

M. Masson's studies increase in value and in fulness of detail as they proceed. Some of the earlier volumes are unsatisfactory, especially those which relate to Napoleon's love affairs, since in them the author does not maintain sufficient reserve, but injects a certain personal colouring of his own into the narrative. His later volumes, however, *Napoléon Chez Lui* and *La Journée de l'Empereur* are wonderful microscopic studies. The three volumes on Josephine have excited much discussion and also much criticism, because they present the woman precisely as she was when divested of the romantic atmosphere which even in her lifetime was created for her, partly by her connection with her imperial lover and partly by the undoubted personal charm which she herself possessed. As Masson draws her, she is the true Creole, at once sumptuous and slovenly, wearing the most elaborate dresses made of the cheapest possible materials, bedecked with jewels yet with underclothing of which a peasant woman would be ashamed, utterly without principle, unchaste, extravagant, foolish, frivolous, greedy for admiration, and taking as her only motto, *plaire c'est moi*. Her influence over Napoleon has, according to Masson, been immensely exaggerated. She was an episode in his life rather than a part of it—an opinion which Masson has strikingly expressed in these words: "In studying Napoleon I chanced upon Josephine." It is easy to ridicule the exactness and the minuteness with which the author has toiled over his subject, and it is also easy to speak contemptuously of his laborious investigation of how Napoleon shaved, of how he brushed his teeth with water and a few drops of cognac, of how many cheeses were set upon his table, of how many minutes he spent at luncheon, and of how many at dinner. Yet, after all, even this marvellous scrupulosity and passionate devotion to minutiae are justified by the interest which every one, friend and foe alike, exhibits in the extraordinary personality of this extraordinary man. Interest in Napoleon, indeed, waxes rather than wanes as the years go by; and there is no doubt whatever that M. Masson is earning for himself the unstinted gratitude alike of historians and of the world at large throughout the centuries that are to come.

Professor William Watson Goodwin, of Harvard University, has completed the forty-fifth year of his incumbency as Eliot Professor

**Professor
Goodwin.**

of the Greek Language and Literature, and has retired from active academic service. This has led to the usual complimentary dinners, to the presentation of a loving cup by his former students, and to other things of this sort which are customary. Professor Goodwin's name recalls to every college man all over the country his book on the syntax of the Greek moods and tenses—a work which has embittered the lives of many an undergraduate, and which was once popularly supposed to be the last word upon that by no means thrilling subject. In the present era of transcendental syntax, however, the book is not altogether what it was. When it comes to syntax, no classical scholar nowadays is willing to admit that any other classical scholar has the slightest basis for his theories. We believe, for instance, that Professor Gildersleeve in his moments of relaxation is rather fond of asserting that Professor Goodwin knows no Greek at all. What Professor Goodwin thinks of Professor Gildersleeve we are not told; but it makes no particular difference anyhow, and it is certain to be something rather sweeping and professionally unflattering. These things, however, belong to the conventional amenities of classical scholarship and philological *pose*, and are not significant. Professor Goodwin retires while still vigorous and useful, and with the consciousness of having made a record that is one of honour and distinction. This is all that we are moved to say about Professor Goodwin.

Apropos of Robert Buchanan, a writer

**Gilbert
Stuart.**

in a recent number of the *London Sketch* revives the memory of Gilbert Stuart, who was the literary savage of the eighteenth century. His great object was to exterminate the authors whom he disliked. Among them were Robertson and Henry, the historians. Henry published a solid history of the British Empire, and Stuart wrote to a confederate on the occasion:

David Hume wants to review Henry, but

that task is so precious that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favour, should not have it—no, not the man after God's own heart. . . . To-morrow morning Henry sets off for London with immense hopes of selling his history. I wish sincerely that I could enter Holborn the same hour with him. He should have a repeated fire to combat with. I entreat that you may be so kind as to let him feel some of your thunder: I shall never forget the favour. If Whitaker is in London, he could give a blow. Paterson will give him a knock. Strike by all means. The wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return with a consciousness of his debility. . . . I could wish that you knew for certain his being in London before you strike the first blow; an inquiry at Cadell's will give this. When you have an enemy to attack I shall, in return, give my best assistance, and shall aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me.

It is of Stuart that the story is told about a journey with some companions from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, which the frequent occasions for "refreshment" protracted over several days. One of the party having fallen asleep near a steam-engine, and awakening before a huge fire, with dusky figures, banging iron doors and clanking chains, was heard to mutter, "Good God! is it come to this at last?"

Mrs. J. C. Woods, who writes under the name of Daniel Woodroffe, and whose novel, *Tangled Trinities*, was recently published, was born in India and spent her childhood in Malta and Gibraltar. Her first literary work consisted of satires on various society subjects which appeared as "turnovers" in the *Globe*. Her first story was entitled *The Tiger's Skin Cloak*, and was offered to the *Cornhill Magazine*. The late Mr. James Payne, who was then the editor, did not accept it, but with his usual kindness gave the writer an introduction to Baron Tauchnitz, who published it in his magazine. Her next book was *Her Celestial Husband* published in 1895. The book was founded on events that had come within the writer's own observation, and told of the tragedy of the life of an English girl married to a Chinaman and living with him in Hankow. Some of the

reviewers pointed out that the facts narrated were an impossibility; yet the book was written from actual experience, and with the object of keeping English girls from marrying Chinese men. This novel was very successful. Soon after the publication of *Her Celestial Husband*, the author married Mr. J. C. Woods, who was himself a poet. *Tangled Trinities*, after the idea was once thought out, was finished in about six months.

Considering the violence of the personal attacks which the late Robert Buchanan, whose death was noted in the last number of

THE BOOKMAN, was in the habit of making upon his literary contemporaries, the kindly notices which his death has called forth in England are little short of remarkable. Possibly this is due to the fact that of recent years he was pitied rather than feared, and because almost all the bitterness of the old sting had died away. At any rate we have seen but one English estimate of Buchanan which has done more than mention the notorious attack on Rossetti. The writer of the estimate in question does not sign his name, and in consequence we feel justified in saying only that he holds a very prominent and unique place among English critics. He utterly flouts the generally accepted idea that Buchanan had unusual troubles to face in his literary career. Never, he says, had a young man better prospects and better friends. To Alexander Strachan, his publisher, he owed much, and very much. This at one time he was not ashamed to confess. He made his own troubles, for he was his own enemy; and probably the growing mental unrest of his mind, an unrest which showed itself more and more distinctly as he went on writing criticisms, helped to make him the man he became. He held his ground, however, as a person to be reckoned with until, in 1871, he published his famous attack on Rossetti, entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry." It is impossible to doubt, though it is hard to believe, that this article saddened the rest of Rossetti's life. The testimony is too strong for any one to contest it. What has not been recognised is that the article completely ruined Buchanan. It made him a confirmed mutineer. It is wonderful that