

capital example of the sort of realism foisted on Shakspeare because the plastic nature and symbolic significance of fact under a poet's handling are not apprehended. We do not refer merely to the attempt to date the action and make it tally with Venetian history, or to the scholarly effort of that admirable lover of Venice, Rawdon Brown, in which he tried to identify the Moor with a real lieutenant of the republic; so long as these are subordinate to the study of the sources of the play and remain in the region of historical fact, they have no offence in them. It is only when the domain of imagination, the play itself, is entered that the absurdity of confusing poetic truth (truth of representation) with historic truth (actuality of occurrence) becomes apparent. Out of the divergence of these two modes of truth arises the theory of Double Time, of which "Othello" is regarded as affording the best instance. According to this hypothesis, Shakspeare reckoned by two kinds of time, the Dramatic and the Historical; the first is illusory, and measures the duration of the action on the stage; the second is real, and measures the duration of the action in its necessary course under the limitations and delays essential to its probability. The first appeals to the imagination, the second to the reason. Thus, as Rymer sneeringly pointed out, *Desdemona* is murdered within thirty-six hours after her arrival in Cyprus; and this is without doubt the dramatic time, the illusion for the imagination; yet the circumstances of the plot require a longer period and imply it continually, and in this latter Historical Time the reason finds the justification of the facts, the probability of the action. The discord of the two "times" is only discovered by reflection; it is not felt in the representation, and herein lies the poet's art; but an intrusive realism, dissolving the poet's synthesis, misses the imaginative unity of "Othello," and muddles itself in an attempt to understand how *Iago* could have asked *Emilia* "a hundred times" to steal the fatal handkerchief, how *Roderigo* could have spent all his wealth in a day, and *Cassio* have become so intimate with *Bianca*, etc., etc., until the poet's inconsistencies have been piled up, mole-hill on mole-hill, on the top of which the commentator flaps his wings.

Here, too, is the place to ask the horrid question—Was *Othello* black? Nay, more—Was he a black negro? There has been much ado over this, and the ethnographic and aesthetic white-wash has certainly toned down the jetty African of stage tradition to a very presentable light-brown gentleman. Time was when our stage *Othello* pulled off white gloves to emphasize his hue, and once this fine trick disillusionized a realistic spectator, who chanced to know that the inside of a black man's hands is whitish, like the soles of his feet and the skin of his new-born heir; but now dramatic proprieties have changed. *Othello* was not a negro, though his lips may have rolled just enough to suggest *Roderigo's* nickname; he was a Moor. Black, however, his visage was in Shakspeare's mind, as Mr. Furness concludes, and therewith cites the inexorable passage—

"My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face."

"Grime" is not a synonym of light-brown. If any one requires the production of a live black Moor of "royall siege" before he believes this, let him search in lion-haunted Arden, where he will find many strange things.

But the most offensive example of what we have called the intrusion of realism in the interpretation of Shakspeare is afforded by Mr. Furness himself in the professional opinions he prints, from eminent doctors of his acquaintance, in regard to the physical conditions of *Des-*

demona's death. Was she smothered or (as the stage tradition says) stabbed? And, in either case, could both her smock and face have been pale? could she have revived and spoken; and then died without further violence? The doctors practically agree that, although a fatal stab would not necessarily cause effusion of blood in any quantity, she was smothered. Dr. Agnew decides that she died from "secondary effects of injury to the larynx"; Dr. Brinton says "cardiac exhaustion"; Dr. Hammond refers to the smothering case in his novel 'Mr. Oldmixon'; and Dr. Wm. Hunt renders his verdict as death by "fracture of the cricoid cartilage of the larynx"—a phrase which he expands into a description of how *Othello* "grasps her neck with his powerful hands, his thumbs being over the larynx, and with two strong squeezes and a 'So, so,' garrotes her." We submit that this is the most brutal intrusion of the realistic spirit into poetic art yet known; to read this note is to give to an ideal tragic scene a bias of physical horror, from which the imagination recovers with difficulty, and to destroy at a crisis of its culmination the sense of that moral control of events in which tragedy finds its only aesthetic justification. It is to reduce "Othello" to the level of "Titus Andronicus." With this prime example of the utility of science in the criticism of works of the imagination, one may well leave this branch of the subject.

The play has not been especially fruitful in the department of proper literary criticism. It offers few problems. Discussion has centred most distinctly about *Iago*, and the exploded opinion that his malice was motiveless has given rise to a considerable part of the character-criticism of the drama. To us his repulsiveness springs rather from his indifference, his cold-bloodedness, than from the mere sight of his villany in action. The power of the play lies less in the horror than in the "pity of it," the mere misery of *Desdemona*, the ignoble duping of *Othello*. It is naturally a favorite with those who interpret Shakspeare almost exclusively from the ethical standpoint, and the commandments they have found written in it are more than ten; from the doctrine concerning the family tie which is extracted from the fact that the trouble comes originally from *Desdemona's* deception of her father, down to the doctrine of courtesy which is found in the notion that, if *Othello* had had the good manners to pick up the handkerchief when *Desdemona* dropped it, all the results might have been avoided, a marvellous array of "morality" is exhibited. But this intrusion of the logic of morals is hardly less to be reproved than that of the logic of facts. It ought to be always remembered that the primary endowment of Shakspeare was the artistic temperament; he was a poet first, and everything else afterwards. To say this is the same thing with saying—though we must state it baldly—that the ethical principle in him was a necessity of the imagination, not of the understanding; was vision rather than inference; was a part and not the whole. One can no more imagine life truly without ethics than he can imagine mass without cohesion; a creative genius, consequently, a man of imagination all compact, does not necessarily start from ethics in moulding his works, but it is more likely that the moral principle which his works must contain as a part of their reality will be secondary and derivative. Shakspeare is ethical because he imagined life truly; he did not imagine life truly because he had thought out, in Lord Bacon's manner, the general principles of morals. Of course what is here said applies only to the ethical motives and laws which are thought to pervade whole plays, not to the apothegms or detached reflections which occur in them. The present writer would contend that an ethical view was never a forma-

tive principle in "Othello" or any other of the plays, and that the attempt to ascribe such conscious ends to Shakspeare's art is made in ignorance of the fundamental principles of æsthetic criticism. "Othello" has, it is true, the Æschylean swing of fate; but it derives it from life, not from thought. Hence Mr. Snyder's laborious discussions of this play, and all like them, must be regarded as moral disquisitions on topics suggested or illustrated by Shakspeare, but by no means as Shakspeare's view of the world and fate. In "Othello" this sort of criticism seems especially forced. Is it because the intelligence (*Iago*) is enlisted in the service of evil?

But this notice must be ended. The next variorum issue, "if there ever be one" (which heaven grant!), will probably be "The Merchant of Venice."

Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham, by his widow Lucy; edited from the original manuscript by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson. To which are added the letters of Colonel Hutchinson and other papers. Revised, with additional notes, by C. H. Firth, M.A. With ten etched portraits of eminent personages. 2 vols. Scribner & Welford. 1885.

THE memoirs of Col. Hutchinson rank among the best-known and most instructive of the class of original historical documents to which they belong—writings private in their nature, throwing a side-light upon events, rather than presenting them in a direct and authoritative form, as is the case with public documents. This book does not give us an account of the Civil War: Marston Moor and Naseby, the Self-denying Ordinance and the New Model, Pride's Purge and the Expulsion of the Rump, are barely alluded to; but we have a complete narrative of the military operations, and the civil dissensions as well, of one corner of England. This is a view that the great historians omit. In their works we learn the conduct of the large affairs, but we can never get from them the perfect picture of the times that may be obtained from a book like this.

As time goes on and Col. Hutchinson becomes a more prominent and influential man, we find more frequent mention of the great events of his day. The Second Civil War, the Scotch War, and especially the events after the death of Oliver Cromwell, receive relatively more attention than those of the first Civil War, when the hero of the book was simply a country gentleman of Nottinghamshire, holding a post important, it is true, but quite secondary and relatively inconspicuous. Only relatively, however. The holding of Nottingham steadily for the Parliament, through all the dark days of 1643, was a service of the highest value. The whole north was in the hands of the royalists, whose stronghold at Newark gave them safe and continuous communication with the King at Oxford and in the west. But Nottingham, only a few miles from Newark, served in its turn as an advanced post on the Parliamentary side—standing towards Cromwell's Eastern Counties' Association somewhat as Newark did to the royalists of the north under the Earl of Newcastle.

The side-lights of a book like this are, as we have said, of the highest value; and we are assisted by it to an understanding of that breach between Parliament and the army which is one of the most critical facts of the Civil War. We are familiar, in the history of our own civil war, with this source of dissension; but the relations between the two authorities were quite the opposite in the two cases. If our Congress interfered unduly in military operations, it was because it thought the army leaders deficient in zeal and ear-

nestness; the efforts of civilians were in the direction of inspiring greater intensity of action, and infusing a keener sympathy with the anti-slavery policy. In the English Civil War, on the other hand, it was the army that was in earnest and the Parliament that was ready to compromise. So that we find, besides the natural and unavoidable jealousy of the two powers, an antagonism in temper and policy which complicates the questions at issue, and makes it very difficult to determine in all cases where the right lay. The intrigues of the politicians against the single-hearted soldier are narrated at a length which, if somewhat wearisome by reason of its petty details, is nevertheless very instructive. The highest interest in the book is found in the later years, when the hostility was not the mere jealousy of power, but was upon fundamental questions of policy.

In these great questions of policy Col. Hutchinson occupied an attitude which classes him with Sir Harry Vane the younger—who, however, is hardly mentioned in the book. He was one of the judges of the King, and appears to have joined heartily in the policy of putting the King to death; but he was wholly opposed to the "usurpation" of Cromwell, and retired into private life, from which, however, he emerged after the resignation of Richard Cromwell, and had then some hope that the restoration of Charles II. would give England a good and free government. It seems clear that he changed his mind as to the execution of the King, and regarded it as a mistake—having led the way, not to a free government, but to a new despotism as unbearable as the old. At the same time, he never changed his opinions as to the questions at issue, and did not receive the new King with servile submission, but as, under the circumstances, the best hope of free institutions.

This is the conclusion that we draw, from the actions and language of Col. Hutchinson, as to his genuine sentiments in relation to the Civil War, the Protectorate, and the Restoration. After the Restoration he was placed in an equivocal and embarrassing position through a petition written by his wife, without his knowledge, and signed with his name. By this letter, which the editor characterizes correctly as an "humble and dishonoring petition for life," and by the assistance of members of her family—her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, had been an active leader on the Royalist side, and had now great influence at court—Col. Hutchinson was preserved from the punishment visited upon the other regicides. He felt keenly the dishonor of his situation; and although he acquiesced in the result, so far as even to address, shortly after, another petition, to the House of Lords, dignified and manly in tone, but expressing a degree of repentance, which he certainly did not feel, yet he brooded over it in his mind, and did not conceal his satisfaction at being arrested, two or three years after, and thrown into the prison in which he died.

The intercession of Sir Allen Apsley for his brother-in-law illustrates one fact that we note in this history: there is no indication in any part of the book, so far as we can recollect, of the bitter hatred which civil war has the reputation of creating between near friends and kinsmen. Col. Hutchinson's relatives, the Birons, and his wife's relatives, the Apsleys, were ardent Cavaliers; but their intercourse with him, even when the contest was at its height, is represented as always friendly, while it was their influence that obtained his pardon at the Restoration. His enemies, and very bitter ones they were, were in his own party—the members of what we may call the Parliamentary faction as opposed to the army leaders.

The edition before us is sumptuous and beauti-

ful. The ten portraits, etched with spirit, are of great value as historical portraits, most of them being of eminent characters. They are, besides Col. Hutchinson and his wife, the following: James I., Charles II., Cromwell, Ireton, Sir John Hotham, Lord Chaworth, and two kinsmen of the hero—Lord Biron and Sir Allen Apsley. Only five hundred copies have been printed, two hundred of which have been reserved for sale in this country, with an American imprint. We find an incorrect reference in a footnote on page 270 of vol. ii: it is given to page 378, when it should be 213.

The Story of the Jews. By James K. Hosmer. [The Story of the Nations.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

CONFORMABLY to the plan laid down in the prospectus of this series, the present work is distinctly a book for young people. Its style is pure and graphic, and it can be read from cover to cover with unabated interest. Everything, even historical proportion, is sacrificed to the desire to bring out salient features of the Jews even more than of their history. Jewish history before the contact with Assyria is dismissed in one chapter, while two are devoted to the Assyrian period. The Maccabean age is strikingly depicted, though no attempt is made to separate the legends which have grown up about the actual history contained in the Apocryphal Books of Maccabees. When our author comes to the Middle Ages, he is full of sympathy with the Jews for the persecutions they had to bear in those dark days, though he thinks that Jewish pride and exclusiveness are somewhat to blame for such constant enmity. Concerning the Jews of modern times this work is much fuller than any book on the subject. Spinoza, Mendelssohn, the Rothschilds, Montefiore, Lasker, Crémieux, D'Israeli, and Heine, all have a place.

Prof. Hosmer shows throughout evidences of careful preparation, and yet there are constantly distinct traces of the dilettante's work. He is wrong in taking *Rabshakeh*, an officer's title, as the name of a man; again, no god by the name of Nisroch has been found in the Assyrian Pantheon, and it would have been much better to assume with Halévy that Nisroch is a mistake for Nesoch, the Assyrian god Nusku. Prof. Hosmer speaks of Cyrus as the "Mede," which he certainly was not, and repeats the traditional story of the Septuagint translation without any hint of his disbelief in it. There is, moreover, a marked lack of familiarity with Jewish customs. Each male was required to visit Jerusalem thrice, not twice a year. The Day of Atonement generally falls at the beginning, never at the end of October. Similar blunders are to be found in the account of the Passover service and the description of the interior of a synagogue. But few historians will agree with the dictum concerning Josephus, that "there is no reason to doubt his real accuracy." The philosophical system of Maimonides—a reconciliation of Judaism and Aristotelianism—our author does not seem to have appreciated. A whole chapter, entitled "Casting out a Prophet," is devoted to an indignation meeting over the excommunication of Spinoza by the synagogue of Amsterdam; though, whatever be his claims to consideration as a philosopher, Spinoza certainly had none which could weigh with the elders of the synagogue or of any other church. And, finally, there are some careless slips, such as the citing of Lucien Wolf's Biography of Sir Moses Montefiore as "Simon Wolfe's."

Vice in the Horse; and Other Papers on Horses and Riding. By G. S. Anderson. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1886.

THIS little volume contains nine short essays on

matters connected with horsemanship. They show the author to be a very competent horseman, though by no means a fancier of the school of clumsy "practical" horsemanship which for a century or more has been the vogue among the English. Other distinguished American amateurs have also of late declared in favor of Continental horsemanship, and have condemned the British modes of using the saddle-horse. The Southern people of the United States have never adopted the modern English manner of riding, though the Kentucky and Virginia horsemen cannot be said to follow any of the Continental schools. Their horsemanship, with its careful training in paces, more closely resembles that of the French than the fashions which now prevail in England. It appears that the modes of training and using horses on the Continent were, during the seventeenth and perhaps in the eighteenth century, common in England. That delightful braggart, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, describing in his memoirs the movements of the horse, which his successors have relegated to the circus, says: "The most useful aer, as the Frenchmen term it, is territerr; the courbettes, cabrioies, or un pas et un sault, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers, yet I cannot deny but a demivolte with courbettes, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or mêlée"—all of which he learned in western England about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The disfavor into which the old and somewhat fanciful horsemanship fell was probably due, in part to its inutility in hunting, but partly also to its essential impracticability. In the same way the graceful but useless *salutes* preceding a bout of fencing, as well as many departments of the fencer's art, were abandoned in Britain as soon as French influence began to decline. Now that men of leisure in America desire to amuse themselves with horses, it is perhaps worth while to bring back the banished capers of the old-time horsemanship. Persons who desire this diversion of training horses in nice details of action will find Mr. Anderson's hints very useful, while those who condemn such practices will find his suggestions on horse-shoeing valuable.

The Scientific Angler: Being a general and instructive work on Artistic Angling. By the late David Foster. 3d edition. London: Bembrose & Sons.

THIS is a new edition of an excellent angling book previously noticed in these columns, with the addition of delicately colored engravings of over sixty land and aquatic, natural and artificial flies, the natural and artificial, being placed side by side. The imitations in some cases are wonderfully exact, in others scarcely to be recognized. The American trout is not, on the whole, as highly educated as his British cousin, and the very delicate and fine differences in the construction of flies is not so essential to success, here as in England, although a good many of our Eastern waters are now breeding fish that laugh to scorn the attempts of the ordinary angler. That there is, however, a growing interest in the niceties of the art is shown by the fact that Mr. Foster's book has been reprinted here. It is stated erroneously in the preface that this and the 'Complete Angler' are "the only English books on angling that our transatlantic cousins have deemed worthy of reprinting." The book is one every angler ought to have, and the colored plates of flies make this the most desirable edition yet published. There is a good deal of useful information about rods, reels, lines, etc., but the fact is, that we are as much ahead of the English in these utensils as they are of us in the fly-tying branch of the art of angling.