

face is therefore very appropriately addressed to the editor of that periodical, Mme. Edmond Adam. The main idea that runs through the two volumes is that the *états de l'âme* peculiar to a generation are contained in germ in the theories and dreams of the preceding generation. This idea M. Bourget has continued to develop in the present volume, in which he studies the state of souls under the Second Empire, as manifested in the writings of Dumas the younger, Leconte de Lisle, the Goncourt brothers, Turgeneff, and Amiel. The result is not cheerful. The world has become sadly pessimistic. The *mal du siècle* of René has had for its successor the moral nihilism of later writers, *la fatigue de vivre*, a gloomy perception of the vanity of every effort. M. Bourget seeks the cause for this. What he finds seems to apply especially to France, and yet it would be possible to discover like symptoms elsewhere, from different causes, assuredly. A distinctly analogous state of mind in Russia has received the name of *oblomovism*, from the novel of 'Obломoff,' by Gontcharoff, of which a part was translated and published in French two years ago. But it must be confessed the expression of this negation in France, whether in 'Bel-Ami' of M. de Maupassant or in 'À Rebours' of M. Huysmans, has not been savory or calculated to raise the spirits of the reader. It would seem to justify the recent remarks of M. Pailleron in the Academy to the effect that French gaiety was dying out. Nor does the author propose a remedy. He studies the present state of things, describes it, not complacently, as some of his critics have accused him of doing, but seriously, sincerely, and minutely. To look upon M. Bourget's work merely as a piece of literary criticism would be to do it injustice, yet it is one of the most important contributions to this branch of literature since Sainte Beuve's day. For him, no less than for that eminent critic, the form is of the highest importance, and, although he claims that in his analysis he leaves aside æsthetic theories, he says what scarcely any one but a French critic could say and fully feel and mean, "mal écrire, c'est toujours et partout mal penser." If the converse of this be in any sense true, M. Bourget must have learned to think much since his first volume of essays was published. His style has gained in amplitude as well as in vigor. There is no more promising writer in France.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière has collected some of his latest contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and made of them the second volume of a series which he may extend indefinitely, under the title 'Histoire et Littérature' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenholz). Literature occupies by far the greater part of the volume, which contains reviews of some of the most important works lately published in France. As in his previous writings, M. Brunetière speaks with the authority of a man fully impressed with the value of his opinion, and he has a decided opinion upon many things, an opinion often at variance with generally received views. He is fond of emitting ideas which at first seem somewhat paradoxical, but which are rather the rehabilitating of old forgotten truths, as when he clears away some of the popular misconceptions about casuistry in 'Une apologie de la Casuistique.' He is also fond of showing his learning, and he has learning to show, and can meet specialists on their own ground, as he proves in his article headed "Trois Moliéristes," in which he handles rather severely Paul Lacroix, Édouard Fournier, and Auguste Vitu. The predominant trait in his criticism is its severity against those whom he dislikes, and he is not in sympathy with many tendencies of the new schools of prose and poetry in France, as is very apparent in all he says of Flaubert, of the Parnassians, and of the Naturalists.

The first serious, discriminating appreciation of M. Brunetière's work as a critic is to be found in M. Jules Lemaitre's 'Les Contemporains' (Paris: Lecène & Oudin; Boston: Schoenholz). These "Études et Portraits" were first published in the *Revue Bleue*, where they attracted much attention. The author was comparatively unknown, and in less than three years he has won for himself a high place among the most promising of the younger generation of French men of letters. Like Sarcey and many others, he gave up his position of *professeur* to devote himself exclusively to writing, and in this, his first important publication, we feel, perhaps too much, that the young writer has just thrown off certain uncomfortable shackles of his previous career. He cannot let an occasion slip by to talk of Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, especially of Bossuet, in a manner diametrically opposed to that which it is the proper thing to assume when treating these *classiques* in the official professorial tone. What he loves above all, what "thrills him with pleasure to the very marrow," is the literature of the second half of the nineteenth century, "si inquiète, si folle, si morose, si détraquée, si subtile." In this he is the very reverse of M. Brunetière, whose admirations are mostly lavished upon the seventeenth century, and especially upon Bossuet. But M. Lemaitre does not extend his benevolent admiration to all his contemporaries. To several he is not sparing of his disapproval, notably to M. Huysmans and to M. Ohnet. He begins by excusing himself to his readers for speaking to them at all of the latter, as he usually treats only of literary matters, whereas the novels of M. Georges Ohnet are only merchandise that sells well. He has charming chapters on Théodore de Banville, Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée, and Renan.

There exists no good general history of modern literature in French. The ambition of the very clever critic and novelist, Marc-Monnier, in the latter years of his life, was directed toward supplying this want. His first volume, 'La Renaissance, de Dante à Luther' (1884) was followed by a second, of which the last sheets were in the press when the author died, in April, 1885. This second volume bears the title, 'La Réforme, de Luther à Shakespeare' (Paris: Firmin-Didot; New York: Christern). It was to have been followed by a third, 'La Révolution.' In 'La Réforme' there is a good study of Calvin and the French and Swiss reformers. The author's treatment is broad, but not very deep. He has nothing new to say of Rabelais, the Pléiade, Montaigne. His chapters on Tasso, Giordano Bruno, Camoens, Cervantes, seem to be merely the lectures which he delivered in Geneva. His too rapid sketch of the Elizabethan age would be found very unsatisfactory by a student of English literature. Yet the two volumes are pleasant reading throughout, full of information, somewhat elementary, usually reliable, and rather abounding in quotations from the authors under consideration. In this respect the didactic character of the work is apparent, as it also is in the writer's great care to explain every statement, and not to write vaguely about the great authors as if he addressed readers who knew all about them. Marc-Monnier leans wherever he can on Vinet; hence we notice in him an aim more expressly moral than is to be found in French critics generally. This, together with a certain rigidity of manner, is what characterizes the Swiss school of criticism to which Vinet gave the highest expression. Marc-Monnier, far more versatile than his master, though less earnest and deep, is in his manner true to the country of his adoption. The book is not properly a literary history, much less a critical essay upon the literary history of the sixteenth century. It is an easy-running comment upon

the lives and works of the principal writers and thinkers of the period.

'Crime d'Amour' (Paris: Lemarrie) is the embodiment by M. Paul Bourget of his essay on Alexandre Dumas, in his new volume of 'Psychologie contemporaine,' but it is much more than that. The essay, written some time ago, leads only to conclusions of the most hopeless and faithless despair in humanity; the novel, completed in the *Nouvelle Revue* only last month, is filled with a passionate sadness and pity for a humanity which has in its capabilities of regeneration the existence of which the school of pessimistic writers, and M. Bourget as long as he remained among them, seems never to have suspected. Throughout the book, but especially in the fourth and concluding part, the most original and powerful portion of the story, the influence of Tolstoi upon the author is evident. M. Bourget has not risen to the grandeur and purity of the great Russian, but he has felt his revivifying influence. If this tendency towards purer and loftier ideals should continue and develop in the work of M. Bourget, it may possibly overcome the great and serious sins against propriety and good taste which now make him, in spite of his great ability and power, a writer to whom unconditional praise cannot be given.

The new novel by M. Octave Feuillet, 'La Morte' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Christern), has met with a success rivaling that which the productions of M. Georges Ohnet are accustomed to provoke. Before it had been published a week thirty-five editions had been sold, and this was after all Paris had read it as it appeared in numbers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Octave Feuillet is a writer who respects himself and his readers, which probably contributes as much to his great popularity as his unquestionable literary excellences, or even his tendencies in the direction of conventional political and religious opinions. Beside the young writers of the present day he seems to belong to another age rather than merely to another generation, and he pleases by his unlikeness to their pessimism and ultra-realism, as he does by his simplicity and repose of style in contrast to the elaboration and violence of manner prevailing among so many of them. In his latest work M. Octave Feuillet retains all the qualities of the author who wrote so many years ago the 'Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre' and the 'Histoire de Sibylle.'

'Wassili Samarin,' by M. Philippe Daryl (Paris: Hetzel; New York: Christern), is another novel which certainly is not realistic. Like M. Alphonse Daudet in 'Tartarin sur les Alpes,' the writer has taken the now conventional young Russian woman absorbed in revolutionary plots, and placed her in Switzerland; but M. Daryl has not the great talent of Daudet, and he has written only a moderately interesting and inoffensive story.

*The Fight for Missouri* from the election of Lincoln to the death of Lyon. By Thomas L. Snead, A. D. C. of the Governor, etc. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. viii, 322, 12mo.

This is a lively narrative of the efforts made by the Secessionists of Missouri to carry that State into the Southern Confederacy, and of the bold and successful efforts made to resist it by the Union men under the leadership of Frank P. Blair and General Lyon. It bears evidence of the sincerity with which it is written on every page. The writer, who both saw and took an active part in all that he relates, has tried to tell the story with as complete impartiality as is possible to one whose feelings and interests were deeply involved in the struggle. He says he has written the book because it was his duty to do so,

and we assent to his judgment as to his duty and thank him for its performance.

Everything that throws light upon the action of the border States in the spring and summer of 1861 is valuable, and we feel that history has acquired new capital when honest participants and eye-witnesses tell us what occurred in any of those States at the outbreak of the war. The position of Missouri was peculiarly critical. Herself in the Union by the celebrated compromise of 1820, the repudiation of which was perhaps the most powerful of the incidents that led directly to the appeal to arms, surrounded on three sides by free States, conscious of the impossibility of being part of a Southern slave-Confederation which would thus thrust a wedge among what would be foreign free States, every interest and every argument urged Missouri to remain loyal. By a majority of eighty thousand her people determined to do so. Yet Governor Claiborne Jackson determined to carry her out of the Union. He organized the militia with the intent to use them for this purpose. He sought to prevent the organization of Union men or the enlisting of volunteers for the service of the United States. He called his militia into camp with a purpose of capturing the United States Arsenal. He entered into a treasonable correspondence with Jefferson Davis, and procured from the Southern Confederacy cannon to be used against the Federal garrison.

Blair and Lyon were far too acute, to be deceived as to the purpose, and too bold to hesitate in doing what the hour demanded. The one as the political head of the loyal citizens, the other as the military commandant of the department, was equal to the occasion. Regiments were organized and mustered into the service of the United States. Lyon marched them against the Secessionist camp of "home-guards," and captured these and the cannon which had been seized by the Confederacy at Baton Rouge and smuggled into St. Louis to be used against the Government that owned them. The author frankly admits all these facts, and that Blair and Lyon properly interpreted them and wisely acted upon them. He speaks of the military movement as "Blair's rebellion against the State," but he narrates the facts so frankly that we may treat this as "a sop to Cerberus," since he shows that it must have been Governor Jackson who was plotting the insurrection against Missouri, after her 80,000 majority had determined to remain in the Union, and the Convention called by the Legislature had acted in that sense.

The leading characters of the book are Lyon, Blair, and Sterling Price. Despite some natural prejudice of the author, he has done much to give Lyon his proper place in history as a clear-headed, determined soldier, with a good deal of Chinese Gordon's energy of will and hot impatience of being crossed in what he thinks is right. In the light of this information from behind the scenes we can see that every step Lyon took was exactly what was needed. His fortification of the arsenal was necessary to prevent its being carried by a *coup de main*. His organization and drill of the St. Louis regiments was not a moment too soon. His march upon Camp Jackson proved at once his sagacity and his fitness for command. His march upon the State capital was necessary to make the Secessionist Governor show his true colors, and to prove that it was Davis and the Confederacy and not Missouri that Claiborne Jackson represented. His campaign of Springfield and Wilson's Creek was a success up to the moment of his death upon the battlefield, and, but for his death, the author admits that it would have ended in victory, and annihilated every vestige of secession power in Missouri. It is safe to say that no other officer in the service had then shown anything approaching his

capacity or his prompt energy, and we cannot doubt that a great career would have been open to him had he lived.

Blair's energy was, in its sphere, equal to Lyon's. He was a public man with a much broader grasp than has commonly been believed, and this history of his activity and of his audacity shows that it was a rare combination of civil and military capacity when he and Lyon joined hands to save Missouri to the Union. The things his enemies then denounced as rash mischief-making, are now admitted to have been the proper and the successful counter-stroke to Secessionist plottings. Yet the outcry of the disunionists was not without its effect, and it would seem that Blair suffered in public estimation from the very things that should be his glory. He pierced the secrets of his opponents, and had the courage to strike without reference to their protestation (which is part of the regular programme of all insurrectionists) that they had as yet done nothing hostile to the Government. He was content to be judged by the event whether he was not right; and, by the honest statement of one who was in the inner counsels of the Secessionists, it is plain that he made no mistake. They lament, or did lament, the defeat of their purposes, but they give us the evidence that this man understood them, and won the results he was striving for.

Sterling Price is evidently the author's hero, and the picture presents him as an estimable and able man. A Union man by conviction, a member of the Convention and of the majority which refused to go out of the Union, his Southern prejudices and sympathies were such that, when war became inevitable, he went with the friends of his heart and the people of his class, against the Government to which he acknowledged his duty, and against the cause which he recognized as that of the interest of his State. This narrative stops with the battle of Wilson's Creek, but enough is told to make it easy to understand why General Price had the confidence of his neighbors and the devotion of his soldiers. A curious part of the history is the story of Gen. Ben McCullough's hesitation and delay in marching against Lyon, of Price's clear perception of the military policy, and of the self-abnegation with which he consented to serve under his junior if that junior would pursue the vigorous strategy which the occasion demanded. No so vivid an account of that important battle has been written. Certainly none has come from a more competent writer, and, like the rest of the book, it bears every mark of sincere truthfulness. Its statements may be corrected, but its spirit could hardly be improved. As a whole, the volume is among the most interesting of the minor contributions to the great war history, and is equally valuable whether we view it from the political or the military side.

*Sylvan Winter.* By Francis George Heath. With seventy illustrations by Frederick Golden Short, engraved by James D. Cooper. London: Kegan Paul & Co.; New York: Scribner & Welford.

THIS work comes to us just as the winter is over, to make us feel how much we might have enjoyed the season under right instruction, though, indeed, the book is English, and its "wintry outlooks" and "wintry wood-lore" apply to this country only with a difference. The author takes leave to praise the illustrations, and well he may, for they are genuine woodcuts from sketches "instinct with a true feeling for Nature and full of delicate appreciativeness for quiet English country life"; indeed, are uncommonly good. One may suspect that the best part of the 350 pages of letterpress—namely, the chapters on

Leafless Woods, Tree-ferns, and Spray-characters—were written for bringing out the illustrations. Throughout, the author has drawn freely upon Gilpin's 'Forest Scenery,' which he has recently edited; and so has made an attractive book, if not always critically accurate, yet mostly reliable, until, when treating of sylvan giants and the like, he takes up with English travellers' stories, and even personally endorses a very loose one. That is, he quotes from Mr. Marshall's "interesting book, 'Through America,'" the statement that in the Calaveras grove of big trees, "my friend [a travelling companion] counted in one tree as many as 2,000 rings," and Mr. Heath adds, "We can personally vouch for the accuracy of Mr. Marshall's statement as to the tree he and his friend examined, for he is a note-taker of unusual excellence." He might as well vouch "that a tree has been found in the Mariposa grove with 6,000 rings in it," which Mr. Marshall appends as a report. Now it is quite probable that some of the California big trees are 2,000 years old; but the felled one in the Calaveras grove—the only one of which the rings on the stump can be counted throughout—was less than 1,300 years old, as Mr. Heath records; and the only other available trunk of that grove is of no greater size, is too much damaged for the rings to be counted throughout, and, as well as can be ascertained, does not justify Mr. Marshall's friend's statement.

There is similar uncritical matter in the chapter on the uses of wood. For instance, the common application of the name sycamore to the great maple of Europe misleads the author into the statement that this tree furnished the sycamore wood of Egyptian mummy cases. We wonder if Mr. Heath originated or only adopted the notion that the horse-chestnut tree got its English name from the fauciful resemblance of its leaf-scars on the twigs to a horseshoe with its row of nails or nail holes. He might know that this qualifying prefix is a common one to denote coarseness—e. g., horseradish, horsemint, horseparsley, and even horse-sense. Let us not fail to mention the concluding chapter, in which the author is more at home than with plant lore, that on sylvan nomenclature. Here is a list of over 600 English towns, villages, or other places, which derive their names from the names of trees, forests, or other sylvan sources. Alas, that he should have included in the list, as one of the derivatives of *bois*, the name of *Boston*!

*Discussions on Climate and Cosmology.* By James Croll, LL.D. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1885. 8vo, pp. 327.

THE body of facts with which physical science has to deal has become so great that it cannot be compassed by any one man. Alexander von Humboldt was the last of the learned who effectively essayed the task of grasping knowledge in a large way, and even he achieved it imperfectly. Hereafter we can hardly hope to have naturalists in the wider sense of the word, at least until a new intellectual variety of man is formed for the work. Even German diligence can in a very long life win no more than two hundred thousand hours for study, and such a term would probably not more than suffice for a mere review of the noteworthy labors of other men. Students who would advance learning feel that they must limit themselves to some narrow field, consoled by the sense that nature is a unit, and that they may find the spirit of the whole in their own small part of the universe.

The most unfortunate result of this partition of scientific labor arises from the fact that explorers cannot avail themselves of the methods and results of those who are employed in adjacent fields. It thus comes about that between