

begging there would be put in the stocks,' and he had observed that no beggars were to be seen in these neighborhoods—having doubtless thrown off their rags and their poverty and become rich under the terrors of the law.

"He determined to improve upon this idea. In a little while a machine of his own invention was erected. This was nothing more nor less than a gibbet of a very strange, uncouth, and unmatchable construction, far more efficacious, as he boasted, than the stocks, for the punishment of poverty. It was for altitude not a whit inferior to that of Haman, so renowned in Bible history, but the marvel of the contrivance was that the culprit, instead of being suspended by the neck, according to venerable custom, was hoisted by the waistband and kept dangling and sprawling between heaven and earth for an hour or two at a time, to the infinite entertainment and edification of the respectable citizens who usually attend exhibitions of this kind.

"Such was the punishment of all petty delinquents, vagrants, beggars, and others detected in being guilty of poverty in a small way; as to those who had offended on a great scale, who had been guilty of flagrant misfortunes and enormous backslidings of the purse, and stood convicted of large debts which they were unable to pay, William Kieft had them straightway enclosed within the stone walls of a prison, there to remain until they should reform and grow rich. This notable expedient, however, does not appear to have been more efficacious under William the Testy than in more modern days; it being found that the longer a poor devil was kept in prison, the poorer he grew."

It is surely a most interesting fact that this crime should thus early have been held in abhorrence in the city which has since exhibited such brilliant examples of moral courage on the part of individuals who, rather than yield to the blandishments of poverty, have even seized upon the property of others, and betaken themselves to Canada, thus setting an example which has exerted a wholesome influence throughout the country, as may be seen by the increasing number who are encouraged to adopt similar means of reform.

The modern experiment of moral suasion will be watched with the greater interest, from the fact that prohibition met with such signal failure at so early a date, and it is to be hoped that the mutual courage inspired in those who now sign the pledge, will render it unnecessary for so many valuable citizens to expatriate themselves, as the only means of fortifying their resolution.

H. W. S. C.

MINNEAPOLIS, December 12, 1887.

POETRY FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It had occurred to me to think the same with your paper in regard to the Christmas poetry of *Scribner's Magazine*. But since many good people, especially those of tender years and minds, no doubt read such verses in default of acquaintance with literature of the purer sort, might it not be proper for your excellent review to supplement that adverse criticism by directions for finding some truly seasonable poems for the Yule-tide festival?

I have myself made free to suggest a few, but pray reject my selection if you have a better to offer. Then, firstly, one might mention in the King James translation of the New Testament, which, for smoothness and strength, were to be preferred to other English versions, chapters i. and ii. from the Gospel according to St. Luke; chapters i. and ii. from the Epistle to the Hebrews; also, but here from the late revised translation, Psalms ii., cx., xlv., lxxii.; and, Isaiah ix., xi., lx. Or, finally, even these worthy harmonies of the modern times, to wit: Milton's "Ode on the Nativity"; Pope's gorgeous mosaic, the "Messiah"; and Martin Luther's "Vom himel hoch da kom ich her." Luther seldom so completely forgot the Turk, the *Bapst*, and the Fiend, as in this gentle chil-

dren's hymn to the Prince of Peace. It sounds better in the German, of course, for we lack that natural use of diminutive endings which quaintly grace the lines:

"Merk auf, mein herz, und sich dorthin,
Was ligt dort in dem krippeln?
Was ist das schöne kindlein?
Es ist das liebe Jesulin."

The Psalms are more especially commended to the attention of Protestant Episcopalian readers, whose misfortune it often is to gallop through the Psalter a dozen times a year with never an idea of the sense, or substance, or bearing thereof.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

G. P. C.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., December 10, 1887.

ZOLA'S IDEALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. A. Du Four's exception to the originality of the English criticism of Zola as an idealist, may I not in turn suggest that M. Ferdinand Brunetière had anticipated even M. Lemaitre by making that comment in February, 1879? In "Le Roman Expérimental," an essay of that date, since published in the volume "Le Roman Naturaliste," he says, "Il nous reste à montrer en terminant que toute cette discussion passe pardessus la tête de M. Zola, qu'en vain il se proclame réaliste ou naturaliste, et que comme romancier, sinon comme critique, il n'a jamais rien eu de commun avec les doctrines qu'il professe." Then, after two or three citations of evident plagiarisms on the part of M. Zola from passages given in Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," he goes on: "Si l'observation de M. Zola n'est pas d'un 'réaliste,' j'ajoute que son style est d'un romantique. Chose bizarre! ce 'précurseur' retarde sur son siècle! Ses *Études* sonnent l'heure de l'an 1900, et ses romans marquent toujours l'heure de 1830." On the next page, following a brief comment on the extremes in the execution of that novel of M. Zola's which is probably best known to Americans, he says: "Remarquez-le bien; je ne pose pas la question de moralité ou d'immoralité; le public l'a déjà tranchée. Je ne parle que de 'réalisme' et de 'naturalisme.' . . ."

If it is a question of borrowing, it would seem that M. Lemaitre has borrowed quite as much as Mr. Traill; but among writers so "eminently respectable," why need such a question be brought up?

Of M. Brunetière's criticism of Zola, M. Lemaitre himself says: "N'a-t-il pas reconnu à M. Émile Zola la simplicité d'invention, l'ampleur et la force? Je sais bien que le compliment tient une ligne, et la condamnation cinquante pages; mais remarquez que la banalité romanesque ne lui est pas moins odieuse que le naturalisme facile." EDITH THOMAS.

MILLVILLE, N. J., December 17, 1887.

Notes.

D. APPLETON & Co. are preparing for subscription sale in five sections, of twenty plates and eighty pages of descriptive text each, 'Artistic Country Seats,' consisting of types of recent American villa and cottage architecture. The prints will be from nature, by a new American process rivaling the best French, we are told; on India paper, too, mounted on heavy plate paper. Mr. George William Sheldon will be responsible for the letterpress. One thousand copies will be printed, and no more.

'Stories for Children' from Tolstoi's marvelous laboratory, and his 'Napoleon in the Russian Campaign,' one or both translated by

Nathan Haskell Dole, are announced by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Mr. Laurence Hutton is revising for immediate publication a fourth edition of his admirable handbook, 'Literary Landmarks of London,' for which he has prepared a brief supplement, recording the changes wrought in London in the three years since the book first appeared.

Mr. Andrew Lang is editing an enlarged edition of 'Ballads of Books,' to be published shortly in London and New York by Messrs. Longman.

Mr. Charles E. Sprague's 'Handbook of Volapük' (New York: The Office Co.) reached us a little in advance of the report of a committee appointed October 21, 1887, by the American Philosophical Society, to examine into the scientific value of this "universal language." The larger part of it sets forth the desirable basis of such a language, and then application of the principles evolved to the Rev. J. M. Schleyer's system proves it to be "synthetic and complex," unsuited to the needs of modern thought. The Society is urged to take the initiative in forming a better, with the co-operation of learned societies the world over. We may hereafter examine Volapük somewhat closely ourselves.

It would be easy to make many words over the collection called 'Fifty Years of Song: Selections from the Poets of the Reign of Victoria,' by Henry F. Randolph (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.). These words, however, would be wholly of praise, and the substance of them may well be spoken now, while the gift season is still upon us. Let us say, then, in brief, that the compiler's plan has been to divide his poets into groups, thus, "The Earlier Poets," "The Blackwood Coterie and Early Scottish Poets," "The Poets of Young Ireland," "Poets of the First Half of the Reign," "The Novelist Poets," "Poets of the Latter Half of the Reign," "The Writers of Vers de Société," "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," "The Ballad and Song Writers," "The Religious Poets." Each group is preceded by short biographical notices. The scanty notes are massed at the end of each of the four volumes, and are conspicuously useful in giving the schemes of the longer poems here presented in extracts. Indexes conclude—of authors, pseudonyms and sobriquets, and first lines. Mr. Randolph shows a nice poetic sense and independence in sampling. He has excluded rubbish and kept his selections on the higher levels of his poets, and, while not avoiding the familiar masterpieces, has held steadily in view his purpose to give a general *aperçu* of individuals, of groups, and of the poetic era. The accuracy of the reprints is most commendable in a field where so much slovenliness is tolerated, even by the poets themselves, and transmitted endlessly. Better editing as a whole is seldom seen. These volumes will serve to supplement Ward's 'English Poets,' which is but slightly overlapped, and as a most useful companion to Stedman's 'Victorian Poets.' A simple elegance marks the publishers' part in this achievement.

Having followed up 'Les Misérables' with the 'Count of Monte Cristo,' in the same handsome dress and imperial octavo form, the Messrs. Routledge now return to Victor Hugo, and continue the series with the 'Notre-Dame.' This novel lends itself peculiarly to illustration, and the author's own weird designs grace it, along with many more by Brion, Johannot, and other French artists of eminence, in the greatest profusion. The paper, the print, the general execution, merit the praise we have already bestowed upon the preceding works just named.

In their smaller series of versions from the

French the same publishers offer something more kindly to the hand, and, typographically speaking, hardly less to the eye, for the smaller print is still very legible. The latest issue here is Gérard de Nerval's 'Sylvie,' an idyll associated with the last refuge of Rousseau. M. Ludovic Halévy supplies a lugubrious preface relating the author's suicide by hanging. The small page of letterpress is properly set in broad margins, and bears now and again one of the forty-two so-called etchings of E. Rudaux—pen-drawings they are rather to be styled. The binding is a half-morocco, with flowered-damask sides of dull gold. The total product is very taking.

The 'Rip Van Winkle' published in Boston by S. E. Cassino is quite the best of the holiday output of this firm. It is a quarto volume, well bound in buff and gold, adorned with a frontispiece portrait of Irving in early manhood, and for the rest illustrated, in text and art, by Frank T. Merrill. The designs fall short of an exacting standard, whether as regards draughtsmanship or imagination, the landscapes being especially feeble. Still, they hit the spirit of the legend, and may fairly be said to decorate as well as illustrate. The print is large and clear, and the press-work excellent.

The flowering year of our Northern latitude is happily typified in verse by Mr. Simeon Tucker Clark in 'My Garden' (S. E. Cassino). The poem deserved to be printed by itself in ordinary characters, as is done, after it has been lined out for the decorator, who puts it in fancy characters and surrounds it with the appropriate flower of the season—the arbutus

"Pink with faint blushes that she bloomed so soon,
And March, her bolst'rous lover, came so late,"

and all the rest. The floral representations are by Lena J. Ringueberg, and are faithful but not artistic, so that the publisher rightly names them "botanical drawings." However, as such they are meritorious and are associated often with pretty scenery, and the book as a whole is decidedly to be commended.

Mr. C. Klackner, 17 East Seventeenth Street, sends us a proof of a large etching (say 18 x 26) made by Mr. W. L. Lathrop, an American artist, after Jules Breton's "Le Soir dans les hameaux du Finistère," a canvas exhibited at the Salon of 1882, and now an American possession, having formed part of the Seney collection. The subject—a moonlight group of women with distaffs, before a stone cottage on the edge of a rocky barren, with a little by-play of love-making and animal frolic—is difficult for the etcher by reason of its sombre tone, its severity of treatment, and its want of detail. Mr. Lathrop seems to us to have coped laudably with these obstacles, though we cannot feel that this painting, as happens with some, gains by translation into black and white.

Frederick Keppel & Co. have brought out a little 'Catalogue of the Etched Work of Peter Moran,' illustrated with five original etchings, making a pretty souvenir. Mr. Moran's last work here recorded is numbered 133.

Baldwin & Gleason, 61 Broadway, send us some Christmas and New Year's cards, booklets, etc., distinguished by celluloid tablets imprinted with appropriate designs. Tennyson's 'Ring out, wild bells,' is among them, together with a daily pocket memorandum and an ingenious calendar, all in good taste.

Several more calendars for 1888 are at hand. One, for wheelmen, issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston, is duly furnished forth with reading matter pertinent to life on the road. Another, the "Greek Calendar," is for the public at large, though consisting

wholly of extracts from ancient Greek writers. For it Mr. F. W. Peabody, 34 Park Row, New York, has adopted translations of a large assortment of pithy sentiments from poets and philosophers, which will certainly be found edifying as the pad is steadily uncovered. The card on which the pad is mounted is decorated with much taste, and bears in an oval laurel frame a photographic profile of the Hermes of Olympia. Marcus Ward & Co. issue two—"Day Unto Day," a sacred calendar, surmounted by the Madonna della Sedia; and "To-day," a business calendar—both well executed. The backs are utilized for postal information, etc.

A correspondent of the London *Academy* of December 10 tells of the discovery, at his instance, of a new autograph signature of John Harvard. It is affixed, with that of his brother Thomas, "Citizen and Clothworker of London," to a counterpart lease of certain property owned by the Hospital of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London. The instrument, which has ever since been preserved among the muniments of the Hospital, bears date July 29, 1635. Entire facsimiles of it are being executed.

The U. S. Military Service Institution, of which Maj.-Gen. Schofield is President, has just issued its quarterly *Journal*. The new number (32) is one of interest, especially to professional readers. "The Artillery and the Ordnance," by C. F. Benjamin, is a remarkably well-written and thorough paper; Capt. J. G. D. Knight, U. S. Engineers, treats exhaustively the subject of "Modern Fortifications and Sieges"; Lieut. A. C. Sharpe handles the more popular subject of "Military Training in Colleges"; Capt. O. E. Michaelis, Ordnance Department, explains the progress that we are making in the improvement of "Field-Artillery Carriage Construction"; and the distinguished and venerable cavalry soldier, Gen. P. St. George Cooke, discusses the more general subject of "Our Army and Navy." Under the head of book reviews there appears a very interesting letter, dated July 31, 1863, from Meade to Halleck, telling why he did not attack Lee at Williamsport after the battle of Gettysburg; and, under the same head, Maj. Asa Bird Gardiner makes an extended and scathing review of McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States.'

We ought sooner to have mentioned the completion in Parts 10-12 of the second edition of Richard Andree's 'Allgemeiner Handatlas' (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: B. Westermann & Co.). This work is certainly one of the best of its kind, and while not free from the trying use of extremely small lettering, it makes all the amends possible, except a magnifier, by furnishing an index embracing more than 100,000 places. This is an unusual concession in German cartography, and enhances enormously the worth of this fine specimen of scientific map-making.

M. L. Conquet vies with MM. Jouaust and Sigaux in raising publishing to the level of a fine art. His latest announcement is most appetizing. It is a new edition of the 'Mémoires du Comte de Gramont,' by Anthony Hamilton, printed on specially made vellum paper, and illustrated with a portrait and thirty-three designs by M. C. Delort—eleven full-page etchings, eleven vignettes at the heads of chapters, and eleven tail-pieces. From the prospectus, containing a specimen of each of these three varieties, the book bids fair to be as fine and as beautiful as the same publishers' 'Chartreuse de Parme'—than which there could be no higher praise.

The Librairie des Bibliophiles has followed up its success of last fall, the 'Aventures Merveilleuses de Fortunatus,' illustrated by M. Éd. de Beaumont, with a kindred work, Chamisso's

'Pierre Schlemihl, ou l'homme qui a perdu son ombre,' most abundantly decorated with drawings by M. Myrbach. The same house issues in the magnificent and tasteful "Bibliothèque Artistique Moderne" a volume of 'Nouvelles de Mérimée—La Mosaïque,' illustrated with designs by seven artists, etched by seven different needles, and with a preface by M. Jules Le-maitre.

M. Octave Uzanne succeeded so well with his novel and strikingly illustrated books on the Fan and the Muff that it was to be expected that he would sooner or later again join hands with M. Paul Avril in another enterprise of the same sort. But 'Le Miroir du Monde' (Paris: Maisson Quantin; New York: F. W. Christern) is not as original as the 'Fan,' nor quite as tasteful. M. Uzanne's text is lightly frivolous, and full of pretty gossip about society and love and the arts and sport, and other pleasant topics of that sort. M. Avril's drawings, sometimes reproduced by a cheap process, and sometimes sumptuously rendered by photogravure, are very varying in value; at the worst they are as cheap as the process, and at best they are delightfully decorative.

It is remarkable what perennial difficulties French writers have with English titles and names. The November *Journal des Économistes* has an elaborate statistical article on the Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, in which the names of two of the six foreign members are given, "lord Wm. Ewart Gladstone" and "Stubebs, Exeter," meaning, it is to be presumed, Bishop Stubbs of Chester. In the last *Intermédiaire* a correspondent asks in which novel of Dickens is found "l'histoire de Miss Lirriper Lodgins."

At last, after the lapse of nearly a decade since its inception, the great telescope of the Lick Observatory is complete in all essential parts, and its installation upon Mount Hamilton, California, need be a matter of only a few weeks at the furthest. If scientists and the public have been impatient because of the delay which has unavoidably attended the prosecution of this unique enterprise, that matters little when compared with the additional burdens which the trustees of Mr. Lick's estate have had to bear in consequence. We recall that the glass received its finishing touches in the hands of the Messrs. Clark more than a twelvemonth ago, and was transported across the continent without injury. The enormous hemispherical dome required to protect both instrument and observer was built in San Francisco, and placed in position on the mountain during the early months of the present year. The construction of the tube, nearly sixty feet long, to mount the lens in, and of the axes to support the tube, clockwork to move the telescope, and the host of mechanical accessories necessary in the convenient manipulation of so ponderous an instrument, has been conducted to successful completion by Messrs. Warner & Swasey at Cleveland, and they are now engaged in putting their work in final position on Mount Hamilton. The delicate micrometer, or measuring apparatus, has recently been finished at the shops of the Messrs. Fauth & Co. at Washington, while the huge spectroscope, a most important auxiliary of the great glass, has for a few days past been on exhibition at Pittsburgh, where it was made by Mr. J. A. Brashear. It is unnecessary at present to comment further upon this extraordinary apparatus, which, if no unforeseen difficulties arise, is expected to be in preliminary working condition at the Lick Observatory early in the coming year.

—The Bostonian Society, whose headquarters

are in the Old State House, has reprinted Mr. W. H. Whitmore's sketch of the life of Abel Bowen, who first established the art of wood-engraving in Boston, as Alexander Anderson did in this city and in the United States. The pamphlet has been much enlarged and greatly enhanced in value by the insertion of autobiographic memoranda relating to Bowen's work, as well as by fresh copies of his cuts and heliotypes of admirable portraits of himself and wife and his uncle, Daniel Bowen, founder of what ultimately became the Boston Museum. Bowen says: "I have evidence that Dr. Franklin engraved some devices on wood, and that some were used in the printing of the Continental Money"; and Mr. Whitmore cites the passage in Franklin's autobiography in which he tells of such achievements after he became a printer in Philadelphia—but upon type metal, as Mr. Whitmore thinks. The latter is informed that it was customary to cut the matrix for these ornaments in wood, and then make a metal cast, thus exactly reversing the true process of "white-line" engraving. A silhouette profile for an advertisement, the first cut executed by Bowen in Boston, is given in facsimile from the *New England Palladium* of December 17, 1805. Bowen speaks of copying some of Bewick's cuts, but does not intimate that the Tiger Hunt which he engraved as a business card for himself in 1812, and which is here reproduced on p. 33, was a free and very interesting copy of a design by John Bewick engraved by Thomas Bewick for Somerville's 'Chase' (1796). Bowen's admiration for the master, however, found expression in his being one of the incorporators, in 1834, of the Boston Bewick Company, for the purposes of general engraving. To the *American Magazine*, which it published in three volumes, he contributed a large number of cuts now valuable for the local antiquarian. His 'Picture of Boston' is full of illustrations of public buildings, mostly on copper, for, like the Newcastle genius, Bowen engraved on metal as well as on wood. Bowen had, too, a large number of pupils in his art, including Joseph Andrews, S. S. Kilburn, and Hammett Billings. Altogether, this pamphlet of Mr. Whitmore's deserves to be caught up by the collector.

—An odd instance of the ignorance of the learned occurs in the last (November) issue of the *London Notes and Queries*, page 427. It is an anecdote communicated by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, "told him orally many years ago by Mr. W. O. Hunt of Stratford-on-Avon." Mr. P., doubting "if it had ever been printed," sent it to *Notes and Queries*. This recondite anecdote turns out to be Franklin's well-known story how critics blotted out every word, save the hatter's name, from the sign, "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money" (Works i, p. 407). Americans associate this story with the Declaration of Independence, as Franklin told it to Jefferson when he saw him nettled by Congressional criticism on the first draft of his great Declaration. It is clear that Mr. Phillips, though enjoying the Franklinian anecdote for many years, never learned its genuineness or its application or relation to the greatest loss that England ever suffered. How shall we account for this ignorance? Is it because we refuse to see a painful truth—like in public and private history? The great Philadelphia Declaration—and all its details—must always be as harrowing to the English as Waterloo to the French or Jena to the Prussians. No wonder that this chapter of British foreign relations is skipped, or, if ever perused, is written in water rather than in wax. After all, it remains marvellous that a story as familiar to

Yankees as Whittington's cat to cockneys should be a novelty to intelligent Englishmen, and that notwithstanding its momentous political bearings.

—Some time ago we made a note of Professor Hale's little book on the 'Art of Reading Latin,' in which the Cornell Latinist laid great stress on the importance of following the order of the original. To pull a Latin sentence to pieces and put it together again in the English order, is not to read Latin in any true sense, and we are happy to see that this sound doctrine is reinforced by Professor Super's translation of Weil's essay on 'The Order of Words in the Ancient Languages as Compared with the Modern' (Boston: Ginn & Co.)—a classical work, which we venture to say would not have had to wait so long for an interpreter if it had been written in German. Professor Hale insists on the order of the original. Professor Weil's object is to show that the ancient order has its rights as well as the modern; that the arrangement in Latin, for instance, is not a mere juggler's trick intended to puzzle those who are not born to a transpositive language, but a simple process—the order of words being as with us the order of ideas. The practical rule for translating Latin, therefore, is to keep the order of ideas, and if this rule is adhered to, not only will the vicious habit of dissection be corrected, but the translation itself will gain in vigor and point. This is the most important lesson of the first chapter, which has for its thesis, "The syntactic march [to quote Professor Super's translation] is not the march of ideas." In the second chapter the author treats of the "classification of languages in respect to construction," and in the third of the "relation between the order of words and rhetorical emphasis." The book is, as we have said, a grammatical classic. The lines were carefully laid down as long ago as 1844, and the author has meantime found little ground for repentance, and has made few changes in the subsequent editions of 1869 and 1879. Echoing the old saying that "a big book is a big bore," he has declined to expand his suggestive essay into a voluminous work, so that the student will not find minute discussions of the doctrines of the ancient rhetoricians, to which scholars are beginning to attach more importance than they did in 1844, nor a full examination of recent investigations into the Aryan order of words—investigations which seem to have only a moderate interest for M. Weil. The American translator has not added much to the original work. We have an occasional note that will be of service to the student, but no systematic effort to bring the literature up to date. The translation lacks idiomatic ease, but this defect is perhaps inevitable under the peculiar limitations, and we are glad that Professor Super has called the attention of teachers to a manual too much neglected in this country, and that he has made its contents more accessible to American students generally.

—The same subject comes up in Professor Nettleship's essay on "Classical Style in Latin Prose," which forms a part of the introduction to his little book entitled 'Passages for Translation into Latin Prose' (London: George Bell & Sons). Here, in tracing the development of Latin prose style from Cato to Tacitus, the Corpus Professor does not neglect the order of words and the rhythm of sentences; and the vocal side—the sensuous side, so to speak—which M. Weil acknowledges, but only in stepfatherly fashion, comes to its rights. The other two essays—one on "Political and Social Ideas," and the other on "Range of Metaphor"—are interesting and instructive from one point of view, from another tantalizing and irritating.

Here half is not more than the whole, and we are not satisfied with mere hints from a man of Professor Nettleship's wide and detailed knowledge of the resources of the Latin language. Compare the essay on "Range of Metaphor" with the corresponding chapter in Nägelsbach, and remember that we have to do not with an author of whose manner specimens might suffice, but with a language. But nothing could be more characteristic of English methods or want of method than the way in which distinguished scholars "favor" the world with crumbs from their intellectual tables. The reader is at most invited to share a meal or two with more fortunate persons, and is not supposed to grumble because he is not taken in as a regular boarder. The "Passages for Translation" occupy just one-half the volume, and one cannot help suspecting that these extracts from the Professor's lectures were intended to bring the book up to marketable size. Still, we are duly thankful for what we have received, and many teachers will be glad to have from so competent a hand this addition to their apparatus for practice in Latin prose composition.

—"A Drift from Redwood Camp," by Bret Harte, which appears in the December *Scribner*, begins the November number of *Les Lettres et les Arts* under the title "L'Épave de Bois-Rouge." The translation is good and the illustrations amusingly idealistic and polished. In "La France au Moyen Age: La Châtelaine," M. Achille Luchaire finds his examples and authorities in the chronicles and sermons and fabliaux of the times, and not in what he calls contemptuously the "fantaisies idéalistes du roman et de la poésie lyrique." M. Eugène Burnand's "En Camargue," illustrated by himself, is a pleasant little sketch of a ride with a native in the great solitary plain of southern France among herds of wild cattle and horses. M. Édouard Blanc's "Le Bleu: Voyage à la recherche du Bleu dont on meurt" is a fantasy about the Ideal, with fantastic illustrations in various tints of blue by Guillaume Dubufe, in which the ideal escapes both artist and author. The most interesting paper is M. Frédéric Masson's "Les Princesses artistes: la Famille Impériale," which is accompanied by reproductions of the work of Queen Hortense; of the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, who became the wife of the young Prince Napoléon-Louis, elder brother of the Emperor Napoleon III.; and of the Princess Mathilde, whose charming portrait by Hébert, now engraved for the first time, is the frontispiece of the number.

—To the newly published treatises relating to Petrarch, cited in a late issue of the *Nation* (No. 1168), may now be added 'Die Chronologie der Gedichte Petrarca's' (Berlin: Weidmann), by Dr. Arthur Pakscher, whose independent identification of the autographic manuscripts in the Vatican Library was almost simultaneous with their rediscovery by the French paleographer, De Nolhac. With the help of one of these recovered codices, containing the poet's final copy of his sonnets and canzoni, and by a careful comparison of that with the equally autographic first drafts of several of these poems—long a recognized treasure of the Vatican—Dr. Pakscher has succeeded in establishing beyond doubt that the arrangement of the Canzoniere is, in general, chronological, or, in other words, that its contents form a consecutive record of the writer's varying sentiments and passions—a trustworthy diary of his poetical inspirations. Even from a merely critical point of view the value of this fact is inestimable. Many of the original drafts alluded to are dated, but as the detached folios on which

they are written have not hitherto been read with proper care and intelligence—least of all by Ubaldini, who edited them in 1642—these marginal dates have been of comparatively slight utility either to the biographer or to the commentator of Petrarch. Now they are made to determine the day or month of not a few important events, and to prove that Petrarch deliberately edited his Italian lyrics (with the principal exception of the special introductory sonnet) in the order of their composition. Dr. Pakscher has brought to his aid a critical study of Petrarch's epistles, of the letters and sonnets addressed to Petrarch, and of various other documents, edited and inedited, likely to throw light on the genesis of any of the poetical productions; and the results of all this painstaking investigation, clearly arranged and lucidly stated as they are, form very interesting reading.

—In one of his five chapters he narrates in detail the whole history of the magnificent canzone "Spirto gentil"—both the story of its origin and of the efforts to identify the person to whom it was addressed. By an ingenious process of demonstration he first fixes the exact date of Petrarch's earliest visit to the turbulent, devastated, and neglected Rome; then he indicates, with almost equal precision, the date of composition of the ode; and, fortified with these data, he finds it easy to show that neither the tribune Cola Rienzi, nor either of the Princes Colonna—these being the chief claimants—could possibly have been the "signor valoroso, accorto e saggio," to whom Petrarch directed his stirring appeal for a firmer and more enlightened government of the storied city. Of course, Dr. Pakscher's reasoning is, in part, a repetition of the arguments of previous writers, never, however, so well and so decisively put. The reader will conclude with him, and in agreement with the more sober and acute of the living critics of Italy, that no other candidate for the honor of the dedication so combines all the requisite qualifications as does the knightly friend of Dante, Busone da Gubbio, who, at the date of the famous lyric (1337-8), was one of Rome's two governing senators. Dr. Pakscher's book closes with a table of the compositions which form the Canzoniere, set down in the order followed by Petrarch in his own final revision of the work (Vat. lat. 3195), and with its date, so far as that is at present possible, attached to each. The earliest was written at the age of twenty-three, in the year of Petrarch's first encounter with Laura (1327); the latest in 1358, sixteen years before the poet's death. The culminating period of his poetical activity—so far as the Italian language is concerned—lay between 1334 and 1348. He apparently first decided to publish his 'Fragments in the Vulgar Tongue,' as he styled the Canzoniere, about 1342, for that is the date of the first or prefatory sonnet—a poem which has its only counterpart in the noble and not altogether dissimilar dedication prefixed by Goethe to 'Faust.'

ULYSSES AND THE VENUS OF MELOS.

On the Track of Ulysses, together with an Excursion in quest of the so-called Venus of Melos. By W. J. Stillman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. Pp. vi. and 106.

EVERY year Greece grows more accessible to the traveller. Constantly multiplying connections by steamer with Italy and the western ports of the Mediterranean, the construction of railways and highways in the interior, and the improvement in Athens itself as a place of residence, probably carry ten students there now

for every one that visited the country twenty-five years ago, to say nothing of the steady increase in the number of travellers drawn thither by the possibility of visiting the ruins on the Acropolis without personal discomfort. This improvement in the material condition of things; however, has its drawbacks to him who goes to the country as on a pilgrimage. With the locomotive shrieking past the temple of Demeter at Eleusis, and running where once Corinth was, much of the charm of travelling in Greece is disappearing, and the student or enthusiast of the next generation who wishes to feel the Hellas of the past in that of the present will have far to seek. True though this is of the mainland, civilization has as yet left most of the islands unspoiled. Communication between them is still a matter of considerable difficulty, and the accommodations most of them offer to foreigners are not encouraging. Mr. Stillman is therefore one of the favored few who have been able to realize the dream of every lover of Homer in following the wanderings of Odysseus, "whom we unaccountably call Ulysses," over the last part of his course, and in roaming about Ithaca, and leaf-quivering Neritus, and the neighboring shores and islands. The readers of the *Century* magazine have already profited by this journey of Mr. Stillman's, and they as well as many others will be glad both that he has committed the papers there published to the "more or less permanent condition of book form," as he says, and that the publication has been intrusted to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who in paper and letterpress have spared nothing to give the book as attractive a setting as possible.

Mr. Stillman's trip may be said to have begun at Corfu, where

"I found fit to my purpose a little yacht of twelve tons, cutter-rigged and Malta built, the *Kestrel*, with whose master and owner I made my bargain, namely: He was to obey all my reasonable orders for any voyage within the two archipelagos, find his ship and crew of two sailors in all they needed for service and safety, do my cooking, and insure himself, for the sum of £15 sterling a month for three months."

While the yacht was being made ready, he inspected the island of Corfu, which he believes to be the Scheria of the 'Odyssey,' and he gives an interesting sketch of the history and people of the place, concluding with a bit that is most tantalizing to those who have not his liberty to roam about at will:

"And life is so cheap that one who has worn out the world and realized an income of a thousand dollars a year may find a Macarian peace in an upper room of the Bella Venezia, with windows looking out on the beautiful mountains of Epirus, snowclad all winter, and the bright blue of the intervening sea, with the coming, going, and merely passing ships of all nations; and, when the sun is low, have a comfortable carriage to thread the labyrinths of immense olive groves which form almost the only shade in the island."

From Corfu his course lay by Santa Maura (Nericus) to Ithaca, thence to Cephalonia, home of the "great-hearted Kephallenians," the woody Zakyntos, Navarino, the "shore of sandy Pylos," and the Island of Cerigo, where this part of his trip appears to have ended. Of each of the places named Mr. Stillman has something new and interesting to say, now on a question of Homeric topography, now on remains of the Hellenic period that came in his way, and again upon the characteristics of the modern inhabitants of these famous sites. This combination of discussions upon topics of interest to every classical scholar, and practical suggestions to the traveller concerning the guides and people encountered on the way, makes the book one which, in less elegant form, we are sure every visitor to the Ionian Islands

would be glad to carry with him as a companion.

If the archeological portion of these papers on Ulysses one cannot help feeling that Mr. Stillman is constantly placed at a disadvantage by the limits and requirements of magazine articles, the main object of which was evidently description rather than discussion, and it would be unfair to him to criticise this feature of them too closely. No one knows better than he, for example, that the question of the date of the 'Odyssey' cannot be settled in two pages, or without the discussion of many more factors than he has been able to introduce into the space at his command. Making a possible exception of Corfu, we are quite in accord with him in the conclusions stated on p. 73, that—

"the general knowledge shown in the 'Odyssey' divides itself into [two] kinds: that which was part of the general geography of the day, . . . and that of which the poet had personal cognizance, which is limited to Corfu, Ithaca, Nericus, and possibly Pylos; and this exclusiveness suggests to us that Homer, a stranger in the West, had come, as I did, simply to follow and study the traces of Ulysses's wanderings."

That the author of the 'Odyssey' had more knowledge of Ithaca and the adjacent lands than mere hearsay could have carried as far as Asia Minor, we think is shown by such detailed descriptions as that in Book XIII., 96 ff., whereas, on the other hand, there is enough to show that his familiarity with the region was by no means perfect. Assuming what we consider the most reasonable hypothesis, that suggested by Mr. Stillman, it becomes a question how far we can hold the poet to account for his topographical allusions: whether, for example, it is wise to attempt to identify the cave in which Ulysses is said to have been left by Alcinoos and his companions. This Mr. Stillman does, and he follows Leake in believing the spot now known as *Polis* to be the ancient city of Ulysses, "if he was an actuality."

We notice, in passing, a few trifling slips which a careful revision might have avoided, such as the confusion of Apollo with Helios, p. 23, the statements that "the Greeks of the Trojan war are always called Achæioi," p. 50, and that a colony from the city Samos on Cephalonia "gave its name to the Asiatic island now known under that appellation," p. 52. An illustration referred to on p. 66 is inserted on p. 13.

The last chapter of the book is a reprint, with some unimportant alterations, of an article in the *Century* for November, 1881, upon the "so-called Venus of Melos." This differs from the preceding chapters in that it is decidedly argumentative, being an attempt to prove that the statue in question is not a Venus but a Niké, and that it is none other than the statue which adorned the temple of Niké Apteros on the Acropolis of Athens. Readers of the *Nation* are already aware that in the promulgation of his theories Mr. Stillman is not one to be discouraged by the fact that his views clash with the commonly received opinions of archaeologists, but in this case his conclusions are so completely at variance with preconceived notions that the examination they deserve would require much more space than we can give them. The stages by which he develops his argument may be summed up as follows: The character of the filling of the niche in which the statue was found "indicates the haste of an impending attack, or work done in secret," and also "rather that it [the statue] was brought from a distance than that it could be a divinity of the island." In seeking for the most likely place from which it could have been brought, "conjecture points to Athens, not only because the work is Attic, but because we know by the coins of Melos, which in all the latest coinages still bear the