

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

ITALY'S GREAT GIFT TO FRANCE

Tilley, Arthur. *The Dawn of the French Renaissance.* 8vo, pp. xxvi-636. Cambridge: The University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$8.25. Postage, 18 cents.

Out of an "Introductory Essay" bearing on the author's "Literature of the French Renaissance" has grown this unusually worthwhile and imposing volume. It involved a survey of the sources of the Renaissance in France as traced in the homeland of that movement—Italy. There was necessary a discrimination between the parts individuals and localities played in the particular urge and elements of the entire development. And then, naturally, there followed discussion of the influence each exerted and the character each element assumed in the new home. The result is an orderly and scholarly arrangement in which each item falls naturally into its place in the completed narrative. A survey of the contents of the exposition here furnished exhibits the mastery of the material in hand and the comprehensiveness of the treatment.

Part I., "France and Italy," is in five chapters—sketching first the Italian Renaissance, then proceeding to Premonitions of the French Renaissance (the House of Valois from Charles V. to Louis XI.), the Expedition of Charles VIII. (to Italy), the French Occupation of Milan, and the France of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. Part II., "The Renaissance of Letters," treats of the Study of Latin (Robert Gaguin and Josse Badius Ascensius), Jacques Lefèvre d'Étaples, the Study of Greek (Aleandro, Budé, and Erasmus), Humanism in the Provinces, and French Poetry and Prose. Part III., "The Renaissance in Art," devotes two chapters to architecture, two to sculpture, and one to painting. There is also a summary, or retrospect. Twenty-three plates and a frontispiece illustrate the volume, which is furnished with a detailed table of contents and completed with an excellent index. Such is the plan. What of the execution?

The beginning is most alluring. One will go far before finding so excellent a pastel of Petrarch as the first ten pages furnish. The spirit of the man, his instinct for historical inquiry, his individualism checked by admiration for the really illustrious, his services to the vernacular, which made him "the first modern man of letters," the "rock" from which flowed the Renaissance waters, all receive justice in this well-written introduction. And here Mr. Tilley makes his fundamental distinction (sight of which he never loses), the distinction between humanism and the Renaissance. The latter is the broad river of which the former was one of several channels. Thus happily begun, our author's survey of the Italian Renaissance's course—necessarily brief as merely introductory to his real subject—passes swiftly but surely over the high peaks. Pope Nicholas V., patron of the learned, the Florentine art of Alberti, Valle, and Pius II., science with Toscanelli and da Vinci, Pico della Mirandola, the thirst for literature, art, and knowledge in the new Italy—these pass quickly but in high light before the reader's eye.

One gets, after this, a view of the transition of art-appreciation from Italy to France in the description of the patronage

and collections of the house of Valois, beginning with Charles V. (1364-80), whose library contained 1,100 volumes (manuscripts, of course), and continuing with Louis de Bourbon (died 1410) and Louis XI.—a patron and encourager of learning rather than a collector. This brought a flood of scholars and artisans into France whose influence was soon manifest. Then in 1494 Charles VIII. crossed the Alps, and, returning, brought with him treasures in tapestries, pictures, and marbles. If Charles stayed only fourteen months in Italy, Louis XII. occupied Milan twelve years and a half, Italian incitation became pressing, and Tours meanwhile became the art center of France.

With scholars, artists, and artisans flocking in under these conditions, how the Renaissance in letters, arts, and handicrafts domesticated itself is at once discernible. Printing as represented by d'Étaples, Greek by Aleandro and Erasmus (we must remember that Flanders and France were closely connected), poetry by Jean Marot and Jean Lemaire, architecture by Fra Giocondo, sculpture by Jacques Morel, and painting by David and Fouquet, became naturalized and then native. How all this came about, how the movement localized itself variously, the monuments it reared, its results in buildings, ecclesiastical, civil, manorial, and domestic—form the burden of Mr. Tilley's narrative. Not only men but cities, not merely artists but their productions and influence, claim attention in a story entirely consecutive and interlinked, yet with so constant change of subject and scene as not to grow wearisome.

We must regard this as one of the most important books of the year. We find relief in turning to it from the strain of war-literature. Not, however, for consecutive reading should we recommend it. Rather it is for the spare hour, to read, ponder, and digest, a book informing and satisfying, a volume to fall back upon.

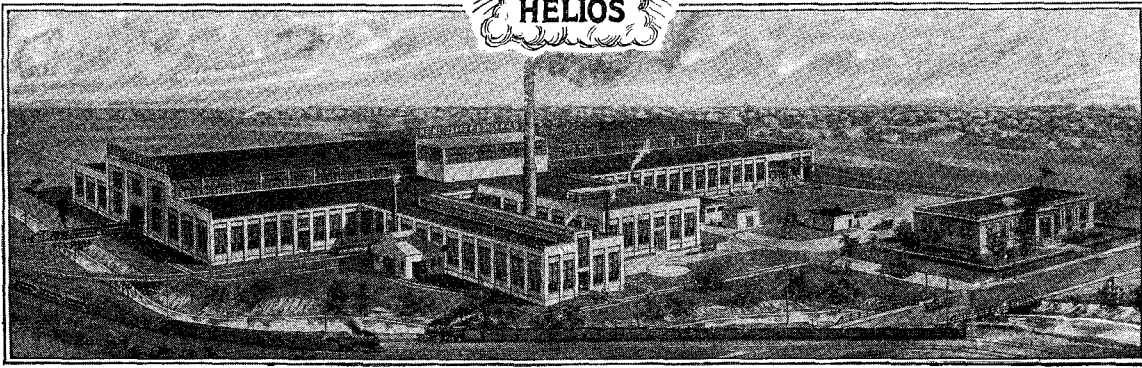
AN UNUSUAL BOOK OF TRAVEL

Beebe, William. *Jungle Peace.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75. Postage, 16 cents.

The author of this remarkable book is Curator of Birds at the New York Zoological Park and Director of the Tropical Research Station in British Guiana. He is not merely a wide-awake naturalist, but a literary artist whose style is refreshing. He takes the reader with him into the joy of life as few naturalists have learned how to do, thereby making a lasting contribution to good literature. Leaving the horrors of war in northern France, Mr. Beebe flies over New York in an aeroplane, telling us of its thrill; but as winter approaches he seeks the quiet depths of the tropical jungle. Life on shipboard is never tedious or uninteresting, for he spends his time in the crow's-nest, where the views are wide and free; or he lashes himself to the anchor just above the water, where he watches the flying fish and revels in the deep blues and greens of the southern sea. For hours he paces the deck grappling for the sargasso weed through which the steamer plows its way. Detached by storms from its home on the coast of Central America, the sargasso is borne northward by the Gulf Stream, bringing with it many forms of new and fascinating

life. As the water gradually chills, this life drops off, until finally the weed itself dies and sinks to its final resting-place in the far depths of the Atlantic.

There are many guide-book accounts of the enchanting little islands of the West Indies, but who has given us their soul? We wish that Mr. Beebe would write of them at length, for there is evidence that he would be successful. He gives us little sketches of the charm of butterfly-collecting, of chasing lizards, of seashore reveries, and of the wonderful sunsets which paint the skies of the velvety tropics. In Guiana, the roads afford a continuous vista of brilliant, variegated color, and the dense, green jungle is the home of rare birds and animals. Here are found the most unusual trees and flowers, compelling one's continual admiration; and here is the butterfly-hunter's paradise. Mr. Beebe recounts many of his expeditions in search of specimens, one of which was at New Amsterdam, where he observed and photographed a very remarkable and uncommon bird, the hoazin. He watched the young hoazins creeping, climbing, diving, and swimming, in a few minutes going through the evolutionary processes by means of which birds have gradually attained their present development. Evidently these weird examples of prehistoric days will make a profound impression on any ornithologist who is privileged to observe them. In writing of the customs of the natives, Mr. Beebe shows the same poetic and unusual point of view, conveying to us a truer picture of their life than that with which we were familiar. At New Amsterdam he found an old library rich with ancient and forgotten volumes, beautifully preserved, but never consulted. A research station was established in the midst of the great jungle under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society, and Colonel Roosevelt, who had encouraged the enterprise, visited it with his wife, taking many interesting trips in the jungle. The success attending Mr. Beebe's work at Kalacoon laboratory is a demonstration of the economy and practicability with which scientific work may be carried on in the tropics by men from the temperate regions. His plan has been not merely to collect specimens for shipment, but to photograph and to study tropical life in its home. A very interesting account is given of the cutting of a new trail from the wilderness laboratory through the terrible tangle of recent vegetation to a cool, dim trail which penetrates the primeval jungle. We are told how a giant bushmaster snake, a deadly terror of the tropics, was captured alive for shipment to the New York Zoological Park. Universally feared is the army ant, which attacks with great ferocity in countless numbers. One of their marauding expeditions is given in detail, and we learn that their marvelous activities are directed through their sensitive antennae rather than by sight, for they are totally blind. Nature has painted the birds of the jungle with every shade and hue that astonish the eye, while their voices are sharp and incisive to the ear. On one occasion Mr. Beebe kept daily watch for a week of a tree which was visited by a multitude of birds that feasted on its berries. He tells us that flocks consisting of many varieties



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