

and much of them, for one not used to the ecclesiastical jargon which the speakers use unconsciously, "subdued to what they work in like the dyer's hand," conveys a dubious impression.

The sketches of the bishops are the most interesting portion of the book. The devotion of Provoost to the Revolutionary party is all the more attractive because of its exceptional character. Driven from his parish, he took to botanizing while the war went on, but sometimes lent a hand to the defence of the imperilled neighborhood. It is evident that the early years of the present century were years of weakness and contempt for the Episcopal Church in the United States. Provoost did not expect it to outlast the colonial generation, and his successor's ineffectual labors are but thinly disguised by the phrases of his eulogistic co-religionists. With Bishop Hobart there was a much better order of affairs. His successor, Onderdonk, was suspended from his office, the last seventeen years of his life, for lascivious conduct. He is treated very tenderly by his biographer, but the traditional leniency of ecclesiastics in dealing with offences in their order makes an appeal from the stern judgment of his fellow-bishops difficult to sustain. The bishopric was without a head for several years after Bishop Onderdonk's suspension; from 1852 to 1854 Dr. Wainright was provisional Bishop, and Bishop Potter, succeeding him as provisional Bishop, entered into the fulness of his office when Bishop Onderdonk died in 1861. The fact that Bishop Potter is still living tempers the praise of his biographer, but it is evident that the bishopric has never had another man of temper and ability so well adapted to the place. Liberal in his constructions, of conciliatory spirit, with a blind eye for things he doesn't care to see, steadily resolved to make the Church an instrument of social elevation, he deserves the love and admiration which is accorded him wherever he is heard or known, and he is fortunate in the assistant who has, for several years relieved him of his more arduous duties.

The parish histories vary in length from several pages to a few lines, and are confined to the most salient facts. The number does not represent the growth of the original bishopric from which the bishopric of Western New York was detached in 1835, that of Central New York in 1863, and still later the bishoprics of Albany and Long Island. Following the parish histories there is a long chapter on Institutions of Charity and Learning, which is a remarkable exhibit. A concluding chapter on the literature of the century is equally remarkable, but in another way—for the paucity of the results. It is evident that the strength of the diocese has gone into church extension and consolidation, and into works of charity, rather than into critical or speculative theology.

*The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante," 1879-1882.* Compiled from the private journals, letters, and note-books of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, with additions, by John N. Dalton. Vol. i.—The West and the South. Vol. ii.—The East. Macmillan & Co. 8vo, pp. 675, 803.

THE only break in this three years' narrative is made by the division into volumes. The diary flows on with the continuity of a river, and, but for an occasional chart, even the voyages would be indistinguishable. These are, indeed, analyzed in the table of contents, but with no diversity in the captions. "At Sea" covers the run from Trinidad to Grenada, from Port Jackson to Moreton Bay, from Corfu to Palermo, etc. The worthy chaplain's sins against the art of book-making culminate in his failure to provide an index. This is a great pity, because, while only the

most determined "loyalty" could regard his lubrications as readable; in the sense, for example, that Mrs. Brassey's accounts of her cruises are readable, these two hulking volumes have a certain value as a work of reference. The "additions" which Mr. Dalton has made, and which double the normal size of the diary, embrace practical advice to emigrants to Uruguay, a history of the Transvaal War, an exposition of Confucianism and of the religion of ancient Egypt, the whole round of Egyptian and Syrian antiquities, the Eastern Question, and a thousand other things. Particularly the condition of the British colonies is studied and set forth with useful statistics, and with ready counsel to British statesmen as to what to do to revive Jamaica, etc., etc. To digest all this information, our royal middies would need another voyage round the world in the company of these volumes.

It cannot be said that the Rev. Mr. Dalton is a Jingo, though he has a pleasing faith in the British genius for governing, elevating, and blessing inferior peoples all over the globe, and clearly intimates a manifest destiny in the case of Egypt. He seems to be aware that his countrymen's dealings with the Chinese and the Zulus have not been quite moral, but in the case of the West Indies his view is antipathetic to the blacks; and he is far from having stated the facts about Gov. Eyre and the "insurrection" which he suppressed. At Martinique he remarks on the superiority in the condition of the French negroes over that of the same class in the English islands, attributing the difference to the fact that the French planters remained on their estates. He describes the contented and prosperous state of the Indian coolies in Trinidad, who have done wonders in opening up that beautiful island. Why the banana, which he calls "a devil's agent," has not wrought the same mischief with them as with the blacks, he does not attempt to explain. "The much-abused cocoanut," he says, "cannot come near it" in this vicarious capacity.

"The cocoa-palm is confined to the tropics and sea levels, and asks some labor, though not much. The banana grows as a weed, and hangs down its branches of ripe, tempting fruit into your lap as you lie in its cool shade. The cocoanut has a hundred uses, and urges man to work to make spirit from its juice; ropes, clothes, matting, bags from its fibre; oil from the pulp. It creates an export trade which appeals to almost all men in offering large and quick returns for little work. But the banana will make nothing: you can eat it raw or fried; you can eat it every day of your life without becoming tired of its taste, without suffering in your health; you can live on it exclusively. The plentiful possession of this tree has been fatal to industry and exertion for multitudes in the West Indies" (i, 176).

There is not much that is quotable in these pages—not so much as is really interesting. The princes have a British fondness for active exertion, sport, and athletics (every "bathe" is recorded), and very little sentiment. They are tattooed in Japan, and on the voyage thither join, at least as spectators, in shark-catching, when one of these fish "was blown to pieces with a disc of gun-cotton placed in a tin with a strip of pork wrapped round it for a bait; when he took it, it was fired with a boat's battery, which blew his head off and he sank." This was good discipline for a Sepoy rebellion. On the Nile, Philæ seems to have touched the sensibilities of the lads, or of their tutor; but had all three been totally devoid of the aesthetic sense they could not have been more silent as to the impression made on them by the statues of Memnon. They left their princely mark on the Great Pyramid under their father's A. E., as Cook's tourists might have done. They heard of Garfield's assassination while at Melbourne, July 3, 1881; and of Longfellow's death at Jericho, "the scene of his blind Bartimeus," on April 8, 1882. In 1880 their curiosity as to home

politics caused this adventure, one of the few humors of the cruise:

"April 29th.— . . . In the afternoon exchanged numbers with two English barques. To each of these we make a signal, 'Who is the Premier?' being anxious for news as to change of Ministry in consequence of the late elections in England; but neither of them make any response.

"April 30th.— . . . At 6.05 P. M. exchanged colors with an English barque, running to the westward, but cannot make out her number by signal; we alter course and close her, holding up a blackboard on the poop with, 'Who is the Premier?' chalked upon it. 'We are now within hailing distance of the barque, and her skipper, thinking we are inquiring her name, shouts out, 'Fanchon,' which our captain and those around him on the poop hear as 'Gladstone.' So they next hail to the old gentleman, 'What is his majority?' and the old man replied, 'Non entiendo' (meaning, I don't understand), which those on our poop understand as being 'One hundred.'"

Typographically, these volumes leave nothing to be desired, and the numerous illustrations are very good and serviceable.

*The Journal of William Dowling.* A new edition, with an Introduction, Notes, etc., by the Rev. C. H. Evelyn White. Ipswich: Pawsey & Hayes, the Ancient House. MDCCCLXXXV.

WELL-NIGH unique in its infamy stands the memory of the fatuous fanatic who, in the days of the Commonwealth, swept like a pestilence through East Anglia, laying his foul hands on relics of idolatry, as he regarded the venerated objects of his spoliation and destruction. Of what the man held to be alone compatible, as to externals, with genuine religion, it would be curious if we could recover his ultra-puritanic definition. One sacred edifice was, in his designation, "the church, so called"; and another and another, "the church, as it is called." A cross on a font or on a steeple was to him an abomination beyond endurance; the letters I. H. S. he stigmatizes as "the Jesuit's badge"; in chancel-steps and rails he could see nothing but appurtenances of false worship. Organs, stained glass—unless merely exhibiting armorial bearings—and carved ends of seats were not to be tolerated by his peculiar Christianity. In one church he ordered a painting of the sun and moon to be taken down; in another, he removed "Moses with a rod, and Aaron with a mitre"; and, from still another, "Adam and Eve" suffered summary ejection. One can hardly object to his having done away with a pictorial representation, in the church at Haverhill, of "seven Fryars hugging a Nun," provided he actually found such a thing there. Especially conspicuous was his vandalism at Bures, where, he reports, "we brake down about 600 superstitious pictures"; at Bramford, where he destroyed 841 embellishments similarly characterized; and, above all, at Clare, where the number of them reached a round thousand, if we are to take his words literally.

Of the personal history of Dowling little that is uncontroverted, his ravages apart, has been ascertained. It seems to be pretty well settled, however, that he was born at Laxfield, in Suffolk, in 1596, and that he was buried in the same parish in 1679; having accordingly arrived at an age of more than four-score years. In 1643 he was appointed Parliamentary Visitor of the Suffolk churches, by a commission emanating from the second Earl of Manchester, who bore in loyal circles the nickname of "a Manchester Shift"; a very different description of person from his father, the author of a devout little treatise, once of great repute and extensive currency, entitled 'Manchester al Mondo.'

Dowling was occupied in all fewer than fifty days, between January 6, 1643, and October 1, 1644, in his work of devastation. In that inter-

val he wrought more or less damage to a large number of churches, though only just upwards of a third of the Suffolk parishes are specified, in his Journal, as having attracted his pernicious attention. In all likelihood a good deal was left by him to his deputies, among whom Francis Jessup, of Beccles, went even beyond his principal in sacrilegious folly, as appears from an account of his doings at Gorleston, near Yarmouth. His recording that he "brake the popish inscription, *My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed*," affords a measure of the miscreant's intelligence. At the same place "we did deface the font," he informs us; and he deemed worthy of abolition, as being "superstitious inscriptions," the words, *Jesu fili Dei miserere mei*.

Dowsing's Journal has been repeatedly printed; but, as copies of it had become difficult to procure, Mr. White was moved to bring out a new edition of it, to which he has prefixed and appended sundry additions. The matter by which he has supplemented it is of very inconsiderable value. It is to be regretted, indeed, that some one more competent did not forestall him in his undertaking. His literary skill is that of a school-boy. Of style he has the crudest of conceptions; and he is not only slovenly, as his very first page sufficiently evidences, but silly. A Mr. Dove being mentioned, he thinks good to comment on his name, as being hardly indicative of his character. If he had taken warning by what befell Southey for his feeble facetiousness about Francis Bugg, the Quaker, he would not have done amiss.

*The Imperial Island: England's Chronicle in Stone.* By James F. Hunnewell. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

In 'The Imperial Island' Mr. Hunnewell has done for England, with some differences of detail, what he did for France in his 'Historical Monuments of France.' He has made a manual for the most important of the old buildings of England which is half-way between a handbook and a guide-book. He describes her architecture, from the Druidical and Roman remains to the Houses of Parliament and the Albert Memorial. This ample field he allots into four divisions—architecture, or building, before the Normans; mediæval church architecture; civil and military architecture in the Middle Ages; and the architecture of modern England, from Elizabeth's days to ours. These divisions he subdivides geographically, prefacing and accompanying them with historical and geographical commentaries, the whole illustrated by pretty full and very useful bibliographical notes. Thus Mr. Hunnewell carries his reader four times over England, pointing out at each tour a different set of buildings, with a connecting thread of historical reminiscence. This plan tends to clearness and easy following—we do not know that another would have been better—but it does not lend itself readily to the study of architectural development. The point of view, indeed, is that of the intelligent amateur and reader of history rather than of the architect or antiquary, and this, with a certain negligence of broad relations, gives the book a desultory character, which, indeed, it is hard to avoid in books of its kind.

Mr. Hunnewell has but little of the art of the showman. He is not particularly graphic, and does not care to expend himself on objects of popular curiosity. But he has a sense of the value and dignity of history, and has compiled with exemplary diligence a great mass of material freshened (as far as may be) by personal observation and recollection. It is notable that no adequate general survey of English architecture has yet been made from a technical point of view,

and, pending this, the amount of material here collected, though lacking in technical directness and precision, will have its permanent value; and it contains most, perhaps all, of what the intelligent reader or traveller will wish to know of its subject.

For the illustrations of the book there is not much to be said. They are photolithographs from prints of various dates, mostly ill-executed, with an effort to give them a factitious smartness by printing in brown ink. Many are from excellent originals, but as here presented do little credit either to their engravers or the publishers. The map of England, with the tinted boundaries of the counties intensified by photographing into obtrusive black ribbons, is simply atrocious.

*Carlsbad and its Environs.* By John Merry-lees. With a Medical Treatise on the Use of the Waters, by B. London, M. D. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

THIS is the latest of several monographs which have for their subject the waters of Carlsbad, the most famous, efficacious, and frequented of the Austrian spas. The work is divided into two parts. The first describes the situation, climate, history, springs, and environment of Carlsbad, giving full practical hints as to hotels, lodgings, cafés, and amusements, not overlooking the topic of the promenades and longer excursions that may be taken in the neighborhood of this charming place. In the second part the accomplished Dr. London, one of the best known of the resident physicians of Carlsbad, gives a careful résumé of the properties, indications, and uses of these potent waters. This part of the work has special value, for it brings out clearly the all-important distinction between the intrinsic goodness of a mineral water, and its special adaptation to the particular invalid. The distinction is one which is constantly disregarded by the public, and which indeed can only be rightly drawn by the physician who has given special attention to the therapeutics of mineral springs. The failure to make it is, of course, serious. One of our most prominent public men went to Carlsbad last summer on general principles—that is to say, because the waters of Carlsbad were of high repute; but as they were not those required by his case, but were, on the contrary, precisely those which he should have avoided, he was made worse and not better by his visit. Dr. London points out with detail the cases that should be treated at this famous spring; for the contra-indications, the cases that are unfitted for Carlsbad, the excellent treatise of Dr. Kraus may be read ('Carlsbad and its Natural Healing Agents,' London. 1880). Both of these manuals belong to a serviceable class of monographs.

*Beaumarchais.* Eine Biographie von Anton Bettelheim. Frankfurt-am-Main: Rütten & Loening; New York: Christern.

It may be doubted whether Beaumarchais would have been satisfied with his latest biographers. He, who took such pains to color various questionable acts of his career in a way that has made it difficult if not impossible for us to say with precision just where he ceases to be veracious, would certainly not thank Herr Anton Bettelheim for the pains he has taken to sift out the truth in his large octavo volume. Louis de Loménie's 'Beaumarchais, Sa vie et son temps,' was, until the publication of the present work, the most available source for many points connected with the life of Beaumarchais. It still retains its high value as an authority on the literary and social history of the last quarter of the eighteenth century; but as what might be called the picturesque side of Beaumarchais's career was deliberately and avowedly omitted or attenuated by De

Loménie, his biography, in spite of its permanent merits, is necessarily incomplete.

Herr Bettelheim pays an eloquent tribute of homage to his predecessor, whose work he says "can be replaced by no other." His aim, however, is quite different. He has tried to do more, making use of more abundant material, and the reader is tempted to apply to his own book many of the pretty things he says of De Loménie's, which he calls a "rundes Kunstwerk," and a "Zierde der neuern französischen Gelehrten-Literatur." The new documents to which he has had access have enabled him to follow, with greater precision the literary adventurer in Spain and Germany, and he has been further aided by the searching book of Alfred von Arneth on Beaumarchais's adventure in Vienna. The result of all this is a life, of which the creator of *Figaro* might have said unjustly, as he did of Goethe's "Clavigo," "the German has spoiled the anecdote of my memoirs by overcharging it." But *Figaro*'s life, though it might be attractive if related by himself, could not be made exemplary if honestly told by another. Those who desire the romance and the wit of Beaumarchais's existence will still find it in the 'Mémoires'; those who desire a calm, well-written, and critical biography of one of the brightest as well as most unprincipled of literary money-makers and money-lovers, will find that in Herr Bettelheim's book.

*Racing and Steeple Chasing.* Racing, by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire and Mr. W. G. Craven, with a contribution by the Hon. F. Lawley; Steeple Chasing, by Arthur Coventry and Alfred E. T. Watson. [Badminton Library.] 8vo, pp. 419. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE subject of this book deserves a better discussion than it has received at the hands of the distinguished sportsmen whose names appear on its title-page. Were it only for the reason that horse-racing has long been one of the most highly developed of the arts of play which have been cultivated by Anglo-Saxons, it would be worthy of careful study; but it has a greater interest from the fact that the race-horse is, of all our domesticated animals, the one which has been most carefully bred and the most determinedly urged to the exercise of its peculiar power. The authors have seen fit to limit their treatment of the subject to the plane of ordinary sporting interests. Measured by this low standard, the work is only fairly well done.

The first chapter is devoted to the history of horse-racing; it really concerns the racing of horses in Great Britain alone, and cannot properly be called a history of the sport, which has had a large place in other countries. We next have a brief account of the Jockey Club, and then of racing officials, with a synopsis of the duties of the men who control the management of the sport. After this the book becomes a collection of fragments covering the different racing meets, the habits of jockeys, the breeding of horses, betting, and other incidental matters connected with the turf. We look in vain for any intelligent discussion of the principles of breeding. Only eight trifling pages are given to the subject, which could well have been made the longest and most attractive chapter in the volume; more than twice the space is allotted to personal anecdotes of jockeys. The text of these chapters is plentifully interlarded with Latin and French quotations, and the chapter on betting has a motto from 'Prometheus Unbound' in the original Greek. As usual, this display of classic lore is accompanied by much turgid English. We doubt whether the sporting reader will be most puzzled by the foreign quotations or the