

turned. The cause of disagreement, as I presently ascertained, was about the price demanded for lodging and breakfast, the colored man alleging that he had been induced to enter the house the evening before on the strength of a positive promise that the total sum of his accommodation should not exceed seventy-five cents. This statement was emphatically and volubly denied by the others, who demanded double the amount, referring to their printed scale of prices, and threatening to send for 'the police' to enforce their claim.

"I done tole you I couldn' read none," said the negro. 'Wha's use showin' me dat ah readin'?'

"I saw he was evidently a countryman in the hands of sharpers; besides, there was something in his lingo which was strangely familiar; so I crossed the street, and paused on the sidewalk in front of the house, awaiting further developments.

"A great deal of talking ensued, until finally the negro was fairly bullied into producing the demanded sum.

"I s'pose I got to pay you. I know bet'n to come yeh 'gin, dough.'

"We must see that man righted, Cæsar," I said. 'If I don't mistake, he's from your State.'

"But Cæsar did not answer; he stood as one petrified, gazing on his fellow-countryman with all his eyes. So, leaving him, I ran hastily up the steps.

"Let me see that paper, if you please.'

"Shure an' I'll do nathin' of the koind," replied the Irishman, turning very red, as he crumpled his scale of prices in his hand.

"You are right," I replied. 'But I don't need it. Your sign-board here,' des-

ignating one attached to the side of the door, 'confirms this man's story in every respect. You'd better take the amount he owes you at once, or I'll send my man here after an officer, and he won't arrest the colored man either.'

"The landlord muttered something about busybodies interfering with other people's business, taking care to pocket the money, however; and I had already descended the steps, when the young negro, whose face I had scarcely seen, turning to thank me, I started back almost in consternation. He was Cæsar's very counterpart! In an instant it occurred to me who he was. 'Isn't your name Pompey?' I asked, interrupting his burst of gratitude.

"'Yeas, seh,' surprisedly. 'Pompey Grymes, boss.'

"I knowed it—I knowed it fus' time I done yeahed 'im talk,' broke in Cæsar at this juncture, as he came forward, seizing his brother's hand, and relapsing into his almost forgotten Virginia dialect. 'Howd'y, Pompey, howd'y? Lawd bless you, my brother Pompey, I—I's glad to see you,' the tears streaming down his honest face as the two stood facing each other like the two Dromios just before the curtain drops.

"I gave Cæsar a holiday that day, which he spent with his double, who was employed as deck hand on a boat plying between Norfolk and New York. And the next week the two reunited brethren proceeded together to Middlesex County to see the old people for a month, which is the longest period of my separation from him since that hot afternoon in 1862 when, like the master of the fishing-boat, I carried 'Cæsar and his fortunes.'"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair has preached more than one little sermon from the text of alleged editorial partiality. It is very difficult for the poet, or the story-teller, or essayist, who with fond parental affection naturally supposes the offspring of his brain to be a little better than other offspring, to believe that the superiority does not equally impress other observers. If the editor to whom the poet sends the verses which have been written with tears and deep emotion does not feel his heart tingling as he reads, and own the pathos and the fire, it is, in the secret judgment of the poet, because he is the victim of his prejudices, and is resolved to recognize no charm and no value except in the

work of a clique of personal favorites. Were his mind not clouded with unworthy partialities, he would own that the sonnet upon a grasshopper's leg is far nobler in conception and of an infinitely subtler melody than the lines to a locust's wing. Or, again, how is it possible for any intelligent mind not to see that the story which is to-day declined is a hundredfold better than that which was yesterday accepted?

"I hope that I am not vain," says Vanitas, "but I really think that I can distinguish mica from silver and gold from tinsel, and if the paper which I send is not of finer quality than any of Sainte-Beuve's—I certainly do not

wish to overstate the matter—why, I am profoundly mistaken.” This is the theme of endless variations, and when the neat and courteous editorial circular arrives, stating that the paper kindly offered for publication is not found available by the editor, that hapless word “available,” which, of all words in the English language, seems to have been made for the very purpose of expressing the editorial decision without a suggestion of opinion upon the intrinsic value of the offering, is derided and denounced and spurned as a justly degraded outcast and criminal to be hounded through the world. “Unavailable, indeed!” cries Vanitas, with a snort of contempt, “why does he not say plainly and in a manly way that he does not know me, and that he can not waste time in considering the contributions of tyros and nobodies? Unavailable! My prehistoric novel unavailable! How is American literature, for which the world is yearning, ever to appear, if its great works are to be suppressed by ignoramuses as unavailable?”

It is melancholy to think of the wrath and scorn and lofty pity which these innocent circulars produce. The fact, also, that they are printed and not written is a bitter aggravation. The editor of a magazine, struggling with his vast work, planning for future numbers, engaging such articles as must be engaged far in advance, reading and considering the endless mass of contributions of every kind, keeping himself familiar with the general movement of literature, and among busy men the busiest, receives a huge MS., addressed to him by an unknown author, requesting immediate attention to the work, and a prompt opinion of its merits, and of the probable capacity of the writer and the desirability of his pursuing a literary career, and, if the MS. be declined, the reasons of the declination are desired, and directions how to obviate the objections hereafter, with such general reflections and details of counsel as may be useful to the inexperienced; but, above all, no printed circular. That would be deliberate insult and outrage. If it must be so, let the MS. be returned, but without the wanton provocation of a printed circular with its hideous “unavailable.”

Why should editors be put without the pale of humanity? Has there been some Dred Scott dictum against them? What tribunal has adjudged that editors have no rights which authors are bound to respect? Recently a letter of biting satire was received by one of this fraternity. It hinted that although the injustice and partiality and other wickedness of the editorial sanctum were well known, and although modest, unlaurelled, and struggling literary aspirants had little chance of fair treatment, it was nevertheless generally supposed among them that at least the mere form of opening their manuscripts would be observed, and that although they might not be actually read, the appearance of attention

would be vouchsafed even by the most scornful editor. But even this, it seemed, was too extravagant an expectation. The MSS. were not even opened, much less read. For if they were, how could it happen that a contribution received on a certain day, at a certain hour, should be returned on the same day, at a certain other hour, marked with fatal precision by the post-office upon the envelope? Unavailable, indeed! It was not unavailable, but unread. Would the editor, in the midst of his vast labors, graciously pause long enough to explain this extraordinary rapidity in the consideration and condemnation of a contribution?

There was no doubt whatever that this writer sincerely believed that he had been the victim of an unfaithful editor, and that his MS. had been received, and, without reading, immediately returned. There was also no doubt that he believed a previous contribution from him to have been accepted, not upon its merit, but through the influence of a relation. He was evidently of opinion that a magazine is edited, as an unreformed civil service is filled, by mere personal favoritism, and this particular editorial sinner should be distinctly apprised that he had been found out. But this was the editorial reply that he received:

“I very well remember the MS. about which you write. The character and the incidents are fresh in my remembrance now; I could rehearse nearly every event related by you which occurred during that period of dreadful suspense at the agency. The story was graphic, but very far exceeded the space at my command for a short story.

“I have read many complaints against editors and their treatment of contributors, but yours is the only one that I can recall which is based on the promptness of the editor in the consideration of the author's MS. The MS. of your story was read within two hours after its reception. The same decision would have been reached if I had kept you waiting for weeks, but would you not with better reason have complained of the delay? For years it has been my study to keep contributors waiting no longer than should be absolutely necessary for my verdict upon their MSS.

“I am not only the reader of MS. offered, but also the responsible editor of the magazine. From an experience of twenty years I have learned how entirely an editor depends upon contributors for the success of the periodical committed to his charge. From this view (and I see no other possible view for an editor to take), what motive could I have for slighting any author's MS.?”

“I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of considering other stories from your pen; but if you should again receive back your MS. within four or five days, I shall expect your thanks rather than your blame.

“I am sorry that you should do your work so little credit as to suppose that a MS. of yours had been accepted through the interest of your uncle. That would have been impossible. Sincerely yours.”

Such a letter will do much more than many sermons of the Easy Chair to persuade contributors that the fate of their articles depends, not upon the fame of the writer or the personal favor of the editor, but upon the merit and the timeliness—in a word, upon the availability—of the article itself. The editor of a magazine is a trustee. The character

and the prosperity of the trust committed to him, as well as his own reputation and his own personal and pecuniary interest, depend upon the success of the magazine. But how can he promote that success by accepting the work of his personal friends, or of a little clique of writers, to the exclusion of the better work of unknown men? It is the editor's acceptance of this last which has made the fame of many of the best known of living writers.

"My dear," said the wise nurse to the young child, "bugaboos beset us on every hand. But look steadily at them and they will vanish. The man who came home at midnight saw an awful spectre, with outstretched, wide-flying arms, warning him from his own door. Yet he marched bravely on, and lo! it was one of his own shirts dangling in the night wind upon the clothes-line."

THE songs of Burns have associated such beauty and pathos with the Scotch tongue that the language itself has acquired a charm of melodious tenderness. It appears in the beautiful story of Stuart of Dunleath, and in many a song which is but an echo of the sweet and familiar tone of the poet. A strain of this kind was lately sent to the Easy Chair from Kansas. The singer is stated to be a lady in Illinois, and the old story is hinted in it with pensive grace:

"What mak's my auld een blurred and wet;
My heart ache wi' forgotten thraes?
A pinch o' dust wi'in my hond
O' what was ance a bonnie rose.

"A bonnie rose, yet bonnier far
The lassie on whose bosom fair
It glowed and trembled, while its breath
Grew sweeter frae its restin' there.

"'Twas simmer-time, the flowery days
O' youth and luv to her and me;
We gied nae thought to winter's snaws,
That garr'd the simmer's blooms to dee.

"My lassie lang has gane to sleep;
My bonnie bud maun droop and dee;
A pinch o' dust wi'in my hond
Is a' the rose that's left to me."

Naturally the correspondent who sends this little song falls into reminiscences of other days. He is a native New-Yorker, but long a stranger to the city, to which he returned in 1876 after an absence of thirty-nine years. His grandfather came to the city a hundred years ago, on its evacuation by the British, the centenary of which event will be celebrated in November, and he saw General Washington pass down Broad Street with his troops. Wheat then grew where now the Astor House stands. The open fields lay beyond the City Hall, and our correspondent himself recalls the open country a little beyond. When he was ten years old his grandfather took him to see General Lafayette at the City Hall, and as they came out his grandfather told him that the General said, as he looked at the crowd in the Park, "Why, I see no peasantry or blouses;

they are all gentlemen!" This recalls, by contrast, the story of Voltaire, who, when he was insulted and driven home by the London mob, turned upon the door-step, and complimented them upon the nobleness of the national character and their love of liberty.

Our correspondent recalls the cholera in 1832-3, and the crowds of anxious faces peering at the newspaper bulletins, upon which were posted the reports of the Board of Health; and especially he remembers the appalling record of one day when there were reported: "Whole number of cases, 3000; number of deaths, 301." In the same year he saw the packet-ship *Washington Irving* on a bright August morning lying in the East River with all sails set, and just about to put to sea with Joseph Bonaparte as her passenger. Another day he recalls an excited crowd gathered around the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, whose editor had just had an encounter with the editor of the *Herald*—an event which was much more frequent then than now—a fact which will be probably considered to indicate that such collisions tended to improve editorial manners.

The December night of what is still the Great Fire of New York is "photographed on memory." It was a bright moonlight night. The cold was so intense that the engines were useless. The space bounded by the East River and South, Wall, and Broad streets was filled with a roaring flame, in the midst of which stood the Exchange, whose dome fell and buried the marble statue of Alexander Hamilton, the financial genius of American prosperity. Amid the waste of smouldering ruins only one building was left standing in what had been the most thronged and the busiest part of the city. Seven hundred buildings, covering thirteen acres, were destroyed, and the loss was more than twenty millions of dollars. Since that night, and within a few years, Chicago and Boston have suffered still more severely. But in the annals of New York the Great Fire of 1835 will be remembered like that of 1666 in the story of London.

Among the conspicuous persons of that earlier part of the century, our correspondent well remembers Dr. David Hosack, who impressed his young imagination as "a sort of cross between Dr. Samuel Johnson and Daniel Webster, with the pomposity of the former and the dark features of the latter." This impression of the appearance of Dr. Hosack is confirmed by his portrait in the American Portrait Gallery—an interesting collection of likenesses of the people who were noted half a century ago. This portrait is one of the best works of an artist who was very famous in his time, Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia—a welcome guest in the more cultivated society of New York sixty and seventy years ago, when it was said that Clinton, Hosack, and Hobart were the tripod upon which the city stood.

Dr. Hosack's social genius, with his gener-

ous accomplishment and refined taste, made his house the most attractive in the city. It was the resort of the most distinguished strangers as well as of the most agreeable New-Yorkers, and Mrs. Lamb, the delightful Herodotus of old New York, tells us that the Duke of Saxe-Weimar mentions in his diary the charm of the Hosack Saturday evenings. In the public libraries and upon the book-shelves of the older houses in the city is still to be seen the stately quarto containing Dr. Hosack's eulogy upon his friend De Witt Clinton. On great nights at the old Park Theatre the doctor and his family were always conspicuous—the old Park, where our gossip saw the elder Booth as Richard III., the Woods in *La Sonnambula*, Charles Mathews in a dozen airy parts, and Fanny Kemble's flashing eyes.

Among the other notable figures of the city recalled by our correspondent was Laurie Todd, as Grant Thorburn called himself. He was conspicuous in the street with his leather apron, stooping as he hobbled and jerked himself along, his spectacles shoved up from his sly gray eyes, or as he stood in his shop, behind the counter, surrounded with flowers and singing-birds, and glass globes flashing with gold-fish. Into the shop one day came a brisk youth with the maiden to whom he was betrothed, and as they went they took with them a superb potted plant which was worth at least ten dollars. "My first impulse," said the Scotchman, "was to arrest the fellow for stealing; but on reflection I said, 'Now this young man is worth nothing, so I will wait; he will marry that girl, who is rich, and then I shall get my money.' So one morning, sure enough, they came sailing in in full dress, and proceeded to make selections of flowers for their wedding; and I made out their bill, sir; and the first item I set down in that bill, sir, was, 'One grandiflora, \$50,' sir; and I got my money."

Such scenes and persons fill the memory of our correspondent, and it is in such memories that they now mainly live. The city has become great and splendid—a city of palaces, and of the mad extravagance of Sybaris. But amid all its magnificence and lavish profusion it has no social circle like that which made Dr. Hosack's Saturday evenings famous, or that of the club which sparkled with the humor and fancy of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Verplanck, and their companions.

THERE was undoubtedly as much surprise as disappointment at the result of the art competition which was opened some months since by the publishers of this Magazine. They made a munificent and most advantageous offer for the best original illustration of Domett's "Christmas Hymn," which should be designed expressly for the competition, and should be suitable for publication in the Magazine. In response to the announcement three hundred and thirty-eight drawings were offer-

ed, and twenty-three were received after the date fixed for closing the competition, and therefore too late for consideration. The committee, with great regret, did not feel themselves justified by the terms of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever. Even the best drawing which was submitted was not suitable for publication in the Magazine. But, unwilling to relinquish the purpose of promoting the interest of art in the country by stimulating a generous rivalry in production, the proposers of the competition have reopened it upon somewhat different terms.

Alfred Domett, whose hymn was selected for illustration, is a poet who has a peculiar interest as the Waring of Robert Browning's charming poem,

"What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip?—
Chose land travel or sea-faring?"

The hymn is a series of pictures of various aspects of Christmas at different epochs and under widely different conditions. It has a strikingly sonorous rhythmic sweep, and invites illustration by its graphic form and its rich suggestion. But whether this very literary excellence did not discourage the young artist by challenging him to cope with the work of a mature master in another art is a fair question. A sensitive beginner might feel that he could only follow the lead of so intrepid and confident a tread as that of Domett in the poem, and so be deprived at the very beginning of that perfect freedom of movement which is indispensable to the best design.

But whatever the feeling of the committee may have been—and a more competent and sympathetic tribunal no aspirant could desire—they have suggested that the competition be re-opened under conditions which propose no restraint upon the invention of the artist except that which is imposed by the object itself. The publishers' intention is to engrave the most suitable design among those which satisfy the terms of the offer for the December or Christmas number of the Magazine for the next year, 1884. It is to be a Christmas illustration, and the simple requirement of the competition is that the work be an original illustration appropriate to Christmas, suitable for publication in the Magazine, of which it will occupy one page. Any sacred or secular aspect of Christmas may be selected. The church, the home, the religious rite, the domestic feast, in any of their details or suggestions, are open to the designer. But of course the combination of different designs in the same picture is to be avoided. This proposal leaves every artist to range, like Queen Elizabeth, although in another sense,

"In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

The advantage which this competition offers to the young artist is not only the money and

the opportunity of study of the great works of art in Europe, but it is also the reputation which is at once secured to him by the publication of his work, and its introduction with his name to millions of readers. It opens to him also the most American form of art work, in the sense that it has been carried to the greatest excellence in America. The Yankee faculty and mechanical ingenuity are offered especial opportunity in the process of wood-engraving and printing. Under the spur of American superiority in this art, English magazines are beginning to emulate, but not yet to rival, the American. The art, indeed, in its present excellence, is almost an American art, and the work of the successful competitor for the Harper prize will be engraved in the most perfect manner, and his success will be capital at once supplied to him, whose increase will depend only and wholly upon himself.

It is an error to suppose that talent is not stimulated or evoked by such competition, and that prize poems and prize pictures are always valueless. Such has not been the experience of that modern school of art, France, whose cleverest pupils, sent to study in Italy, have made their names famous. The broad and generous offer now proposed may not, indeed, produce a work worthy of the award. Nevertheless, it invites a friendly competition of excellence, and even if the response should be inadequate, the endeavor is wise. The mere fact that the art demand and activity in the country suggest and justify such an offer is in itself stimulating to artistic taste and ability. It is an evidence of the prosperity of art which tends to make it still more prosperous. It is a hint to the young artist of the direction in which he should turn his talent, and if another surprise and disappointment should be in store for us, such considerations will be our consolation.

AMID all the centennial commemorations with which we have become familiar, none is more worthy of the universal observance which it will receive than the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, which occurs on the 10th of November. At Eisleben, his birth-place, and throughout Germany, and everywhere in the countries that lead civilization, will the auspicious day be gratefully remembered and reverently celebrated. For in the truest sense Luther is the father of modern civilization. He emancipated the human mind from ecclesiastical slavery. He proclaimed that freedom of thought without which it is easy to see that, despite the great modern inventions, the spirit of the Dark Ages must have been indefinitely prolonged, and the course of modern civilization must have been essentially different. It was the spiritual freedom which Luther asserted that produced political freedom and the freedom of the press; Luther's spirit was to make the invention of Gutenberg the true servant of

humanity, and to open to the benign genius of liberty the lands to which Gioja's mariner's compass should point the way. Indeed, among human benefactors there are few greater names than Martin Luther.

Of course neither in his own life nor in that of those who followed him most closely was the great doctrine of liberty, for which his name stands, fully developed, nor has that doctrine yet regenerated human society. The right of private judgment carries with it an immunity which is by no means willingly or completely recognized even by the communities which are most truly Lutheran in the sense of sharing his protest against the old order and his affirmation of the authority of the individual conscience. Indeed, much that is strictly Lutheran, in the sense of necessary consequence of his great doctrine, is not to be found in his works, and would have been personally repudiated by him. But it is his, nevertheless, as the free political development of England and America is the result of Puritanism, however different its aspect may be from that of the Puritan Commonwealth, and however sterile the Puritan may have denounced it. Out of strength comes forth sweetness. Out of Luther came forth John Woolman and Channing, and those also at whom Woolman and Channing would look in wonder and even with apprehension.

The lesson of Luther's birthday is not only that the individual conscience alone reveals the truth and the way to the sincere soul, but that the man who has the courage to hold to it firmly will be at last recognized and honored. It is the oldest of sayings that a prophet is not honored in his own country, and that we do not recognize the angels with whom we live. Many a "solid man of Boston" glorifies the memory of Sam Adams who, had he lived in Sam Adams's day, would have thought him a pestilent fellow, and who look askance upon the Sam Adamses of their own day. It may be wisely remembered by the respectable and dominant opinion which delights to pay homage to Luther that the same respectable and dominant opinion of his own time hated and hunted him. The tale is forever repeated. The other day at a public dinner in Boston the Lord Chief Justice of England, who would be heard nowhere more respectfully than in Boston, mentioned several distinguished men of that city and neighborhood, but the four that he first named together were Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster and Joseph Story and Theodore Parker. But how long is it since, to many of the eminent citizens who applauded Lord Coleridge, Theodore Parker was abhorrent as dangerous both to church and state?

Mr. Seward once declined to deliver an oration upon Washington's Birthday, saying that nothing could be more agreeable to his feelings than to accept and join in honoring the illustrious memory of the great patriot, but

that he was so busily occupied in sustaining the patriots of to-day that it would be a wrong to Washington's memory to suspend his efforts. In Mr. Seward's view, the freedom of the Territories was a cause not less honorable than that of the independence of the Colonies, and it was immediately pressing. The same feeling that inspired reverence for Washington stimulated his endeavor to aid those who were doing Washington's work under changed conditions. And so, extolling the brave, humane, indomitable, and unquailing Luther, the truest commemorative service, when the sermon is spoken, and the oration is delivered, and the festivities have ceased, will be to recognize and sustain the Luthers of to-day, the men who are working in his spirit, and who, amid the bitterest hostility and the most contemptuous ridicule, follow the voice that speaks in their own consciences. Charity begins at home. Good manners are tested by a man's conduct in his own family. Reverence for Luther will be proved by respecting the Lutheran spirit.

In the old mediæval legend Christ comes to the saintly hermit as a feeble old man asking shelter, and again as a little child who had lost his way. The good saint succored them both, and when, says the legend, his Lord asked him how he knew that it was Jesus, the saint replied, "Lord, I knew Thee not; but I did as I thought Thou wouldst have done."

In Mrs. Oliphant's entertaining *Life of Sheridan*, which is just published in the "English Men of Letters" series, we do not find the doubtful but amusing story of his coming out in the gray of the morning from a disastrous night of gambling, and in his ill temper vigorously kicking a man who stood with his foot up apparently busily engaged with his shoe. "What d'ye mean by that?" angrily asked the man; "I'm only tying my shoe." "D—— you," returned Sheridan, "you're always tying your shoe!" This is the kind of mental process which is attributed to the English traveller in the United States, who whips out his note-book at every novel incident, and instantly enters a generalization. In the railroad car some unfortunate gentleman falls in a fit, and our observer records that Americans are subject to epilepsy when travelling; he goes to a watering-place ball, and sees several spindle-shanked boys whirling in the waltz, and remarks in his diary that Americans are undersized, and of dreadfully spare legs.

An American gentleman of great reputation as an acute social observer, and who told the story of himself with infinite amusement, relates that he was sitting at a public dinner table in Switzerland opposite two cockney gentlemen, who watched him with the evident expectation of seeing some extraordinary conduct. By some awkward mischance he struck his bottle of claret with his arm, and it fell into the lap of an English lady who sat next him, and whose dress was drenched before he

could seize the bottle and offer a hundred warm apologies, which the lady graciously accepted. The cockneys looked on with an expression of pleased horror, as if they had been quite sure of something of the kind, and the American quietly ordered another bottle. The cockneys, however, were evidently confident that they had not seen the last of the adventure, and could scarcely eat their dinner for eager watching of their opposite neighbor. Suddenly, by an incredible chance, the American again touched his bottle, and away it went, gurgling and flowing once more into the lap of the astounded lady. The scene was so preposterous that the gentleman and lady mutually broke into a hearty laugh, and the ridiculous incident led to a very pleasant friendship. But as the second bottle followed the first, one of the watching cockneys nudged his companion violently in the side, and exclaimed, loudly, with an air of triumph, "There, he's done it again!" Before he slept, doubtless, the good cockney, like Captain Cuttle, had made a note of it, and his faithful diary was made to testify that Americans are exceedingly clumsy, and always empty their wine into the laps of English ladies.

This habit of generalization is amusing, but mischievous, and it is very insidious. Even husbands have been known to say, impatiently, of something done by their wives which was not quite wise or timely, "That's just like a woman." Such a husband obviously invites the retort that his impatience is just like a man. It is a ludicrously disproportioned penalty to exact for a foolish word or act of one poor little woman that the good name of the entire sex shall suffer, and no spirited woman will hesitate to take her revenge upon the whole sex of her slanderer. Such generalization is an exaggeration which speciously undermines veracity. It is due to the desire of producing a striking impression, a strong sensation; and as it is not true, it smooths the way to saying directly what is not true. A man who habitually exaggerates has not a clear perception of the truth, nor an honest regard for it, and when the sensation can not be produced without telling a lie, a lie will be told. Moreover, in the smallest things the exact statement will come to seem to a generalizer tame and ineffective. Like a morbid palate which demands a pungent stimulant with every mouthful, this generalizing disposition requires extravagance in every statement.

The subject has been freshly brought to our attention by a good-natured note from a Canadian, suggesting that a recent paper in these pages upon "The Canadian Habitant" does injustice by making the people of an isolated part of a single province stand for the whole body of Canadians. The people of Canada our remonstrant holds to be in general well educated and progressive, and he thinks it as unfair to cite a Lower Canadian French hab-

itant as an ideal or distinctive Canadian as to take a greaser or a clay-eater as a characteristic and representative Yankee citizen. At least he condemns it as a very unfair generalization, as the Americans of fifty years ago indignantly denounced Mrs. Trollope's descriptions of vulgar scenes and people which she had observed in the United States as characteristic of the American people.

It is, however, always to be remembered that if the generalizer, and especially the generalizing traveller, is rather ridiculous and even a falsifier in the extent of his assertion, yet that the occasion of his extravagance is worthy of consideration. There were not five hundred cats in the yard, as the eager child reported to his mother, but there was one cat, and if there was also a pan of cream, the one cat deserved immediate attention. If the entire company of passengers in the car did not actually flood it with expectoration, as the disgusted tourists might have asserted, there

were perhaps two or three offenders whose offense was disgusting. If every American man, woman, and child does not insist upon opening the car window and smothering the neighbors with dust, smoke, and cinders, yet enough Americans insist upon doing it to make travel often very uncomfortable. If every traveller arriving late at a hotel does not stamp along the passage, and slam his boots down at the door of his room with a thunder which awakens all the neighboring sleepers, yet a certain number of travellers are guilty of that crime, and merit punishment without benefit of clergy.

So as the upright man wondered what rascally thing he had done that a rascal should praise him, when the generalizer asks us why we always wear coats out at the elbows, and why we never "clean our gums" upon the doormat, and whether we have no hat that is not disgraceful, we may reasonably retire to our closets and ask ourselves whether we are quite as neat and orderly as we ought to be.

Editor's Literary Record.

A HISTORY of the *Negro Race in America*,¹ by whomsoever written, would be an interesting literary event. But such a history, written by a negro, is something more than this. It is also a highly suggestive social and political fact, whose significance lies deeper than any mere personal qualities of the writer, however marked these may be, and however indicative of the capabilities of individuals of the race. That such a history has at length been written by a negro of culture and ability—Mr. George W. Williams—and that his work affords plentiful evidence that he is a man of vigorous and penetrating intellect, an earnest and scholarly thinker, and a graceful, incisive, and eloquent writer, in whose workmanship it is impossible to descry anything that betrays an intellectual or a literary color-line, are certainly very interesting facts, which, taken in connection with other notable individual instances of the capabilities of the negro as developed by education and the chance of a fair opportunity, must compel a revision of many of the traditional opinions that were once entertained relegating him to an inferior grade as a moral and intellectual being. But however interesting all these facts may be, that which invests the publication of Mr. Williams's history with special significance is the certainty that having been written by one of themselves, of whose sympathies they are assured, of whose abilities they may be justly proud, and in whom they have full confidence, *it will be read and laid to heart* by people of the negro race in this

country, and will exert upon them the magnetic invigorating influence, as an incentive and an educator, that history has always exerted upon mankind, arousing their ambition, stimulating their self-respect, awakening their energies, and inciting them to redoubled efforts for intellectual improvement and social and political advancement by its indignant story of the wrongs and sufferings endured by their race through long generations before they received the boon of freedom, by its moving pictures of the prejudice and ostracism to which they have been since subjected, and by its copious record of the fine examples their race has furnished, in spite of obstacles such as no other people have ever encountered, of fortitude and fidelity, of probity and magnanimity, of endurance and self-sacrifice, of courage, of patriotism, of love of liberty, of business aptitudes, of intellectual ability, and, in fine, of every virtue and endowment that have been exhibited by men of any race, in any age or nation. For the first time the negro people are now to experience the potency of history as an educator, and that its effect upon their character will be marked and beneficent scarcely admits of a reasonable doubt. The first volume treated of the period from 1619 to 1800, which witnessed the introduction and establishment of negro slavery upon this hemisphere. The second volume brings down the history of the negro race in this country from 1800 to 1880, and shows us its condition, first while in slavery, and afterward when enjoying freedom and citizenship. Naturally, perhaps, Mr. Williams gives comparatively little attention to ethnological details, or to particulars illustrative of social and racial characteristics; and save for a few brief touches

¹ *History of the Negro Race in America*. From 1619 to 1880. Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens, etc. By GEORGE W. WILLIAMS. In Two Volumes. Volume II., 1800 to 1880. 8vo, pp. 611. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

exhibiting some peculiar physiological and psychological features of the negro, and a few of his social, moral, religious, and intellectual traits, his attention is mainly concentrated upon the political and semi-political movements that have affected our negro population, and that were prompted by the fact that slavery was a powerful and disturbing factor in our national politics. His history is therefore very largely a record of what has been done for or against the negro race as an accident of our political conditions by men of another race, rather than of what the negro has accomplished for himself. Nor is this any discredit either to the historian or his race, since the negro while held in slavery, though not intrinsically incapable of either thinking or doing for himself, was so fettered and manacled in mind and body that free action or movement, whether physical or intellectual, was as impossible to him as if he were congenitally impotent. For these reasons it has been Mr. Williams's aim, not so much to give a picturesque sketch of the negro, and of his conditions and relations while in slavery, as to quicken in him the sense of his capabilities and powers now that he is a freeman, to teach him what he may do by the example of what has been done by other men of his own race, and to arouse in him that keen ardor of competition, of self-assertion, self-improvement, and pride of citizenship which shall raise him by his own efforts to a deserved and acknowledged equality with men of the white race. Beginning with the struggle for the restriction of slavery on the one hand and for its extension on the other, which signaled the early part of the present century, and reached its culmination, first in the establishment and afterward in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the volume now under notice is a faithful and—allowance being made for the stand-point of its author—a singularly calm and impartial history of all the movements growing out of the slavery question from the year 1800 until the war of the rebellion, and the events affecting the negro that followed in its train. The recital comprises pithy accounts of the development and decay of antislavery sentiment at the South, including a view of the movement for African colonization under the auspices of the Colonization Society; of the efforts of the Quakers to ameliorate the condition of slaves; of the services of negroes as soldiers and sailors in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812; of the growth of antislavery agitation in the North, including graphic sketches of those who were foremost in it, and of the methods they pursued; of the national legislation on the subject of slavery that grew out of this agitation; of the John Brown expedition; of the conduct of the negroes in the war of the rebellion, both as slaves and as soldiers; of the reconstruction of the Confederate States, its errors and consequences; of what has been accomplished since

as well as what was done before the war by negroes as soldiers, public officials, politicians, orators, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, and men of business; and of what the negro people have done for the education and improvement of their race—the whole illustrated and re-enforced by numerous individual examples, and by a large and valuable body of carefully prepared vital, prison, labor, educational, financial, and social statistics. The defect of Mr. Williams's work is its tendency to subordinate every problem in our history to that of the negro, and indeed to see nothing but the negro in American history, as if the slavery question and the subsequent question of the status of the negro were the sole or at least the gravest and most important of all the political questions with which the country has had to deal in the past, or with which it must deal in the future. Undoubtedly these are grave and important questions, and unquestionably for a time the slavery question was one of preponderating influence; but, after all is said, they are only a portion of the congeries of equally difficult, equally vital and momentous, and most engrossing problems which have beset us at every stage of our national life.

In view of the elaborate memoirs of Richard Brinsley Sheridan by Dr. Watkins and Thomas Moore, and the brief but excellent sketch by Professor Smyth, there would seem to have been but little left concerning him that was worth the telling that had not been told already. Certainly nothing new had been revealed of his personal character, of the incidents of his life, or of his career as dramatist, theatrical manager, orator, or statesman, that rendered a fresh biography of him necessary or desirable. Least of all was a new biography demanded by reason of his eminence as a man of letters, his sole claims to consideration on that score being two or three plays of unrivalled brilliance, as many more that were originally worthless and are now as clean dead and forgotten as they deserve to be, and a few verses and prose essays that escape the same fate only because they can not be said to have ever really lived. Nevertheless, on these slight grounds, by a marvellous stretch of posthumous courtesy, Sheridan has been assigned a niche in the "English Men of Letters" by the accomplished editor of the series, and Mrs. Oliphant has compiled a readable sketch of him,² in which she makes a plentiful use of old material, skillfully re-arranged and judiciously pieced out by supplementary or interjectional thoughts, deductions, reflections, and conjectures of her own. Mrs. Oliphant's portraiture of Sheridan is an unflattering one, and gives the reader a just idea of the darker and ingrained as well as of the fairer and superficial shades of his erratic and unbalanced charac-

² *Sheridan*. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "English Men of Letters." 12mo, pp. 199. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ter—its strange medley of splendid follies, tinsel-veils, and small virtues—so that the reader rises from the contemplation of the man with a feeling of mingled admiration, reprobation, pity, and contempt. It is only just to say that Mrs. Oliphant's account of the composition and first representation of Sheridan's masterpieces, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*, and her original and acute outline and critical analysis of each, are fine specimens of honest and discriminating literary workmanship.

How it would have startled the gentle soul of Mary Lamb and filled it with dismay, could she have foreseen that in the process of time she should be announced to the world as one of its famous women! How, too, it would have delighted the heart of her brother to pillory the prospective rascal-author of her woe, and pelt him with a pitiless shower of mad wit and stinging epithet and jibe! And, in sooth, the title must seem a strange misnomer even to those whose souls are many removes distant from gentleness of the quality that characterized Elia's sister. None the less, however, is the life of *Mary Lamb*,³ by Anne Gilchrist, now just published in the "Famous Women Series," a thoroughly delightful one, lovingly sympathetic in its portraiture, and charged with much new and interesting matter, quaintly illustrative of incidents in the daily life of Lamb and his sister, and of habits and companionships that clung to them in all their London migrations, which have hitherto escaped the most lynx-eyed of his biographers. The character of Mary Lamb, as it is here ingeniously woven from her own and her brother's letters and writings, is a most engaging one, rich in tender appeals to the sensibilities and affections of the reader. Among the interesting new matter, or matter as good as new, which has been introduced into this delightful memoir, is an essay on needle-work, written by Mary Lamb in 1814, and published in an old periodical of the period in the following year, now unearthed for the first time in nearly seventy years. The exquisite *morceau* is interesting for the sagacious ideas advanced by Miss Lamb with regard to needle-work as a social factor; and apart from this, its practical side, it is invaluable for the strong side light thrown by its autobiographic touches upon the early family life of the Lambs, and also for its unconscious depiction of vanished phases of the social life and habits of people of their class in the early part of this century. But the interest of the volume is properly made to centre on the brother and sister, and this constitutes its great charm. Mary's letters, of which a large number are given, contribute largely to this interest, and besides have an independent value for the intrinsic worth of their matter and

the beauty and simplicity of their style. Those especially to her energetic and somewhat eccentric young friend, Sara Stoddard, afterward the wife of William Hazlitt, are wonderfully bright and vivacious—brimful of good-humored sallies, sharp but loving criticisms, gentle raillery, tender counsels, and practical wisdom, and, moreover, abounding in unconscious revelations of the home ways and every-day doings and sayings of Charles and herself, and of their noble bearing under the unexampled wretchedness in which they were periodically plunged by her terrible malady. The memoir is written in a style of quiet vivacity and unstudied simplicity thoroughly in harmony with the character and writings of its pure and gentle-hearted subject.

THE ignorance of the elementary principles of political economy which has been exhibited by those who are intrusted with the direction of our public affairs, and more especially by those who exercise the function of making the laws of the nation, has been a reproach of long standing, the more stinging because well founded. It has not been formulated by pessimistic railers and chronic malcontents, but has been sorrowfully and repeatedly iterated not only by those whose business made them practically observant of and conversant with the operations of economic laws, and whose interests have been jeopardized by their violation, but also by able abstract thinkers, who have not been influenced by any personal interests, and who have devoted their lives to the study of the subject in all its ramifications. One of the ablest of these eminent thinkers, Professor Perry, of Williams College, a scholar who is proverbial for his careful and guarded statements, sorrowfully laments this state of things in the latest edition of his most elaborate work on the subject of political economy. Speaking of our own country, he says: "A knowledge of economic science has scarcely ever been a requisite for places of honor and profit—not even for the highest fiscal positions. There has been no demand for this sort of knowledge." And he goes on to particularize that of the Secretaries of the National Treasury, from the formation of the Constitution until the present day, only five could lay any claim at all to a scientific mastery of the subject, while only one of the Presidents of the United States had, to any considerable breadth and depth, a personal control of it. Finally, he adds, "Only a few members of either branch of Congress, from the beginning on, have been economists in the scientific sense; and what is worse, these have been regarded as scarcely better qualified for their place on that account." Naturally enough it follows that "the usual action of Congress has not been guided by much economic wisdom," and that "the fiscal and commercial laws enacted by it have been most complicated and conflicting." It is no marvel that this state of things exists, if we consider the manner in

³ *Mary Lamb*. By ANNE GILCHRIST, "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 326. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

which members of the national legislature and departmental officers are chosen or appointed, their entire lack of previous training, and the utter unconcern that is manifested as to the question of qualifications by those from whom they derive their positions. It is safe to say that scarcely a Congressional district in a hundred gives a thought to the question of the ability of its member to deal with economic problems, or, indeed, with any other subjects requiring the grasp of a practiced and statesman-like thinker. And, with slight modification, the same censure will apply with equal pertinence to the election of members of the federal Senate by the State Legislatures. In both cases the availability of the candidate depends not at all upon his knowledge of economic science in any of its departments. The fact is that we have law-makers and public servants who are disgracefully ignorant of the elementary principles of political economy, because the people, from whom they derive their powers and positions, are ignorant or disregarding of it. And it is therefore nothing but the statement of the operation of the well-known natural law that the fountain can rise no higher than its source when we say that the rulers and law-makers of a people can be no better than the people themselves. The remedy undoubtedly lies in the improved knowledge of the people; for if they are educated in the principles of economic science their representatives and public servants will also be so educated, since they are of, and must be taken from, the people. If it be asked, How shall this remedy be applied? the reply is, by agencies that lie close at hand—the rostrum, the lyceum, the public library, the public high school, the college, and, above all, the press. By one or other of these agencies the artisan and the man of business, and our youths in school, college, and factory, may all be reached, so that with the new generation a new and better order of things may be inaugurated. One of the most encouraging signs of the times in this direction is the publication of popular editions of two admirable treatises on political economy, respectively by Professor A. L. Perry,⁴ of Williams College, and Professor Francis A. Walker,⁵ Superintendent of the Censuses of 1870 and 1880, each of which is sufficiently plain and elementary to be easily mastered by any fairly intelligent youth or adult, and yet exceedingly thorough and comprehensive. Written by political economists of differing though not absolutely irreconcilable schools, who bring the thought and research of years to bear upon the subject, and treat it with conspicuous candor and ability, the studious reader of the two treatises has it in his power to gain from them a luminous view of the history and field of the

science, to attain a competent knowledge of the doctrines that have been maintained by the various schools, and by independent individual thinkers who are not restricted by the limitations of any particular school, and to ascertain what has been rejected, what still remains the subject of controversy, and what is received and accepted in common by all. Without entering into the details of their points of difference, whether it involves their methods and definitions, their nomenclature and analysis, or their arrangement and final conclusions, we shall content ourselves with advising all who may desire to master this complex and most important practical science to read the two treatises concurrently, weighing their points of disagreement, and comparing their statements and application of principles—in fine, using each to test the arguments of the other, and to discipline the mind in the practice of prolonged and connected reasoning on complex and abstract subjects.

*What Social Classes Owe Each Other*⁶ is the title of a pungent little volume on social and economic problems by Professor Sumner, of Yale College, in which he mercilessly punctures some of the shibboleths involving social and political fallacies that are current in the mouths of certain agitators of the day, who, under the guise of friends of humanity and philanthropic reformers, are preaching a gospel of envy and unrest, addressed to the ignorance, the passions, the prejudices, and spirit of discontent that prevail among those who are less prosperous and less capable than their fellows. Among other things, Professor Sumner shows with sententious brevity, and a logic that would be more effective if it were less contemptuous, that rights, duties, and obligations are reciprocal, and not all on one side; that there is no individual or class in society which lies under the burden of fighting the battles of life for any other individual or class, or of solving social problems for their satisfaction; that all the schemes for producing equality and obliterating the existing organization of society really involve the sacrifice of the liberty of the best and most useful members of society for the benefit of those who are less good and useful; that all men have the unquestionable *right to pursue*, but not all men have the *ability to secure*, happiness, equality, and well-being; that the state owes nothing to anybody except peace, order, and the guarantees of rights; and especially that in a free state one man can not demand help from, and can not be charged with the burden of giving help to, another. These and other related topics, involving the relations of one man to another, of one class to another, of both to society and the state, and of labor to capital, and *vice versa*, are discussed with singular force and

⁴ *Political Economy*. By ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY, LL.D. Eighteenth Edition. 8vo, pp. 608. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁵ *Political Economy*. By FRANCIS A. WALKER. 8vo, pp. 490. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

⁶ *What Social Classes Owe Each Other*. By WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. 18mo, pp. 169. New York: Harper and Brothers.

perspicacity by Professor Sumner, and the sharp and bitter logic of his apothegmatic sentences is often relieved by the grim humor that lurks beneath it. But if we ask *cui bono?* the most that can be said of the book is that it is suggestive rather than constructive, it punctures fallacies, but solves nothing, and instead of helping or placating those whose fallacies it punctures, its sneering and contemptuous tone will tend rather to exasperate them and confirm them in their errors and illusions.

EXTENSIVELY as Socialism and Communism have engaged the interest and excited the apprehensions of the friends of law and order, comparatively few, even among the more intelligent classes, have any very precise idea of the distinctive character and objects of the two movements; for although they in reality represent two entirely different yet allied movements, having many widely dissimilar objects and methods as well as theory and practice, they are very commonly regarded as identical, and their names are often popularly used as convertible terms. Not only are the two systems thus often erroneously confounded, but what we know of them having been derived for the most part from hostile sources, our knowledge of their scope and fundamental principles is also very imperfect, and as relates to some of their essential features amounts to little more than a travesty of the reality. Fallacious, and in many of their aspects dangerous, as these movements undoubtedly are, they have some basis in truth and natural equity; and it is not by false or railing accusations and perverted statements of their objects and purposes that the fallacies they inculcate can be exploded, or the dangers they threaten be averted. On the contrary, as has been repeatedly exemplified in the course of their history, the misrepresentations and perversions of their doctrines that have been made, when detected and exposed, have invariably generated a more powerful sympathy in their behalf, which has blinded men to their dangerous tendencies, and has led to a reaction which endowed them with greater vitality than they before possessed, and largely increased the number of their advocates and adherents. There is no disguising the truth that Socialism and Communism are portentous facts growing out of the present conditions of civilized society, that they have come to stay, and that they are not to be got rid of except by a fair and perhaps a desperate fight. They can be vanquished neither by ridicule nor by panic fear, but must be met honestly and boldly on their merits or demerits. Apparently convictions such as these have led Professor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, to prepare a historical sketch of the various socialistic systems of France and Germany,⁷ accompanied by brief

biographical outlines of the lives and work of their most influential leaders, in which he gives a fair and impartial presentation of the two systems as they have existed and now flourish in those great strongholds, neither concealing their good nor glossing over their evil features. Professor Ely draws a marked line of distinction between Communism and Socialism, clearly defining their points of contact and divergence, of agreement and disagreement, what they hold in common, and in what they are *à l'outrance*. In the course of his highly interesting study, in connection with brief sketches of the founders and more recent eminent thinkers and leaders of the various socialistic and communistic schools—including such noted names as Babeuf, Cabet, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Rodbertus, Karl Marx, and Lassalle—he presents a series of concise but comprehensive summaries, mostly in their own language and from their own point of view, of their theories and principles, and of the application of them which they have advocated or reduced to practice, thus affording, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the two movements at the various stages of their development and on different scenes. Mr. Ely concludes his thoroughly practical and candid little volume with four short essays, furnishing large opportunities for instructive comparisons, severally upon "The Ideal of Social Democracy," on "Social Democracy since the Death of Lassalle," on "Socialism of the Chair," and on "Christian Socialism." In the first of these he embodies a *résumé* of the desires and demands of the German social democratic party of to-day; in the second he gives a succinct sketch of the external history of the social democracy in Germany as manifested in the field of active politics, and of its internal history as displayed by the men who have led it, the ideas which controlled it, and the measures it has adopted in its political and economic propaganda; in the third he describes the principles of the economic system as set forth by the so-called Professorial Socialists of Germany, of whom Bismarck's favorite counsellor, Adolf Wagner, is the leading mind; and in the last he gives brief but extremely interesting outlines of the projects of the Christian Socialists of Great Britain, whose basis is the co-operative union of individuals in general society, and of the Christian Socialists of France and Germany, whose action is predicated upon the authority and social power of the Church.

In the winter of 1881-2, Professor Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, well known as a naturalist, and as one of the most radical and belligerent of the modern school of skeptical philosophers, visited Ceylon in order to study the forms of tropical organic and vegetable life that exist on that island and the adjacent sea; and he has given the result of his observations during a sojourn there of six months in the most genial and readable volume that has

⁷ *French and German Socialism in Modern Times*. By RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D. 18mo, pp. 274. New York: Harper and Brothers.

been produced by any recent traveller. One who is familiar with the truculence and asperity that frequently disfigure Professor Haeckel's scientific productions, and who looks apprehensively for their recurrence, or for a parade of his advanced skeptical theories, in his account of his *Visit to Ceylon*,⁸ will be agreeably disappointed. Only distant, cursory, and most good-natured allusions are made to the latter, and instead of the former we meet on every page a gayety that is irrepressible. Although the professor visited the island on a scientific mission as a naturalist, he reserves the more exclusively scientific results of his visit for a more purely technical volume, and in the one before us vouchsafes the reader only such glimpses of his professional work as have a general interest, and convey an idea of the marvellous beauty and variety of the forms of marine life in the Cingalese waters, while attention is mainly directed to the people of the island, their manners, customs, beliefs, and occupations, their attitude to their English masters and rulers, the character of the country and its productions, and the infinite variety of its bird, plant, and animal life. Animated sketches are given of all these, together with highly entertaining accounts of the difficulties he encountered, and the strange incidents he witnessed or that befell him in his free movements among the indigenous or naturalized inhabitants. The book is a delightful introduction to a new field, rich in novel varieties of life, manners, productions, and people.

PROFESSOR CHURCH, of University College, London, has supplemented his excellent *Stories from Homer* by a companion volume of *Stories from Virgil*,⁹ drawn from the *Æneid*, and describing the adventures and exploits of Æneas from the sack of Troy to the death of Turnus. The stories are paraphrases rather than literal translations of the original, and are confined to a presentation of its most striking incidents, in the continuous narrative form which is always so acceptable to youthful readers. The stories are unincumbered by the philosophy and rhetoric which the young have not yet learned to appreciate, but at the same time the chief characteristics of the poet's style and expression are faithfully preserved. They are finely illustrated by richly colored engravings adapted from a series of designs by Pinelli, a Roman artist of the early part of this century, who had a deserved reputation for his power of representing energetic action.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK's investigations of the habits, instincts, natural conditions, and mental endowments of the class of insects known as the social hymenoptera, as recorded in a

recently published volume entitled *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*,¹⁰ reveal some new facts in the natural history of these interesting creatures which are a substantial addition to the previous knowledge on the subject. The object of his observations being not so much to describe the usual habits of these insects as to test their mental condition and powers of sense, it was the original intention of the author to concentrate his attention principally upon bees. But he soon found that ants were more convenient than bees for most experimental purposes, because they were calmer and less excitable, and evinced greater power and flexibility of mind; and hence, although at the close of his treatise he pays some attention to bees and wasps, and gives some exceedingly interesting results of his scrutiny of them, the chief interest of his work resides in its record of his observations of ants, the new facts concerning them he brings to light, the old theories and alleged facts he confirms or refutes, and the surprising inferences and conclusions his investigations seem to warrant. The introductory chapters give a general preliminary view of the habits, instincts, and behavior of ants, their kinds, habitations, communities, food, character, industry, division of labor, relations to plants and other insects, methods of propagation and self-preservation, and other particulars with which most students of natural history are familiar, but a knowledge of which is highly desirable for an intelligent comprehension by the unscientific reader of the experiments described in the subsequent chapters. It is these later chapters, in which the author records the minute details of his multitudinous patient and ingenious experiments, that stamp his work with a distinctive scientific value, whether we consider the importance and novelty of the facts they apparently establish, or the surprising character of some of the inferences which they render probable or plausible. To follow these experiments closely were impracticable in a notice as brief as this must necessarily be; but their nature, drift, and general scope may be gathered with reasonable clearness from the following summary of results, given as nearly as possible substantially in Sir John Lubbock's own language: Ants have the power of recognizing friends, even when the latter have been reduced to insensibility by intoxication, or after long periods of separation, or when reared from the pupa state in the nests of strangers; but this power of recognition is not effected, as has been supposed by some eminent naturalists, by the use of a sign or quasi pass-word; it is not personal or individual, and is not due to the circumstance that each ant is individually acquainted with every other member of

⁸ *A Visit to Ceylon*. By ERNST HÆCKEL, Professor in the University of Jena, etc. Translated by CLARA BELL. 12mo, pp. 337. Boston: S. E. Cassino and Co.

⁹ *Stories from Virgil*. By REV. ALFRED J. CHURCH, M.A. 12mo, pp. 204. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

¹⁰ *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*. A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. "International Scientific Series." By SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., Bart., etc. 12mo, pp. 458. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

the community—sometimes numbering from 100,000 to 400,000 individuals—to which it belongs. They have some power of communicating their thoughts to each other, of giving information to one another, something approaching to language. If we ask ourselves whether they are conscious beings, it is difficult to deny them the gift of reason when we see them, often in the face of accidental conditions of which they could have had no previous experience, excavating chambers and tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering and storing food, nursing their young, feeding and making use of domestic animals, holding slaves, recognizing friends, and manifesting aversion to strangers and enemies, and, on the whole, there is good ground for the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of man not so much in kind as in degree. Ants have the power of distinguishing light and colors, and of discriminating objects; but their perceptions of objects and their sensations of light and color must be very different from ours, since some colors affect their eyes which are imperceptible to ours, and the same may be true of objects. It would appear, therefore, that the colors and proportions of objects and the general aspect of nature must present to them a very different appearance from what they do to man. Though the subject is still involved in doubt, observations seem to indicate that ants are not deaf, as Huber and Forel maintained, but that they possess some sense of hearing, and that while they are insensible to sounds that affect us, they have the power to distinguish sounds which we can not hear. As regards the senses of smell and touch, there can be no doubt that both are highly developed in them. To sum up: The economy of labor and the ingenuity and inventiveness displayed under exceptional circumstances by ants, the social and friendly relations which exist between those of the same community, and between them and other animals, the hostility they manifest to stranger ants and other insects, their power of communicating their thoughts, their enjoyment of

the senses, their prevision, and their ability to accommodate themselves to novel or accidental conditions, all indicate intention, foresight, and calculation; that they have their desires, passions, and caprices; and lead to the conclusion that they are endowed with reasoning powers so marked in kind and degree as to force the admission that "they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

THE novels of the month are fair in quality and comparatively few in number, among them being two by native authors who are deserved favorites, Rev. William M. Baker (recently deceased, many of our readers will regret to learn) and Frank Lee Benedict. Our list comprises the following: *The Price She Paid*,¹¹ by Frank Lee Benedict; *The New Timothy*,¹² by William M. Baker, a new edition; *Altiara Peto*,¹³ by Laurence Oliphant; *By the Gate of the Sea*,¹⁴ by David Christie Murray; *His Triumph*,¹⁵ by Mary E. Denison; *Disarmed*,¹⁶ by Miss Betham-Edwards; and *Thicker than Water*,¹⁷ by James Payn. Of the above it deserves to be noted that *Altiara Peto* and *By the Gate of the Sea* form the initial numbers of the new and tasteful yet cheap "Duodecimo Edition" of "Franklin Square Library" novels, just projected by the Messrs. Harper.

¹¹ *The Price She Paid*. A NOVEL. BY FRANK LEE BENE-DICT. 12mo, pp. 429. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

¹² *The New Timothy*. A NOVEL. BY WILLIAM M. BAKER. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 71. New York: Harper and Brothers.

¹³ *Altiara Peto*. A NOVEL. BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." Duodecimo Edition, pp. 242. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 58. New York: Harper and Brothers.

¹⁴ *By the Gate of the Sea*. A NOVEL. BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. "Franklin Square Library." Duodecimo Edition, pp. 116. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 29. New York: Harper and Brothers.

¹⁵ *His Triumph*. BY MARY E. DENISON. 16mo, pp. 248. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

¹⁶ *Disarmed*. A NOVEL. BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 42. New York: Harper and Brothers.

¹⁷ *Thicker than Water*. A NOVEL. BY JAMES PAYN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 74. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of September.—The following State nominations were made: Nebraska Democratic August 29, J. W. Savage for Justice of the Supreme Court, and for Regents of the State University Dr. D. R. Daniels, G. W. Johnson, and J. M. Woolworth; Pennsylvania Greenback August 30, T. P. Rynder for Auditor-General, and Captain A. T. Marsh for Treasurer; New York Greenback September 5, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher for Secretary of State, Louis A. Post for Attorney-General, G. L. Halsey for Comptroller, Julian Winne for Treasurer, E. A. Stillman for State

Engineer; New Jersey Democrats September 13, Leon Abbett for Governor; New Jersey Republicans September 18, Judge Jonathan Dixon for Governor.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was completed, August 22, by the joining of the two ends, thirty miles west of Mullen Tunnel, Montana. On the occasion of the formal opening, September 8, a golden spike was driven at the point of meeting.

The Irish Registration Bill was rejected in the House of Lords, August 21, by a vote of 52 nays to 32 yeas.

The French captured Hué, the capital of