

As to Dr. Schliemann's accuracy in measurements, etc., Prof. Goodwin will excuse me if I attach no importance to it. I was fortunate enough to find in Ithaca a very early inscription, of which Dr. Schliemann had before me found one-half (the original tablet having broken in two), and of which he has given an incorrect and utterly unintelligible transcription in his 'Ithaca,' etc. This he says he found on the cover of a sarcophagus, of which he gives the "exact measurements" with great particularity, with engravings of objects found in it. The least examination of the stone would show a competent student that, as the inscription proves, it was a mural tablet, by far too deep to have been on a sarcophagus; that it was of the fifth or sixth century B. C., when such a thing as a sarcophagus was unknown in Greece. Among the contents is given a coin of Achaia of about 300 B. C., two or three centuries later than the inscription. Moreover, I was assured by the workmen that nothing had been found with the inscription, and it was perfectly clear that in the pile of stone of which it was part, and which had been disinterred altogether, there had not been a fragment that had ever belonged to a sarcophagus, which, "exact measurements" and all, were a pure invention. The scientific accuracy of Dr. Schliemann (where Dr. Dorpfeld has had nothing to do) is a pleasant joke, but will not (as is well known in Athens) do to build an argument on, not even *à propos des bottles*.

But Prof. Goodwin does great injustice to the Greek Archaeological Society by his gratuitous hypothesis that "irresponsible workmen" were allowed to change, demolish, or reconstruct the monuments in question, or any part of them. Only where repairs were needed, and in exact accordance with the previous state of the work, were they made, and always under the supervision of an Ephor. If ever we get the report of Stamatiades (now deceased), who supervised the work at Mykenæ, we shall know the true history of these excavations—not before; but of the utterly untrustworthy character of Schliemann's archaeological conclusions, every scientific archaeologist, German, French, or English, was satisfied long ago. Dr. Dorpfeld's accuracy I will not call in question, but when he has spent as much time as I have on the examination of really prehistoric monuments, he will probably not be misled by such structures as that at Tiryns.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN.

VENICE, July 30.

A CURIOUS CARELESSNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The abilities as a critic of the Vte. E. M. de Vogüé are not, I suppose, to be questioned; at any rate, this is not the occasion to question them. But I may point out a strange mistake of fact he has fallen into. In writing of Gogol's 'Taras Bulba' he says: "At the period when the poet wrote, scarcely more than half a century had passed since the dissolution of the camp of the Zaporogues, since the last war with Poland. . . . This war forms the centre of the dramatic action" of 'Taras Bulba.' In continuing he adds: "His symbolic death [that of Taras] shows us the glory and the liberty of the Cossacks disappearing into the tomb with their last ataman." And he makes a great point of "the fortunate conditions" under which Gogol wrote, in having "had the direct impression of what he celebrated."

Turning to the story itself, we read:

"Bulba was terribly headstrong. He was one of the characters which could only exist in that fierce *fifteenth century*, in that half-nomadic corner of Europe, when the whole of Southern, original Russia, deserted by its princes, was laid waste, burned to the quick by pitiless troops of

Mongolian robbers; . . . when the ancient peaceable Slav spirit was seized with warlike flame, and the *Cossack state* was instituted, a free, wild burst of Russian nature."

This is the opening of an historical sketch, four pages in length, of the times of the scenes that follow in the book; touching on the attitude of "the Polish kings who found themselves sovereigns in place of the provincial princes" towards their subjects the Cossacks, and dwelling on "the well-known story" "how their [the Cossacks] incessant fighting and restless life saved Europe from the merciless hordes which threatened to overwhelm her." It was "this Iliad" which M. de Vogüé asserts the grandfather of Gogol was witness of and actor in, and that to write 'Taras Bulba' Gogol had but to "rédiger" the grand-paternal narratives! His grandfather was indeed an old Zaporogue, familiar with incessant fighting and restless life; but he was not a contemporary of Taras—Taras, who, dying in tortures, cries triumphantly and prophetically: "Wait: the time will come when ye shall learn what the orthodox Russian faith is! Already the people scent it far and near. *A Czar shall arise from Russian soil*, and there shall not be a power in the world which shall not submit to him!" This does not sound precisely like a symbolic disappearance of Cossack glory and liberty!

On one unfamiliar with Russian history the not infrequent historical references in the book make little impression; but M. de Vogüé would know their weight. Has he never wholly read the book from which he largely quotes? It would seem so, not only from what we have now noted, but from this further inadvertence. He gives a long quotation describing the public execution of some Cossack prisoners, among them a son of Taras, and continues, "Taras, hidden in the crowd, had seen his son die; he turned on his steps to linger out his sorrow in the solitudes of the South"; and he then quotes a passage describing this sorrow in the South, *which precedes by thirty pages the death of the son!* The truth is, that the sorrow in the South was after the capture of the son, when Taras was "markedly sad and morose," when "he gazed grimly and indifferently at everything," and when "his gray moustache turned to silver and the tears fell one by one." After the death of his son, "An army of a hundred and twenty thousand Cossacks appeared on the borders of the Ukraine. . . . And among all these regiments, one regiment was the choicest; and that regiment was led by Taras Bulba. . . . His gray head dreamed of nothing but fire and the halter, and his utterances in the council of war breathed only annihilation."

M. de Vogüé was certainly not "up" in his 'Taras Bulba.' **

Notes.

CHARLES W. SEVER, Cambridge, announces for the beginning of the college year the publication of a series of French texts which is to differ materially from anything of the kind before offered. The texts will in every case be reproductions of original or characteristic editions, complete and unexpurgated, designed rather for college than for school classes. As the spelling, punctuation, and other peculiarities of the editions reproduced are to be preserved as far as possible, these texts are not designed for elementary students. Montaigne's essay, the 25th of Book I, "De l'Institution des Enfants," is already printed from the original edition of 1580, differing materially from that of subsequent editions, and interesting as showing the first jet of Montaigne's thought unencumbered by his later careless additions, which have made it less clear. Among the

works announced are: Racine's "Andromaque" and Corneille's "Le Cid," both from the last edition published in the lifetime of the authors; also, Molière's "Le Misanthrope" (or rather "Misantroupe," as it is spelled from the first edition of 1667). It is intended to continue this series by the publication of sixteenth and seventeenth-century texts, also by a few of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These publications are under the direction of Prof. Ferdinand Bôcher, of Harvard.

Mr. E. R. Champlin, of the Boston *Literary World*, is engaged on a 'Handbook of Living American Writers,' to be published in November.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for immediate publication the following translations from Dostoyevsky: 'Crime and Punishment,' 'Injury and Insult,' 'Recollections of a Dead House.'

It is now announced in London that 'The Wearing of the Green' and other novels by "Basil" were written by Mr. R. Ashe King. A recent guide-book, 'Living Paris,' by "Alb," was written by Mr. Richard Whiteing.

In addition to the half-dozen or more English editions of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' recently published in England, the Rev. H. R. Haweis has been bold enough to abridge it for Routledge's 'World Library.'

Nearly twenty years ago, in the darkest days of the English stage, the London *Athenæum* contained a series of lively essays on the "Dramatists of the Present Day," signed "Q." One of them was on Mr. Tom Taylor, and it so roused the ire of Mr. Charles Reade that he burst into fiery correspondence, in the course of which he called "Q.'s" papers the productions of a cipher signed by an initial. To this "Q." retorted that Mr. Charles Reade was a literary fusee—"You have only to touch him and he goes off." It soon transpired that "Q." was Mr. Thomas Purnell; and Mr. Purnell has now published 'London and Elsewhere' (London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribner & Welford), a little book of pleasant little essays, very light, most of them, and playfully humorous. The essay on "First Nights" is quite out of date now, as the author confesses in the paper on "London Playhouses," i. e., Mr. Irving's Lyceum Theatre.

The third volume of Mr. John Morley's 'Miscellanies,' in Macmillan's uniform edition, consists largely of book reviews which have the character and value of biographical studies. J. S. Mill, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Mark Pattison, W. R. Greg, and Auguste Comte are the subjects treated in Mr. Morley's well-known manner, in which sympathetic insight is blended on every page with unrelaxed judgment. As the objects of these masterly essays is personal and ethical, and not merely literary, they bear reproduction in permanent form as few reviews do or can. An address "On Popular Culture"; reflections on the death of Mill; and 'France in the Eighteenth Century' (a review of Taine's 'Origines'), are also to be found in this volume.

The latest text-book from the Clarendon Press is the sixth book of Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion,' edited by Thomas Arnold (New York: Macmillan). Its apparatus leaves nothing to be desired—a preface giving the life of Hyde and a summary view of the contents of the earlier books of his history; and very full notes, for the most part, of course, biographical; but they contain also an independent account of the battle of Edgehill. There is a plan of this battle and a general map of England.

From the Cambridge (Eng.) University Press we have the first volume of a 'Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges' (New York: Macmillan). Beginning is here made with the first Epistle to the Corinthians. A text other than the accepted has been derived in a way

which we need not describe, and the editor in each case is at liberty to dissent from it in his notes. These are, in the volume before us, very copious, filling more than 150 pages.

Mr. F. J. Church's 'Trial and Death of Socrates' (Macmillan) has been thoroughly overhauled, both as to the Introduction and as to the author's translation from the 'Euthyphron,' 'Apology,' 'Crito,' and 'Phædo' of Plato. The book is beautifully got up in the style of the Golden Treasury Series.

A selection, 'Poems by John Milton,' edited for the use of schools by John Merry Ross of the University of Glasgow, comes to us from T. Nelson & Sons. It has more notes than a schoolboy needs, and some may appear pedantic even to teachers. But natural selection deals quickly with the superfluous.

Cowley's Essays; 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator's Club'; Plutarch's Lives of Alcibiades, Coriolanus, Aristides, and Cato the Censor; and a portion of Marco Polo's 'Voyages and Travels,' are the latest issues in "Cassell's National Library."

Mrs. Sarah H. Bradford has published a new and partly rewritten edition of her biography of Harriet Tubman, 'Harriet, the Moses of Her People' (New York: Geo. R. Lockwood & Son). This remarkable character well earned her *sobriquet* of "Moses," as her mission was—herself a fugitive slave—to return to the South and bring off those whom she had left behind in bondage. "So she went *nineteen* times, and so she brought away over three hundred pieces of living and breathing property." The mixture of religious fatalism with extraordinary cunning and audacity made Harriet's exploits none the less marvellous or heroic. During the war she was full of good offices among the Union armies, and her life at Auburn, N. Y., where she had the esteem and aid of Secretary Seward, has continued to be philanthropic and charitable to the full extent of her slender means. The proceeds of the sale of this narrative will contribute to her comfort in her declining years. It is very readable, and is restrained in tone.

Dr. Geo. H. Moore of the Lenox Library has published in pamphlet form a second paper on the "History of the Old State House," read before the Bostonian Society, February 9, 1886 (Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.). In it he describes the principal events which took place within its walls between the years 1776 and 1830, the most interesting being the visits of Washington in 1789 and of Lafayette in 1825, and the meetings of the various constitutional conventions. In an appendix he discusses the use of the words Colony, Province, and State as applied to Massachusetts, and gives an account, with contemporaneous documents, of the controversy in 1802 between the State and the town as to the ownership of the building. Considerable space is also given to the difference of opinion between himself and Mr. Wm. H. Whitmore as to the original internal arrangement of the old building. While leaving to others the task of deciding this vexed question, it is just to say that American antiquarians are greatly indebted to both of the learned disputants—to Dr. Moore for the interest which he has shown in the history of the building, to Mr. Whitmore for having contributed more than any single man to its preservation as an historical monument. The Bostonian Society is about to publish a volume containing other papers read before it within the last few years.

Mr. John H. Hickcox, Washington, D. C., sends us a by no means thin pamphlet 'Bibliography of the Writings of Franklin Benjamin Hough, Ph.D., M.D.,' lately deceased. From the quantity of newspaper articles here recorded we should judge that this prolific and very miscellaneous writer kept a scrap-book which has been

useful to his bibliographer. Science, history, and geography may be called Dr. Hough's specialties through life, but in his latter years it is well known that he became principally absorbed in the promotion of forestry.

Science for August 13 condenses Surgeon John S. Billing's annual address in medicine before the British Medical Association on August 11. It is accompanied by very suggestive charts of the United States, showing the distribution of deaths from malaria, cancer, consumption, and pneumonia. The German element in our population, it appears, is most exposed to cancer; the Irish next. Colored people at the South are but half as liable to this disease as white.

The Science Co., by the way, will publish directly in pamphlet form the economic discussion lately carried on in its columns by H. C. Adams, Richard T. Ely, Arthur T. Hadley, E. J. James, Simon Newcomb, F. W. Taussig, and other writers. Prof. Ely furnishes the introduction.

The London Graphic for July 24 contains a very instructive map of the world, with two diagrams showing the present extent of the British Empire and its growth in population, trade, shipping, and revenue in the last thirty-five years. From these it appears that the area of the colonies is nearly six times as great as that of the dependencies, and twenty times larger than that of the United Kingdom, while the population is only about a quarter of that of the latter and not a twentieth part of that of the dependencies. Since 1851 the sea trade and the revenues of the colonies have increased some sevenfold, while that of the mother country has not doubled. It is interesting also to note that while in this same period the imports from the United Kingdom into Canada have risen from a little over eight millions in 1851 to only nine and a half millions according to the latest returns, in Australia and New Zealand, with a smaller population, they have increased tenfold, being now nearly thirty-two millions, while the exports are nearly three times as great. Capt. J. C. R. Colomb, M.P., who prepared the tables, accompanies them with an earnest plea for imperial federation.

M. J. Weber, the musical critic of the Temps, completely demolishes the theory spoken of in the Nation of July 8, which attributes the music of the Marseillaise hymn to a certain Grisons, the composer of an oratorio called "Esther." It is shown by him that Grisons, who died only in 1815, simply took at some time unknown the melody of Rouget de l'Isle, and, with a few changes not for the better, adapted it to religious words. Thus falls again the accusation of plagiarism started in the Univers in 1878, and reproduced with satisfaction in the anti-republican press of France. With excess of zeal, M. Arthur Loth, in his recent work, 'Le Chant de la Marseillaise' (Paris, Victor Palmé) reproduced the original manuscript from "Esther," thus furnishing the best weapons to those who are less ready than he is to find in the Marseillaise, not the product of the French Revolution, but of the "musical schools of the Church."

M. Auguste Vitu, best known as the brilliant dramatic critic of the Figaro, is also an antiquary of no mean equipment. He has lately published a 'Petite Histoire de la Typographie' (Paris: Delagrave; New York: F. W. Christern) which we recommend to all who seek an outline sketch of the invention and improvement of typography. Like all French books, it is calculated a little too closely for the meridian of Paris; but we should be glad if there were any brief history of typography as good as this accessible in English. The illustrations by M. Coppin have a most romantic appearance, and seem to have been left over from some flamboyant book by one of the men of 1830. As an appendix, there is a little vocabulary of the technical terms of the printing-

office—useful, although not so elaborate or so nearly complete as the useful dictionary of the late Joseph Boulmier.

Madame Michelet has published a volume taken from the writings of her husband and called 'Notre France, sa géographie, son histoire' (Marpou & Flammarion). It is made up of the introduction to the second volume of the 'Histoire de France,' of portions of 'Le Peuple,' and of extracts from hitherto unpublished journals of travel by the historian. The arrangement and selection are said to be done with surprising skill, and to have a coloring, and life, and completeness which is extraordinary.

There is perhaps no branch of literary composition in which there is less danger of being called to order than in that of the folklorist. M. H. Gaidoz, for example, taking up the subject of alphabet cakes ('Les Gâteaux alphabétiques') to make a little wreath in memory of Léon Renier, the late President of the École Pratique des Hautes Études, begins with a pertinent story of the Irish St. Colomba, and presently has to check himself with the remark that he is treating a question not of theology, but of pastry. Presently, however, it appears to be a question of linguistics, for he discerns the cakes in question, or an allusion to them, in Horace's lines:

"Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa vellut ut discere prima";

and then cannot forbear a footnote reference to M. Havet's remarks on the etymology of *elementa* proceeding from LMN; in a manner analogous to our substantive use of ABC. We are landed finally in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and in 'Humphry Clinker,' and when the small brochure is quite read through, we are sorry that the delightful writer was not more discursive and more long-winded.

The *Jahresbericht über die Erscheinungen auf dem Gebiete der Germanischen Philologie* for its seventh year (1885) has just appeared, and contains as usual its valuable bibliography in this department. The section on English, which is under the direction of Dr. J. Koch, Berlin, comprises 285 titles. We know of no more serviceable bibliographical work for students of Germanic philology.

—Two books about books have recently been issued which deserve more elaborate criticism than we can well spare space for. One is French and one is English. The former makes one volume of a new "Bibliothèque illustrée pour les prix," and is called 'Le Livre et les arts qui s'y rattachent' (Paris: Firmin-Didot & Cie.; New York: F. W. Christern). It is written or compiled by M. P. Louisy, who has avowedly drawn much of his material from the works of the late Paul Lacroix, besides borrowing freely from that admirable book, which we should be glad to see better known in the United States, the 'Histoire du Livre,' by M. E. Egger. M. Louisy's book covers much the same ground as M. Egger's, but it has not the coherence or the charm of style. Its chief merit is in the 200 and more woodcuts with which it is adorned, most of which are relevant to the text and all of which have been extracted from the various works of Paul Lacroix published also by MM. Firmin-Didot. We do not know any other book containing as many interesting illustrations of the progress of the art of book-making. We have here before us the Egyptian papyrus, the Pompeian tablets, the Roman *capsa* or box for scrolls, the mediæval MSS., the early block-books, the first attempts at printing, the Arabic bindings, the marks of the great printers, etc., etc.

—The English book is Mr. H. B. Wheatley's 'How to Form a Library,' the first volume of the projected series of the "Book-Lover's Library" (London: Elliot Stock; New York: Scribner &

Welford). It is a manual for the beginner in book-collecting, with the fault that it seems to have been written up to the title, which is very large. The suggestions and directions are a trifle scattering, but are all valuable, and the book is welcome. Like most English books of reference, it is calculated very closely for the latitude and longitude of London, which detracts from its usefulness to Americans. But Mr. Wheatley seems to be familiar with much of the good work which has been done by American librarians—although apparently he does not know a little book on the 'Home Library' included in Appleton's series of "Home Books"—and he is frequent and cordial in his allusions to American authors. It is with some surprise, therefore, that we note the omission of both Webster's and Worcester's from the list of English dictionaries (p. 106), and neither Taine's 'History of English Literature,' nor Mr. Sabin's catalogue of American books is included. What is most curious in Mr. Wheatley's pages are the lists of recommended books drawn up by Dr. Johnson, by Auguste Comte, and by Sir John Lubbock.

—On Monday, August 9, passed away in Boston Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin, for eight years one of the most constant and valued contributors to the *Nation*. During the greater part of this time she has conducted a well-known private school in Boston, for which she possessed unusual accomplishments, and the idea of which she had entertained before the death of her husband, an architect by profession. Mrs. Martin herself was the daughter of a lawyer, the late Phineas Barnes, of Portland, for many years editor of the *Advertiser* of that city, and highly esteemed for character and ability. Her contributions to the *Nation* were very miscellaneous, but she was early engaged to write collective reviews of novels, and to this rather thankless task she brought the utmost conscientiousness, diligence, and sound and independent judgment. In our last issue we printed her final criticism in this or any field. It was composed *in* *her* bed, in full view of her approaching dissolution, and she ended it only to begin the painful struggle with death which was to endure a week longer. Mrs. Martin's acquaintance with current Continental literature was fresh and extensive, and she was one of the few Americans of either sex who have acquired a literary knowledge of the Russian language. An article from her pen, about a year ago, on Turgenyev's private correspondence will be remembered with pleasure by not a few of our readers. She also, in her journeys, wrote admirable letters from the South and from England. She was the author of the standard guide-book to Mt. Desert. Whatever she wrote was marked by excellent qualities of style, great refinement, and elevated moral tone. We deeply regret that so cultivated and true a woman should have been cut off in middle life, though the loss of her husband and of their only child had long ago robbed existence of its charm, and left only high ideals of duty and usefulness to sustain her.

—Recent advices from the Pacific Coast show the progress making by Mr. Lick's Trustees towards the completion of his principal scientific bequest, the Astronomical Observatory on Mount Hamilton, California. The superintendent of construction is at present engaged in the erection of the walls of the dome for the great telescope, which are nearly forty feet high and enclose a diameter of seventy-five feet. The Trustees have decided to adopt the ordinary form of hemispherical dome, and the contract for its construction has been signed with the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. The only novel feature embodied in the plans is the use of hydraulic power to raise and lower the floor of the dome,

thereby obviating the necessity of an observing-chair. This general plan was first completely worked out by Mr. Howard Grubb of Dublin, and by him presented to the scientific societies of Great Britain some months ago. The tube of the telescope now constructing will be fifty-six feet long, and, with the enormous spectroscope attached, the extreme length of the instrument will approach sixty-five feet. Messrs. Warner & Swasey, the well-known mechanics of Cleveland, have contracted to complete this tube, and all the necessary mechanical contrivances for manipulating it, in April of next year. It will contain many novel devices, among them an application of a modified form of the bicycle ball-bearings to the right ascension and declination axes, which will insure great ease of movement of the telescope. Some weeks since we noted the fact that the Trustees had given the Clarks an order to figure a third, or photographic, lens for this telescope; but while the tedious process of polishing the other two lenses has been going on successfully for a number of months, and is now nearly completed, the third glass has given a great deal of trouble by its cracking around the edge as the surplus material is removed in the process of making it into a lens. It remains to be decided whether the same piece of glass shall be used for the photographic lens, with a diameter of about twenty-six inches, or an entirely new disk shall be procured, so that the finished lens may have the full diameter of thirty-six inches.

—The connection of the Observatory with the outside world is gradually coming about in more ways than one. Accurate time is now furnished to the railways daily over an electric line connecting the summit with San José, and a line of stages now running every day between these points renders the mountain readily accessible, so that the problem of what to do with the increasing number of visitors already confronts the Trustees. It is probable that one or two days each month may be set aside for their accommodation. Among minor points of progress may be noted the installation of a set of meteorological instruments, and a seismograph for the registry of earthquake-shocks is soon to be in position. The first volume of the publications of the Observatory is well advanced, and will contain a history of the Lick Trust and all the proceedings of the Trustees relative to the Observatory since the constitution of the second Board in 1876, including an account of the selection and preparation of the site, the construction of the road to the summit and of the buildings, together with a description of the instruments and a record of the discoveries and observations already made with them. It is estimated that, on the completion of their work a year hence, the Trustees will have expended all but \$200,000 of the sum set apart for the Observatory by Mr. Lick; and this sum must, by the terms of the bequest, remain as the partial and insufficient endowment of an establishment which will require an annual income of more than \$20,000 for its proper maintenance. A considerable deficit will, therefore, need to be provided by the State or by private munificence.

—A good history of advertising, ancient and modern, is a book still waiting to be written. Although the subject was attempted years ago by one of the late John Camden Hotten's young men, a careful and conscientious investigator would find the field both fresh and fertile. Of printed advertisements perhaps the most important are those inserted in newspapers, but second only to these are the handbills posted on walls. The historic value a collection of these may have is shown in the interesting French work on 'Les Murailles Révolutionnaires'; and the artistic

merit of many of the more recent pictorial posters has led M. Henri Beraldi, the author of the invaluable and most comprehensive iconography of the 'Graveurs du XIXe Siècle,' to give a list of more than five hundred designs by M. Jules Chéret, the French lithographic draughtsman who has done much to raise bill-posting to the level of a fine art. More elaborate yet is the latest French book on the subject, 'Les Affiches Illustrées,' by M. Ernest Maindron. Herein the bill-poster's art is taken seriously, and considered from its origin, with most abundant illustrations, including a score of chromo-lithographs in M. Chéret's best manner. M. Maindron draws chiefly on his own collection for his pictures, but his earliest is an inscription discovered in 1872 in the Temple at Jerusalem, by M. Clermont-Ganneau, and probably of the time of Herod the Great in the last years B. C. He comes down through the ages rapidly to France and the present century, and two-thirds of his broad folio of a hundred and fifty pages are devoted to recent French posters. Although he mentions Mr. Herkomer's elaborate cartoon for the *Magazine of Art*, he omits Walker's simpler and finer 'Woman in White.' Among the French artists who have attempted this humble form of mural decoration are M. Clairin, Daumier, Gavarni, Manet (a bold and striking black-and-white to announce M. Champfleury's 'Les Chats'), De Neuville, M. Félix Régamey, and M. Vibert. M. Maindron's book will have to be included in all future collections of Dickensiana, as it contains a colored reproduction of a design of M. Chéret's in advertisement of a French translation of David Copperfield.

—We ought before now to have called attention to M. Fustel de Coulanges's 'Recherches sur quelques problèmes d'histoire,' published last year by Hachette. Every student of the problems discussed will find instruction in a field in which the author ranks second to none. And although, as the title implies, the work is mainly controversial, it is only rarely that the intense anti-German sentiment, which is so marked in some of his writings, is suffered to be seen. The studies are four in number. The first, upon the *colonatus* of the later Roman Empire, is a model of sound inductive reasoning. The reader sees the process by which this institution was developed, traced in actual examples. The author appears here to have finally solved his problem. In the second study: "Were the Germans acquainted with property in land?" M. Coulanges places himself essentially upon the same ground as our countryman, Mr. Ross, whose work he cites with commendation. He treats, however, of an earlier period—the date of Caesar and Tacitus—and we cannot on the whole accept his conclusions. He admits that Caesar describes a system of community in land, but thinks that the famous 26th chapter of Tacitus describes a system inconsistent with this. Here we cannot think that he has made out his case: he has, however, given very strong grounds for the existence of proprietary estates *by the side* of the communal estates. The third paper, a very short one, upon the Germanic Mark, undertakes to show that the prevalent school of opinion is wrong in considering this word to designate a tract of land held in common. The last paper, upon the organization of the judiciary in the Kingdom of the Franks, is directed against the opinion, chiefly associated with Sohm, that the administration of justice in the Frank Empire was at bottom a popular administration of justice, in which every freeman in the *Mal* was called on to take part. His arguments are exceedingly strong, but we must reserve our judgment upon them, as it appears to us that his evidence is incomplete. He limits himself, it is true, to the Frank Em-

pire; and the Frank Empire, being the most despotically governed of all the Germanic kingdoms, may have discarded utterly all popular elements while the others preserved them. Certainly the northern countries, retaining the present Germanic institutions, did have a popular administration of justice, and it is hard to believe that this could have so completely perished under the Franks as is here urged.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

In the almost universal hymn of praise that arose immediately after the death of Victor Hugo in May, last year, there were but few discordant notes. The portion of the French press hostile to the ideas he represented in the last half of his long career, either kept a decorous silence, or dwelt with measured praise upon his early work and upon his merits as a poet only. Not so with *L'Univers*, which, ever since 1842, had pursued with a ferocious pertinacity the *transfuge* who, if he had remained what he was still in 1832, would have had the adoration of all the supporters of the throne and the altar. M. Eugène Veuillot, following in the footsteps of his more illustrious brother, Louis Veuillot, closed the series of his articles upon the death of the poet and his final transfer to the Pantheon, by one beginning and ending with the words "Dies iræ, dies illa." These he has now added as an appendix to the collected onslaughts of his brother which first appeared in *L'Univers*, in a volume, 'Études sur Victor Hugo,' par Louis Veuillot (Paris: Victor Palmé; Boston: Schoenhof). This is not a mild book. It comes as the first shrill hiss after the immense round of applause that seemed, but only seemed, universal. Victor Hugo has been so loudly, so unwisely, praised and deified, for qualities which in the eyes of many were defects, that an early reaction is inevitable. For nearly twenty years all criticism has given way to mere flattery and adoration. A period of neglect, of indifference, perhaps, with occasional ungentle attacks and revisions of the admiration of the *Hugolâtres*, will surely follow. M. Eugène Veuillot has not thought it prudent to wait too long, and yet even now his brother's violent, outspoken articles are interesting, rather because they show strongly one side of Louis Veuillot than because they speak of Hugo.

Veuillot as a critic is relentless. He never forgets that he possesses the truth, that the doctrines he professes are from an infallible source. He thunders, he anathematizes, he fulminates, not so very unlike in all this to the author of 'Les Châtiments.' No two modern writers have dealt out abuse to those whom they disliked, more vigorously than Veuillot and Hugo. No two men could have less expected to have their names coupled together after their death, for they hated each other heartily; Veuillot hating with words of pardon on his lips as a good churchman can hate, and Hugo hating with the bitter animosity of the *proscrit* who made of his rock of exile a pedestal. The present volume, besides adding another to the long list of books that might be headed "Quarrels of Authors," is full of sound and deep criticism. The poet, the prose writer, the orator, the politician, the social reformer, the historian, are all mercilessly lashed as they are incarnated in Hugo. No more searching and forcible criticism can be found in French than that in the article which Veuillot wrote immediately after the publication of "Le Rhin" in 1842. In this he first stated the opinion, which he maintained until his death in 1883, that Hugo is the poet of exterior things: "il a des reflets éclatants, des échos magnifiques. . . . Mais rien ne sort de lui-même, et comme il ne réfléchit que des surfaces, à son tour il éblouit sans pénétrer. . . . Il excelle à peindre ce qui se voit,

à répéter ce qui se dit; mais ce qui se sent, il l'ignore."

The second volume of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo was written, in great part, in 1854. In the preface to 'La Légende des Siècles,' in 1857, Hugo, with his usual magniloquence, spoke of the book he then published as only a fragment, of which the whole would "express humanity in a kind of cyclic work." Hence the ambitious title, with the sub-title, "Première série—Histoire—Les Petites Épopées." In the same preface he spoke of two other poems, almost finished. These, with some additions made in 1860, are now published under the title 'La Fin de Satan' (Paris: Hetzel-Quantin; Boston: Schoenhof). Admirers of Hugo will find in this volume ample reasons for calling him the greatest "manufacturer of verses, and of fine verses, that France has produced." He certainly shows himself, as ever, a dazzling, deafening juggler in words, whom we leave, wondering whether he had an idea to express, or whether we perhaps are not tuned to the right pitch to be responsive to the lofty and strange vibrations of his complicated music. Milton was satisfied to speak of "Nine times the space that measures day and night to mortal men"; but Hugo begins in the very first line: "Depuis quatre mille ans il tombait dans l'abîme"! He gives us a dialogue between the Deluge and Chaos, the latter having "deux gouffres noirs à la place des yeux." But it is unjust to such a comprehensive genius as that of the author of 'Les Châtiments' to judge him thus summarily. Mr. Swinburne, who calls 'La Légende des Siècles' "the greatest work of the century," would be the proper person to praise rightly 'La Fin de Satan,' which really forms the introduction to that gigantic succession of one hundred and thirty-eight poems. In connection with this, it may not be amiss to call attention to an excellent critical and very sympathetic article in the *Revue Bleue* (May 22), entitled "Deux grands poètes ennemis—Victor Hugo et Racine."

It is a pleasure to have to speak of the Swiss writer Töpffer, and to recall the memory of a genial humorist, of an amiable story-teller, now a little neglected, who charmed the readers of the middle of the century. This pleasure is given us by the book of the Abbé Relave, 'La vie et les œuvres de Töpffer' (Paris: Hachette; Boston: Schoenhof). The biographer shows us in succession Töpffer as a designer, as a novelist, as a teacher, as a publicist and journalist, but principally as a "critique d'art et esthétique." It was to speak of him in this last capacity that the author undertook to write his biography. He calls the 'Réflexions et Menus-Propos d'un peintre genevois' "a serious and complete treatise on aesthetics." He tells us that Töpffer will be for posterity 'l'auteur des Menus-Propos.' This is saying too much of a work more rambling than deep, but which is certainly a charming book to read, full of Töpffer's humor, and very suggestive. As to his stories, the 'Nouvelles genevoises,' 'Le Presbytère,' 'Rosa et Gertrude,' why should they not be recalled to the memory of those who with reason complain of the licentious tendency of a great part of modern French fiction? Sainte-Beuve hailed them as masterpieces soon after their publication. The Abbé Relave tells us of the exuberant joy of the young author when he found himself accepted by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and praised by the "prince de la critique."

But Töpffer was only incidentally a novel writer: his taste and inclinations would have made him an artist. A weakness of eyesight turned him away from art, but not wholly. He was also by nature, as so many of his countrymen have been, an educator. The series of 'Voyages en zigzag' show him in his capacity of di-

rector of youth, and also as an artist of merit who could accompany his illustrations by a cleverly written and humorous text. Later he had charge of a course in rhetoric and belles-lettres at the Académie de Genève. In the long appendix to the biography, made up of hitherto unpublished or little known fragments, there are about fifty pages selected from the notes used in his course on general literature. These, as well as other literary essays there given, show that Töpffer as a critic had qualities which, if not brilliant, were solid, and eminently fitted him for the chair he occupied. As a publicist and journalist, in spite of the efforts of his biographer, he is less interesting. Even as an art critic he retains too much of the pedagogue; his humor is at times heavy and forced. He was not in sympathy with modern ideas, but he was always a genial and kindly conservative, one who could excuse everything in his adversaries except intolerance, an excess which he was ready to blame even in those who were on his own side. The Abbé Relave, who, as the title-page tells us, is a lecturer of the Catholic Faculty of Letters at Lyons, has certainly discussed the works of Töpffer, many of which are decidedly Protestant in tone and feeling, with perfect impartiality. The only fault that might be found—a very excusable fault in this case—is that his admiration is excessive. Those who have felt the charm of the 'Nouvelles genevoises' or of 'Le Presbytère' will be ready to accept this kindly recognition of Töpffer's merit with sympathy and gratitude.

Were it not for its intrinsic merits and its originality, it would be too late to speak of the little volume of M. Georges Noufflard, 'Hector Berlioz et le Mouvement de l'art contemporain' (Florence: Herman Loescher; Boston: Schoenhof). Only the second part of the title indicates the nature of the book, as the author has comparatively little to say about Berlioz, but a great deal that is new and even startling about contemporary and future art. After some very interesting chapters on the purely ornamental nature of the art of the *ancien régime*, in which the form was everything, he discusses the tendencies of modern art, in which he sees a constant effort to substitute for the ornamental form that which "things have in themselves." But it is in the concluding pages of his work that M. Noufflard has condensed his ideas. In all the arts an analogous transformation has been going on. Flaubert was the first writer who completely banished from the novel an artificial plot, Wagner and Liszt broke the old moulds of ornamental music. Our century, in painting as well as in other artistic manifestations, is like the fifteenth, not like the sixteenth. What hindered artists and poets at the period of the Renaissance was too vivid reminiscences of Greece and Rome. The creators of the twentieth century will be free in their expression of beauty as they see it. Painting, prose, and the "art mixte" which results from the union of poetry and music, will be the three modes of expression of our immediate descendants. It will be seen that the author abandons poetry, which has "no other base than its expression," and sculpture, which he thinks, in recent times, has produced nothing truly original without manifesting "tendencies which it cannot realize entirely." M. Noufflard avoids the words naturalist and realist. He speaks of the novels of Zola as so painful that he could never read one through, but of the writer in the highest terms as a literary critic. What he thinks wanting now to both painters and novelists is subjects really beautiful and great, and perhaps also "the elevation and serenity of soul which high art demands."

'Alexandre Dumas: Sa vie, son temps, son œuvre,' by M. Henri Blaze de Bury (Paris: Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), is neither a