

they should feel inclined to show their approval of his music, not to interrupt the continuity of the numbers by applause; thus showing that other composers would have been glad to secure for their performances conditions similar to those which obtain at Bayreuth.

Like most of his predecessors, Herr Naumann entirely neglects the music of savages. This is to be regretted; for although primitive music may not be acceptable to our ears, it contains most of the elements of our art, and is capable of deeply moving the untutored savage, as many tourists have attested. In reading about the music of the ancient civilized nations, we are constantly struck by the similarity of the effects produced by ancient and modern music, though the means are so different. Those who laugh at the hypersentimental titles of modern popular songs and collections of songs ("Shower of Pearls," etc.), will be surprised to hear that in ancient Sanskrit music we find even theoretical works on music with such fanciful titles as "The Mirror of Melodies," "The Delights of Society," "The Sea of Emotions," etc.

In other ways does history repeat itself. Nothing is more noticeable in musical criticism of the day than the effort to stamp out the "star" system and diminish the honors paid to singers and players at the expense of the composers. Wagner led the critical current in this direction; but he had a predecessor who was no less a personage than Aristotle. During the period of the decadence of Greek art, Herr Naumann tells us, "the meretricious gained an ascendancy and power almost incredible. The flautist Nicomachus (325 B. C.) was renowned as the possessor of the most valuable precious stones of Greece, which he had gained by his wonderful execution of florid passages" (*à la Patti*):

"It even became the fashion to erect statues to living bards, virtuosi, dancers, and actors, and it was in vain that Aristotle, Alexander's teacher, inveighed against the introduction of enervating keys and the supremacy of digital skill. Yet a still more extraordinary example of this one-sided adulation, exhibiting the effete taste of the rulers of nations, occurred in the year 300 B. C., when a temple was erected to the distinguished female flute-player Lamia, wherein was placed her statue, which, it is said, was regarded with a kind of divine veneration."

In speaking of Japanese music, the author becomes facetious: "It is said that formerly an ambassador, in addressing a foreign court to which he was accredited, did not speak, but sang his mission. 'Diplomatic notes,' therefore, acquired in Japan a double signification." This is the only conscious joke in the book; but in the second volume there is considerable unconscious humor. The author cannot emancipate himself from the German mania for sharp-cut and sweeping classifications. So he goes to work, with amusing *sang froid*, and divides all modern musicians into two groups. The first embraces all the great composers down to Beethoven, including Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, and Haydn. These were "geniuses" and had "style," whereas all the composers after Beethoven, including Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Chopin, etc., were only "talents," who had a "manner" in place of style!! But the reader must not for such an absurdity toss aside Herr Naumann's book. There is more bark than bite in his method. Having tickled his philosophical sense with this "broad generalization," the author practically ignores it, and discusses the merits of the modern composers who had only "talent" as if they had real "genius." And his biographies are full of details gathered from numerous sources, some of which are not readily accessible.

English music is treated in such a stepmotherly manner by Naumann that the editor of the Eng-

lish edition, Dr. Ouseley, felt called upon to add several chapters, in their appropriate places, on English music. These chapters are fully as good as anything else in the book. But the editor evidently wrote his foot-notes and comments on one part of the book before he had seen the whole; for on page 221 he accuses the author of ignoring an important old canonical composition, "Sumer is icumen in," and on page 286 he discovers that Naumann has mentioned it, and therefore has to apologize in a foot-note. The translation is well done, and we have not noticed any serious errors.

*Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland.* By Lady Wilde ("Speranza"). To which is appended a chapter on "The Ancient Races of Ireland," by the late Sir William Wilde. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. vii, 280, 370.

It is a great relief, at the present moment, to pick up a book relating to Ireland and find that it does not deal with the political wrongs of that unfortunate island. There was a time when the mention of Erin evoked memories of light-footed fairies and the gruesome Banshee. There was reason to fear that they would vanish under the present régime, and Lady Wilde is entitled to our gratitude for preserving in the pages of her charming book these evanescent creations of the popular fancy. We have already had books dealing with Irish fairy-tales, notably Kennedy's two works on the 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts' (1866) and the 'Fireside Stories of Ireland' (1875); and many popular tales have immortalized Irish humor and given us glimpses of the strange superstitions of that naturally light-hearted people. But nothing so extensive and valuable as Lady Wilde's book has ever appeared on the subject, and she has conferred a favor upon the student as well as upon the general reader, who will find in her volumes a store of amusing tales, and, mingled with them, a mass of superstition of which before he probably had no idea.

It is impossible in our brief space to give an adequate idea of the richness of the work. Every variety of popular superstition is fully treated. Fairies in all their forms; festivals, marriage rites, the wake orgies; legends of animals, medical superstitions, legends of the saints, the holy wells—such are a few of the subjects of these volumes, while the more serious side of these studies is represented by sketches of the Irish past and Sir William Wilde's essay.

The volumes furnish plenty of food for reflection from all sorts of standpoints. The comparative mythologist will rejoice at a fresh supply of material for his theories, while the student of history will try to gain some better idea of the people from their superstitions. These are too firmly connected with the soil to be easily uprooted, but they sit very lightly upon the people when transplanted to our prosaic land, for example. Did any one ever hear an Irishman tell a fairy story in America, or evince any peculiar interest in the saints except on Sunday? We have looked through the book with interest to find some traces of race hostility, but have found almost none at all. There are few reminiscences of the earlier conflict. One legend says that "Toberna-Dara (the well of tears) was so called because it overflowed one time for a mile-round from the tears of the Irish wives and mothers who came there to weep for their fallen kindred who had been slain in a battle, fighting against Cromwell's troopers of the English army."

*Tales of the Caliph.* By Al Arawiyeh. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887. 16mo, pp. 234. The Caliph is, of course, Haroun Alrashchid, in

whose "golden prime" the tales told in this little book are supposed to happen. We suspect that Al Arawiyeh's name will not be found in any dictionary of Arabic writers, nor can all that he relates have taken place at the date assigned his stories unless we attribute the prophetic gift to the luckless Almirvan, who looks through a magic tube and reveals to the curious Caliph the wonders of nineteenth-century invention. However, let this pass, our age not being so rich in creations of the imagination that we can afford to apply too strict a rule. He who can amuse us a brief half hour should have our gratitude.

The dozen stories of Oriental adventure and wonder are cleverly constructed, and told with unflagging interest. With the ruling passion of the present day, we have tried to detect the use of old *motifs*, but, with the exception of a charm which makes the bearer invisible, and the ointment which enables one to see through the walls of a house, we have found nothing old. Some of the new features are very ingenious, as the vegetable ivory in the story of "The Caliph and the Pirates," and the brush which, applied to the spine, produces temporary paralysis, in the tale of "The Caliph and the Slave Merchants."

*The Essentials of Perspective*, with illustrations drawn by the Author. By L. W. Miller, Principal of the School of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

MR. MILLER has written a clever book, which comes near being a very good one. He has set himself to give, in untechnical language and without formality, the principles and processes which are important in the use of perspective, so far as a painter or an ordinary draughtsman needs to use it. In this he is trying what a dozen other writers have tried to do, with less intelligence and less knowledge than his; but he aims higher than most of his fellows in taking pains to set forth the underlying conceptions of perspective, and in wishing to make his learners rely more on these, and less on rules or tricks of construction, than is common in rudimentary treatises. His work deserves credit for this, especially for his independent way of presenting his subject, for not flinching before the bugbears of vanishing planes and oblique horizons, but showing their real simplicity and practical usefulness. He gives many interesting illustrations, in drawings which are not very interesting, of perspective effects in nature, of the lapses of painters who do not understand perspective, and of the happy uses to which those have put it who have understood it. He writes with a directness and animation which makes most of his book easy reading.

Where Mr. Miller fails is in underrating the difficulty of his task. His laying out of it is orderly enough, but the writing is from hand to mouth, as it were, as if the matter had never been carefully thought out in detail. Hence come want of steadiness and of proportion; explanations sometimes generous and sometimes scanty; carelessness of expression, with sometimes want of precision; obscurity, and occasional inaccuracy, and a general appearance of loose handling which is disagreeably out of keeping with the subject. It takes even more care to present such a subject well in its most concentrated form than to treat it *in extenso*. It should be remembered, too, that the essentials of it are not all that is essential to understanding it well. Beef may be boiled down till it is pretty poor food; and we fear that Mr. Miller's book is too condensed to be very digestible, or even quite intelligible, to a novice who reads it without a commentary. We doubt if Mr. Miller himself could understand what he has here set down if

he had not learned a good deal more than he has set down. Nevertheless, the book is one from which, with due help, learners may get better ideas of what perspective is than from the ordinary manuals, and which teachers may read with interest for the sake of its unhackneyed presentation.

*The Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula.* Notes of a Traveller in Montenegro, Bosnia, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece. With historical and descriptive sketches of the people. By J. G. C. Minchin. With a map. London: J. Murray. Pp. xvi, 415, 8vo.

In this book, published at the close of last year, but still timely, the Eastern question is treated not from the point of view of the great Powers, but from that of the people of the Balkan States themselves. The author had exceptionally good opportunities for obtaining the information essential to such a task, having been till within a year or two Consul-General of Serbia in London, and afterwards correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* at Sofia. His opening chapters are upon Montenegro and Bosnia, countries which he visited as correspondent of the *London Times* in 1882. The grievances of the "occupied" provinces, the vexatious trade restrictions, the costs and delays of the law, the over-zealous propagandism of the Roman Catholics, which led to the insurrection in that year, are clearly stated, but it is only in an appendix that we learn that most of these causes of discontent have been partially remedied. The provinces are now substantially annexed, so far as trade with the rest of the empire is concerned. Railroads are being constructed, and a canal connecting the Danube with the Adriatic by means of the rivers Save, Bosna, and Narenta is projected. New courts for trivial causes have been established, and the whole class of officials is of a much higher character. The land question has been satisfactorily settled in a way "advantageous rather to the tenant than the landlord." Education has also made great progress, and though the religious strife still continues, the country is now quiet and "the condition of the peasants has vastly improved." A brief sketch of recent Serbian history follows, in which Mr. Minchin dwells particularly upon the events preceding the late war with Bulgaria. While it should be remembered that he holds a brief, as it were, for Serbia, it must be acknowledged that the reasons for her course, as he states them, are strong. The result, he affirms, even if she had been victorious, would have been substantially the same. Only, instead of the Austrian ambassador checking the advance of Prince Alexander, it would have been the Russian minister "who would have told King Milan that if he pressed his victory he would encounter, not Bulgarian, but Russian troops in front, while an Austrian army would occupy Serbia in his rear."

It was, indeed, a game from which both players rose losers."

The political parties into which the people are divided, the Radical, the Liberal or Russian, and the Progressist or National party lately in power, as well as the principal men in each, are well described. It is noticeable that while Mr. Minchin rarely speaks of the King, yet he says confidently that the people as a whole are thoroughly loyal to him, the Russian party alone merely hinting "its preference for the Crown Prince with a Regency." The great obstacle to Servian progress is her commercial isolation. The country is rich in agricultural and mineral wealth, and her people have "a spirit of enterprise and industry. But they have been hampered hitherto by the lack of railways and of banks," as well as by the high tariffs of her

neighbors. One of the last acts of the Bulgarian ministry before the war was to erect a protective barrier of high duties between the two countries which shut Serbia off from all trade with Bulgaria. The only solution of this difficulty—one to which neither Austria nor Russia will peacefully consent—is to give Serbia an outlet to the sea at Salonika. At present she finds no market in this direction, partly on account of the disturbed state of Macedonia, and partly from the persistent refusal of the Turks to build the sixty miles of road necessary to complete the railway communication between Belgrade and this port. One of Mr. Minchin's most interesting chapters is an account of a visit to Salonika, which had greatly prospered under the wise rule of Ghalib Pasha. But upon this and upon those relating to Greece we have not space to dwell.

The most valuable part of the work is that which narrates the recent events in Bulgaria. The dramatic story is told with great animation and fulness of detail, Mr. Minchin's information evidently being drawn from the most trustworthy sources. No one can read this account without having a higher opinion of Prince Alexander, both as a man and as a ruler. The sketches of the Bulgarian leaders, especially that of Mutkuroff, the Gen. Monk of the Restoration, and the scene at the opening of the Sobranie in September, 1886, are exceedingly good. While the author evidently has less sympathy with the Bulgarians than with the Serbs, yet he does not fail to do justice to their patience, their strong patriotism, and their desire for progress. "The Bulgarian youth are not intelligent," said a foreign instructor in one of their schools, "but they wish to be intelligent." A large share of the credit for the present condition of education in the country, Mr. Minchin neglects to mention, is due to the influence of the American Roberts College at Constantinople. The statement that "it was not till 1865 that the Bulgarian translation of the Bible was begun," seems to be made in ignorance of the fact that the British and Foreign Bible Society published a translation of the whole Bible in 1864. The Turks are leaving the country, and their "villages in lovely districts of the Balkans can now be purchased for a mere song. A village (abandoned by its Turkish inhabitants) with 4,000 cultivated acres was sold for £1,600." Mr. Minchin's style is excellent, abounding in happy illustrations and striking images. In an appendix he gives various statistics, an abstract of the Berlin Treaty, and later information on some of the subjects discussed in the main body of the work. A good index adds much to its value. In closing, it should be said that though the author does not attempt to forecast the future of these States, he yet writes hopefully, believing that "the growth of freedom on the Balkans has been slow but sure."

*The Lives of the Sheridans.* By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son; New York: Scribner & Welford.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was unfortunate in his life, and he has been still more unfortunate in his biographers. First came a hasty compilation by a Dr. Watkins, who was a political opponent. Next came the perfunctory biography by Moore, who tired of his task before it was half done. Then came Prof. Smythe, whose gross violation of the laws of hospitality was sharply rebuked by Mrs. "Tom" Sheridan. Afterwards came Mrs. Oliphant with one of the poorest biographies of the nineteenth century. Now comes Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who seems to hold a brief against the man whose life he is writing. Hero-worship may be carried too far; but if Mr. Elwyn bated Pope, he had best leave the editing of Pope's works to some one else; and

if Mr. Fitzgerald thinks ill of Sheridan, he might have stayed his hand before he took up Sheridan's life. There was no loud call for a new biography, and Mr. Fitzgerald has not discovered any new material which justified telling again a thrice-told tale. But he is a bookmaker, incorrigible and indefatigable. Those who have read any of his books will know just what to expect in this last, and they will not be disappointed when they find contradictory inaccuracies, a bustling vivacity, a general slovenliness, and a most interesting subject. He has a nose for good subjects.

Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Norton announced a work having the same title as that before us, and no one could have written it better than Sheridan's brilliant granddaughter. As it is, the most valuable part of Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes is devoted to Mrs. Norton herself, in the preparation of which he has had the advantage of her correspondence with Lady Shelley; and from these characteristic letters abundant extracts are given. The account of another gifted member of this singularly gifted family, the late Sheridan Le Fanu, the novelist, is also welcome. The few pages given to Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, are altogether inadequate. Nor is the treatment of "Tom" Sheridan or of the other children besides Mrs. Norton at all satisfactory. Mr. Fitzgerald does not seem to be aware that Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the grandson of the dramatist, is now living at Frampton Court in Dorsetshire (not "Frampton in Wiltshire," as it is here miscalled); and that he has there many original MSS., including that of the "School for Scandal," which were in Moore's hands, and which the present owner kindly showed to a recent American editor of Sheridan's comedies. We are glad to learn, however, that the original prompt-book of "The Rivals" is now in the library of the Garrick Club. It is with great surprise that we find (in a note to vol. i, p. 209) a list of Sheridan's plays in which "The Camp" is included, for surely even Mr. Fitzgerald has no right to forget that "The Camp" was written by Tickell. We may remark, also, on Mr. Fitzgerald's use of "costumier" for the English "costumer" (ii, p. 450). There are six steel engravings, a genealogy, and a meagre index.

*Geological Studies; or, Elements of Geology.* By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Chicago: S. S. Griggs & Co. 1886.

In this interesting contribution to the list of textbooks on geology, the author has in certain important ways departed from the well-beaten path of his predecessors. Beginning with surface geology, he leads the student directly to the study of the glacial drift, using that deposit as a source of materials for teaching the elements of mineralogic geology. The idea is novel, as well as happy; the most considerable disadvantages of the method arise from the fact that in its structure and form the drift-sheet is extremely puzzling to students—to the old hands as well as to beginners—and from the fact that the deposit is not present in quite one-half the surface of this country. His plan, moreover, leads to the study of the elements of lithology and mineralogy, rather puzzling subjects, before the dynamic side of the science (one much more apt to captivate the beginner) is presented. Nevertheless, the order is logical and has much to commend it.

The remainder of the book is cast in the usual mould of geological manuals. The author, however, shows an intelligent care in the selection of examples from North American geology, rather than from the classic fields of the Old World. As is almost inevitable in books of this nature, many questionable points are stated with misleading affirmation. We find, for instance, that the