

(Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Christern) is the third of his stories, and, like 'Dans le Monde' and 'Madame de Givré,' it is a picture of what is called *la vie mondaine*. M. Rabusson's present story is fresh and unhackneyed, although his young *procureur* recalls M. Theuriet's Eusèbe Lombard unmistakably, and his Mlle. de la Rue is an unsatisfactory reflection of Mlle. Bourrienne in 'War and Peace,' and the central third of the story, upon which everything turns, is inspired by the 'Sapho' and the 'Nabab' of Alphonse Daudet. In spite of all this, M. Henry Rabusson is a writer of undoubted talent, and his books are both interesting and well written.

In 'L'Aventure de Mademoiselle de Saint-Alais' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Christern), M. Rabusson has shown his customary distaste for the well-trampled paths to which the writer of the *roman de mœurs* generally confines himself; but in this case it cannot be said that his wanderings have been fortunate. His story is not an agreeable one, though it is written with his usual grace and ease of manner.

M. Hector Malot has recently published his forty-fourth novel, 'Le lieutenant Bonnet' (Paris: Charpentier; New York: Christern). As a story of garrison life in a small town somewhere in the centre of France it possesses a certain amount of interest, but its literary value is very slight. Its scenes of family and social life, under the new military organization of the French army, present in a crude but not uninteresting manner a series of pictures of an existence no longer nomadic and adventurous, but fixed and commonplace. The officers of the regiment have many of them married in the neighborhood, and they lead as calm and uneventful lives as the most *bourgeois* of their fellow-citizens, varied, however, by a few melodramatic and not very probable episodes. The book seems to owe its existence to some facts recently published in regard to the relation between the pay and the necessary expenses of young officers: not a very promising foundation for a novel; but M. Hector Malot always finds readers and even admirers for whatever he may write.

'L'Attelage de la Marquise' (Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), the first of three collected stories, gives the title to a volume by a writer signing himself, or perhaps herself, Léon de Tinseau. Very royalist, very Catholic, and very unobjectionable, the stories seem made for the amusement and instruction of young women who read nothing but what is advised by their spiritual directors. They will find much that is good in the book, and will certainly enjoy making the acquaintance of both the young men and the young women they will be introduced to, who are charming if rather unreal examples of that aristocracy of which Thackeray has given so exquisite a portrait in Mme. de Florac. The longest and best of the stories is the one entitled 'Le secret de l'abbé Césaire,' of which the plot is interesting and the actors full of vivacity.

M. H. Lafontaine, "sociétaire retraité de la Comédie-Française," has sung the praises of *la camaraderie* in a pleasant little story, 'Les bons Camerades' (Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), in which the intentions are all so good and their execution so inoffensive, that you forgive the author for having nothing else to offer.

'Le trésor du Guèbre,' by Charles Edmond (Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof), is a combination of the most touching disinterestedness and the most repulsive self-seeking. A Parsee diamond merchant, with a marvellous collar of diamonds gathered together through centuries by his ancestors and finally completed by himself; a young French savant who has more than anticipated all the modern discoveries in the artificial creation of precious stones, and to whom diamond dust is no more than any other dust, and the

diamonds of the Oriental only pretty crystals; and between them the lovely daughter of the Parsee, who becomes the wife of the young man and finally the possessor of the fabulous necklace—these are the promising materials out of which M. Charles Edmond has developed a very commonplace story, filled with lessons of disinterestedness, morality, and patriotism, but not entirely devoid of interest.

*Oceana*; or, England and Her Colonies. By James Anthony Froude. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

This volume is a political tract. It makes some pretension to being a book of travels, but in that regard it is only a miserable make-believe. Its author has given some direct attention to the British colonial policy at the Cape, and discusses the incidents of that capital instance of mismanagement with clearness and force. Things are in a bad way there, he thinks; and being thus interested in the relation of the colonies to the mother-country, he endeavored to find out the public opinion of the Australians and New Zealanders on the spot. He was pledged in mind; before he started, to the view that some sort of Federation should be attempted as the only mode of maintaining English influence in the world; and he held in detestation the doctrines of the Separatists and the administration of Downing Street. He merely touched at the Cape, and remained long enough to revive his former opinion to a glowing intensity, and to see that the state of affairs was as unpromising as the worst pessimist could wish, and then he hied on to the great English islands. There he was taken in hand by dignitaries and officials, sent about in special trains, treated to champagne, dinners, and speeches, and generally, between the clubs and the great houses, enjoyed the welcome of a visiting statesman. He found the colonies very loyal to the Queen, very angry with Gladstone, very thoroughly unwilling to be cast off to shift for themselves, and especially hurt at the "bar sinister" in the colonial flag. He found what he went to find, and he preaches page after page the gospel of the British Federation. Yet one notices that, even under these conditions, moving always in this elderly, official English-bred and millionaire class, he found no practical answer as to how the Federation should be brought about and what it should consist in. Every suggestion of seats in Parliament, of a new Imperial Senate, of colonial life-peers, of colonial agents in Parliament without votes, etc., was ridiculous to the colonial mind. In fact, the only proposition treated with favor was that the royal navy should be charged with protection of the coasts, on condition of a colonial subsidy; and to this he himself adds the suggestion that the ribbon of the Bath be conferred on deserving colonists, and place and promotion in the general Imperial service be opened to them. This is the only measure he recommends. The plea will go for what it is worth, and material circumstances will continue to rule political agglomerations.

The volume, however, though a contribution to political controversy, offers some other phases of interest. As a book of travels, one must dismiss it briefly, for in its landscape views it is not novel, and of the people and the country in the American sense Mr. Froude evidently saw nothing. In the sentence in which he speaks of our Indian Territory as a plain where nothing grows "save a miserable scanty scrub as if on a soil that was sown with salt—left to the Redskins, I suppose, because no white man could make a living there," we have an appreciable instance of his inaccuracy. The "boomers" would do well, if that is so, to emigrate to Adelaide, where, says Mr. Froude, are a hundred and fifty thou-

sand people, "not one of whom has ever known, or will know, a moment's anxiety as to the recurring regularity of his three meals a day." But such statements may be passed by. As to the institutions of the country, its schools, prisons, manners and customs, business, industrial interests, and the doings of the bulk of the inhabitants, the volume is silent. Not so, however, with moral and spiritual welfare. The pages teem with denunciation. If not the mantle, certainly the growl of Carlyle has fallen on his pupil-prophet. For all things modern, liberal, democratic, Gladstonian, there is a ready word of wrath. We will give a sentence or two, for most readers will tire of the interminable tirade which interrupts the political oratory: "I could not share his opinion [an Irish priest's] that it was right for average people to go by their own judgment in so serious a matter as religion. Average men are too ignorant to be capable of forming a judgment on such subjects." "The greatest fool in the House of Commons, if left to himself and to his own small understanding, would steer the ship of state better than the galaxy of genius had done which formed Mr. Gladstone's Administration."

But there is not space to multiply examples of the extremities of expression to which Mr. Froude goes in denouncing democracy, whether in its religious, political, or social manifestations. A more amusing characteristic is the unconscious assumption that the excellence of the race is only to be rationally looked for at London. He does not hesitate to say roundly in one place that an "able" man from the home country deputed as Governor would lead the colonial policy by virtue of his "mental superiority." Along the whole route the author looks with insular eyes, and jaundiced besides; he has been round the world, and "there an end," as the Elizabethans say. The sketch of Sir George Grey—one of the most admirable men of our time—is the only chapter really worth while.

*Outlines of Universal History.* Designed as a text-book and for private reading. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Yale College. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. 8vo. Pp. 674.

PROFESSOR FISHER'S 'Universal History' is a book of very great merit, which will abundantly satisfy the wants of those who desire a complete and accurate compendium of the world's history. There really has been no book of this character, of higher ambition than a school text-book, and recent enough to contain at once the results of the latest scholarship and the events of the latest years. It was a formidable task that the author undertook, and he has performed it in a manner worthy of all praise. The plan of his work is that of a carefully arranged and well proportioned survey of the entire field of history, with constant reference to philosophical principles and great controlling movements, but with a very considerable amount of detail. One is, indeed, constantly astonished to find so complete a sketch in so small a compass. There is too much of the necessary detail for it to be available as a book to read through; but the general portions may well be taken by themselves, and will be found to contain a survey of the entire field of history admirable for its breadth and insight. The controlling idea of the work, as stated in the preface, is that of the *unity of history*.

The completeness of view, which is so striking a feature of the book, is shown in every direction—the discussions upon ethnology, geography, and mythology; the sections upon religion, literature, and art; the entire *equipment* of the work, in the way of maps, genealogical tables, lists of books, and index. The feature in which we find it least satisfactory is the discussion of economic causes.

In the Roman Republic, and in the history of the Middle Ages, these deserve more attention than they have received.

Along with this symmetry and proportion, which are the most striking characteristics of the book, we find great accuracy in the minutiae. We have not noticed any mistakes or misprints in such matters as dates, proper names, or order of events. Naturally there will be oversights and errors here and there. Thus, it was not the augur (p. 132) who took the auspices, marking off the heavens into four quarters, etc. The auspices were sent to the magistrate, and solely to him; the function of the augur was merely to interpret them. The reader would suppose (p. 174) that *confarreatio* was a form of marriage employed by all Romans at their choice. It was, on the other hand, the exclusively patrician form of marriage. It is misleading also to speak of "two kinds of marriage," by one of which the wife passed from the hands of the father to those of the husband. This was the result of all three forms of marriage; only, in case of civil marriage (*usus*), the wife could escape the *manus* by absenting herself for three nights (*jus trinoctii*) from the husband's house. Neither is it technically correct to speak of the *manus* of the father, but his *potestas*; *manus* was of the husband alone.

The maps are excellent, clear, and accurate. Even here, however, there are defects. In the map of the Empire of the Saracens (p. 228) for A. D. 750, the Exarchate of Ravenna is not given. In the map of Central Europe in 1360 (p. 328), the States of the Church are not given, while Flanders receives the same color as Burgundy, with which it was not united until 1384. And why *Lausitz* any more than *Schlesien* and *Mähren*? Why, moreover, give the long-extinct duchies of Franconia and Swabia in the map of Italy in the sixteenth century (p. 410)? The Index, from some random experiments, appears to be carefully prepared; but occasionally a page must have been overlooked—e. g., we find none of the names on page 370. On the very last page of the text, we are surprised, in a list of books on the socialism of the present day, not to find so excellent a book, of American authorship, as Dr. Ely's 'French and German Socialism.'

*Practical Economics*: A collection of essays respecting certain of the recent economic experiences of the United States. By David A. Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. 8vo.

It is to be regretted that the publishers of this volume should have found it necessary to allow it to appear in a shape so ill-suited for popular use, as it is a practical treatise, written not for the edification of scholars, but for the public enlightenment, and it ought to have been made attractive to the public. It cannot be denied that those who like to look at everything through a rosy medium will not enjoy these pages. The history that is here detailed is not of the kind on which patriots dwell with pride. Much of it is a record of the imbecility of our legislators and the corruption of our administrative officers—not but that, to paraphrase Thurlow's remark about one of his judges, there was a deal of corruption about the legislative imbecility. As Mr. Wells says, his essays illustrate "an experience in which questions of the highest importance in respect to the use and issue of currency, the imposition of taxes, the collection of revenue, and the regulation of trade and commerce—all involving transactions of enormous magnitude and infinite detail—have been discussed, regulated by legal enactments, and carried to practical results, without, for the most part, any reference whatever to accepted economic principles, and often mainly under the influence of selfish and sometimes of corrupt motives and agencies."

Altogether the most remarkable, indeed we may say the most awful, series of events here detailed relates to our experience in taxing distilled spirits, concerning which the author remarks that nothing similar ever before occurred in any country of modern civilization, or is likely to occur again. As Mr. Wells was Chairman of the Revenue Commission of 1865, and afterward Special Commissioner of the Revenue, he has an inside knowledge of this experience probably more extensive than that of any other person in existence. It was owing to him that the system of collecting internal-revenue taxes by means of stamps affixed to the packages containing the articles taxed was adopted—a system that has proved in the highest degree successful. It was largely owing to his efforts, also, that the tax upon spirits was reduced from \$2 a gallon to 50 cents, with the result of increasing the revenue from this source threefold. In fact, the revenue derived from a tax at this rate seems to have been greater than that produced by higher rates either before or since the year 1872, the last year during which it prevailed.

That extraordinary episode, the attack made upon the Whiskey Ring by Secretary Bristow, was of too dramatic a character to be easily forgotten, nor is the present time the most suitable for dwelling upon it. We need only say that Mr. Wells gives a calm and dispassionate account of it. We prefer to allude to what was less dramatic, although hardly less remarkable—the gift by Congress to the distillers of a sum estimated at \$100,000,000, under the guise of an increased tax upon their product. If an intelligent child were asked as to the probable effect of imposing a tax upon the production of an article, exempting, however, all that should have been produced at the time the tax went into effect, he would probably reason that the price of the article would be raised by at least the amount of the tax, and that the owners of the exempted goods would not consider the fact that they had paid no tax as any reason why they should not collect it from their customers. If a legislative body failed to reason with equal profundity, but found, after making the experiment, that precisely this result followed, and that those upon whose business the tax had been thus imposed had been enormously enriched thereby, it might be expected that it would not repeat its folly. The Congress of the United States, however, upon no less than five occasions did repeat this folly. What motives influenced its action it is impossible to tell. Those were evil days, and enormous sums were to be made by such legislation. The best we can say is that if our legislators were not corrupt, they were imbecile.

Under this policy the number of distilleries, which was 1,138 in 1860, increased to 4,721 in 1868, with a probable capacity of over 200,000,000 gallons a year. Nevertheless, in the latter year the Government collected its tax upon less than 7,000,000 gallons. As the consumption of spirits could hardly have been less than 50,000,000 gallons at that time, the sale of untaxed spirits at the current market price must have brought in about \$80,000,000 of dishonest gain. As the market price was less than the tax and the cost of manufacture, an honest distiller was an impossibility. Into the particulars of the frauds we cannot enter, but Mr. Wells's account of them shows how widely diffused the corruption arising from this ruinous legislation had become. It is instructive to learn that reform was postponed for a whole year, at an expense to the Government estimated by Mr. Wells at \$26,000,000, in consequence of the scruples of an influential statesman, who declared that it would be derogatory to the honor of a great nation to confess, "after having put down a great rebellion, that it could not collect a tax of \$2 per gallon on whiskey."

The essays upon the recent phases of the tariff question are of a somewhat more cheerful character than those of which we have been speaking; not that the legislation described is much more enlightened than that which prevailed during the war period, but on account of the evident hopefulness of the writer. It seems that the oppressive league that controls Congress is now held together not by hope of gain but by fear of loss. The margin of profit has been in many ways so reduced that almost all manufacturers are compelled to think about the possibility of lessening the cost of their raw material, and of securing a foreign market. While the tariff remains as it is, these possibilities cannot be realized, but the producers of raw materials threaten that if they are molested the whole structure of protection shall come down. Although this might not prove to be so great a calamity as is generally supposed, it is not surprising that most manufacturers dread any serious disturbance of existing laws. They will eventually find that these threats cannot be carried out, and that the revenue reformers have no idea of abolishing protective duties with one blow. We apprehend, however, that the process of reform is likely to be somewhat slower than Mr. Wells anticipates, owing to the protectionist spirit that seems to animate the labor unions.

Several matters of present interest are discussed in this volume besides those to which we have referred, the silver question for example; but we can do no more than mention the fact. Readers who are not unwilling to be instructed provided they are entertained, may be safely recommended to read the book for themselves. The story of the "Leaden Statuary" is not the less delightful because it has a moral; and the history of the paper currency of Texas is at least as interesting as the rest of its annals. We cannot deny the existence of numerous tables of statistics among the other contents of these essays, but, under the skilful management of Mr. Wells, figures lose half their terror. There is upon the whole very little in the book that the ordinary citizen ought not to know, and very little that he would not be interested in knowing if his attention were once aroused. Perhaps the very republication of these essays is a sign that economic questions are at last beginning to arouse a genuine public interest.

*The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought in England, America, and India.* By Count Goblet D'Alviella, Professor of Comparative Theology in the University of Brussels and formerly member of the Belgian House of Representatives. Translated by J. Moden. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886.

The original of this translation, 'L'Évolution Religieuse Contemporaine,' was mentioned by the *Nation* at the time of its appearance about two years ago, and our note of praise was only one of many that have sounded from the most various quarters from that day to this. The character of the book, so bright, so readable, so sympathetic in its tone, was sure to bring it into general notice and to insure its translation into English and its republication in England and America. It has been extremely fortunate in its translator. Apparently there is no phase of the religious evolution which Count D'Alviella has described with which Mr. Moden is not equally well acquainted. If there is an exception, it is in respect to the American part. He has corrected a number of mistakes in the original which were not unnatural for an author writing, as it were, with his left hand, as one must do when dealing with contemporary matters in a foreign country. One of the most amusing was the mixing up of the Rev. George H. Hepworth with Mr. Hep-