

facts may be on paper, there is no question what they have been in practice.

If, in answer to this, it be claimed that New York has not made a success of such share as it has had in the management of Yale, the answers are, first, a question of the correctness of the claim; second, that New York has not had a fair chance; and third, that its share—the share of all the alumni—in the Corporation is so limited that, despite some little scimmages regarding it, many of the most capable of the alumni have felt absolutely indifferent to it. It is rather to get this share enlarged and to use it for the support of the Faculty, than to interfere with the Faculty, that their best attention is directed. That on the question of elective studies, the Faculty have lately needed support against the power set over them by the Corporation, such as the alumni wish to give them, and have had to force their position for themselves, and that on some other questions they have been beaten, are facts which had better not be blinked in these discussions.

There are those who say that a Corporation not dominated by the survivals of New England Puritanism would probably act or fail to act in about the same way that the present Corporation does. In support of this they draw a *non-sequitur* from a statement lately made by a lay member of the Corporation, at a Commencement dinner, to the effect that there had never been any difference between the clerical and lay members of the Corporation on any question brought up for discussion. The *non-sequitur* is that on no question that ought to be brought up are they apt to disagree; while a true *sequitur* is that, in the present state of education, if a clerical party and a lay party do not disagree, it is because living questions are neglected. The statement of the lay member of the Yale Corporation was not needed to prove that in that body they are.

Probably if any set of men on this planet are in the habit of looking facts square in the face, it is the active men of New York. And probably they are in a better condition to know why they send or conclude not to send their sons to any given college than any other men are to know it for them. Whatever opinions are held by that portion of Yale's graduates who happen to be in New York, presumably fit the facts at least as well as the opinions of her graduates elsewhere. But that the opinions of the New York alumni are restricted to themselves, or even that they are not largely shared by the most capable alumni everywhere, is as silly an intimation as the one generally accompanying it, that the methods which brought Yale College to her relative position of thirty years ago have been effective to keep her there, or can keep her even where she is now, in the future. X.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1886.

#### THE NUMBERS TEST FOR COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of us Western readers of the *Nation* have been highly edified by the "down East" discussion of a question that may be stated about thus: Ought the merits of a high school to be judged largely by the number of its students? When we read that some of the friends of Yale profess to see it declining because it does not keep pace in numbers with Harvard, we recognize the fact that the intellectual atmosphere of New England is impregnated with a something that is very familiar to us. One can find hundreds of people out this way, and they are pretty well informed people, too, who take the same view of our Western colleges. They never ask any question about them except, "How many students

have they?" Yet it must be said, to the credit of some of the denizens of such half-civilized municipalities as Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis, that they view this question in a different light, to say nothing of the wild tribes living further inland who do not believe that the efficiency of a troop of an educational establishment depends upon the numbers that compose it.

We find President Gilman's recent words very applicable to our case; and it now seems that they do not refer exclusively to us. He says: "I have heard it said that some men are possessed by a statistical devil. They can only think in figures; they will ask, in respect to a new acquaintance, how much he is worth; of a library, how many volumes; . . . of a college, how many students. I have known the expenses of an institution made a dividend, and the number of scholars the divisor, the quotient representing the cost of each pupil. . . . It is not the number but the quality of students which determines the character of a high school. It is important to count; it is better to weigh."

It is not too much to say that the comparatively large number of eminent men who are alumni of some of our small Western colleges is due in great measure to the determined maintenance of a high standard at the expense of popularity. They have acted on the principle that it is better to produce one Plato than a score or even a hundred like Alkibiades. Perhaps their conservatism has been a trifle excessive, but who will dare say, in the light of events, that if they have erred, it has not been in the direction of least danger? A college president in this State holds that the ideal number of students to a teacher is four, and that when a class contains a larger number his influence can no longer be maintained at its highest point of effectiveness. Among our Western colleges and "universities" those are, generally speaking, the most populous which give the time-honored degrees for almost any studies and in almost any quantity the student may choose. Those who speak and write, or strive in other ways, against these things, may be overborne by the present tide against them, but their zeal is kept alive by the confident hope that time will vindicate the wisdom of their efforts. The number is becoming gradually larger in America who admit that here, as little as in Germany, it is to a young man's detriment to have earned his degree "an einer kleinen Universität." S.

OHIO, April 16, 1886.

## Notes.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY of Maine is in process of completion by a member of the Maine Historical Society, Mr. Joseph Williamson, of Belfast. The titles already exceed 3,000.

Cupples, Upham & Co. will soon publish 'Fellow Travellers,' a New England story, by Mr. Edward Fuller, of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*; and 'Thoughts,' by Ivan Panin.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish during the present month a translation of Octave Feuillet's 'La Morte,' under the title, 'Aliette.'

The translation of Flaubert's 'Salammbô' just issued by Saxon & Co. is "Englished" (as he puts it) by M. French Sheldon, authorized by the heirs of M. Flaubert, and introduced by a dozen readable pages from the pen of Mr. Edward King. It is painful to find ourselves more fastidious than a man's heirs in behalf of his posthumous fame, but we could not willingly have authorized this translation. It is no worse than almost every other similar work of the present day; but it is no better. Example: "Il [Hamilcar] ajouta: 'Sois mon fils et défends ton père!'

Narr' Havas eut un grand geste de surprise, puis se jeta sur ses mains, qu'il couvrit de baisers"—"Narr' Havas made a gesture of great surprise, afterwards, throwing himself before Salammbô, covered her hands with kisses." Mistakes similar to this, and also additions and omissions, abound throughout. M. French Sheldon describes Hamilcar as having a "most erudite and most personal" disdain of death. Flaubert conceived this disdain as "plus savant et plus intime" (more assured and more profound). It would not be amiss if his translator had a "plus savant et plus intime," as well as a "most erudite and most personal," knowledge of language before undertaking to cope with the exquisite subtleties of Flaubert's admirably perfected and marvellous style.

George Meredith's 'The Adventures of Harry Richmond' is the latest volume in the series of uniform reprints of this author's works which Roberts Bros. control for this country.

A new (the fourth) edition of Judge Nathaniel Holmes's 'Authorship of Shakspeare' has just been brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in two volumes. The lapse of more than a decade has failed to shake the author's belief in Bacon's title to the plays; and to his Appendix he now adds a Supplement of 120 pages, for which Mrs. Henry Pott, by the publication of her 'Promus,' is chiefly responsible. He also furnishes a general index, so that in all respects the work is better of its kind than it was before.

The same firm send us the new edition of their 'Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe.' We notice a slight extension of the Addenda, and conclude that other changes have not been material.

Dodd, Mead & Co. send out two more pretty volumes of "Tales from Many Sources," viz., v. and vi. They include Mrs. Ewing's 'Lob Lie-by-the-Fire,' Mrs. Forrester's 'Virginia,' A. Mary F. Robinson's 'Goneril,' Mary Frances Peard's 'Number 7639'; 'Gracie,' by Lady Lindsay of Balcarres, E. C. Grenville Murray's 'Fleur de Lys,' E. C. Pointer's 'Emilia,' Hugh Conway's 'My First Client,' and 'How Quedglington was Sent Down,' by J. Stanley, besides four anonymous tales from *Temple Bar* and one from *Belgravia*.

One can but protest against the abuse of terms when the author of the 'Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family' styles her "studies from the lives of Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson" 'Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). None of these men can be properly designated a martyr, unless in the sense of one who spared not himself in the service to which he was devoted—as Livingstone might be called a martyr to science. Mrs. Charles calls Bishop Patteson's death at the hands of the outraged Melanesians "to them a sacrifice of expiation, to us a willing sacrifice of love"; but the fact that he was slain in retaliation for kidnapping done by others, has no more to do with martyrdom than would his upsetting in the surf at the time he was actually shot. As for Chinese Gordon, we leave Mrs. Charles to discuss his life and death and degree of Christian sanctity with Count Tolstoi.

The new volume, 'On Compromise,' in the uniform edition of John Morley's works (Macmillan), comes to American readers with a natural sound in its very title. Such of us as glance at the introduction will perceive what use Mr. Morley makes of the American example in national character, and particularly in national achievement, when we closed the disgraceful age of compromise with the civil war. These essays are now more than ten years old, but have still a practical value for every-day life.

The increasing host of genealogical investigators is indebted to Mr. Daniel S. Durrie for a third

edition, revised and enlarged, of his 'Alphabetical Index to American Genealogies and Pedigrees Contained in State, County, Town Histories, Printed Genealogies, and Kindred Works' (Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons). Mr. Durrie estimates that he now furnishes 20,000 references. This work, Mr. W. H. Whitmore's 'American Genealogist,' and Savage's 'Genealogical Dictionary' are the necessary outfit of any pedigree hunter.

The first series of 'Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales,' edited for school and home use by Miss J. H. Stickney, has been issued by Ginn & Co. The text has been minutely derived from several extant English versions, and the tales have been graded for progressive reading. The illustrations are the first made sixty years ago.

One of the most interesting and useful of the later practical books for daily living is a group of six lectures on 'School Hygiene,' delivered under the auspices of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association to teachers and normal pupils (Boston: Ginn & Co.). There should be no geographical limit to such teaching, no class lines for those taught. It should be as attractive and it is as valuable in Illinois and Tennessee as in New England; and all persons who have reached years of discretion, whether formal teachers or not, will be the better off for what is here laid down in untechnical phrase about ventilation, drainage, the care of the eyes and of the nervous system, and similar topics. It brings the millennium nearer to thus preach the gospel of health to the poor—poor in the knowledge of life.

'The Science of Dress,' by Ada S. Ballin (London: Sampson Low & Co.), primarily written for English women and English ways, is wholesome truth for all civilized people. Happily for them, the uncivilized are rarely trammelled by dress. Miss Ballin writes wisely of the hygiene of infancy, and in the matter of women's dress advocates not revolution, but literal reform. Physiologically and aesthetically her suggestions for clothing, from babyhood to age, are rational and attractive; and sceptics as to possible improvements in female costume without sacrificing the charm of outline, will be agreeably disappointed. There is nothing bold, nothing offensive, and much that is healthful and comfortable, in her designs for the under and outer garments; and this we say advisedly, with the concurrence of a competent jury of experience and taste.

Dr. Coan's 'Ounces of Prevention' belongs to Harper's Handy Series, and is a reprinted conglomerate of odds and ends of sound sense and good physiology. The only exception we are disposed to make is to its estimate of beer as "an ideal drink." Beer is fattening, it is true, and in the essay on leanness it is commended for "the fair thin reader" desiring plumpness. But we will have none of it: our Venus is not born of the foam of the beer cask.

Mr. J. Pickering Putnam's 'Principles of House Drainage' (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) is an intelligent exposition of its subject; but the special praise that it bestows upon various agencies to that end, all bearing the same trade-name, opens the question of interest.

Dr. A. Riant, who had before written a number of practical works on hygiene, has just published a book which will be of interest to all whose duties make it necessary for them to exert the voice, 'Hygiène de l'orateur' (Paris: Baillière; Boston: Schoenhof). The author gives the broadest sense to the word orator, so that his suggestions will be found useful to the lawyer, the lecturer, the preacher, and the teacher. He treats, always from a medical point of view, of the voice, breathing, intonation, attitude, and gesture. He gives excellent advice as to what it is best for the speaker to do before, after, and

while speaking, so as to insure the least amount of physical exhaustion. The book is written in a simple, straightforward style, and throughout the writer shows the skill of a specialist who has had personal experience in public speaking.

General Klapka, after Görgey the most eminent Magyar commander in the Hungarian war of 1848-9—we say Magyar in order not to place him above his Polish fellow-commander in the same struggle, General Bem—has added a large volume of 'Recollections' ('Emlékeimből,' Budapest, 1886) to his long ago published writings on his military career ('Mémoires,' 1850, which also appeared in an English translation, and 'Der Nationalkrieg in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen,' 2 vols., 1851). The new work, however, covers a wider ground, containing also reminiscences of his earlier life, and devoting half of its space to six years of exile spent in Germany, England, France, Switzerland, and Turkey (1849-55). This exile, which began on the morrow of the capitulation of Comorn—Klapka's sally from which in August, 1849, ranks among the most famous exploits in Hungarian history—terminated with the restoration of the constitutional freedom of Hungary in 1867, when the returned soldier was elected a member of the National Diet. A continuation of the interesting narrative is promised with some reserve, and its translation from Magyar into German is anticipated.

Under the title 'Tagebuch über Martin Luther geführt von Dr. Conrad Cordatus,' Dr. H. Wrampelmeyer has edited for the first time a manuscript containing the earliest and fullest collection of the table talks of Luther. Cordatus, the collector, was a prominent figure in the Reformation, and enjoyed the most friendly relations with the great reformer. The notes were taken by him from Luther's lips, and as far as possible Luther's own words are reported in the 'Tagebuch.' The period covered by the journal is from 1524 to 1537, the larger part apparently relating to the years 1531 to 1533. From Cordatus's testimony it appears that others were engaged at the same time in taking notes of Luther's talks, but he says, "Nunc nemo nos imitatur." The work of only one of the persons thus alluded to by Cordatus, that by Dietrich Veit, is known, and it still remains inedited. Antonius Lauterbach took up the task in 1538, but did not go beyond that year. The extant Latin and German collections, although probably based upon Cordatus, Lauterbach, and Veit, show wide diversions from the original. There are many interpolations and revisions which affect the integrity of the text. In the 'Tagebuch' of Cordatus we have the most authentic and faithful record of Luther's familiar conversations, and a means for an intimate knowledge of the reformer not hitherto accessible in print.

The fifth volume of the 'Sammlung Englischer Denkmäler' has lately been published. It consists of the text of the English version of 'Flor and Blanche-flor,' edited by Emil Hausknecht, with a preliminary study of the literary history of the tale, its origin and dissemination through the countries of Europe, and the numerous forms in which it is found in different literatures. The English poem was first produced by Hartshorn in his 'Ancient Metrical Tales,' from the Auchinleck MS.: a revised edition of this text was edited in 1857 by Laing for the Abbot'sford Club. The Early English Text Society issued in 1866, under the editorship of J. Rawson Lumby, two other versions of the poem taken from imperfect manuscripts. In none of these publications does the poem appear in any completeness. The present editor has been able to reproduce a much more complete text from a manuscript in the possession of the Marquis of Sutherland, which was inaccessible to previous editors.

Of the books published during 1885 in Iceland's

little capital, the most notable, in more than one respect, is Mr. Eiríkur Magnússon's edition of Shakspeare's "Tempest." It is in two daintily printed volumes, the first containing the editor's excellent Icelandic metrical version of the play, under the title of "Stormurinn," to which is prefixed a well-engraved facsimile of Droeshout's portrait and a life of the dramatist. The second volume comprises the English text from the Cambridge edition, followed by very complete historical, critical, and philological notes in Icelandic. Mr. Magnússon has been connected for many years with the University Library, Cambridge, and his annotations, as might be expected, are based upon the newest results of Shaksperian study. Outside, perhaps, of German, we know of no foreign language which possesses either so good an edition or so good a rendering of one of Shakspeare's productions. Icelandic translations of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello," by Mr. Matthías Jochumsson, and of "King Lear," by Mr. Steingrímur Thorsteinsson, have previously appeared.

We hope the term "Polandism," which in the last few days has repeatedly occurred in the foreign despatches to the daily newspapers, will speedily be dropped and buried in oblivion. It was perhaps an intended correction of the equally incorrect but on its face less absurd Polanism, which more than once preceded it in the telegrams referring to Bismarck's utterances on the nationality strife between Poles and Germans, and which, in its turn, was an accidental telegraphic corruption of the legitimate word Polonism (Ger. *der Polonismus*, from the mediæval Latin *Polonus*, Pole or Polish), which that statesman now so frequently uses. Polanism is as incorrect as would be Teutanism, and Polandism as barbarous a formation as would be Spainism or Belgiumism.

—The third volume of the 'Archives of Maryland,' edited and published with such scrupulous care by the Maryland Historical Society, has been for some time on our table. It consists of the Proceedings of the Council from 1636 to 1667, preceded by the charter and other documents illustrative of the first settlement of the colony, derived from foreign sources. This Council was partly what we now understand by the term in its relations to the Governor, and also had legislative functions as an Upper House, both in concurrence with the Assembly and independently; finally, it was the Provincial Court. In the present volume only its executive and administrative acts have been gathered together, and these naturally have more attraction for the historical student than for the antiquarian. There are great numbers of orders, commissions, and oaths, conditions of plantation, forms of submission, denizations, etc. The troubles of this period were not from the negroes but from the Indians, particularly those of the Eastern Shore, whose shooting of cattle and hogs, and not seldom of white men, kept the Council and the military well occupied. The "seuerall vagabonds & Idle persons knowne by the name of Quakers" likewise in their way disturbed the peace, not only by presumptuously standing covered, but by refusing to subscribe the engagement, "alleading they were to be governed by Gods lawe and the light within them & not by mans lawe"; moreover, "diswading the People from Complying with the Military discipline in this time of Danger [1659] as also from giving testimony or being Jurors in causes depending between party & party or bearing any office in the Province." Nothing could be done with them except (after wearying of the cost of their detention in prison) to banish them, and on their return to whip them out again "from Constable to Constable." Some attention had to be paid, too, to Capt.

Thomas Cornwallis, "a great Agent and factor for the settling of a Popish faction in Maryland" (1646). But no single person caused anything like the annoyance of the rebellious Capt. William Claiborne, concerning whom there are documents in plenty, and a curious inventory of effects seized "within Palmer's Island," including "1 hominie sifter," "a worme," "a combe-brush," etc.

—There are other social glimpses. The question of Mr. Thomas Gerrard's exact condition on a certain occasion in 1656 was met by Mr. Henry Coursey's oath "that the said Gerrard had drunke somthing extraordinary, but was not so much in drinke but he could gett out of a Carts way, & further saith not." John Dandy, for crimes committed, was, among other penalties, adjudged to be "publique Executioner within this Prouince," but by good behavior was in 1647 released from this unpleasant duty. The Commissioners appointed on the erection of Somerset Co. in 1668 were charged, *inter alia*, to inquire "of all manner of felonies, Witchcrafts, inchantments, Sorceryes, Magick Arts," etc.; and quite the most picturesque and pathetic scene discernible in these musty records is that of the searching of Mary Lee, "a witch," on the *Charity*, during the voyage from London to Maryland in 1654 (as "the Ship grew daily more Leaky almost to desperation"); the finding of "Some Signall or Marke of a witch upon her" by two seamen who had "apprehended her without order"; its confirmation by "Mr. Chipsham and this Deponent"; the poor creature's being made fast by them "to the Capstall, betwixt decks, And in the Morning the Signall was Shrunk into her body for the Most part"; finally, the "laying all their hands in generall to the Execution of her" by hanging—all, save the captain, who shut himself up in his cabin. Lighter matter for the curious is found in the declaration of the agents of the New Netherlands in 1659: "And here is to be noted that they deeply mistake themselves who interpret the Generall name of Manhattans aforesaid, vnto the particular Towne built vpon a little Iland because as it is said it signified the wholl Countrey & province, or at least that particular place in that province as per Example, like it is frequent still to this Day amongst some to Say to goe or Come from the-Manhattans when they meane the whole province like vnto Virginia or Maryland for that particular Towne it selfe is never named the Manhattans, but New Amsterdam." Finally, we remark the extraordinary number of spellings in which the name of the Susquehanna tribe was recorded; the most elaborate, perhaps, being *Sasquisahanoughes*.

—The London correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing in regard to the late Henry Stevens, is puzzled by his title "Citizen of Noviomagus." "After some reflection," he speaks of the strange name as applied both to certain geographical localities and to a club of antiquaries to which Stevens belonged. The members of that club can hardly be called antiquaries, as will be seen by an account of that association derived from Stevens himself. Sixty years ago a few hail fellows well met in London naturally gravitated together. They wished to meet socially and convivially, and yet could not afford, or desired to shun, the heavy charges prevalent in other clubs. For this end they decided to have no club-room, but to meet for a monthly dinner at some inexpensive hotel. They observed that geographers were quite agreed in identifying all old Roman stations about London save one—namely, Noviomagus. This place, set down in the Antonine Itinerary as ten miles out from London, but in an undetermined direction, had been, and was still, a bone of antiquarian contention. Now, though the monthly dinners were gander-parties,

the fraternity had resolved on an annual rusticated excursion, enlivened by the presence of their wives and daughters. This outing they decided to call a search for the long-lost Noviomagus. Year by year some new suburban retreat has been discovered and enjoyed, but the site of Noviomagus, after three score years, still lies undetected. One of the last dinners at which Mr. Stevens was able to be present, in November, 1884, was eaten at the Freemasons' Tavern. Among the members were A. H. Bullen, head of the British Museum Library, ex-Lord Mayor Holt, the editor of the *Athenæum*, etc. One member gave an account of a tour in Ireland, and a few impromptu speeches were called for, but the leading feature was free-and-easy talk. The oddest characteristic of the association was a Babel-like confusion of tongues. Each member is bound to say just the opposite of what he means, and to offer an insult when he means a compliment. Each one, too, interpreted like *Petruchio*, who, when *Kate* was mute, commended her volubility, and, when she railed, told her she sang as sweetly as a nightingale. Such a knot of humorists was after Stevens's heart, and he was the soul of their good-fellowship.

—The March number of *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Paris: Boussod, Valadon et Cie.; Boston: Schoenhof) seems at the first glance less brilliant than its predecessors, but upon examination it proves to be not inferior to them. There could not be anything more perfect in simplicity and beauty of arrangement and detail than the "Pêche aux Alouettes" of M. Fernand Calmettes, to which he has added such charming illustrations: nothing more delicately pathetic than "Le Manuscrit d'un Médecin de village" of M. Anatole France; nothing more sparkling and gay than "Le Divan rouge" of M. Francisque Sarcey, a long chapter of personal recollections told in his most delightful manner, and giving promise that more may be expected in the future. M. Adolphe Racot has an interesting seventeenth-century sketch, "Le Duel de Chapelain," of which the principal illustration is a fine full-page reproduction of the "Bretteur" of Meissonier. The expressive portrait, by Toulmouche, of Mme. Rose Caron, the lyric artist, is accompanied by a few pages from the musician, M. Ernest Reyer, the friend of the painter and the impresario of the singer, in which the *Revue* has obtained its usual excellent results from the choice of a peculiarly suitable person who is not a writer by profession. The most beautifully illustrated article in the number is the short one by M. Gerspach, "Note sur les Tapisseries de Baudry," in which the three of this artist's designs which escaped destruction when the Musée of the Gobelins was burned in 1872, are reproduced. On the completion of the first quarterly volume by the publication of this number, the direction of the *Revue* passed from the hands of M. Anatole France into those of M. Frédéric Masson, who contributed to the earlier numbers the interesting articles upon "Le Déisme pendant la Révolution."

—Prof. Alessandro D'Ancona, who has conspicuously maintained that Dante's Beatrice was identical with Béatrice Portinari, has lately been gratified with a letter from Prof. Adolfo Bartoli, who has hitherto doubted the flesh-and-blood reality of the mistress of Alighieri. Bartoli communicates the fact that among the *codici* of the Ashburnham Collection is one which contains a commentary on the "Divine Comedy," by Pietro, the son of Dante. The preface expressly declares this authorship and relationship, and the Commentary is evidently by the same hand that composed the Commentary already printed and ascribed to Pietro. The differences in the two texts, however, are such as to imply a complete

working over at a date later than that of the printed one (1340)—say from 1343 to 1360. Apart from confirming the authorship of the earlier, which has been disputed, the revised Commentary contains this passage in the second chapter of the "Inferno," upon the first mention of Beatrice:

"Et quomodo hic primo de Beatrice fit mentio, de qua tantus est sermo maxime infra in tertio libro paradisi, premittendum est quod revera quidam domina nomine Beatrix insignis valde moribus et pulchritudine tempore auctoris vixit in civitate florentie, nata de domo quorundam civium florentinorum qui dicuntur portinari, de qua dantes auctor procus fuit et amator in vita dicte domine, et in ejus laudem multas fecit cantilenas: qua mortua ut euis nomen in famam levaret, in hoc suo poemate sub allegoria et typo theologie eam ut plurimum accipere voluit."

The curious will find Bartoli's creditably mag-nanimous letter published in the *Florence Nazionale* of April 2.

#### ANOTHER DIARIST.—I.

*Remarks and Collections by Thomas Hearne.*  
Edited by C. E. Doble, Master of Worcester College, Oxford: for the Oxford Historical Society. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1885.

THE never-to-be-glutted appetite of our race for gossip (even for gossip without the spice of scandal) makes sure that whoever has or can get diaries, journals, biographies, autobiographies, correspondence, family records—pretty nearly anything about anybody, or of anybody about anything—into his hands, shall instantly sweep the horizon with his two eyes till he sees a publisher of good promise, and shall go to him, and, if need be, from him to another and another, until he can find for his material a way to the world of readers through the press. And beside this general craving for anything whatever that is fresh or seems fresh, there is that wide interest, ever waiting to be satisfied, in large unsettled questions; in historical characters, uncertain or suspected; in sudden turns of affairs never well explained. Then, too, there are those narrower but very many more interests in old neighborhood mysteries and feuds and jealousies and claims. In any case, the writers, or those written about, may have been third or fourth persons, or a little further off, from chief characters, and may have done the deeds, or may have got the credit for them. The writers may have been those who had all chance to know, and often a shrewd wit to understand or guess, what was going on or done around them. Then the number of those who have an antiquarian turn is large and growing, at least in proportion to the rest of us.

To be sure, sometimes, in spite of the general hunger of reading people, conscience or self-interest will come in between, and snatch the expected sheets out of the very press itself, away from the public; but the amount which finds a way through to the world is astonishing. To be sure, too, a great deal of this is but like the very poor and rude pottery, or flimsier than the slight filigree work, or clumsy as the clumsy tools, unearthed, with things of better worth, by tireless Dr. Schliemann's spades, or Prince Torlonia's. The public culls out from these the few things that it cares for, and waits for more. By a general consent, pretty well observed, bad things, out of a dead man's pockets or lockups, sure to hurt his fame and others' hearts; likely to do harm to many and good to none—such things, if they have fallen under honest and pitiful eyes, eyes that are wont to look up themselves for mercy, are thrust speedily back again and buried in a darker depth than that from which they came.

Some of these collections of gossip that, as we may suppose, are coming hereafter, whether