaudily decorated paper.

in connection with this subject of child-literature, I would like to call the attention of mothers to books on Humane Topics as preferable, in almost every instance, to Fairy Tales or books of Adventure. A child's imagination does not need stimulating, while his instinctive love of roving would suggest restraint rather than excitement. There are two small books, one called Right and Wrong Contrasted, by Thomas P. Hill of Chicago, and the other The Pleading of Mercy for the Animal World, which I would like put into the hands of every child in these United States. Then, Gates' My Household Pets, Grace Greenwood's Heads and Tails, Mrs. Stowe's Little Poodle, and whatever "H. H." has to tell us about Cats—these books all educate the hearts of children, and, in this age of free-school cramming, the hearts are apt to be neglected. The world is full of books, alas! that so many of them are worthless, and children are unconscious cultivating a taste for the weakest and the worst by their reading in the nursery. I would earnestly entreat those who are intending to purchase books for Christmas presents, and who cannot decide which ones to select from the bewildering lists that are advertised and displayed in our bookstores, to at least examine for themselves the few named above.

Cordially,

L. F. EARL.

Rocketer, N. Y., December 4.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

EDITED BY W. J. ROUSE, A.M., CAMBRIDGEPORT, N. H.

Mrs. Cowden-Claire on the "Friendly Edition." The Dedication of our "Friendly Edition" of Shakespeare is as follows:

TO MARY COWDEN-CLARKE WHOH ALL STUDENTS OF SHAKESPEARE DELIGHT TO HONOUR THIS "FRIENDLY EDITION" OF HIS WORKS TO WHICH SHE HAS KINDLY STOOD GODMOTHER IS ENTRUSTED.

In a letter dated Villa Novello, Genoa, 12th November, 1859, she says:

The honour you confer upon me in the Dedication is felt very profoundly, and I assure you, and I accept it as a token of the regard and earnest labour done for the poetical idol's behalf. I enclose you a play—only not the less sincere—verse-expression of my thanks for the distinction you have been pleased to award to your chosen 'gossip' and Dedicated.

To make me Godmother unto so fair
A child as this, is 't honour that I dreamed
Not of; as 't honour that I should have desired
Too high, but that I know the father's care
To testify fraternal where
Good Shakespeare-work and Shakespeare-love hath seemed
To him to be: so thus on me hath beamed
This sponser-glory that I proudly wear.
Apotheosis I give not: but I send
My hearty blessing to the thriving babe,
And pray prosperity may it attend
Through all the circle of its life.

May countless new editions issues forth
To prove appreciation of its worth.

v.

And Dedication too! The soul of Friend!
Most "friendly," from the very first to last,
Hath been the course through which this book hath passed:

The friendly generosity to send
So light, so trouble 'ts to hold it fast
E'en 'lidy lojiing, resting, to perd
The weighty volumes contained in every page;
Most friendly as a gift and as a book;
A boon to youth as 'ts to my old age;
A friendly conclave, to whom to look
For counsel, comfort, charm, and wisest aid;
And, in short, A FRIENDLY SHAKESPEARE.—all is said!

Heldon, the "Alleged" Pall-bearer of Shakespeare. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, in a note dated Nov. 15, 1884, says: "No such person as Heldon is mentioned amongst the voluminous Stratford records, nor was it a Warwickshire name. The pall story is apalling in its absurdity." It may be added that, according to the tombstone, Heldon must have been seventy-four years old at the time of Shakespeare's death. It is extremely improbable that so old a man would have been selected for a pall-bearer at the funeral unless he had been a very intimate friend of the poet; and of this intimacy we should be likely to have some other evidence.

Proposed Restoration of the Stratford Church. English journals state that at a dinner in Stratford, recently, Sir Francis Canvile-Owen promised, with the assistance of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to organize a fund for the restoration of the church where Shakespeare is buried. The amount required for the purpose is £40,000 ($100,000).

"Spicer," of the Commercial Bulletin, is sometimes very happy in his Shakespearean jokes; as in his recent quotation (from memory, evidently, as hePERTY the text a little) from what Prince Hal says to Falstaff in 1 Henry IV. ii. 4. 581:
"'See how plain a tall shall put you down,' remarked the alligator as he swept the little darkey within easy lunching distance.

NEWS AND NOTES.

—The newspaper war in New York goes on vigorously, but apparently all the morning and evening journals are thriving. The day following election was chosen as the one to boast of the circulations. The Times, which first made the break to two cents, announced that on Nov. 5th, it sold 140,000 copies, the Tribune followed, adding to their record by about 40,000 more copies, the Herald added 15,000 to the Tribune's figures, and the World and Morning Journal soared up above 200,000 each. The only paper which, by its own statement, has lost circulation, is the New York Sun, which once boasted of its "million a week" and is now publishing its sale as 800,000 copies a week. Other papers have sprung up which a few months ago were comparatively unknown. The Daily, an evening journal, has assumed a position of importance, and Truth, now edited by Mr. Conroy, formerly editor-in-chief of the New York Herald, ran up its circulation on election week to 1,000,000 copies. It is probably not inaccurate to say that there are six daily newspapers in New York, each printing more than 100,000 papers a day. We notice, by the way, that the eight-page New York Evening Post announced so many months ago, has not yet appeared.

—A rival, which apparently is to be a strong one, has sprung up to contest the field for so Company, and other enterprises in the Mutual Company, and is backed by a number of wealthy men, among whom are James Gordon Bennett and John W. Mackay. So far no organization has been able to compete with the American News Company, in truth one of the most extensive and exclusive monopolies in this country. It is generally known that this News Company includes, with the exception of the Manhattan News Company, which controls the sale of goods on the Elevated Railroad stands, all the other companies in the country, the Union, New York and International News Companies among others. This great company, doing a business of more than $20,000,000 a year, has been in a position to dictate terms to publishers of journals and to news dealers as well, and naturally there has grown up a strong opposition to it. We trust the new company may have more success than the United States News Company, which was started a few years ago, but was obliged to succumb to its powerful rival.

The illustrated magazines and journals have some interesting new announcements for the New Year. In the February Century will be begun Henry James' new novel, "The Bostonians." To the new Harper's Walt Whitman will contribute a poem entitled, "On That Blihe Throat of Thine," suggested by the song of the single bird heard by Lieut. Greely amid the snow and ice of eighty-three degrees north. The poem is said to be equally distinguished, like many of the author's lines, for imaginative power and indifference to form. Prof. John G. Henske has written an article for the same issue on "Town Meetings," tracing the development of the town meeting back to the most primitive times. There will be a fine Christmas number of Harper's Young People, with a new cover design by Mr. F. S. Church. There will also be an extra illustrated Christmas number of Harper's Weekly, with some notable new features. In the January number of the North American Review Mr. Frederic Harri son writes of Mr. Froude's Life of Carlyle. It is hinted that Mr. Froude will be handled without gloves.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that fifty thousand subscriptions have been received to the illustrated edition of Longfellow's works published by them, in the superb quartos familiar to the public. The work is variously bound, in three or six volumes, to suit the preferences of subscribers, and is profitably illustrated in the highest style of the wood-engraving art as known in this or any country. Among the illustrations are four portraits of the poet, and a biographical sketch of Mr. Longfellow by Rev. O. B. Frothingham is inserted at the close of the third volume. The text of all Mr. Longfel low's writings is given complete. The price of the three volumes in plain binding is thirty dollars, and from that figure ascends to eighty dollars, according to binding.

—Boston has been honored and pleased the past week by a visit from Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, English, who is here giving a course of lectures on certain phases of English literature before the Lowell Institute. Mr. Gosse belongs to the younger school of English poets and critics, but his master'ship is acknowledged, and he is a thinker, writer, and speaker to whom it is a pleasure to listen, albeit he has some of the.

COMPANY, the signers of whose name are the New Yorkers, and friends of the Mutual Company, are hereby notified that they have been the leaders in the restoration of the New York Independent, published in the last few weeks, to the Independent would "publish a key to it in its following issue." This running after great names at the expense of good sense is one of the mistakes of "steam-power journalism."

—Henry Holt & Co. received a few days ago from Mr. Farquhar a letter informing the information that 150,000 of Dark Days had been sold in England, and that the "whole country fairly recked with the book." Among Messrs. Holt's now forthcoming books are Mrs. Brasse's The Trade, The Tramp, and The Roaring Forties, which would have been published some weeks ago, but for an unforeseen delay, and the new edition of Shakespeare which will be issued in seven volumes at a low price.

—We have received the first numbers of The Western Critic, a new monthly journal of literary criticism, conducted by Will Farrand Felch, and published at Columbus, Ohio, at one dollar a year. These first numbers are noticeable for their ambition than their performance, and are interesting chiefly as a sign of promise for a progressive literary spirit in the interior. The editor's opening essay in Number Two on Bret Harte displays the need of further study of grammar and syntax.

—Mr. J. Parker Norris proposes to publish by subscription a limited edition of The Portraits of Shakespeare in small quarto form, the illustrations selected from his own fine collection. Some 31 portraits and monuments of the poet will be described. The work will be limited to 900 copies, and will be issued to subscribers only at $100 a copy. R. M. Lindsay, 625 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, is the publisher.

—Mr. Howells is to write an open letter to the Century in the January number in answer to certain criticisms on his Silas Lapham now appearing as a serial in that magazine. We hope Mr. Howells will be more successful than the last time he rose to explain concerning a little matter of literary criticism with which the name of Henry James was connected.

—Dr. Hammond has fairly started in the field of fiction. 15,000 copies of his story, Lal, have been sold, and we are told, his new book, Dr. Gratian, is selling well, and a third long story entitled, John Oldmixon, has been completed and sold to an association composed of some twenty newspapers. A short story he has also written and sold to Mr. McClure's system of newspapers.

—Mears. A. C. Armstrong & Son will publish, early in January, by arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan & Co. of London, The Works of Thomas Gray, in prose and verse. They will be brought out in four volumes, with portraits, and will be edited by Edmund Gosse. This will be the first attempt to bring together all the existing works of Gray.
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1885.

Among the chief periodicals of the country, Lippincott's Magazine has acquired the distinctive reputation of being "eminently readable.
Arrangements have been made for many contributions of special interest during the coming year. Miss Tucker's charming novel, "Aurora," will be completed in the same number, and will be followed by several stories in two or more parts, including "The Lady Lawyer's First Client," by the late Mrs. Mary Susanna Hinds; "Sketches of Italian Life," by Mrs. Lucy Throckmorton; and "Sketches of the Pioneers of Tennessee," by Robert Edward Lee, a narrative of the Experiences of a Tennessee Pawnees inust from Liverpool, by Thomas Watson; an article on Queen Anne, or Free Classic Architecture, by George C. Linford, and a Comedy by the author of "James Park," will be published in early numbers, together with the usual variety of short stories and articles of general interest by popular writers.

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CONTENTS.

THE WORLD'S LITERATURE IN 1884.

A GENERAL SURVEY.

1. AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

Art.

In the historical treatment of art the foremost work of the year is Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez's extensive and not yet completed review of "Art in Chaldæa and Assyria," first volumes of which have appeared in an English translation, with copious illustrations. Mr. Eaton's "Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture" and Mr. Warington's "Corresponding treatment of the Spanish Masters" have furnished useful manuals for the student. Mr. W. M. Conway has written an interesting and valuable account of "The Woodcutters of the Netherlands in the 15th Century," by woodcutters meaning, of course, though not obviously, the wood-engravers, not the fellers of trees.

In American art, theoretical and applied, we have had Mr. S. R. Kohlcer's convenient "United States Art Directory," and the handsome "Art Year-Book of the New England Institute." Marion Reimer's "Guide to Decorative Art," and Mr. Hudson's "Historical and Practical Guide to Art Illustration" cover both the American and English fields. Two very notable collections of etchings have been published, as examples of the best work now being done in this department; one by White, Stokes & Allen, the other by Cassell & Co. More than in biography, the only work in musical art has been Mr. Grove's helpful "Analytic Essays on Beethoven's Nine Symphonies." Mr. A. Graves has compiled "A Dictionary of Artists who have Exhibited at the Principal London Exhibitions from 1760 to 1880," which is of certain value for reference. What may be called the antiquities of art have been dealt with by Mr. Calouste's "Essay on Scarsas," by Mr. W. B. Sanders in his illustrated examples of "Carved Oak Work in the Houses and Furniture of the 16th and 17th Centuries," and by Mr. L. Solon in his study of "The Art of the Old English Potter."

The leading picture-books of the year, in addition to those mentioned above, are: with Mr. Khan's "History of Omar Khayyam," with Mr. Vedder's illustrations, Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and Mr. Dicksee's embellished copy of "Romeo and Juliet."

Biography.

Meager as the foregoing list of works in art, it may be pieced out a trifle by the Art Biographies of the year, of which there have been a respectable number. First of these we name Austin Dobson's sketch of "Thomas Bewick and his Pupils," and next to it Robbins's translation of Gonse's "Life of Fragonard," the French painter and author. In musical biography we have had the English translations of Nohl's "Lives of Liszt and Wagner, and the two volumes of the autobiography of Berlioz, which we have not yet found space to review. To the series of "Great Musicians" has been added Mr. Rees's short account of the pianist Schumann.

In general biography the list is long and in some items brilliant, comprising additions to the lives of the good and great which have been eagerly welcomed and which will take permanent places on the shelves. Mr. Hodder's "Life and Times of Sir Matthew Hale" is a somewhat venturesome essay on a dim horizon, but Mr. Watson's "Marcus Aurelius" is an original and exhaustive study which has commanded attention both here and abroad. Mr. Edwin D. Mead's essay on Luther" opened the year, as Dr. Herrick's collection of discourses on "Some Heretics of Yesterday" helps to close it, in a theological-historical vein. The 500th anniversary of the death of the reformer Wycliffe has been marked by a number of German studies of his life and works, one of which, by Loserth, has been translated into English by Dr. Stoughton; also by a series of splendid portraits from the pen of Mr. J. L. Wilson, and by a helpful series of "Reading Notes"—a succinct bibliography prepared by Mr. John Edmans of the Philadelphia Mercantile Library.

In historical biography, by which may be understood works treating the individual in relation to public life, and as indicating them, we have had also the publication in book form of Mr. Eugene Schuyler's "Life of Captain John Smith," and by the publication of a new edition of Mr. John Smith's works by Gov. Hutchinson's "Diary of Massachusetts" has appeared in a well-filled volume, and the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain's thin pamphlet on "John Adams" stirred up a breeze of controversy considerably disproportioned to its bulk. To the series of "American Statesmen" have been added Mr. Gey's "Madison," and Mr. Morse's "Adams;" to the series of the "Novelists of the 19th Century" Mr. Francis Parkman's two masterly volumes on "Montcalm and Wolfe."

At the head of literary biography may stand perhaps Mr. Bell's translation of Goethe's "Early and Miscellaneous Letters," including those to his mother and a short memoir of her. Mr. Kipling's sketch of "Herder and his Times" on the one hand and Dr. Evans's memoir of Heine, with hitherto unpublished Heine fragments on the other. Balzac has been acceptably served up to English readers by Mr. Baitus. Among American authors we have had Mr. Julian Hawthorne's carefully studied life of his father and mother in two volumes; views of Emerson as seen from the Concord School of Philosophy, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and by Mr. John Morley from across the water; the chatty life of Bayard Taylor, full of extracts from his letters and glimpses of American men and women of "Cark," Theodore Winthrop's "Life and Letters;" Mr. Higginson's admirable study of Margaret Fuller in the series of "Famous Women," and the accompanying memoirs of her by Emerson, Channing, and Clarke, accompanying, though separately published. Mr. Ford's "Carlyle in London" completes the picture of the great Scottian, and leaves him standing in a mingled light and shade which will probably settle his final complexion. Of lesser names in English literature Charles Whitehead, the author of "Richard Savage," has been the subject of a brief notice in the "Pall Mall." Of the "Major Poets," Mackenzie Bell; "The Life and Labours of Hablot K. Browne," better known as "Phiz," the caricaturist of Dickens, have been written out by D. C. Thompson; and "The Letters of Jane Austen" have been edited in two volumes by Lord Brabourne, but have not yet reached us.

A new and revised edition of the "Complete Works of Mrs. Bray," in connection with her "Autobiography," edited by Mr. Kempe, have brought that amiable and intelligent English woman of letters of half a century ago into plain sight. And in this natural connection may be named Mrs. Grace A. Oliver's companion collections of the "Tales, Poems, and Essays" of Mrs. Barbauld and of Jane and Ann Taylor, with a memoir added in each case.

Passing from these biographies of literary women to the biographies of women at large, a new undertaking, on which we shall, at the best, perhaps, find that we have placed the Anglo-American section of so-called "Famous Women," in which, besides Mr. Higginson's account of Margaret Fuller, have appeared the sketches of "Elizabeth Fry," of the notorious "Countess of Albany," and the ruined and wretched "Mary Wollstonecraft;"
To the life of an English Friend like Mrs. Fry naturally links itself the memoir of the American Friend, Eliza P. Gurney, and between the two may properly stand the "Life and Letters of James B. S. Delafield," the biography of the mathematical Ellen Waterston and of the pious and charitable Harriet Mousell are not far away in point of interesting and stimulating quality. A group of "The Mothers of Great Men" have been pen-photographed by Laura C. Holloway, and a number of Twenty Writings from the White House have told the story of the lives of our "Famous Women" in a single volume of detached sketches. A similar service for some "Celebrated Women of the Georgian Era" has been done by that industrious book-maker, Mr. W. Davenport Adams.

Not only great women, but "The Hundred Greatest Men" have come in for notice in a portly volume of various authorship not yet noticed here.

Among living women the most exalted place perhaps, by reason of both station and character, belongs to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and from her we have had "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," with their simple touching glimpses of the experiences of royalty. A similar revelation of the toils and sorrows of royal life has come in the story of "The Princess Alice," and touched with a royal light were Dr. C. J. B. Williams' "Memories of his Life and Work," who for many years has been Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. Another 'medical autobiography, on an American basis, but with European leanings, is that of Dr. J. Marion Sims. This line of personal recollections once entered, there pass us in succession Mr. James Payn's chapter, of distinctest literary flavor; and Mr. Edmund Yates' gossipy narrative of things seen and heard mostly in London in the course of fifty busy years. American autobiographers include Mr. Henry Hill with his "Recollections of an Octogenarian;" General Keyes, with his garrulous story of "Fifty Years" in the United States military service; Richard Smith Elliott's "Sixty Years of Notes" relating mostly to Pennsylvania and the valley of the Mississippi; and Major Seth Eylard's "Evolution of a Life," as this disguised author calls his discursive recital of the events in his obscure but patriotic career. Among the most adventurous biography of the year doubtless is Arminius Vambery's, written by himself; the most egotistical and Munchhausen-like Capt. W. D. L'Estrange's life of Brigadier-General Macleay; Mr. Antonio Gallenga's "Episodes of My Second Life" is a chapter of American reminiscences.

Lines of observation into current history have been opened up by the lives of several statesmen, generals, and men of affairs who are helping in influential ways to shape the course of public events of the hour. Foremost among these in interest if not in importance is Moritz Busch's masterly portraiture of Bismarck, and close behind it is Robertson's life of John Bright, Chinese Gordon, who has perhaps been the most attentively watched man of the year, has been the subject of a good sketch by Archibald Forbes, has appeared as one of the figures in Col. Challie Long's "Three Prophets," together with El Mahdi, his cunning adversary, and Arabi Pasha, and has also allowed us a further insight to his character by the publication of his "Letters from the Danube, the Crimea, and Armenia," and of his extraordinary "Reflections in Palestine." General Loring's "Confederate Soldier in Egypt" has touched with the interest of a personal narrative the same picturesque field in which Gordon is no less a figure; and another Confederate soldier, General Beauregard, has told through the lips of a skilful amanuensis, the story not of any Egyptian adventure, but of his own exploits and services in our own late Civil War. What General Beauregard has done for the Confederacy, Mr. Fox has begun to do for the contemporaneous and succeeding period in American politics, with his narrative of "Twenty Years of Congress," to the second volume of which it is understood he has now gone to address himself in Washington; and there have been the unavoidable campaign lives not only of Mr. Blaine, but of Governor Cleveland, the successful candidate for the Presidency. The "Lives" of Ezra Cornell and Abbott Lawrence may be added to the list at this point, with Shield's "Life of S. S. Prentiss," Judge Neilson's edited volume of "Memories of Rufus Choate," and Dr. Pond's "Autobiography." And though we belong so the English side, we can think of no better place at which to mention the rich and fascinating life of F. D. Maurice, and "Dr. Mosley's Letters," with their full account of the men and measure of the Tractarian time.

"The Poets of the Church" have found a loving biographer in Mr. Thomas Dyck. What may be called the field of English history has been further illuminated by the voluminous "Croker Papers," just out; a second series of "Extracts from the Diary of Henry Greville;" Robert Harrop's "Political and Critical Study of Lord Bolingbroke;" Mr. Omond's lives of the "Lord Advocates of Scotland;" the "Autobiography of the Earl of Malmsbury;" the "Life of the Hon. Mr. Elphinstone;" and the "Lives of Sir Henry Cole and General Sir George Napier.

Essays.

Good volumes of essays have been few and far between. Almost everything that is named under this head might with nearly if not the same propriety be named elsewhere; so vague are the limits of an essay form, it is only in the efforts to occupy the field. Vernon Lee's "Euphorion" is scarcely essays more than it is history; Dr. Hedges' "Artheism in Philosophy" is deeply tinged not only with philosophy but with theology. The beginning of the year brought us a collection of "Essays and Leaves from George Eliot's Note Book," but they excited little interest. Mr. Walter Besant's "Art of Fiction" is an essay proper, and a good one; so are Mr. T. Hall Caine's "Cobwebs of Criticism." Mr. Hamerton has added to his charming series a volume on "Human Intercourse," and Mr. O. H. Bushe has expanded the essay form into a delightful little book on how to make "The House" into a home. Miss Hamlen's "Chats" and the Rev. Minot J. Savage's "Man, Woman, and Child" apply common sense to practical affairs in the essay form; as likewise does the Rev. G. L. Chaney's "Every-Day Life and Every-Day Morals.

Fiction.

We regret to have to say it, but no really great novel has appeared either in this country or in England during the year now closing. The leading American novelists have been productive, and some new competitors have entered the field; but no mark has been left by either of them upon the page of 1884 capable of distinguishing it in history. Mr. Crawford's "Roman Singer," George Fieinglen's "Vestigia," and Miss How's "Valerie's Ghost" all relish the modern, and Mr. Howell's "Silas Lapham" and Admiral Porter's "Allan Dare" being only begun, we may perhaps be justified in giving the foremost place so far to Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier," Mr. Craddock's "Where the Battle Was Fought," and Mr. How's "Story of a Country Town," Dr. Hammond's "Lai," Mrs. Jackson's "Rancho," and Mr. George Alfred Townsend's "The En- tailed Hat." These certainly are of the soil, and strong as may be the flavor of it in some of them, they are additions to the shelf of American fiction. Mr. Crawford's "American Politician" is truly national, but not as truly successful, and Dr. Hammond's "Doctor Gratan" has reached us too late to be more than mentioned now.

We observe in the fiction of the year a marked effort towards the delineation of local character and incident, which is a most promising and interesting sign. "No. 40," the pleasant little romance of the Hygieia Hotel, at Fortress Monroe; Hatchett's "Myra;" Mr. Harris's "Min- go;" Johnstone's "Old Mark Langston;" Miss Howe's "The San Rosario Ranch;" Mr. Boit's "Eustia;" and the "Tales of the Tennessee Mountains" by Mr. Craddock and of "The Susanne River" by the lamented Sherwood Bonner—all these are so many attempts to paint the forms and colors of local scenery with truthfulness to life.

To the "No Name Series" we recall but a single addition—"Almost a Duchess." The new series of "American Novels" begun by Henry Holt & Co. early in the year has brought us no less than four stories of native life, namely, "A Latter Day Saint," "Stratford by the Sea," "The Pagans," and "Among the Chosen," with no one of which have we ourselves been pleased. The Civil War and reconstruction have respectively been depicted in Dr. Mitchell's "In War Time" and in the anonymous "Shadow of the War." Newport has found another romancer in Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, and Washington in Miss Jennie Gould Lincoln. Mr. Julian Hawthorne and Mr. Edgar Fawcett have given us these novels each; the former "Archibald Malcolm," the latter "Beatrice, the Cobweb of Blood;" the latter "The Adventures of a Widow," "Tinkling Cymbals," and "Rutherford." Of "Bethesda," which gave such a note to the opening of the year, little has been heard. "J. S. of Dale's" "The Crime of Henry Vane" has been received with contradictory opinions. In the remaining American novels of the year we observe none that call for mention now except Rev. Wm. M. Baker's posthumous "Making of a Man," Rev. E. E. Hale's "Fortune of Rachel," Mr. Grant's "Averange Man," Miss Jennet's "Country Doctor," Mrs. Burnham's "Dearily Bought," L. Clarkson's "Shadow of John Wallace," Rev. E. P. Roes' "A Young Girl's Wooing," A. Stirling's "At Daybreak," Mrs. Harris's "Phoebe," and Miss Johnson's "Finalls of Tip- ton;" and many of these receive their mention here more for the names of their authorship than for their actual merit.

Looking across the water, Trollope is dead, and Charles Reade is dead, and Wilkie Collins has been unproductive. By side of these there are no really great names, and Mr. Trollope's posthu-
THE LITERARY WORLD.

1884.

Mr. Reade's "Perilous Secret," and Mr. Collin's "I Say No," are a slender harvest compared with that of some previous years. If Mr. William Black has at least maintained his reputation with his clever "Judith Shakespeare," Mr. Blackmore has certainly set his tent in the right place with his affectionate "Tommy Upmore." The most notable English novel of the year is probably Mr. Conway's "Called Back," which has had a great success, and has been followed expeditiously with "Dark Days" and a bundle of short stories, "Bound Together," from which some handsome profits have been made. An anonymous author who made a good point with a first story of "The House on the Marsh," quite off it with a second effort called "At the World's Mercy." From Mr. Robert Buchanan we have had two novels, the disagreeable "New Abelard," and "Foxglove Manor," both in the traditional three volumes. The most realistic English fiction of the year is to be found in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and next to that in Mr. Clark Russell's brace of sea stories, "Jack's Courtship" and "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate." Ouida's "Princess Napraxine," Mr. R. H. Barham's "Fair Maid," Mr. George's "The Armourer's Apprentices," Mrs. Lang's "Dissolving Views," Mr. Anstey's "The Giant's Robe," Mrs. Walford's "The Baby's Grandmother," Mrs. Mulock-Craki's "Miss Tommy," Mrs. Oliphant's "Old Lady Mary," and "Laddie," and "Miss Trotsey's Mission" by the same anonymous author, are the only titles that --i think it worth while to record here from the long list of current English fiction of 1884.

The series of "Surgeon's Stories" by Topelius has been completed with the fifth and sixth volumes, "Times of Linneaus" and "Times of Alchemy," and we have had a good number of translated German novels, among the best of which are Raimund's "Hard Heart," Streekfuss's "Quicksands," Fridolin's "Mystical Marriage," Taylor's "Clitya," Galdor's "Trafalgaz," Henkel's "Mistress of Ithiblast," and Eckstein's "Frauslar." The year has been a "sput" this year in short stories, the demand for which is always greater than the supply. Charles Reade's collection, Bret Harte's three stories, "On the Frontier," Mr. Bishop's "Choy Susan," Julian Sturgis's "My Friends and I," Mr. Anstey's "The Black Poofle," Mr. G. P. Lathrop's "True and Other Stories," and the seven volumes of collected short "Stories by American Authors," published by the Scribners, make up the essentials of this list, and at the end we may put the two or three attempts of the year at joint authorship in fiction, such as "The Mie Mace," "The King's Men," and Mrs. Bunner's and Mathews's "In Partnership." History.

In the procession of what may be called the antiquities of history, Dr. A. H. Sayce has led the way with his modest but scholarly and helpful monograph on "The Ascent Empire of the East," a little work rich in knowledge and wisdom. Mr. Budge has written for the London Religious Tract Society a small sketch of "Babylonian Life and History," and Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson has published through the trustees of the British Museum the second part of his "Selections from the Miscellaneous Inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia." After an interval of sixteen years, Mr. George Stephens of the Royal Society of Antiquaries has added a third volume to his series of "Handbooks of the Northern Runic Monuments of Scandinavia and England," the feature of which is the engraved copies of the inscriptions. An essay further along in this line of research is Mr. Scott's "An alphabetical catalogue of Goldsmiths and PlateWorkers," and Mr. J. Anderson has published his course of lectures, illustrated, on "Scotland in Pagan Times." In general English history we have had the first four books of William of Newburgh's "Historia Rerum in Gentibus Britannicis," the man from the manuscript has prepared the uncollected inscriptions for the Rolls Series, and a tenth volume of the "Calendar of State Papers," Domestic Series, for the period of the Commonwealth. "The Reign of Henry VIII" has been sketched again from original documents in two volumes by the late J. S. Brewer, and Paul Friedmann, a German, has made an important contribution to English history in a new "Life of Anne Boleyn." Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has continued his gossip inquiry into social life and manners as far as through the "Life and Times of William IV." The "Fac-similes of Irish Manuscripts," edited by Mr. J. T. Gilbert, have been completed; from "History of Ireland in the 17th Century," and from Mr. W. A. O'Connor a two-volume "History of the Irish People" as a whole. The late J. R. Green's "Conquest of England" has raised a fresh monument to his memory. The story of "The University of Edinburgh's Three Hundred Years" has been told by Sir Alexander Grant; Mr. J. H. Skene has related his adventures "With Lord Stratford in the Crimean War." In French history Mr. Taine has finished his great work on "The Revolution" with a fourth volume; Lady Jackson has pictured "The Court of the Tulleries" in a couple of lively and entertaining volumes; M. De Maupass has given an inside view of "The Famous Coup D'Etat." A good and useful "History of Prussia" has come from Mr. Herbert Tuttie, covering the subject as far as to the accession of Frederick the Great; and Mr. Ginchey has attempted the "History of the United States in the Thirty Years' War." In remoter fields the third volume of Mr. Bougler's "History of China" is to be mentioned, with Mr. Rusden's "History of Australia," and Mr. Holme's "Account of the Indian Mutiny." In American history, Mr. Waicke, beginning at the beginning, has told us what he has discovered of the "Discoverers of the Continent Before 1535," and in the adjoining field Mr. Robert Grant Watson has given two volumes to "Spanish and Portuguese South America During the Colonial Period." Mr. Scudder's general "History of the United States" has been accorded a place in the front rank of works of its class. Mr. George Bancroft's revision of his well-known "History" reaches its fifth volume as we write these words, and Mr. H. H. Bancroft's voluminous and exhaustive presentation of the history of the Pacific Coast—its twenty-third, being now engaged with the North-West States and Territories. Mr. Parkman's added volumes to his series on "Pioneers of France in the New World" deserve mention here again, as going far towards settling its place as the first of American historians. To the convenient series of "American Collections," the membership have been added Mr. Barrow's "Oregon," Mr. Brown's "Maryland," and now, as we write, Professor Shaler's "Kentucky." The Hessian has had tardy justice done them for their part in the Revolution by Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Patton has done what he thinks to be justice to "The Democratic Party" in a review of its career in American politics. Close to this latter work, and of much the same spirit, is Mr. Stanton's "Our Presidential Elections." General Townsend has made up an entertaining collection of "Anecdotes of the Civil War," and the story of "The Secret Service of the Confederate States" has been related in two volumes by Mr. James D. Bulloch. "The American financial history is represented by Mr. Knox's "History of United States Notes" and Mrs. Lamb's "Wall Street in History." The only local histories of importance are Dr. Leonard Wood's "History of Andover Theological Seminary," and Mr. Cable's "Creoles of Louisiana." In the field of contemporaneous history Judge Torrey's ringing "Appeal to Caesar" has sounded out a grave note of alarm over the race conditions at the South, and Mr. Fortune's "Black and White" has echoed forth the same warning. A bird's-eye view of the events of this general character all over the world are given in the mutual relations and accurate perceptions of so contemporary a writer as this latter can be discerned, in Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times." The panorama of events in the Soudan has been described by the Hon. J. Colborne and Mr. Bennett Leigh, and the fourth and concluding volume is out of General Grodekoff's able review of "The Russian War in Turkomania," in which General Skobelev's is the foremost figure. Col. Malleson's "Battle-Fields of Germany," LT-Col. King's "Famous and Decisive Battles of the World," and Mr. Atkinson's brief essay on "The Reading of History" complete the list.

Language and Literature.

Such a title as the above we confess is somewhat vague, but we find it a convenient one under which to enumerate a class of publications that do not easily find entrance at other points. Bigmore and Wyman's extensive and laborious "Bibliography of Printing" has another volume and the letter S, and a third volume will complete it. Mr. R. C. Hawkins has published in handsome form the "Titles of the First Books Printed in Europe up to the Year 1600," and the trustees of the British Museum a catalogue of books in their collection "Printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of Books in English Printed Abroad, up to the Year 1640." One of the last of the late Mr. Lelyvold's publications was Whitney's "List of Books Published Under More than One Title." The year has witnessed the appearance of the first instalment of Mrs. Murray's new "English Dictionary," an enormous undertaking proceeding under the auspices of the English Philological Society. A good beginning has been made upon the "Dictionary of National Biography;" Storr's "New Dictionary of the English Language" is coming out in this country in parts; three volumes have appeared of Dr. Hunter's "Encyclopaedic Dictionary;" and Mr. Skeat has issued a supplement to the first edition of his "Etymological Dictionary." The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" has reached its XVIIIth volume. To our shelf of useful books of reference has been added five volumes of "Dictionary of Quotations," bearing Routledge's imprint, and Durfee's "Poetical Concordance."
From the Rev. W. C. Wilkinson have come two volumes of "Greek and Latin Classics in English," from Mr. Adams a "Handbook of American Authors" as companion to his "Handbook of English Authors" of the year. Botta's comprehensive "Manual of Literature" has been considerably revised and enlarged. Delitzsch's "Hebrew Language Viewed in the Light of Assyrian Research" and Lamm's "Sanscrit Reader" are useful accessions to the apparatus. The "Arabic and Persian Languages of Africa" have been sketched by Mr. Cust with the aid of a novel "Language Map."

Mrs. Emerson's "Indian Myth," Mr. Leland's "Aionquin Legends," Gatsche's "Legends of the Creeks," and Lang's "Custom and Myth" have introduced us to fascinating lines of study in somewhat the same direction. To this latter group may be added the "Frohocki Book of Rites" and Dr. Brinton's volume on "Aboriginal American Authors." There have been "Studies in Low and High German Literature" by M'Cullom, a collection of "The Folklore of Modern Greece" by Geldart, and "Stray Leaves from Stray Literatures" gathered by Lafcadio Hearn.

The Greek and Latin classics have come to the front again in translations of the "Anabasis" by Chlinnock, of the "Aeneid" by Wilstach, and of the "Odyssey" by Palmer; and to these may be joined translations of the "Inferno" by Sibbald and of "Jerusalem Delivered" by Sir J. R. James. New and attractive editions have appeared of the works of Marlowe, Dryden, Burton, Pepys, Keats, Shelley, and Poe. The attention to Keats has been special, as witnessed by two editions of his "Poems," one by Arnold and the other by Lord Houghton with a memoir by Speed, and by a collection of his "Letters" by Speed. The works of Richardson have also appeared in a new edition of twelve volumes. Montague's edition of "Bacon's Essays," Myer's "Selections from Milton's Prose," Ainger's collection of the "Miscellaneous Writings" of Charles Lamb, enlarge our facilities for acquaintance with the best English letters. The only publisher's notice of the centenary of the death of Dr. Johnson is a little book of selections of Boswellian flavor illustrative of his character and work. The "Songts of Wordsworth" have been edited by Archbishop Trench, some "Selected Poems of Tennyson" by Rolfe, and Ten nyson's "Princess" in particular by Rolfe and by Dawson. Bryant's "Prose Works," popular editions of Scott, a collection of "The Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Richter," and a sumptuous edition of "Jane Eyre," complete the subject at this point.

In literary criticism the "English Comic Dramatists" have been considered by Mr. Crawford, "Shakespeare's Predecessors" by Mr. Symonds, "The Prologue and Epilogue in English Literature from Shakespeare to Dryden" by G. S. B. "Shakespeare," by himself, by Professor Hale, and "Wordsworth" by Mr. Hudson; while Mr. Perry's essays in German literature, "From Oipts to Lessing," will be the subject of review in our next issue.

Law.

The year has not been prolific in legal literature. We do not recall any work of commanding novelty, merit, and value which has appeared; and as to Reports and Statutes, while the volumes have followed one another, of the usual kind and to the usual number, there has been no little departure from the common course that our sketch of books in detail will pass them over, and number of new states of law and practice. As in years past, we must, under this head, disclaim any intention of enumerating all the treatises of local application, and the new editions of well-known works which have appeared during the year, and must confine our attention to new works of general utility. The scope of the present contents may be named at the outset. A volume by Prof. Terry of Japan, "Some Leading Principles of Anglo American Law," expounded with a view to its arrangement and codification, we have not seen complete, but an examination of advance sheets led us to esteem it as an original and suggestive contribution to law reform and the art of law compiling. Wharton's "Commentaries on Law," embracing the nature, source, and history of law, international law, public and private; and constitutional and statutory law ( interstate law as many would call it) covers an important field; and is characterized by the philosophic tone and illustrative research which distinguish the other works of its distinguished author. Field's "Lawyer's Briefs," Vols. I and II of which have appeared, is a ventureous attempt to embody in one work, "treaties on every important legal aspect alphabetically arranged." In the cognate but narrower field of the operations of American governments, are Desty's "American Law of Taxation," a comprehensive work in two volumes, abundant in its citation of cases, written by an author who bears a high reputation for industry and good judgment in collating the decisions; and Marfree on "Sheriffs." Incorporation has been a somewhat prolific field. Besides a half dozen or so of books on the general incorporation laws of New York, Pennsylvania, and other particular States, there are important general works. Bisbee & Simonds on the "Board of Trade and the Produce Exchange," gives information which will be new to many practicing lawyers on the management of a class of corporations of new and growing importance in commercial cities. The laws of the United States, the several States, and the Canadas, relating to telegraphs, have been collected and published by order of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Co., by T. A. F. (C.) on "Transfer of Stock" in private corporations, treats a single branch of the subject with ability. Taylor on "Private Corporations" having capital stock, is comprehensive in scope, and characterized by an originality of philosophic thought not common in modern text-books. Roeer on "Railroads," in two full-sized volumes, treats that important branch anew.

Contracts, also, is a division of the law which has elicited several works of practical value. Reed on the "Law of the Statute of Frauds," in three volumes, is large enough to allow of ample treatment of the subject, and many will be attracted to it by their remembrance of a series of articles on the Pennsylvania Statute, published a few years ago in the American Law Register, which were, we believe, by the same author. Those who do not need so extensive a work should examine the "Philologus," in one volume of somewhat more than 1,000 pages, by an author noted for skillful exposition. Upon smaller topics of the law of contracts are: Biddle on "Warranties in the Sale of Chattels;" Pierce on "Fraudulent Mortgages" of merchandise — "A Commentary on American Phases of Twyne's Case;" Wait on "Fraudulent Conveyances and Creditor's Bills," with a history of the civil law. As in years past, the New York bar, useful manuals for practitioners in the Federal courts. The latter of these contains also the rules of the circuit and district courts of the second circuit, which may give it the preference among lawyers in New York, Connecticut, and Vermont, while the smaller size and (presumably) lower price of the first mentioned edition, seem likely to recommend that to practitioners elsewhere. What is called the "Reformed" or the "Code" practice, now prevailing in about half the States, is illustrated by Bayless's "Trial Practice;" by perhaps a half dozen new editions of or works relating to the New York Code of civil procedure; and by Kneeland on "Attachments." Substantially independent, in value and usefulness, of the distinction between the "old practice" and the "new" are: Church on "Habeas Corpus;" Heard's "Estate Precedents;" Rapalee on "Contempts;" and Seton on "Decrees." The latter a carefully edited American edition by F. F. Heard, of a fourth English edition of a work long a standard authority on a difficult branch. Settlement of estates of the deceased is treated anew in Fay's "Executor's and Administrator's Guide," a small, semi-popular guide; and Herrick & Dozert's Iowa and Dakota "Probate Law and Practice;" but there have been published during the year new editions of the standard works by Redfield and by Smith, to one of which many will give preference. Upon insanity are: Dr. Clouston's "Clinical Lectures on Mental Diseases;" to this volume is appended a compilation of abstracts of American statutes relating to custody of the insane, by Dr. Folson; which is also published as a distinct work. A volume of the same purpose as Dr. Folson's, but much larger and fuller, is Harrison's "Legislation on Insanity," a collection of all the lunacy laws of the States and Territories to 1883, inclusive; also to those of England and Canada, with portions of the laws of Germany, France, etc. It is, we believe, an admirable work of its class, but is not on sale, having been printed for private circulation. Lawson's "Adjudged Cases on Insanity" as a defense to crime, claims to give all the reported decisions, and adds notes. Other branches of jurisprudence have received less attention. On real property law are: Boone on "Mortgages;" Sloane on "Landslord and Tenant;" Spaulding on the "Public Land System." On marriage and divorce there is a small concise volume by Stewart, on acts of the states of highly condensed manuals exhibiting the modern law, in course of publication by Sunner, Whitney & Co.; and a still smaller volume on the "Jewish Law of Marriage and Divorce," by Rev. Dr. Mielziner. Reese on "Medical Jurisprudence" and Toxicology is a new appearance that science. It should be compared with the fourth edition of Wharton and Stille's well-known work, which has been completed during the year.
In anatomy we find "The Dissective Manual," by Clark and Lockwood, a little book full of practical experience, and abounding in suggestive ideas for the anatomist. "Handbook of Vocal Dissections," by Martin and Moale, "Part III," is a useful little working manual for the comparative anatomist. A magnificent work by Hart is the "Atlas of Female Pelvic Anatomy." The topography of this region is still doubtful, but from the most thorough study and dissection the author publishes it. The plates are faultless in execution. Henke's "Atlas of Surgical Anatomy," a series of plates, is also worthy of mention. Perhaps the best English work on the subject is "A Text-Book of Pathological Anatomy, and Pathogenesis," by Ziegler. It treats of blood and lymph, vascular mechanism, skin, mucous membranes, alimentary tract, the liver, pancreas, etc.

In theory and practice we find "Clinical Lectures on Mental Diseases," by Clouston, of the Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane, to which is added "An Abstract of the Statutes of the United States and the Territories Relating to the Custody of the Insane," by Forsom. It is written in a lucid manner, and with the intention of giving the practical points of the subject, rather than obscure or muddled questions in anatomy or pathology. The abstract is valuable for the American alienist. Corning on "Brain Exhaustion," inclines to the opinion that mental diseases are on the increase, and ascribes this generally to our dry, stimulating climate, rum and tobacco, steam and telegraph, and the high pressure style of living. Amidon's "Student's Manual of Electro-Therapeutics" is a book established in this country, by the department of therapeutics. Klein adds to the literature of the germ theory in his "Micro-Organisms and Disease." "Syphilis and Pseudosyphilis," by Cooper, speaks with authority derived from large experience, and advocates, aside from strictly professional care, legislative control of the infected. A complete and judicious résumé is the "Year-Book of Therapeutics," edited by Amidon. "Diseases of the Heart and Thoracic Aorta," by Bramwell, is the work of a careful student and surgeon for twenty-five years, and attempts an explanation of the heart's motion, and numerous other sounds; its well arranged apparatus, and a master-piece of medical writing. Miliard writes a "Treatise on Bright's Disease," with a chapter on the Anatomy of the Kidney, Albuminuria, etc. Tuke collects four essays into "Sleep Walking, and Hypnotism," authoring a new basis on which to study the conditions of the nature and phenomena of hysteria, and the nature of "halucinatory" insanity. Billings (D. V. S.) writes a timely book, explanatory of the rôle which animals and their common diseases play in propagating diseases to the human race, entitled, "The Relation of Animals' Diseases to the Public Health and Their Prevention." "The Theory and Practice of Medicine," by Roberts, is good and progressive. "The Causation of Sleep," by Cappie, is an admirable little treatise, in which a new theory for the cause and phenomena of sleep is well argued. One of the great medical publications of the year is Prof. Loomis's "Text-Book of Practical Medicine." An exceedingly valuable work for the specialist is "Voice, Song, and Speech," by Lennox Brown and Beuhke. The anatomy of the "sound-box" is fully given, and its diseases with their treatment, besides plain instruction in vocal gymnastics and the rationale of singing. A most interesting chapter is on phono-therapy, on the larynx while making musical sounds, and several photographs, made by the electric light, of the throat are specially curious. "A Practical Treatise on Massage," by Douglas Graham, is an explanation of the principles of friction and manipulation of muscles and joints, by a Boston practitioner, and is at least thorough and scientific.

On corzurbation we notice "The Brain and the Nerves," by Dowse, and "Mental Contagion in Inebriety," by Crothers." Insanity Considered in its Medico-Legal Relations," by Buckham, points out the pernicious uncertainty of verdicts in insanity trials. A "Manual of Medical Jurisprudence," by Hamilton, is in answer to the demand for a "practical codification" of information regarding the medico-legal relations of a large number of lesions, involving more or less extensively the nervous system. On specialities we have had the "Diseases of the Throat and Nose," etc., by the distinguished laryngologist, MacKenzie, Vol. II; Towsell's "General Practitioner's Guide to Diseases and Injuries of the Eye and Eyelids," giving sound advice to the busy practitioner, and wisely advising that all operations should be performed by the specialist; Kippes's "Handbook of Skin Diseases and their Homoeopathic Treatment"; Alt's plain and accurate "Treatise on Ophthalmology for the General Practitioner," and Hartridge's absurd but admirable "Refraction of the Eye." Wolfe in "Clinical Demonstrations on Ophthalmic Subjects," discusses the cure of detachments of the retina, tubercles of the iris and ciliary body, and the process of transplanting rabbit's conjunctiva; interesting in illustrating surgical resources. We notice also Swanny's "Handbook of the Diseases of the Eye and their Treatment." Another good manual is Noake's "Post Natal Catarrh and Diseases Causing Deafness." "Legal Medicine," by Fidy, has long been favourably known, and this issue is especially valuable for the tabular arrangement of cases and judicial decisions, which end each chapter. Hewitt's "Pathology, Diagnosis, and Treatment of the Diseases of Women," is edited by Harry Sims, and maintains its well arranged apparatus. Jones helps out the daily wants of the general practitioner, while well covering the ground, with "A Practical Manual of Diseases of Women." Partridge translates Verrier's "Practical Manual of Obstetrics," the latest embodiment of French thought and practice in this department. Two other books on the same subject are Partridge's and King's "Manuals," both acceptable to the student and for handy reference.

In chemistry there is "Chemical Chemistry," by Rolfe, describing briefly the composition and reaction of animal tissues and fluids, normal and pathological, with analyses. Two less propagandistic works are "Elements of Physiological and Pathological Chemistry," by Charles, and "Manual of Chemistry," by Simon, whose titles are sufficiently descriptive. Roscoe and Schorlemmer write jointly "A Treatise on Chemistry." For more popular use is Leffmann's "Compend of Organic and Medicinal Chemistry." The photographs of the druggist is Flügkiger's "The Cinchona Banks Pharmacologically Considered," which tells about all that is known of Peruvian bark, quinine, and the other alkaloids.
In physiology, Hutchinson writes on "The Laws of Health," for educational institutions and general readers. This is strictly accurate, thoroughly scientific in statement, and singularly adapted to its intended purpose. We notice also McGregor-Robertson's "Elements of Physiological Psychology," and Power's "Elements of Human Physiology," whose companion volumes are upon Histology, Clinical Chemistry, Physical Physiology, and Comparative Physiology and Anatomy, and whose prominent characteristic is judicious condensation. Cleveaster publishes a "Comparative Physiology and Psychology." In "History of the Circulation of the Blood" Tomlison shows that Harvey was not the sole discoverer of that great phenomenon, but that others before him had glimpses, at least, of the truth. On the same subject is "Doctrines of the Circulation," in which the subject is scientifically treated.

In miscellaneous topics we notice "Principles of Ventilation and Heating," by Billings, another of the best books of the year; and Park's "Manual of Practical Hygiene," edited by De Chaumont, a work long favorably known in other editions, and now commended to all interested in State medicine and in such topics as the influence upon health of climate, soil, atmospheric phenomena, water supply, sewerage, foods, etc. A "Text-Book of Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology," by Reese, has the essentials in a condensed yet comprehensive form for the practitioner. The chapter on insanity contains a digest of the law and facts regarding mental alienation, and there are chapters on suicidal monomania, puerperal insanity, criminal responsibility, feigned insanity, malpractice, and life-insurance. Gerhard writes "Hints on the Drainage and Sewerage of Dwellings," very full in regard to "traps" and plumbing generally. "The Field of Disease," by Richardson, is a remarkable production. Written for the general reader, who wishes to know the main facts about disease, its causes and prevention, the whole subject of medicine is presented in a charming manner, yet by one who speaks ex cathedra. Among the curiosities of medical literature is "Shakespeare as a Physician," containing every word which in any way relates to medicine, Surgery, or Obstetrics. Found in the Complete Works of that Writer, with Criticisms and Comparison of the Same with the Medical Thoughts of Today," by Chenevay.

It is said that Dr. Marion Sims used to write after he had retired to bed, and that the last page written by him was upon his autobiography. It is now published, edited by his son, Harry Sims, and records the life, its struggles and triumphs, of "woman's greatest benefactor." By those who are interested in the work of one of American, Companion famous surgeons, the book will be warmly welcomed.

Poetry.

In poetry, to borrow the market phrase, there has been "nothing doing." No single poem and no collection of poems calling for more than a passing glance has appeared during the year 1854. No American poet of distinction has uttered a new note. Longfellow's voice is silent. Lowell is busy with his duties at the Court of St. James, Whittier has not been heard from. The only appearance of Dr. Holmes has been in a fine illustrated selection of some of his popular pieces. The collection of Bayard Taylor's "Melodies of Verse" brings nothing new. Miss Larcom's "Poems" have appeared in a new and complete edition. Miss Phelps has gathered her newspaper and magazine contributions of the past year or two into a thin volume. The poems of the late Sidney Lanier have been edited with a memoir, in the hope that such a service is to earn for him a high place among American poets. Mr. Fawcett has offered us an assortment of his "Later Poems." Mr. Bunner has lightly hummed his "Airs from Arcady." Mr. George Lunt's "Poems" had a delicate flavor of by-gone days. Mr. Hayward's praiseworthy "Fattics" and Mr. Fiske's "The Lincoln Legend," have stood above the rest, but alone remain for mention, excepting of course the current stream of amateur writing in verse, the best specimen of which, perhaps, is Clinton Scottard's "Pictures in Song."

In England, Lord Tennyson has done nothing except in the way of one or two fugitive pieces, which have little of the old brilliance. Mr. William Browning has published a thin volume entitled "Forishia's Fancies," the contents of which are at least characteristic, and of which we have to speak more at length hereafter. Mr. Swinburne's offering is "A Midsummer Holiday," which has a few passages, but few, that are chiefly those of the Norfolk Cliffs. A large and well-edited volume of "Selections from Swinburne" has been published for American readers by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard.

The only new English poet whose work has attracted any attention during the year is Michael Field with his dramatic effort, "Fair Rosamund." Philip Bourke Marston has sounded "Wind Voices," Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell has struck the chords "From Grave to Gay," Mr. Lewis Morris has treated us to "Songs Unsung," From Mr. Lang we have had a few "Ballades and Verses Vain." To Mr. Ruskin we are indebted for a repetition of some pretty but unimportant "Roadside Songs of Tuscany."

In view of this meager list, where, one is tempted to cry out, are the glorious days of old? Science.

The development of electricity for illuminating and motive purposes has doubtless been the foremost topic before the scientific world the past year, but though the progress of invention has been considerable, the additions to the literature of the subject have been few and comparatively unimportant. With the exception of a little work on "Dynamic Electricity" in Van Nostrand's series, all writings have come from English sources. They include Hammond's "Electric Light in our Homes," Swinton's "Principles and Practice of Electric Lighting," Gordon's "Practical Treatise on Electric Lighting," a "History of Electric Telegraphy to 1873," by E. W. Fable, and most valuable book of all, for the student, Mr. G. May's "Bibliography of Electricity and Magnetism."

Next to electricity the scientific aspects of the temperature question have assumed national importance, in this country at least. And these have been variously discussed in "Nineteen Centuries of Drink in England," and by Gustafson in his encyclopedic "Foundation of Death." The conclusion of Appleton's "Home Books," with an exposition of "Health at Home," Sir Henry Thompson's excellent maxims for "Food and Feeding," and Dr. Wight's "Health Maxims," for the public service, are the best applications of scientific principles to social needs. In applied science may also here be mentioned Mr. Marsden's "Cotton Spinning," Mr. T. Nordenschet's treatise on "The Machine Guns," of the author's invention, two books on "Amateur Photography," by Wallace and Tapp, two books on "Horsemanship for Women," by Mrs. Kauff and the Frenchman Buisine, and Arthur V. Abbott's curious and instructive essay on "Testing Machines."

Nothing positively new has been added to the materials or the discussion of Evolution; but a number of interesting writers have approached the theme on several of its sides. Among them may be specified Mr. D'Arcy Thompson's "Excur- sions of an Evolutionist," and his "Destiny of Man," and Mr. and Miss Bergen in their intelligent summary of the whole "Development Theory," Mr. Du Cane in his original speculation on "Biogen;" and two rather striking and attractive English essays, Mr. Romer's "Mental Attributes of Animals," and still more noticeable in these qualities, Mr. Taylor's "Sagacity and Morality of Plants."

The English government has brought out the 8th and 9th volumes of the official report of the "Scientific Results of the Voyage of the Chal- lenger," and the United States has issued the 12th annual report of our national "Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories," the second of its two parts relating to the wonders of the Yellowstone Valley. The United States Fish Commission has also borne valuable literary fruits, which are the envy of our brethren across the water.

In field science, so to call it, we are indebted to Professor Shaler for an admirable text-book in "Geology," and to President Winchell for a pleasant series of "Geological Excursions." Mr. Davis has given us a useful little book on "Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes," and Mr. Basnett a labored but hardly profitable one on "Earthquakes." Rev. Dr. McCook's "Tenants of an Old Farm," Deming's "Byways of Nature and Life," C. C. Abbott's "Naturalist's Rambles About Home," and John Burrough's "Fresh Fields and Pastoral New," have afforded our readers glimpses of the natural science at work in his favorite haunts. "New England Orchids" have been depicted by Baldwin and "North American Mosses" by James Grant Allen has written of "Flowers and their Pedigrees," Worthington Smith of "The Dis- eases of Field and Garden Crops," Dr. H. C. Lang of "The Butterflies of Europe," Sir Richard Owen of "British Fossil Reptiles," Prof. Romer of "The Bone Caves of Europe," and Mr. G. J. Hinde of "The Fossil Sponges in the British Museum." Dr. Elliott Coues has published a new and revised edition of his admirable and invaluable "Key to North American Birds."

Passing to economic science in its various aspects we come to Kelley's "Question of Ships," of interest to all who bewail the condition of American commerce, to Mr. Murton's "Wreck Inquiries," the subject-matter of which concerns us in the present number. To Mr. Edwards' "Seamarks," which is an exposition of the science of light-houses. From Professor Thorold Rogers has come an important "His- tory of English Labor," and from Fraser Rae a thoughtful study of "Contemporary Socialism."

Mr. Mallock has undertaken to answer Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" with a
"Property and Progress," and Mr. George has returned to his fight against existing conditions with a volume of essays on "Social Problems." Mr. Edward Bellamy has tried to show "The Way Out" of our present difficulties, and in "Looking Backward" we have a picture of a society in the future.

A solid addition to our handbooks is Professor Laughlin's edition of Mill's "Political Economy." One of the most forcible statements of the argument for protection has come from Mr. Ellis H. Roberts in his "Government and The Future of Free Trade in English Legislation" has been pointed out by Mr. C. E. Truop. The "Historical Basis of Socialism" in England has been surveyed by Mr. H. M. Hyndman. A collection of lectures by the late Arnold Toynbee on "The Industrial Revolution in England" has been issued with a short memoir by Professor Jowett.

Passing to political, educational, and legal science, there are to notice Mr. Creighton's "Primer on the Government of England," a translation by Mr. Pollard of Oxford of Lavalaye's "Elements of Political Economy," "A Study on Politics" by Mr. Bellamy, an historical essay on "The Land Laws" by Mr. Walter Paddock, and a chapter of "Investigations in Currency and Finance" by Mr. Stanley Jevons, one of our clearest and most vigorous writers in this department.

Of more miscellaneous character are the Duke of Argyll's weighty essay on "The Unity of Nature," Mr. Bird's examination of "Higher Education in Germany and England," Mr. Stanton's assemblage of studies of "The Woman Question in Europe," and the bitter German attack in its English form on "The Conventional Lies of our Civilization." Professor Sheldon Amos has published a valuable work on "The History and Principles of the Civil Law of Rome," Mr. Roby an "Introduction to the Study of Justinian's Digest," Professor Morey a textbook of "Outlines of Roman Law," and Messrs. Scrutton and Slater a pair of essays on "Literary Property."

I close this list with President Barnard's consideration of the "Metrological System of the Great Pyramid," contrasting the astronomical theories of Piazzi Smith; Campbell's description of the "Geological and Mineralogical Resources of the James River Valley;" and the proceedings of the British Association at Montreal, as reported in full by Science, our diligent and useful American weekly journal.

The additions to philosophy, strictly so called, have been very few and comparatively unimportant, chief among them being the new edition of Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious," Maudley's "Body and Will," Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea," a new translation of Spinosa's chief works, and biographical sketches of Leibnitz by Merz, of Vico by Professor Flint, and of the Greek philosophers by Benn.

Theology.

The revisers have completed their work on the Old Testament, the new version of which will soon be in hand; but the equanimity of many minds over the revision of the New Testament has been left in a serious state of disturbance by the vigorous assault of Dean Burgon, the original articles of which have been gathered into a very solid volume of criticism. The new churchmen have taken up the contemplations of the contents of their apparatus for the study of the Christian Scriptures in their entirety are Reuss's companion

treatises on "The Canon," and Toy's "Quotation in the New Testament." Heber Newton's erudite "Book of Beginnings" has found a counterpart in Elliott's "Vindication of the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch." In New Testament literature Dr. Berard's "Parabolic Teaching of Christ," Mr. Dickson's Baird Lecture on "Paul's Use of the Terms 'Flesh' and 'Spirit.'" That modern Saul of criticism, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has appeared among the prophets in an essay on "Isaiah," and Mr. Cheyne's "Ideas of the Poems" is complete. The object of proof with the author of "Bible Folk-Lore" is that the religion of the Bible is purely of natural origin.

One and the same year has seldom brought us two such lives of Christ as Dr. Bernard Weins's and Dr. A. E. Edersheim's, to neither of which we have yet been able to give proper attention.

A more massive and masterly work in apologetics has not been seen this long time than Dr. Richard S. Storrs's "Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by its Historical Effects." "The Continuity of Christian Thought" has also been thought a highly interesting historical work by Professor A. V. G. Allen, and with indications of a strong aversion to Augustinian and Calvinistic forms; while the other theological side, with a highly practical purpose in mind, has been presented by Bishop Littlejohn in his "Lectures on the Christian Ministry at the Close of the Nineteenth Century." Dr. W. H. Thomassen has presented the "Great Argument" for Christianity as found in the Old Testament. For a good statement of "Christian Theology" as held by the "Orthodox" wing among Protestant states see Dr. Henry B. Smith's posthumous lectures for a full confession of "The Faith of Roman Catholics," Monsignor Capel's new edition of the standard work by Berington and Kirk. The service of the latter is usefully supplemented by Adles's and Arnold's "Catholic Dictionary." The "Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" has been completed in five Parts. Mr. Brewell's "laborious 'Dictionary of Miracles'" may be added to the shelf of the curiosities of literature.

Several collections of sermons, though none very notable, have a place in the religious literature of the year. Among them may be mentioned the opening volume of Dr. Joseph Parker's "Apostolic Life," which is substantially an exposition of the New Testament. In the late "Dr. Washburne's course on 'The Beatitudes'"; Dr. Shedd's "Sermons to the Spiritual Man;" Dr. Hopkins's "Teachings and Counsels;" the late Dr. Ewe's "Sanctity;" Newman Smyth's "Reality of Faith," and James Freeman Clarke's "Thoughts on the Life of the Apostle Paul." The generally placid surface of English religious thought has been ruffled slightly by Lilly's "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought," the anonymous "Gospel of Divine Humanity," Fairbairn's "City of God," and Principal Tulloch's "Modern Theories in Philosophy and Religion."

Travel and Description.

As usual men and women have been hurrying to and fro, and the public has been favored with an interchange of narratives, by which some new light has been thrown on old places of the earth, and in a few instances really fresh information has been imparted. To this history our English visitors and critics, Mr. Ballantyne has given us a comparison of "The Old World and the New;" Emily Faithful has summed up her "Three Visits to America;" Mr. R. L. Stevenson has written an amusing and picturesque account of the adventure of himself and family in California as a party of "Silverado Squatters," we have had two records of Mr. Henry Irving's "Impressions of America;" and no less than five writers have related their observations and adventures in the far South and the far West and the far North; namely: Mr. Hughes in "Gone to Texas," Mr. Reginald Aldridge in "Life on a Ranch," Mr. Barnaby in "Life and Labor in the Far Far West," Mr. Sanford Fleming in "A Summer Tour in Canada," and Mr. Holyoke in "Travels." Beside these are to be mentioned here Mr. Pigeon's "New World Answers to Old World Questions," and Mr. Leighton's "excellent "Life Along the Puger Sound."" The popular "Snake Dancing Indians of Arizona," and Mr. St. John's excursion to "Hayti." At the head of what we should call purely domestic studies may be placed Mr. Albee's captivating delineation of Newcastle, N. H., and next to it Mr. Fellows's "Boating Trips on New England Rivers." With a Massachusetts physician we have spent "Twelve Days in the Saddles, and Professor Thayer has permitted us to share with him the rare pleasure of a western "Trip with Mr. Emerson." Mrs. Gemmill's "Notes on Washington" have afforded an insight to life at the capital. We have had a choice between camping and cruising "On the Delaware and Chesapeake," with Dr. Rothrock, or "In Florid," with Dr. Henshall; and with an unknown companion we have had a brief experience "With Red Louise in Colorado Will." A dramatic and adventurous addition to the tales of Arctic exploration is Mr. Melville's "Lena Delta," which is only just out as we
in the "Survey of Western Paisance," reconnais-
tant "Central Asia" with Charles Mars, explores
Upper Siam and Lao, "The Land of Temples
and Elephants," with Carl Bock, visit "The
Petroleum Region of the Caipian" with Charles
Marvin.

Of books for the library are to be mentioned
Rein's ponderous cyclopaedia on "Japan, Mur-
ch's "Handbook" to the same country, Casselli's
"Guide to Paris," and Dawson's "Handbook to
Canada."

II.
FOREIGN.
Denmark.
Hard times are especially unfavorable to liter-
ature, and it seems that Europe as well as
America has suffered during the past year from
commercial stagnation. Denmark has lost by
death one of her ablest writers, the philosopher
and scholar Rasmus Niesan. He was born July
4, 1809, and enriched his country's literature with
numerous philosophical works. In many respects
he might be styled the Emerson of Denmark.

From another talented poet and artist we have
three small volumes: a collection of poems and
songs, "Dybe Streng" (Deep Strings); a
volume of short stories, "Smaad Kollingren,"
and a drama in one act entitled "Lykken i Aren-
zano." Sophus Schandorph has added another
volume to his series of brilliant stories: "Skov-
gofedsbomene" (The Children of the Forest-bail-
iff), and the charming C. Ewald has also given
us a new story called "En Udrev" (A Way Out).

"Loebrock," a novel, begins with the writer's
writing two excellent historical romances with Swedish
background; the former is "Birger Jarls Sonner"
(The Sons of Birger Jarl), and the latter "Bon-
desrørnet under Gustaf Wassa" (The Rebellion of
the Peaceans in the Time of Gustaf Wasa).

The only thing we have from Denmark's greatest
writer, Georg Brandes, since his return
from Germany, is the first two parts of his recol-
lections of Berlin. The title of the work is
"Berlin som tysk Rigshovedstad." The author presents
to his Danish readers his recollections of his five-years' residence in the German capital,
and the volume is to be profusely illustrated. It
will doubtless be the most popular work pro-
duced in Denmark in 1884. A brother, Edward
Brandes, who is both poet and scholar of dis-
tinction, has produced two dramas, the one en-
titled "En Forlovelse" (A Marriage); the other
"En Besøg" (A Visit); both reveal a high order
of dramatic talent.

Among the more important works in the de-
partment of history, we may mention "Zenierners
Reiser i Norden" (The Travels of the Zeni in the
North) by J. Steenstrup. This essay gives us a
critical examination of the works published dur-
ing the past ten years in regard to the sojourn
of the Zeni in the North of Europe from 1321 to
1405. In the department of mediaval history
there is no higher authority in Denmark than
Johannes Steenstrup. R. J. Holm has published
a history of Denmark for young people, and
from A. Thorâe we have an elaborate mono-
graph on King Frederich the Seventh.

A third edition of "Nordisk Conversations
lexikon" has been started, and is well under
way. Every article in this cyclopaedia is thorou-
ghly revised, and much new matter is added. O.
Kalko's great dictionary of the old Danish lan-
guage, emersoning the thirteenth and seventeenth
centuries, has reached a seventh part, and will
soon be completed. It is a work of more than
ordinary value to philologists in all countries.
The same may be said of a smaller work by O.
Nielsen, "Oldkanske Personnavne," a little book
on old Danish names of persons. E. T. Kris-
tensen has published a volume of 400 pages,
containing folk lore tales which he has himself
gathered from the lips of the people in Jutland.
It should find a place in the library of every student
of ballads and folk lore.

There has been published about the usual amount of educational
works, juvenile books, medical works, books on
law, and in the various departments of natural
science. Denmark always contributes a large
number of popular religious books, and 1884 is
not far behind its predecessors in this respect.
K. Prytz has published a magnificent work on
electricity, and H. Andreasen an elaborate
volume on America, judged from an agricultural
stand-point (Amrikas geografi og landbohandel).
The "Bibliothek Danica," a bibliography of
books published in Denmark from 1402 to 1830,
is now nearly completed. Among translations
into Danish we may mention C. Dansgaard's ver-
sion of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," F. Hoff-
mann's translation of J. F. Cooper's novels, and
a new anonymous translation of Miss Pfeep's "Dr.
Zay."

FRANCE.
The chronicle of French literature for 1884
shows, we are inclined to believe, a marked
falling off from that of the previous year in the
interest and value of the works to be enumerated.
In the departments of fiction and poetry it would
be difficult to point out a production that could
be properly reckoned of other than passing
importance, and in fiction the reaction against
realism which manifested itself during the pre-
ceding twelvemonth seems, for a time at least,
to have lost its power. In history, although
much has been done, the list is neither as
extended nor as significant as was that of 1883.
Criticisms have been active, but has concerned
itself chiefly with minor matters. Social and
political themes have attracted little attention
from the best minds as we are to judge by what
has been published. The contributions to the
departments of psychology and ethics have not
been especially interesting either for number
or quality. Only in the department of travel
and exploration has the year's literary product
been strikingly voluminous.

In history Charles Vatel has published the
third and last volume of his elaborate life of
Madame du Barry, in which he traces the career
of his heroine from year to year and brings
her in many contemporary figures of historical
importance, and thus illuminates in a vivid way
the side-paths of a great era. M. Vatel proves,
among other things, that Madame du Barry
had nothing to do with "l'affaire du collier."
The "Histoire Générale des Émigrés pendant
la Révolution Française," by H. Forneron,
presents the results of an immense amount of
research in an exhaustive manner, recording
the adventures of the French émigrés to
different parts of Europe and to America, and
giving, under the title of "a biographical append-
dix," a table of proper names. Another work
dealing with the same period, but in a different
way, is Henri Welschinger's review of "Les
Almanachs de la Révolution," an excellent and
Valuable study by an accomplished writer, "...Depuis 1853," by M. Froeh. is a collection of brilliant historical essays, fascinates as to "La Chute de l'ancien Regime," for which the Vicomte G. D'Avenel makes a plea in 'Richelieu et la Monarchie Absolue." M. D'Avenel concerns himself with the philosophy of history and his book is none the less valuable because of its eloquent, protest against some of the tendencies of modern democracy. The "Memoires et Relations Politiques du Baron de Vitrolles," of which M. Eugènè Forges began the publication some two years ago in the pages of the "Nouvelle Revue," are now issued in a large octavo. The memoirs deal with the Congress of Châtillon and the entry of the future Charles X into Paris, and are full of the color of the times.

R. Chantelauze reconstructs from inedited documents the story of the tragic career of "Louis XVII." Charles Bréard, by publishing the "Journal du Corsaire Jean Dublet," a naval lieutenant during Louis XIV, has given the world an entertaining and instructive collection of reminiscences and anecdotes. The "Lettres de M. de Kagenne," edited by L. Léouzon le Duc, throw light on the state of Europe during the reign of Louis XVI, the author having been an especial envoy of the third republic of the Belgian Baron, Alsthem. "Frédéric II et Marie Thérèse," by the Duc de Broglie, treats of an interesting historical period in a very interesting way.

"La Citoyenne Bonaparte," M. Imbert de Saint Armand continues his story of the youth of the Empress Josephine from the date of her visit to Paris to the 18th of May, 1778. This book, which is one of a series on "Les Femmes des Tuileries," shows the great Napoleon in the somewhat novel light of a republican and a lover, while the "Correspondance de M. de Remusat" deals with the first years of the restoration. A "Histoire de la Civilisation," by Charles Seignobos, is an exact and readable review of the development of civilization in France from prehistoric ages to the time of Charlemagne. The life of "Jean de Witt," as told by M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, is noteworthy for its dependence on original sources of information.

The study of contemporary and post-contemporary literature is a specialty of Charles de Mazade's "Monseur Thiery," valuable and carefully written; and "Le Minstre Gambetta," by Joseph Reinhach, is a work that the student of modern politics cannot afford to overlook. "L'Europe Militaire et Diplomatique au XIXe Siècle," by Frédéric Noirot, is a history of all European wars and diplomatic entanglements from 1815 to 1884. A work of interest to American readers is P. Darby de Thierants's "De l'origine des Indiens du Nouveau Monde et leur Civilisation." The author was for a number of years a consul-general in Central America and brings to his intractable theme the fruits of abundant research and the grace of a very attractive style. He establishes to his own satisfaction the Asiatic origin of the Indians and gives a readable outline of Indian mythology.

Of social studies and sketches "La Société de l'Histoire de l'Est," by a writer who assumes the pen-name of Comte Paul Vaissil, has attracted attention for its cleverly satirical pictures of official and court life at the German capital. A more sober but no less entertaining book is "La Vie Publique et Anglterre" by Philippe Darjel. Père Didon has written of "Les Allemands," after two years of residence and travel in Germany, and gives due correspondence in vivacity and humor. "La Police secrète Prussienne," by Victor Tissot, has some startling revelations, political and otherwise; and the same remark may be applied to "Un Homme d'Etat Russe," a study of Russia and Poland during the reign of Alexander II, by A. Leroy-Beaulieu, founded on the life of Nicholas Milutin. "Une Course à Constantinople," by M. de Bloye, gives a humorous but suggestive picture of Turkish politics and society. And in "Les Chinois Peints par Eux-Mêmes," Colonel Tscheng-k'li-Tong, military attaché of the Chinese Empire, has portrayed the manners and customs of his native land in a very vivacious and attractive way.

Perhaps the most noteworthy work in criticism that has appeared during the year is to be found in two volumes of essays on "Noms Morts Contemporains," by M. Émile Montéquiut, who, with penetrating analysis, a rare power of personal portraiture, and a style of studied simplicity has discussed the intellectual traits of Béranger, Charles nodier, A. de Musset, A. de Vigny, Gautier, Eugène Fromentin, the two Guérin, and others. Under the title of "L'Evolution Naturaliste," Louis Deprez studies the growth of realistic fiction as manifested in the works of Flaubert, the Goncourt brothers, Alphonse Daudet, and Zola. It is a thoughtful book, but one may smile at the author's assertion that "France is becoming Americanized, and French literature will be Americanized." to support the argument of realism vs. idealism. M. Deprez reminds Zola, however, that "materialism" ought not to be confounded with "systematic bestiality." Louis Ullbach in "Noms Contemporains" does not confine himself to literary characters, but chooses as the subjects of his well-written papers Napoléon III, Louis Blanc, Thiery, and M. Grévy, as well as Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and Georges Sand. Admirers of the genius of Flaubert will appreciate the eloquent memoir prefixed by M. Guy de Maupassant to his edition of Flaubert's "Lettres à Georges Sand. The second volume of Émile Zola's "Duchamps de Provence," and "Esquisse de la Revue des Classiques" is concerned with Racine. The author shows himself to be an original and penetrating critic. The fourth volume of "Les Souvenirs d'un Vieux Critique," by A. de Pontmont, contains essays on Jules Sandeau, Joubert, Ludovic Halévy, the Duc de Broglie, and Mgr. Dupanloup. Among literary manuals that must be mentioned "Causées sur les Origines et sur le Moyen Age Littéraires de la France," by J. Garreau, who treats a dry and arid theme in a popular way, with abundant knowledge, clearness of judgment, and simplicity of style; "Tableau de la Littérature Française, 1000-1851," by Gustave Merlet, an admirable review, both comprehensive and critical; and the first part, in two large volumes devoted to Phedrus and his imitators, of an extended study of "Les Fabulistes Latins," by Léopold Hervieux.

A catalogue of the novels of the year would fill a great deal of space and offer very little worthy the attention of the foreign reader. Alphonse Daudet in "Les Ruptures" has descended, as regards both subject and manner, to a lower level than in any of his previous essays in fiction. M. Guy de Maupassant, who continues to be the ablest and most audacious of the realistic school, shows in "Les Soeurs Ron🎤" a touching and pathetic story of the tendency toward feature-likeing for what is bestial and base; the dozen tales, by the same author, entitled "Miss Harriet" are highly-colored pictures of life among the poorest laboring class. The better novels of the twelvemonth include "La Veuve," a powerful and dramatic story by Octave Feuille− "Le Tante Aurélie," by André Gide, a delightful picture of the provincial bourgeoisie with a charming love idyl; "Marché," by Hector Malot, relating in the most fascinating way the experiences of a poor Parisian orphan transferred to the care of a rich contractor in a little town in Normandy; "Mademoiselle Blain," a story of exquisite purity and grace, by M. Uchard; "Tristess et Souvenirs," the reminiscences of a grandmother, by Gustave Droz; and two stories by Henry Gréville, "L'Ingénue," which is distincively a novel of sentiment, and "Folle Avoine," a pathetic tale of the fortunes of a young provincial girl who got married with her newly-wedded husband to live in Paris. To these ought to be added "Le Prince Zilah," by Jules Clarétie, a novel of remarkable dramatic intensity based, the author tells us, on actual persons and events, Prince Zilah being a distinguished Hungarian exile. "Le Vice Sucre," by Josephine Pelissier, a book of almost frightful power; "Madame," by Gustave Tour-douze, dealing with Parisian manners and morals; "L'Accident de Monsieur Hébert," by Léon Henriques; "La Tête du Ponte," by Adolphe Belot; and "La Voix d'Or," by J. Ricard, may be reckoned as representative of the more advanced "naturalists," for with a great deal of talent they are concerned exclusively with the seamy side of life. For the rest, there are two stories by the indefatigable M. du Boisgobey—"Margot la Balafre," and "Babiole," the latter much the better of the two, though not at all in the author's characteristic vein; "Dans le Monde Officiel," by Gaston Bergeret, a moralist with a clever facility at satire; "Les Douces Nouvelles," by Arène Housaye, devoted to Parisian types of femininity; "Pour Lire au Bain," and "Jeunes Filles," two volumes of poetic prose by Odette Béraud; a collection of "Récits Crétacés," by Charles Bais-sac; "L'Impure," by Ernest Benjamin, an amusing novel, the plot, however, turning on a rather questionable situation; "Contes Héroïques," by Théodore de Banville; "La Petite Zette," by Jules Cars, a book of rare simplicity and beauty; "Un Fout," by Yves Gayot, revealing the abuses existing because of the laxness of the law applying to the incarceration of insane persons; "Sans Coeur," a charming story for girls by J. Girardin; "La Cabanette," an attractive story of the fishing population in the south of France, by Camille Dajac; "Voyage en Camargue," by Ernest Daudet, an excellent story of a young girl's trials and temptations; "Les Besoaigneurs," a study of "the always struggling who never succeed," by Hector Malot; and (to bring a somewhat barren catalogue to an end), the two customary volumes from Armand Silvestre—"Les Années de Pauvre," and "Le Pouvoir Inconnu," by A. Varin.

As for the poetry and verse of the year, an enumeration of the various publications would be a thankless task. A new edition of the
"Poèmes Tragiques" of Leconte de Lisle, with some additions, has served better than anything else to emphasize the poetic barrenness of the times.

In psychology the most noteworthy work that has appeared is unquestionably M. Paul Bourget's "Psychologie Contemporaine." The author selects as typical minds, Beaudelaire, Renan, Flaubert, Taine, and Stendhal, and from their productions seeks to illustrate the development of contemporary society. M. Bourget expresses the judgments of a scientific critic in a poetical style, and his book is of more than ordinary interest. His conclusion is the melancholy one that "slowly but surely a belief in the bankruptcy of nature is gaining ground, and this belief promises to become the sinister faith of the twentieth century, if science or an invasion of barbarians does not save our overgrown humanity from the expropriations of its own thoughts." A work much more hopeful in its aim is that of M. Guyon on "Les Problèmes de l'Esthétique Contemporaine," in which the author discusses the mission of art in its various forms in a philosophical spirit, and to the question, "Is art anything more than a game of the faculties?" answers eloquently in the affirmative. He who wishes for a conscientious exposition of materialism will find it in M. Émile Ferrère's "L'Amé est la Fonction du Cerveau;" but most readers will prefer the "Etudes Familières de Psychologie et de Morale," in which M. François Boullier discourses in an agreeable way on such fascinating topics as "responsibility in dreams," "sentiments of the living with regard to the dead," the "effects of distance on sympathy," and the "compensation of life."

Books of travel and exploration fill, as we have intimated, a large place in the year's literature. The "Nouvelles Lettres d'Italie," of Émile Lavelaye, afford an excellent idea of manners and customs and provide valuable statistics, political and economical. Xavier Marmande's "Lettres sur l'Adriatique et le Montenegro" are not only filled with charming descriptions, but also take note of historical associations. Jules Lachaise's "L'Allemagne Amoureuse," and Victor Tisant, a history of German manners and morals; while in "Les Van-pieds de Londres," Hector France reveals a frightful picture of his observations among the poor of the English capital. Northern Africa has supplied material for three brilliant narratives, "As Soleil," an account of a journey through Algeria, by Guy de Maupassant; "Souvenirs d'Algérie," by Joseph Maire, and "Vingt Jours en Tunisie," by Paul Arène. The "Histoire et Géographie de Madagascar," by Henry d'Escamps, is the most elaborate and trustworthy volume on that subject, while J. L. Macquart's "Voyage à Madagascar," is a complete account of the land of the Hova as it is today. "Le Mexique Aujourd'hui," by A. Dupin de Saint-André, contains much that is interesting and much that is familiar to most readers. Of other works of this class let us mention "En Asie Centrale," a pleasing narrative of travel from Russia to Persia, by Gabriel Boulay; "La Save, le Danube, et le Balkan," notes and impressions of the Slavonic provinces, by Louis Léger; "Seules dan les Steppes," a fascinating record of travel and adventure among the Kal-mucks of Asia and the Caucasus, by Mme. Carla Serena; "Choses des Athées," by B. de Saint-Paul-Lias, a picturesque account of a journey through the Dutch colonies of Sumatra; "Souvenirs de Venezuela," a sprightly narrative, by Jenny de Tailley; "Chine et Extrême Orient," an impressive survey, by Baron G. de Coutenon; "Au tour du Monde," by Georges Kohn, who gives his impressions of the United States with the singularity and impartiality; and "Dans les Montagnes Rocheuses," by Baron E. de Maudst-Graneyce, who has collected a great deal of material, largely of the humorous sort.

A few noteworthy works remain for miscellaneous record. M. P. Fauquère has brought out the fifth volume of "Récits Inédits de Saint-Simon." A good idea of the drift of current talk in Paris is to be had from "La Vie à Paris," by Jules Claretie, and "Paris Vécu," by Théodore de Banville. Two lives of Théophile Renaudot, the great publicist and founder of the French daily press, whose cen-tenary approaches, have appeared, and both are readable. "L'Art de Dire le Monologue," by the Coquelles, father and son, is a charming con-tribution to dramatic literature; while in "L'Évolution de la Musique," Elie Pârée has attempted a study of the tendencies of modern composers and an exposition of the general laws of harmony.

Germany.

Theology still holds a leading place in the studies and writings of German scholars, and a number of the most important works of the year relate to the antiquities or the controversies of Christian thought. The history of the New Testament canon has been pursued by Zahn in the light of the writings of the fathers, particularly Clement, to whom the third volume of his "Forschungen zur Geschichte des Neustamentlichen Kanons und der Altirhichlichen Literatur" is devoted. Zahn discusses the date of "The Teaching of the Apostles" with care, and places it not later than A.D. 110, which is ten years earlier than the date fixed upon by Bryen-nis. For an authoritative account of the here-sies of the early period of Christianity see Hiltgenfeldt's "Die Ketzergeschichte des Ur-christentums," in which the statements of Justin, Irenæus, Tertullian, Hippolytus, and Origenes are supple-mented with a great mass of details drawn from every conceivable quarter. Scholars and critics who maintain that the old Jewish religion had its origin in nature worship, and gradually rose into monotheistic forms under the fostering hands of the prophets, have had a forcible answer from Dr. Köiseig, in an essay whose title is so very long and so very unpronounceable that we will not take the risk involved in attempting to quote it. From Professor Deutsch we have had a critical exam-ination of the teachings of Abelard from a point of view to which they present a semi-rationalistic aspect. The "Dionysius" of Schopenhauer, written by Dr. Punjer, has reached its third year, and may now be regarded as established on a firm and satisfactory basis as a review of current theological study in Germany.

The list of new works in literary biography and criticism is long and inviting, beginning way back with classical origins, and extending to the foremost authors of the very present hour. A growing attention on the part of Germany to the literatures of other peoples is noticeable, and the assaults on Homer and Virgil continue, with eddies however in the prevailing currents. Dr. Gritsik's "Vorlitziges der Griechischen Literatur," for the earlier period, is noticeable for an assign-
study of Giorgione's "Werke." Dr. Schaufuss has traced the number of known genuine works of this master to 147, rejecting the rest of the 159 that have been attributed to him.

German not in its conditions of publication but in its staple is Dr. Buchheim's "Heine's Prosse," a not large volume of selections from the prose writings of the German poet, chiefly in the "Harmabur," "Die Buch der Stadt," "Grand," and "Die Romantische Schule;" the whole well ful-
filling its object as a text-book.

In the department of social and political science we may specify Dr. Hasbach's monograph on mutual insurance among English working men, an exhaustive digest of the entire facts of the subject, collected with great industry and arranged with great clearness; but having a title which it is a laborious task to write in full: "Das Englische Arbeiterverversicherungswesen Geschichte Seiner Entwieklung und Gesetzgebung." Dr. Zacher has made in "Die Rothe International-
" an addition to our knowledge of the extent and resources of the present socialist agitation in Europe, though his field of inquiry is chiefly the laboring classes. In "Die Leibeigenschaft in Russland" Dr. Engelman, a professor in a Russian university, has argued for an histori-
tical distinction between Russian servdom and Russian agriculture so that serv-
dom is an episode, not a peculiar institution.

Another noticeable feature of the Rundschau has been Turgeniev's narrative of his recollections, affording pictures of Lermontoff, Kireeff, and Ivan-
now, and throwing no little light on Nihilism.

The recent death of Kosuth lends new interest to Franz Palikay's "Meine Zeit, Mein Leben," of which a fourth and concluding volume has appeared, bringing the veteran back to his coun-
try. This fourth contains some of Kosuth's letters, as well as many vivid glimpses of Gari-
baldi. The late Bishop Gobat's "Leben und Wirken" is partly an autobiography, and not a very important one, except for its bearings on ecclesiastical events in Abyssinia and at Jeru-
salem, with both of which missions he was connected.

In travels we notice nothing of greater note than Col. Puschell's account of his Tibetan Expedition, "Reisen in Tibet und am baren Lauf des Gelben Flusses in den Jahren 1873 bis 1880," but the dreariness of the region traversed, and the dearness of death, deprive even this of any quality of interest except for the political bearings of the subject.

Under the title of "Grundrisse der Ästhetik" have appeared the notes of eight lectures by the late L. J., with whom aesthetics had been a favorite study for many years. A part has been published of Schlegel's lectures on the same general subject, "Vorlesungen über schöne Literatur und Kunst," which were deliv-
ered at Berlin from 1801 to 1804, and have lain ever since in manuscript in the library at Dres-
den. This first part relates wholly to art. In it a

actors are drawn from life. "Tramonto di Gar-
Nazionale, Manzoni also Morante, gen-ant and interesting reading, but its style falls short of excellence. In "La Cattaglia di Ar-
magedon-Notte Vaticane," Luigi Castellazzo has dramatized the political events which he sup-
poses will happen in Italy after the death of Leo XIII and King Humbert. Whether the
writer's political prophecies will be fulfilled or not is, of course, doubtful, but his novel is
certainly conceived in a broad spirit, and bears marks of true originality. To the prolific pen
of A. G. Barrili we owe two new admirable and much admired novels, "Flori di mugheotto," and "Ginestra." In the former the author, by relating a pathetic love story of a noble young lady, gives an effective picture of contemporary social life in Rome. In the latter he boldly and successfully attempts to reconstruct the whole obscure period of the ancient history of Liguria, during which the union of the natives of that region with the Phenicians was accomplished.

Salvatore Farina has also published a new novel, "Caporal Silvestro," which is as good as any of its predecessors, and has already been translated in German, French, and Spanish. "Re Manfredi" is the latest of Luigi Caprani's clever novels by which he aims to make Italian historical romance attractive. "Dagomia" contains six new stories full of truth and life, and confirms Verga's foremost place among the Italian prose-writers. Gabriele D'Annunzio's "Il libro delle Vergini" has freshness, spon-
taneous, lucidity, and vigor. "Senso-Storiche
tane," by Camillo Boito, is made up of several fanciful stories. The author's natural enthusi-
asm imparts to his narrative a pleasant vivacity of feeling and color.

In another volume, "Ode d'un artiste," the same writer, who is one of the leading critics of art in Italy, has given a brilliant and instructive account of travels made by him for artistic pur-
poses in several European countries. A traveler who has visited many and remote countries on scientific errands is Paolo Mantegazza. He has undertaken to write a work on India of which the first volume was published a few months ago. The second volume contains a scientific value of some of its contents, will be read with pleasure for the brilliancy and picturesqueness of its descriptions. The present Pari and Parian life in an entirely new light has been Carlo Del Ballo's purpose in "Parigi e Parigini." It may fairly be questioned whether the author has actually accomplished this purpose, but he has unquestionably succeeded in producing a book which ranks with the best of its kind.

"New York" is the title and the subject of a volume published by Ferdinando Fontana and Dario Papa. It is a description and at the same time a study of the great city and its life, quite remarkable for its completeness and objectiv-

In the department of poetry there has been about the same amount of publication this year as in 1883, but few are the works which rise above mediocrity. To this latter category be longs "Sposalizio" by Luigi Michelangieli. "Il mago," by Severino Ferrari, a satire on
realism in literature, rich in fine humor and com-
ming with ease and elegance; and "Primo Verso," by Pietro Martria, a collection of various poems which have been highly praised among others by Franzochi in Italy, and Daudet

The Material World.
The great event in Norway in 1884 was the victory, after thirty years' struggle, of the liberal party over the conservatives, signalized by the appointment of the great popular leader, Johan Sverdrup, as prime minister. The old ministry was impeached and sentenced, and Sverdrup was chosen to form a new cabinet. This puts an end to the deluge of political pamphlets which the struggle spasmodically brought forth.

The leading writers, Björnson, Ibsen, and Kjelland, have not been idle. After completing his two dramas "Over Ævene" (Beyond his Powers) and "En Handake" (A Glove), both of which were noticed last year, Björnson returned to story-writing, and has written a novel which, in our judgment, surpasses in value any of his other recent works. The title of the book is "Det flager i Byen og på Havnem" (Flags are Floating in the City and in the Harbor).

The story itself is fascinating and its purpose is to show how every act and thought has its effect upon our mental and physical constitutions, and again upon our offspring. The essentials of evolution are spun by it into a romance; it is the doctrine of evolution fused in the soul of the poet. Björnson's critics are well-nigh unanimous in pronouncing this volume his masterpiece.

From Henrik Ibsen we have to hear a new drama "Vildauenen." It was to be out for the holidays, but neither the book itself nor reviews have reached us up to time. A new book from Ibsen is one of the great literary events in Scandinavia, and there is no doubt that "Vildauenen," that is, The Wild Duck, will occupy the critics for months to come.

Nor have we seen the new book just published by Alexander Kjelland. We understand it to be a continuation of the theme presented in his last story "Gift" (Poison), and discusses in the garb of a most fascinating story the faults of modern educational systems. From the pen of Kr. Glerøen we have two bright stories, "Lauru," and "Fra Syd ou Nord" (From North and South). J. Poulson has added another to his library of stories, "En Digteres Hustru" (A Poet's Wife), and in it he has well sustained his high reputation as a novelist. All we have to add to this list is a second volume by Dilling, "Gjen-

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Russia.
The year has been quiet and unproductive in Russia. Fewer works than usual have found their way to foreign notice. The hand of the government still rests repressively upon native talent. The official Journal at Warsaw has placarded the titles of books which are not to be taken in at the public libraries, and among these titles, besides the writings of Zola, Karl Marx, Louis Blanc, and Buchner, are to be found those of Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Mill, Lyell, Bagehot, Lecly, and Agassiz. One hundred and twenty-five works in all are included in this index expurgatorius.

On the other hand the government has reached the determination to open early in the new year two schools for training interpreters, but in these the languages of peoples to the east (not to the west) are to be taught.

A Lermontoff museum has been opened at St. Petersburg in connection with the school of the Ismailovsky Regiment, in which Lermontoff received most of his education. The contents are chiefly the various editions, translations, and musical or other settings of the poet's works, with specimens of his manuscripts and drawings, and a collection of portraits of the Lermontoff family.

Count Tolstoy's "Confessions of Faith," which appeared at first only in a limited edition of fifty copies at the high price of 25 roubles (a rouble is about 75 cents), are to reappear, if they have not already done so, in a cheaper edition for the general public.

An interesting incident of the year was the sixth session of the Russian Archaeological Congress, which was held at Odessa in August. Papers were read and discussions followed upon researches on the banks of the Dnieper and the Dniester which have been attended by important results; upon the foundation and early history of Odessa; upon the introduction of uniformity in the Russian pronunciation of Greek proper names; upon the editing of the Greek inscriptions of Southern Russia; upon the recent progress made in Byzantine studies; and upon a variety of topics relating to linguistic and ethnological history.

Spain and Portugal.
Here again we touch countries whose literary production is meager, and our knowledge of which is further restricted by the slender account which is taken of it in European journals. Of historical editing and writing there is a slow current which is accumulating at least materials for future workers to utilize. The year now closing has witnessed the careful editing of the acts of the Cortes of some of the ancient kingdoms, an enterprise in which the Academy of History is taking the lead. Catalogues of the Charters have been already published, and of the acts of the Cortes of Leon and Castile, and to these latter Don Manuel Colmeiro has now added a valuable historical sketch with an analysis of the doings of each council. Another publication consists of an important historical dictionary compiled by Senor Oliver, a contemporary scholar of note, upon the occasion of his reception by the Royal Academy of History, defending the popular institutions of Aragon against the encroachments of the kings. In an accompanying reply to this discourse, Senor Madrazo vindicates the kings.

At Valencia Senor Pujol, Professor in the University, has begun the publication, simultaneously with its appearance in Germany, of a work on "Scientific Life in Gothic Spain." Don Arturo Campion has republished from a Basque review known as the "Eusko-Erria" a helpful essay on "The Phonetic Laws of the Basque Language." Marin's "Poesía Popular" is a collection of a large number of songs, full of interesting suggestions to those who are especially occupied in this field. The late Jose Manterola, poet, is the subject of a memorial volume representing many contributors, and written in Spanish, Basque, French, and English. A serviceable manual for beginners in the study of the Basque is "El Diccionario Basco-Espanol," which has reached completion this year with a 41st part.

Martin's "Sistema dos Mythos Religiosos" is practically a history of religion from the standpoint of an evolutionist.

Dr. Pelayo has issued a book of critical literary studies.

From Don Canavas del Castillo has come a two-volume life of Estevez Calderon, a poet and essayist who has sometimes been called the Charles Lamb of Spain. He was a Spaniard of the Spaniards, knew no land but his own, and had interesting connections with other notable people.

Sweden.
Sweden appears to live on her old magnificent literature. New editions are constantly being issued of her classics, Tegnér, Runeberg, Mellissus, Topelius, etc., etc., while no great new lights have risen during the most recent years. She has one great writer, Viktor Rydberg, but singularly enough, though he is a young man, his pen, too, seems to have been idle during the year of grace 1884. All we have learned of him is that he has delivered a series of lectures in Stockholm and that these entertainments were attended by King Oscar II. Rydberg's long-promised work on the Icelandic Eddas has not yet made its appearance. There has been published during the past year a mass of second class literature in the line of juveniles, religious books, school books, scientific pamphlets, and realism, but there has been, or is, a singular dearth of literature of cosmopolitan importance.

The "Nordisk Familjebok" (Cyclopaedia) has progressed to the letter K, and promises to be a work of merit. The best talents in the three or (if we include Finland) four Scandinavian countries are employed on it, and every article is prepared by a specialist. The man who bears the strange name A. U. Behn has attained a high reputation as an Old Norse scholar, and from him we have had an excellent translation, with notes, of The Saga of Egil Skallagrimson, an Old Norse work, which throws much light on the early history of Norway and Iceland with important side-lights on early English history.

Perhaps the most valuable work issued from the Swedish press during the year is "Europas Kunsthistorie" (The Artists of Europe). This is edited by A. Ahnfelt, but is the joint labor of a large number of writers. It covers the whole field of European art, and contains biographical sketches of the artists alphabetically arranged. It is an art dictionary on a grand scale. H. Linström has at last completed his formidable bibliography of Swedish literature from 1850 to 1885, and he may now go to work and write up the literature which has been published from 1865 to 1885.

The great explorer, Nordenskiold, has completed his work on the scientific results of his celebrated "Vega" expedition around Europe and Asia. It forms a handsome volume of 546 pages. The history of that voyage appeared in the newspapers, but the scientific results have been published with bachelor-like reticence and industry, and the present scientific supplement will doubtless be translated into the more important modern languages. A small work, but of no little historic or antiquarian interest, is Klas Rydberg's "Thor och hvita Krist," that is to say Thor and the white Christ, showing the struggles between Heathendom and Christianity in the 10th century.

A dramatist who is attracting some attention is A. Strindberg. From him we have had a historical play in five acts, called Lycko-Pers Resa (Lucy Peter's Journey). A work of some geographical value is a volume on the Swedish mission in Africa by G. E. Reskow.

Hans Hildebrand's work on the mediaval history of Sweden reports progress, the first volume having been completed. Adolf Billman has published a work on electricity and A. E. Tornbom a similar treatise on the geology of Sweden. Karl Axel Holgren has published a work on the language of birds, and L. Baitzer has completed his valuable work on runic inscriptions in Sweden.

India and the East.
We find it convenient to speak of books about India in the same connection with books from India and with our notes upon the general progress of thought and education in this quarter of the globe. The one important English work on India is Sir James Caird's view of its "Land and People." The translations by Kern and Max Muller of "The Sacred Books of the East" steadily progresses, and add essentially to our materials for the study of Eastern character and thought.

There is a first volume out of "Legends of the Panjāb," by Temple, which is a model of good work. Monier Williams's "Religious Thought and Life in India," and the "History of Reformed Hinduism" and "Hindu Philosophy Explained," by Bose, are useful studies in the contemporary branch of the subject.

At Bombay has appeared the 7th volume of the "Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency," and at Calcutta a narrative of "The Adventures of the Panjāb Hero Raja Rasala," with other examples of native folklore. Another Calcutta house has issued an anonymous writer's view of "The Tribes on My Frontier," in which are amusingly described the insects best known in India. A "Catalogue of the Sanscrit Buddhist Literature of Nepal," compiled by Dr. Mitra, and also printed at Calcutta, deals with some eighty-five MSS. at Calcutta, copies of a number of which are likewise to be found at Cambridge, England. The MSS. at Cambridge have been independently catalogued by Bendall, as well as the Chinese translations of the "Buddhist Tripitaka," by Bungo Narisawa.

The oldest law book known in Burmah consists of a bundle of palm-leaves scratched with a version of the laws of Manu. The author is one Buddhagossa, a jurist of the eighteenth century. An English translation of this by Jardine and Forchhammer has passed through the press.

There are a number of points at which, in view
of the scant data of literature, interesting observations may be taken of the intellectual situation in India. The number of children in the schools seems to be steadily increasing. The figures in the Madras Presidency, for example, were 424,732 for 1883 against 393,683 for 1882. This increase is generally shared by the Mohammedans. Great interest is developing in various parts of the empire in the education of women. Large donations are reported for the establishment of new high schools for girls at Poona, Bombay, and Travancore. Yet even the total female population of the empire is upwards of ninety-six millions, and of this enormous number only about 125,000 are at school. Great success has attended the opening of a Zanana library at Calcutta.

According to recent statistics it appears that the language spoken by the largest number of persons in India is the Hindustani, whose adherents are set down at eighty-two millions. The Bengali comes next, with thirty-nine millions; the speakers of English are only about 200,000. Much fault is found by native Indian papers with the corruptions of the native languages introduced by native visitors to England on their return, and signs of the anglicizing of the vernacular are noticed on many sides.

It should be added that it may be mentioned that the official gazettes of India are now for the first time printed on paper manufactured in the country.

The revival of the "Madagascan Times" at Antananarivo is a pleasant sign of progress in that awakening island. Coora has entered on its first experiment in journalism in a "Metropolitan Ten-Day Gazette," its sixteen pages being written in Chinese. An interesting collection of early printed books in the Corean and Japanese languages has been made up for sale to the British Museum.

In Japan itself the growth of newspaper enterprise is evinced by the statement that three journals published in the vernacular in Tokio and Kobe sent special correspondents to report the war in China.

III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the United States a new American historical society has been formed, with one hundred and twenty members, and a few honorary members in Europe. The English Wordsworth Society has taken root on soil in the shape of an informal branch. Mention has also been made in these columns of the organization of the Baconian Society for the prosecution of Bacon's various claims to honor. Steps have been taken in Edinburgh for the formation of a Scottish Geographical Society. The British library association met in Dublin in September, the congress of German philologists at Dessau, and the international medical congress held its eighth session at Copenhagen in August. No progress of account has been made in solving the problem of international copyright, but the agitation of the question continues. In particular it has been discussed by a conference at Berne composed of authors and artists, and it has been taken in hand as one of the serious concerns of the new Incorporated Society of Authors, which is a new English association.

On the continent the Geographical Institute of Brussels has undertaken to publish a series of maps illustrating the chief cities of the Netherlands at the middle of the 16th century. A "Zachokke-Ausstellung" has been formed in Switzerland to promote the study of Zachokke, and a catalogue of its already large collections has been printed. The bi-centenary of the birth of Ludwig Holberg, the father of the Danish stage, was celebrated with considerable notice throughout Denmark and Norway early in December.

Under head of miscellaneous books we may mention the genealogies of the Davis, Titcomb, and Riddel families, the latter in its branches of different spelling; Capt. Burton's curious "Book of the Sword"; Mr. Sharram's still more curious "History of Swearing," "F flirt's Language of the Hand," exposing the occult science of palmistry. Mr. Ingram's gossipy account of "The Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain," two volumes of accounts of "Fortunes Made in Business," told by a company of writers; Mr. Kennedy's readable "Story of the Railroads," a unique and suggestive "Mothers in Council."


Only three items of note have reached us from Turkey. These are the publication at Constantinople by the American Board of Missions of a new edition of Redhouse's Standard "Turko-English Dictionary," which first appeared in 1857; the publication in the same city of the second volume of Ahmed Jevdet Pasha's "History of Turkey;" and the promise from Musurus Pasha, the Turkish ambassador at present in England, of a modern Greek translation of Dante's "Purgatorio."

IV.

NEUROLOGY.

A. Memoir, Ezra, Cambridge, March 21, 64 y.; Biblical literature.

Agricola, Thomas Gold, Boston, April 18 [179], 77 y.; travels and essays.


Baldwin, Dr. John Hulott, Edinbourgh, Feb. 15, 60 y.; botany.

Barker, Charles Foster, Truro, England, Oct. 20, 80 y.; science.

Barnes, Senior, Madrid, early in the year; student and editor of United Press.

Blakes, E., Germany, March; editor of the Almanac de Gotha.

Berg, Nicolai Vasilyevich, Warsaw, July 28, 63 y.; philosopher, history, and journalism.


Brockh, H. A., near Liverpool, May 5, 54 y.; friend and correspondent of Hawthorne, editor, and writer on horticulture.

Buchanan, George, England, March 10 (?); natural history.

Byron, Henry J., London, April 40 (?); dramatic poet.

Caddell, Mrs. M., Edinburgh, Nov. 17, 39 y.; English novelist and student of Persian literature.

Cahoon, George, England, Feb. 17, about 50 y.; humorous poet and pantist.

Chambers, H. E. Obadiah, Econdenso, Constantinople, Nov. 1; political and social science.

Chapman, Helen, Rochester, N.Y., July 18, 67 y.; fiction.

Chapman, Miss M. F., England, Feb.; — novelist.


Clermont, Mary (Mrs. Edmund Hudson), Washington, D.C., Aug. 19, 71 y.; — novelist and biographer.

Dobson, E. T., Mississippi City, Oct.; — novelist.

Dobson, George W., Providence, R.I., March 25, 65 y.; journalist.

Dobson, Mrs. Adelaide, — 31; oldest daughter of H. Hugh Miller; poetry and fiction.

De Sanctis, Francesco de, Italy, Dec. 71, 63 y.; journalist and critic.

Dracontes, Mr. Bouilson, France, about Jan. 21; journalist.

Ducrey, M., Paris, April; — publisher.

Ducrey, Dr. St. Augustin, Paris, May 23, 75 y.; historian, pamphleteer, journalist.

Dumas, Jean Baptiste, Cannes, France, April 11, 83 y.; chemist.

Dumas, Professor Henry, Nov. 6, 39 y.; economic.

Dunlop, Lady Averilla; — 54; poet, novelist.

Driver, Mrs. Lydia Jane, England, April; 57 y.; editor.

Flaggs, Wilson, Cambridge, Mass., May 6, 75 y.; magazine, and natural history.


Frost, William; Lyebach, Germany, April; 65 y.; lyric poet.

Gent, Mr. Stanislas, France, Sept.; — semitic scholar.

G错过了, Arnold, Palmsouth, N.J., Feb.; 5, 77 y.; physical science.


Hill, John, Palmsouth, England, Jan. 7, 64 y.; the "Cornish poet.""
The Literary World.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

The Literary World.

Our English Letter.

A
t last a little later than usual, the season of novels has begun. During the autumn the reading public has entertained itself with American novels. The Tale of a Grandmother, by Mrs. O'Flaherty, and Mrs. Oliphant's Sir Tom, have not interested us so deeply as Dr. Seiber or The Crime of Henry Vane. Perhaps it is a consequence of our recent studies in transatlantic fiction, perhaps it is the influence of France, but we in England are certainly growing weary of the flabby texture, the loose construction, the vagueness, the untidy aimlessness of the average three-volume novel as supplied by Messrs. Smith & Midi. For a long time these unpromising narratives pleased and satisfied a world of readers, but their day is at an end. We have drawn a great many inferences about the reality of Zola, and the cheap effects of Daudet; we have bewailed the excessive literalness, the Netherlandish love of detail of the American school. Yet the severer ideals of these artists have influenced even our easy-going self-complacency. Once accustomed to literature which, with whatever faults, is none the less the work of skilful conviction, done on a definite plan, once accustomed to expect from an artist structure and development and technique, it is impossible to be content with the insincerities of the amateur. One of two departures must be taken by writers of English fiction, and taken very soon. Either we must follow the sincere if pettifying realism of America, the strenuous if nauseating realism of France, or developing the lines of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Baring Gould, we must produce a romantic and imaginative fiction of our own.

The astounding success of the most trumpety melodramas, which have been described as The House on the March, is a sign that the public is weary at last of its eternal flirtation in nine hundred octavo pages. All London has forgotten its cares in Treasure Island, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's thrilling book of buccaneers' adventures, written for his school-boy stepson. These are signs of the times. There is no doubt that a terse, well-constructed story of romance or sensation might achieve at this juncture an immense success. A new Woman in White, a new Jane Eyre, a new Ivanhoe, would decide the scale. But, since this happy novel has not yet appeared, we must own there is at least as great a chance of our studying in the school of M. Zola and of de Goncourt, of our sitting at the feet of Mr. James and Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, and the rest. And though it is improbable that English literature would ever win its highest triumph in the school of realism, there is no doubt that the discipline and severity of such a training would be to our loosely-thinking, carelessly-writing novelists, an immeasurable boon.

This week four remarkable novels have appeared. Of the first, the Tarantella of Miss Mathilde Biddle, expressed in the New York Tribune, is described as a work that will not wait us with the forthcoming romance of Mr. Theodore Watts, with the poems of Mr. Swinburne. The other three books, the Miss Brown of Vernon Lee, the Miss Brethren of Mr. Humphrey Ward, the Munmer's Wife of Mr. George Moore are all emphatically studied in prose. Each of these books, in a different way, has fallen under the influence of the French novel. Miss Brown occupies a very novel and singular position between the works of Flaubert and the improvisations of Ouida. The intense moral seriousness, the slow significative movement, the development and interaction of character are all in the manner of the great French novelist. But Miss Brown is somewhat the brainchild of the fluid French audacious phrases, the affection for the pointing-pole of one who, despite the oracles of culture, is perhaps the most popular English author of our day. There is something strange, fascinating in this union of the facile tongue with the strenuous thought that gives a peculiar charm to this novel, despite of the inequalities which prove it a first essay in fiction. The book sketches easily, brilliantly, with dashes of color and masses of shade, the already half-forgotten aesthetic London of six or seven years ago. The book reveals with earnest thought and a tragic intensity, two sombrous and sullen pictures of the English town, setting out against this brilliant background: a man, idealist, quixotic, selfish, sensuous, vain; and the woman (an intense, earnest, simple, and highly moral nature) whom he takes from obscurity, and who owes him a love which is half gratitude, and half, alas, contempt. Miss Brown is a nursemaid when Walter Hamlin, the rising poet-maid, first sends her to school and gives her education, home, position, friends. The progress of her earnest soul from passionate adoration to pity, to contempt, to the bitter final sacrifice we see so clearly to be made in vain — this is the movement and tragedy of this remarkable novel.

Miss Brethren is in every respect a slighther work. It is the pure novel of culture — just a fragment of literary London. An actress, very easily identified with a beautiful American lady at present on the English stage — a charming, naturalistrained creature, captivates, by the sheer force of her personality, her adoring and willing and skeptical London critics. But one of these keeps free of the general enthusiasm and hints to the popular beauty the limit of her gifts, and the insecurity of her tenure. Stung by her words Miss Brethren applies herself with a new humility and ardor to her work, and disciplines herself to genuine greatness. Then in the flush of her triumph she marries the man who refused to flatter her before. Pages of interesting and suggestive talk on French literature, on the stage, on literary cliques, pleasantly clothe the slender story. terse, thoughtful, well-written, it is an agreeable summer novel, but it has not the weight of Miss Brown or of the last story on our list.

Mr. Moore's book is indeed quite without the pleasantness, the tone of culture, of Miss Brethren. It is an accurate, powerful, often repulsive study of a sentimental, mediocre woman who gradually degenerates from her secure position as the pious Wesleyan dressmaker of a provincial town into the half-mad, jealous, drunken wife of an actor in opera bouffe. Coarse as it is, the book has an overpowering impression of seriousness, of reality. This is conviction we feel, and not make-believe. But the reality is the all-absorbing factor of the present day, the most potent of all inventories, not the impression of the artist. Both in its faults and in its qualities, the book is singular...
Mr. Parkman's Latest Work.*

For reasons which it was not necessary to explain, Mr. Parkman has passed over "for a time" the period between 1700 and 1748, having chosen to depart from "chronological sequence," and to give us in these two volumes a narrative of thrilling events from the date last named till the fall of New France, with its ending of French dominion in North America. "When this gap is filled, the series of 'France and England in North America' will form a continuous history of the French occupation of the continent," and, we may add, Mr. Parkman will have earned the right to repose on his laurels. The Literary World has repeatedly expressed its appreciation of this historian's admirable work, and given him unqualified praise, not only for his exhaustive thoroughness of his method and the solidity of his materials, but also for the brilliance of his wonderfully attractive style, which combines with nerve and vigor such picturesqueness, such vivid coloring and action, as if he who wrote, besides being a visitor to the localities, had been an eye-witness of the scenes, he describes. In this power of throwing himself into the past, and carrying his readers with him, and thoroughly imbuing both himself and them with its spirit, he is certainly second to no American historian. We are almost ready to say that the large and distinguished company of American historians the place of leader belongs to him.

The present theme is one to engage Mr. Parkman's liveliest interest; for the period covered by the tragic events beginning with Braddock's defeat and ending with the fall of Quebec is the most thrillingly dramatic in early American history. The region of country which became the field of attack and defence, of bloody massacre, of heroic deeds on both sides, included the romantic frontier along the Pennsylvania and Virginia wilderness, the Lakes, and the vast tract spreading eastward to Cape Breton. Conditions so susceptible of pictorial treatment are rarely to be met with, and Mr. Parkman has proved himself keenly alive to all the possibilities, and qualified to brighten the sober realism of history by skilful and judicious use of this scenic element, which in a man less artistic and deficient in enthusiasm, would have been virtually left out of the account. For graphic picturing, almost painful in its fidelity, what has ever surpassed the account of Braddock's defeat, beginning (Vol. I., p. 201):

It was the tenth of June before the army was well on the march. Three hundred axemen led the way, to cut and clear the road; and the long train of pack-horses, wagons, and cannon toiled on behind, over the stumps, roots, and stones of the narrow track, the regulars and provincials marching in the forest, close on either side. Squads of men on the flanks, and scouts ranged the woods to guard against surprise, for, with all his scorn of Indians and Canadians, Braddock did not neglect reasonable precautions. Thus, foot by foot, they advanced into the waste of lonely mountains that divided the streams from those of the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, a realm of forests ancient as the world. The road was but twelve feet wide, and the lists of march often extended four miles. It was like a thin, long, parry-colored snake, red, blue, and brown, trailing slowly through the depths of leaves, creeping round inaccessible heights, crawling over ridges, moving always in dampness and shadow, by rivulets and waterfalls, crags and chasms, gorges and shaggy seeps. In glimpses only, through jagged boughs and flickering leaves, did this primitive world reveal itself, with its dark green mountains and the morning mist, and its distant summits pencilled in dreamy blue.

It is to studies from life, actual visits to the scenes of those important events, long tramps along the routes taken by rangers and scouts, to the exercise of vigilant powers of observation supplementing the most careful research and investigation, that we owe the possibility of such historical writing as these two volumes contain.

Perhaps another feature that would strike one who should have the misfortune not to have read Mr. Parkman's former works, and so comes newly to him in this, would be the skilful proportioning and arrangement of material; the summary of events and causes, a glance at the situation, at the state of the colonies and of the French missions, in a word, the situation abroad and at home when the War broke out; and the rounding up, the completeness, which make this division called Montcalm and Wolfe appear to fall naturally into a place by itself. The two leaders are made to represent their nations and the contest. Their characters have been studied from contemporary evidence never before used. Mr. Parkman warmly admires them, but strives hard to keep his admiration below that perilous point where it might risk being called enthusiasm. If he has brought his highest powers to bear in showing the importance of the contest in the magnitude of its issues, let us be glad at this time, when in view of the momentous War of the Revolution and our recent Civil War, that early struggle between the French and English is likely to be under-estimated. We have a feeling that the North American Indian, as an ally, has never been set in clearer light; and a diabolical being, even beyond one's early belief, he proves to be in Mr. Parkman's curdling tales of that wild and bloody warfare. The Acadians appear in a new aspect—with a good deal of romance and poetry dissipated before the strong light of fact. The story as now told, with all the evidence in from manuscript correspondence and public documents hitherto unused, shows them to have been the objects of intrigue to an extent not before known, but also that they were vacillating, ill-advised, blind to their own interest; that there was a vast amount of mismanagement on all sides, and that they were not without sin themselves while being greatly sinned against; an unfortunate people, none the less deserving our pity though the glamour with which imagination has invested them is gone forever.

These volumes are embellished with authentic portraits of Montcalm and Wolfe, furnished with excellent maps and plans of battle, with foot-notes and an appendix, and are completed with an index. Thus admirably and fully equipped, lacking nothing that a history should have, Part Seventh comes from the hand of its accomplished author.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.*

It does not always happen that a man's nearest friend or relative is the one best fitted to write the record of his life. For this task something more is needed than an acquaintance, however minute, with the details of the daily life, the characteristic traits, habits of thought and fancy, of the subject of the memoir. A biographer should be endowed with the imagination that gives insight to character, and with the breadth of mind that alone makes possible any true picture of a man in the inner spirit as well as the outward actions of his life.

It is evident that the constant companionship which Hawthorne's son enjoyed with his father was both a cause and an effect of the sympathy of nature between the two, such sympathy as implies mutual intuitive comprehension. The elder Hawthorne's relations with his children were close and cordial; their intercourse had apparently a frankness and freedom, mixed, on the children's side, with an unfurled reverence, which it might be wished were more commonly to be seen in American households, where a like freedom is apt to prevail too often untempered by deference of any sort. The picture here presented of the interior of the Hawthorne family is a most beautiful one. Hawthorne's marriage with Sophia Peabody may well be regarded as the fortunate event of his life, and the wife herself has testified abundantly to the exquisite satisfaction the marriage brought to all her fondest hopes and expectations. In one of those letters, half playful, all tender, written to his wife during occasional brief separations, Hawthorne says:

I want thee much. Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. Other people have been more or less agreeable, but I think I was always more at ease alone than in anybody's company till I knew thee. And now I am only myself when thou art with me. I am grateful for this. Thou art an unspeakably beloved woman.

And in one of Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her mother, writing of her husband's love...
of beautiful things, which at the same time he could be quite independent of, she says:

He has perfect dominion over himself in every respect, so that to do the highest, wisest, love-liest thing is not the least effort to him any more than it is to a baby to be innocent. I love her for such loveliness, so simply borne, I have never known him to stoop from it in the most trivial household matter any more than in a larger or more public one. Such a person can never lose the prestige which commands and fascinates. I cannot possibly conceive of my happiness, but, in a blissful kind of confusion, of mine. If I can only be so great, so high, so noble as he, in any phase of my being, I shall be glad.

The italics in this passage are our own. Written not in the first flush of girlish emotion but after eight years' experience of married life, such an eulogism is full of significance with regard to the characters of both husband and wife, and the rare, ideal nature of their union.

There can be no doubt that Hawthorne owed to this fact of a perfect mutual sympathy between his wife and himself not only the calm and joy of his domestic life, but also his fuller and freer power of literary production. The favorable mental and spiritual conditions were supplied him in which to work with the greatest ease and to the happiest effect. Without being of a morbid or gloomy temper, as judging from his books alone some may have supposed him to be, he was reserved, somewhat disposed to melancholy, and had to a certain degree the fastidiousness that goes with the temperament of genius. In him none of these traits were excessive, and his wife's serene and joyous spirit infused his with the brightness that was lacking to it. Hawthorne the man is interesting as well as Hawthorne the author; without qualities that strike or dazzle, his personality, like his genius, bears a stamp of originality, delicate but unmistakable. It is for the clearer and stronger character gained of Hawthorne's individuality that we chiefly have to thank the son's memoir, the preparation of which has been truly a labor of love. The work, very properly, is less critical of the author, than descriptive of the husband, father, and friend. Though Hawthorne could have been known by none but his own immediate family in the deepest and sweetest parts of his being, yet he had friends, many true and warm ones, in America and in England, and it is fitting and desirable that among these some one competent for the task should yet write a biography in which a critical analysis of the work of our most original genius shall have its place. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has naturally preferred to make no more than a passing comment upon some of his father's romances, more particularly the later and least successful ones. There is something painful in the account of the latter days of Hawthorne's failing strength, when he had become aware of the loss of power to produce as formerly, while he must still have felt the impulse to write, though intermittently. His life was in his work and in the peace and happiness of his home; the latter remaining unbroken when the energy for intellectual effort had weakened and failed. Some, at least, of the pain was spared Hawthorne which he must have felt with the growing consciousness of inability to use his powers as of old; his nature, self-centered as it was, had no taint of the egotism which is forever restlessly occupied with securing for itself the notice and the approbation deemed its rightful due.

Mrs. Hawthorne survived her husband only a few years. The memory of such a happy and tender mother, in conjunction with that of a father such as Hawthorne in the pages of these volumes appears to have been, is indeed a precious heritage to their children.

MORE HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Still they come, the Holiday Books of 1884, and among these last comers we continue to find some of the most attractive; but all so late now, that we can give them but a word as they pass in crowded and quick succession.

At the head of the present division stands easily Lippincott's edition of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, with the illustrations of Leloir. Mr. Bouton's edition of the same has not reached us. The book in hand has a large octavo page, with a margin at side and bottom so much larger still as to make the outside dimensions almost those of a folio. The top is gilt, and the front and bottom edges are untrimmed. The title-page is color. The cover is of light gray linen, neatly stamped in black and gilt. The title-page is printed in two colors, with a vignette in a third. The text is set in a large double-leaded type. Without the illustrations the book would have a distinguished air, but the illustrations add to it the traits of elegance and brilliancy. These illustrations are by the hands of a single artist, whose name is associated with the very best work of the modern French school. They number 230 drawings in the text, a full-page plate done in line engraving, and in photogravure. Beautifully finished and exquisitely in texture as are these latter, they do not, in our judgment, surpass the smaller drawings in the text, which include head-pieces, tail-pieces, initial vignettes, ornamental designs, and other suggestions either of the story or of the artist's fancy in great variety. The artist's implement throughout his work seems to have been the pen, and our readers know by this time our fondness for good pen-and-ink drawings. These are uniformly the best. They have precision, delicacy, humor, pathos, all the qualities, in short, of the story they accompany. This book combines grace and beauty in a measure which makes it preeminently one not to be overlooked. [§10.]

Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality can be had in a small quarto of about fifty pages, printed in large type on heavy paper, and with a series of illustrative wood-cuts which are designed expressly for this particular work. Two of these are portraits, and one of these after Inman's work is excellent and satisfactory. Notes are added to the poem. [D. Lothrop & Co. $2.50.]

Dr. Franklin Johnson has translated Heine's Lyrical Interlude, a collection of sixty-one short poems, which first appeared in 1853, between his tragedies of Alcmaeon and Rudolph. They reveal the story of his unhappy attachment to Amalie Heine, a cousin who after engaging herself to him, married somebody else. As now printed and illustrated, they make a pleasing gift-book, though the quality of the wood-cuts is uneven, not so even as the hand of the translator. [D. Lothrop & Co. $3.75.]

The Biblia Pauperum, in its American edition of 375 copies, printed by Unwin Brothers of London, would be a very appropriate and acceptable gift to any one beginning a career as a "collector." This Biblia Pauperum, or Poor Man's Bible, is a reminder of the Middle Ages, and gives an excellent idea of the paper, type, and style of illustration in use in the 16th century. The text is taken from Wickliffe's version. The borders and ornaments are exact copies of those in a Book of Hours printed in Paris in 1525 and the very curious pictures represent a series of original ancient blocks, the sources for which are unknown. The paper on which this novelty was printed was especially made for the purpose, by hand in Holland, and the owner of the work as he turns its quaint pages and studies its grotesque details may well imagine that he is in actual possession of a veritable antique. [A. C. Armstrong & Son. §3.75.]

We can say more for the good intentions which characterize the poem called The Morning Breath of June than we can for anything else about it. The illustrations range from the Garden of Eden to the conditions of modern society, and battlefield, monastery, mountain, mermaid, and the Well of Sycha have all been drawn upon to embelish the poet's thought.

[New York: A. N. Lockwood.]

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have the American assignment of a very beautiful edition of Gray's Poems, limited to 300 copies, a small quarto, bound in white parchment, printed on rough hand-made paper, with rough edges, with a red ribbon mark, with an engraved title, with wide margins, and with eight illustrations after drawings by Bircket Foster. There are also ornamental head and tail-pieces. A certain feminity, a reminiscence of Old-Father time characterizes this book and separates it from anything of the kind we have seen this season. [§3.50.]

It is the Christmas Time, by Miss Mulock, supplemented by a dozen other Christmas poems by English and American writers, and fitted with illustrations none of which we should suppose were made for the book, forms one of the illustrated quartos which are so numerous at this as at every holiday season. The poems are mostly familiar, and some of the pictures are fitting and good. [D. Lothrop & Co. $2.50.]

Miriam Lester's Seven Songs of Christmas are original, and are printed in beautiful ink with ornamental head and tail-pieces and bound up into a little ribbon-knobbed book of 16 pages. [Cuples, Upham & Co. 50c.]

Two additions to children's Picture-Books of the Kate Greenaway class are Under Mother's Wing [E. J. & B. Young & Co. §1.50] and Our Christmas Time [E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50]. Both are copyrighted as the work in the latter is more delicate and in some respects more artistic, and the book will earn the wider reputation of the two, but the naturalness and life-likeness in the former are quite as distinct and we are not sure but that to the
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majority of young eyes it will give quite as much pleasure. Under Mother's Wing consists of a mixture of short stories and verses, printed against a background of pleasant color; pictures well drawn and full of the spirit of child life. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is the editor. His materials are English. Out of Town is all verse, but here the pictures are of two classes; some in colors, others in a neutral tint like sepia work, and the latter certainly are very beautiful. The colored prints in this book certainly have remarkable richness and depth, and the illustrated table of contents is a study by itself. The English Bishop of Bedford (who is he?) has written a simple little narrative called A Boy Hero, which has been prettily printed with pictures in an oblong book of 24 pages. [E. & J. B. Young & Co. 40c.]

In An Old Story of Bethlehem, by the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," we have a retelling of the romance of Ruth and Naomi in simple language and large type, and with colored pictures. [E. & J. B. Young & Co.]

To the list of children's quartos must be added Mr. Kindersley's History of the Cholera Bayard, that memorable hero of the 15th and 16th centuries, whose story is so full of historical color and so instinct with lessons of purity, truth, and honor. The illustrations are plentiful, and the binding is gorgeous in its old-gold simmon, and blue. [Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.]

In Boys Costume Mr. William H. Riding has written up very the modern romance of wharves and wreckers, pilot-boats and lighthouses, steamships and life-boats, landings, storms, gales, and all the variety of scenes and incident belonging to life along shore. [Dodd, Mead & Co.]

Pursuing the same line, but with more definite- ness of purpose, is Mr. Nordhoff's Merchant Vessel, in which we have a recital of his own adventures at sea in his boyhood, years ago. The staple of this book is sensible and instructive, but it is disfigured to the eye by a binder's carelessness in trimming, which has left uneven margins. There are illustrations of ordinary quality and a showy cover. [Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.]

We ought to be able to do more than now we can do with and for Mr. George H. Boughton's Sketching Rambles in Holland, which is not only a very charming story of travel and observation in a picturesque world, but a gallery of very good and often really exquisite wood-cuts, after drawings by the author and by E. A. Abbey. Mr. Boughton is not so skillful with the pen as he is with the pencil, and his literary style is open to improvement, but we forgive his occasional inaccuracies of syntax in view of his habitual susceptibility towards what is striking, pleasing, and instructive. There are not many books of travel of the year which offer so much to the mind and to the eye. [Harper & Bros. $5.00.]

Mr. Brander Matthews has edited Sheridan's Comedies, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," into a dressing likely quartio; prefacing each with an introduction, appending to the two a chapter of notes, and prefacing to the whole a critical appendix, which is also bibliographical, historical, and critical, and of which we may say, in an accommodated sense of the words, that it is itself "as good as a play". The publishers have added portraits and other illustrations chiefly of noted actors in character, and done the whole up on good paper in a handsome binding. [J. R. Osgood & Co. $3.00.]

NEWS AND NOTES.

-- Mr. Edmund Gosse closed last week his course of lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston on English Poetry, and goes from here to New York and Baltimore, having to repeat the lectures before Johns Hopkins University in the latter city. Apologies to Chicago and other points have necessarily been declined. Mr. Gosse has been much run after in Boston, but seems to have enjoyed his visit and the taste it has given him of American life. The magic of the name of Alma Tadema, with which Mrs. Gosse has connections, has doubtless had something to do with the attention which Boston people have vied with each other in manifesting. Mr. Gosse dropped some years since his middle name, and prefers to be known simply as Edmund Gosse.

-- Scribner & Welford have issued a very amusing and interesting little paper bound volume for the benefit of smokers. It is called Tobacco Talk and Smoker's Gospel, and contains a really most remarkable collection of tobacco literature. It gives one who may have a fondness for the "great plant" much pleasure, but the calm disdain and commiseration it bestows upon those who do not smoke will not gratify a non-smoking reader. The compiler's name is not mentioned. The size of the volume is 50 cents.

-- Corea, Without and Within, by William Eliot Griffis, is the title of a little book about our new treaty neighbor, whose people have lately visited us. The book, which is on the press of the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia, contains chapters on the history, religions, manners, and customs of the Coreanas, and a glance at American relations with and missionary outlook in Corea, and contains the narrative of the captivity and travels of Hendrick Hamel (1653-1668) annotated.

-- M. Paul Saunière, who recently visited America, spending a large part of his time in and about New York, has written a volume under the title A Traverses Atlantiques, in which he expresses himself and open and frank way about America in general, and New York in particular. The New York Yacht Club he found a disheartening set of cads, and the New York pilots he accuses of being culpably negligent.

-- Dr. Baird's history of the Hugenot emi- gration to America, which was announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. for publication before the holidays, will necessarily be delayed until the early part of next year. The work is the fruit of many years of special study by its accomplished author, and will rank with the most noteworthy of recent original contributions to American history.

-- Mr. E. O. Chapman, who for some years has been the right-hand man in Mr. R. Worthington's office, has compiled a book of One Thousand and One Gems of English and American Poetry, which will be published at once. The arrangement is chronological. Mr. Worthington is also to publish another edition of the Life of Cobbett.

-- Prof. Johnson, the author of the Handbook of American Politics, will publish through the Putnams a series of three volumes entitled American Orators, the plan being to give in chronological order the chief orations on momentous changes in American government, ranging from the earliest colonial days to late debates on the tariff and currency.

-- Mr. Howells and his family are living quietly and contentedly in a house on Beacon Street, Boston, a few doors from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, with back windows looking out over the Venice-like prospect to the north and east.

-- Mr. John Fiske is giving at the Old South Church, Boston, a course of six lectures on "The Critical Period of American History," from 1763 to 1789. The hour is on Saturdays at 7 o'clock.

-- Miss Florence Maryatt has reappeared before Boston audiences with her dramatic and musical entertainments, which are admirably arranged and enthusiastically received.

-- Mr. R. Worthington is preparing a new edition of The Arabian Nights, translated by Mr. John Payne. The renderings, we understand, is a very exact and faithful one.

-- The Harpers have purchased the sheets of Mr. W. E. Norris's new story, Adrian Vidal. It will be published as a serial in Harper's Weekly.

-- Cassell & Co. have secured the legal rights to the sole publication of Dante's Inferno, with its illustrations by Doré.

-- Mr. Aldrich's prose works are going into an Edinburgh edition under the imprint of David Douglas.

-- Mr. E. P. Roe is to write a serial for St. Nicholas which will be profusely illustrated.

-- Mr. Andrew Lang's new volume of poems will be entitled Rêmes la Mode.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biography.

JOHN ADAMS. By John T. Morse, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75

THE HUNDRED GREATEST MEN. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50

THE PONTS OF THE CHURCH. By Edwin F. Harland. A. D. P. Randolph & Co. $0.50

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. His Life and Works. By Gabriel Harrison. Illus. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $2.00

EPISODES OF MY SECOND LIFE. By Antoine Gallows. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.25

PHILIP FREUND AND HIS CRITICS. By Sarah Helen Whitman. Second Edition. Providence: Tubbins & Preston. $2.00

HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT RIVALDRABC AND THEIR DESCENDANTS FROM 510 B.C. TO 1584. By G. T. Ralston. Published by the Author, Manchester, N.H. $3.00

EARLY NEW ENGLAND PEOPLE. By Sarah Elizabeth Tilton. W. R. Clarke & Co. $2.50


THE CHAREIS PAPERS. The Correspondence and Diary of the Late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Edited by Louis J. Jennings. Two vols. With Portrait. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00

Essays and Sketches.

EVEN-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY MORAL. By George L. Cheney. Roberts Brothers. $1.00


EMILY, OR CONCERNING EDUCATION EXTRACTS CONTAINING THE PRINCIPAL ELEMENTS OF PEDAGOGY FOUND IN THE FIRST THREE BOOKS WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY THE STEG. Translated by Eleanor Worthington. Gina. Heath & Co. $1.50

ABOUT PEOPLE. By Kate Garrison Wells. J. R. Osgood & Co. $1.25

BUSINESS AND MYTH. By Andrew Lang. Harper & Brothers. $2.00

Fiction.

A FAMOUS GIRL. From the German of W. Humb. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.25

WHITE FEATHERS. By G. E. Curran. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00

KATHERINE. By Susan S. Vanse. J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00
The Devil's Power. Harper's Franklin Square Literary Co. 
The Romance of Other Folks. By P. Dunning Houghton, Millinn & Co. 
India's Story. By George Parsons Lathrop. Funk & Wagnalls. 

History.

Kentucky. By N. S. Shaler. Houghton, Millinn & Co. $1.25


The Book of the Bible. By S. E. Harris. D. Houghton, Millinn & Co. $1.00

The Realities of Faith. By Newman Smyth. Scribner's Sons. $1.50

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Of literary periodicals, the Literary World is the one I consider the best. It is well known for the general knowledge of book-publishing. And I think that the great value of the literary world is its number of good books, and its knowledge of domestic and foreign literature. Thankful yours.

New York City, Dec. 5, 1884.

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New York, Dec. 5, 1884.

MR. H. M. BAIN.

When you were a "monthly" I thought you were strong and vigorous, but as a fortnightly you have been growing in grace as well as in strength, and in beauty as well as in vigour. I like your criticisms whether I agree with them or not. Sometimes you are a little longwinded, but I am sure you are not as long as some others. You are always on the same page, and I think you are a good paper. I have been a subscriber for many years, and I think you are a good paper.

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W. L. L. BAIN.

Presidency, Dec. 5, 1884.

Mr. Chairman, I am glad to have the opportunity of addressing you and the members of this association. I have been a subscriber to the Literary World for several years, and I have been pleased to find that it is a paper that I can read with pleasure. I think it is a paper that I can read with pleasure. I think it is a paper that I can read with pleasure. I think it is a paper that I can read with pleasure.

Nov. 5, 1884.

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