

session of that part of the island adjacent to Australia simply to prevent any other Power from doing so, it is not impossible that it will in time prove a valuable colony. The soil is very fertile, and apparently especially adapted to the cultivation of spices. The natives, though in many respects savages of the lowest grade, are easily taught, and also show remarkable capacity for "mercantile ventures." From a single district, whose principal industry is the manufacture of pots, there goes annually a fleet of canoes manned by about 600 men, who "convey westwards, for about 200 miles, the large number of 30,000 pots, and bring back about 150 tons of sago." These pots are "entirely made by women. No machinery or rudimentary potter's wheel has come into use, but the women judge the size of the pots so accurately, and fashion them so deftly, that, though rude, they are admirably shaped." When finished, the trademark of the family is cut with a sharp shell, and during the process of firing they are colored with tannin, extracted from mangrove bark. Several excellent maps add to the value of this volume, but we regret the lack of an index.

Eastern New Guinea does not appear to be a very attractive place for travellers. A pestilential mangrove swamp lines the greater part of the coast, in which mosquitoes are so numerous that, to use a native's words, "their song in the night is loud as Rouna [a large waterfall]." The interior, so far as it has been explored, consists of a succession of steep mountain ranges, with many lofty peaks, culminating in Mt. Owen Stanley, 13,205 feet high, and clothed with an almost impenetrable jungle, in which the too adventurous explorer runs great risk of perishing from hunger. The natives are comparatively few in number. They suffer greatly from their continual tribal wars, as well as from infectious diseases, drought, and famine. Mission work among them has been very successful, not so much in the number of converts made as in the general elevation of the people, and the cultivation of peaceful relations between the different tribes. This success implies a sensible way of prosecuting the work. Native Polynesian Christians, after pursuing a course of instruction, are posted in the different villages as teachers, the work of the two or three English missionaries being chiefly that of supervision. In this manner a large part of the tribes inhabiting the southern coast of the British Protectorate has been reached by what has proved to be in reality a "Gospel of Peace."

It was while placing new teachers or preparing the way for their reception that the Rev. James Chalmers made the most of the journeys described in his book. He thus gained not only an intimate knowledge of the coast and the country adjacent, but also an extraordinary influence over the natives far and wide, so that, says a companion of the late Sir Peter Scratchley, "Strangers are asked if they know 'Tamate,' and, if so, are treated with kindness." He owes this influence partly to his powerful frame—the natives have a great admiration for large men, a fact not overlooked in the selection of teachers—but chiefly to his perfect fearlessness, his entire trust in them, and a winning kindness of manner which the simple natives cannot resist, joined to a determination and independence of character which commands their respect. Though he writes without any literary grace of style, and his sketches are somewhat fragmentary and disconnected, thus making his book rather hard reading, yet one cannot go far in it without having a sincere respect for the author, and a hearty interest in the people among whom he has labored since 1878. His most entertaining chapter is that giving an account of one of the native "trading voyages," for the purpose

of disposing of the pottery made by the women in the manner described above. While the women are at work, the men are equally busy in building the "lakatois" in which the pottery is to be transported to the western tribes. "Our lakatoi," says Mr. Chalmers, who was the first white man to accompany the natives on these voyages, "consisted of four large canoes lashed together, with good bulwarks made of leaves strongly bound together with mangrove saplings. We had two masts of mangrove, stepped on top of the canoes with stays and backstays of rattan cane. Our sails were made of mats, and shaped like the large crab-claw. Fore and aft were good-sized houses, made of wood, and packed full of pottery. Running right round was a platform two and a half feet wide. The canoes were full of pottery, and in the centre, between the masts, was a large crate also full." The crew consisted of thirty-four men and boys. After a six-days' rather perilous sail, the fleet of lakatois reached their place of destination, a noted cannibal tribe, living about two hundred miles west of Port Moresby. The method of selling the pottery (which is used chiefly in cooking, the natives knowing nothing of an oven) is as follows. Each man's stock, consisting in one case of seventy pieces, "is arranged on the beach, and into each two small pieces of wood are put, and, when finished, the owner returns along the row, takes one piece out, and the purchaser follows, taking the other. Both parties tie the tokens carefully up and put them away in a safe place; then the purchaser's family and friends come and carry away the pottery. When the time arrives for the lakatoi to return, the purchaser and all his friends set to work and get the sago required, one bundle of sago for each piece of wood. When the sago is finished, he sends for the Motuan, who enters the sago-house with his small parcel, counts the tokens and then counts the sago, and if all is right, he then carries them on board; if one or more bundles is short, there is a lively disturbance." Other chapters contain accounts of the manner in which the British Protectorate was proclaimed, Mr. Chalmers accompanying the naval officers in order to explain to the natives the meaning of the ceremonies connected with the raising of the flag. There is also a valuable series of answers by representatives of two of the principal tribes to questions concerning their habits, customs, and beliefs. The book is attractive in its appearance, having well-executed illustrations, an excellent map, and a good index.

Imaginary Portraits. By Walter Pater. Macmillan & Co. 1887.

THE four studies that make up this volume portray rather the times in which the scene of them is laid than the individuals who figure in them. In fact, they present certain historical phases of culture, moods of the human spirit. That subtle appreciation and the infinite number of small touches in the rendering of what he sees, which lie at the heart of Mr. Pater's literary individuality and give to his style its extraordinary distinction, lift the book out of the range of the common, and set it apart as unique with his other work, to the refined thoughtfulness of which we have heretofore endeavored to do some justice. But it does not in all respects reach the level of that stronger and richer, though not more elaborated, work; and the four studies, as between themselves, have very different degrees of success. One of them deals with the French taste of the early eighteenth century and the personal relation of Antony Watteau to it; a second sets forth the Bacchic and grotesque and physically morbid aspects of mediævalism at the first gleam of the Renaissance in a kind of

moral fable of one Denys L'Auxerrois—a literary attempt at a new Donatello, and not so far below Hawthorne's as to fall into the incredible or the absurd; the third brings together in the person and circumstances of Sebastian Van Storck the curious contrast developed in the Low Countries of Spinozism with Dutch burgomasters' wives, the genre painters, and the practical struggle inch by inch for the ground to stand on; the fourth pictures in Duke Carl of Rosenmold a predecessor of Goethe in the passion for an illumination of Germany, much—to compare great things with small—as Browning found in Sor-dello a predecessor of Dante. These four points in the history of culture are all interesting, with fine backgrounds of color and of thought, and such as one would call "subjects made to his hand," were it not that Pater in a sense always creates his subject.

The first of these is so much the most highly finished and clearly made out as to leave the others far behind. It is in the main a criticism on Antony Watteau, told by means of extracts from the journal of a woman who knew and loved him from the opening of his genius, and in whose family he received his encouragement; but it is directly a criticism of Watteau's temperament rather than his works, and indirectly a view of the whole real meaning of that age as seen through art. It is all very simple, however. Only two lights are thrown on the painter—one, which shows him ironically indifferent to the luminous gayety in depicting which he was so easily master; the other, which reveals the impatient jealousy of genius in the presence of that talent which by industry comes so nigh to the same perfection. There is praise enough of his works—excellent, discriminating, definite praise. The sum of his doings Pater gives apparently in this extract:

"Himself really of the old time—that serious old time which is passing away, the impress of which he carries on his physiognomy—he dignifies by what in him is neither more nor less than a profound melancholy, the essential insignificance of what he *wills* to touch in all that; transforming its mere pettiness into grace. It looks certainly very graceful, fresh, animated, 'piquant,' as they love to say—yes! and withal, I repeat, perfectly pure, and may well congratulate itself on the loan of a fallacious grace not its own. For, in truth, Antony Watteau is still the mason's boy, and deals with that world under a fascination. . . . He will never overcome his early training; and these light things will possess for him always a kind of worth, as characterizing that impossible or forbidden world which the mason's boy saw through the closed gateways of the enchanted garden. Those trifling and petty graces, the *insignia* to him of that nobler world of aspiration and idea, even now that he is aware, as I conceive, of their true littleness, bring back to him, by the power of association, all the old magical exhilaration of his dream—his dream of a better world than the real one. There is the formula, as I apprehend, of his success—of his extraordinary hold on things so alien from himself. . . . Yes, the world profits by such reflection of its poor coarse self in one who renders all its caprices from the height of a Corneille."

Perhaps it is too much to ask that criticism so subtle as this should be accepted; it is almost too perfectly plausible. But it is enough if it be understood. One cannot condense Pater's work, however, or give any impression of its structural completeness, of its endless charm of detail, by bringing the traditional brick in the shape of a paragraph. Of the minor touches, nevertheless, let us spare space to mention the beautiful old age of Monseigneur le Prince de Cambrai, seen by a sidelight of the narrative, the almost dramatic vividness of the chance introduction of the story of 'Manon Lescaut,' then a new book, the imaginative pathos of the incident of the bird lost among the cathedral arches where it will beat its life out helplessly, and the glimpse of the Revolution to come which he affords us when, looking on some of Watteau's designs, the writer says:

"Only as I gaze upon those windless afternoons I find myself always saying to myself involuntarily, 'The evening will be a wet one.' The storm is always brooding through the massy splendor of the trees, above those sun-dried glades or lawns where delicate children may be trusted thinly clad; and the secular trees themselves will hardly outlast another generation."

None of the remaining three studies approach measurably near this of Watteau either in power or subtlety or purity. The new Donatello, as we named him above, or Denys L'Auxerrois, as Pater calls him, is a child of nature whose being gradually passes under the cloud of humanity, whose achievement is the building of the, first organ, and whose death is a kind of martyrdom, a being torn limb from limb by the populace, who have perceived and come to fear and hate the daimonic power in his genius. The legend is perhaps too obviously managed, and too much is crowded into it for a single impersonation. The opening landscape is possibly the best of it.

So, in the next study (the contrast of the Low Dutch life with Spinozism in Sebastian Van Storck, who "abnegates" the fat and homely comforts, and endeavors to put himself in the way of absorption into the absolute), the landscape is the one thing successfully treated—"the standing force of pathos" existing in the very conditions of life there where man is "like a navigator when the sea was risen, like a shipwrecked mariner when it was retired." And that this was true so long ago as Pliny's time seems to cast a deeper misery upon the land. In the personal part of the story and in the thought-history of it, the author is out of his own field. The heavy grossness of the circumstances and the incongruousness of the intellectual parts with the scene are too difficult matters for his hand—in the mass at least, for there are felicities in the detail.

In the last study, likewise, one finds lack of that substance in the midst of picturesqueness to which Pater has accustomed us, and the picturesqueness itself is of a somewhat rubbishy kind. The time was rubbishy, possibly the author would say in comment on the criticism; and it is of interest to observe that he sets up a defence for those poor people who go into raptures and enthusiasms over third-rate things: "The higher informing capacity, if it exist within, will mould an unpromising matter to itself; will realize itself by selection and the preference of the better in what is bad or indifferent, asserting its prerogative under the most unlikely conditions." Carl, he says, made "a really heroic effort of mind at a disadvantage," and put into his enthusiasm for Louis XIV. and the æsthetic achievements of that age what young France had felt for Francis I. and Da Vinci. This is of great comfort to the æsthetic class that has no access to the best and greatest, yet must feel strongly. To us, unfortunately, the essay in which it occurs seems to belong to the grade of Louis XIV. rather than of Francis I., and too clearly within hailing distance of Pater's feminine disciple, Vernon Lee. When a man's best is as good as Pater's, *noblesse oblige*—he must keep to it.

Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre. By A. Mary F. Robinson. [Famous Women.] Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. 12mo, pp. 316.

MARGARET of Angoulême well deserves a place in the list of "famous women," and she is fortunate in having as her biographer so accomplished a scholar and so agreeable a writer as Miss Robinson. This fascinating book gives a picture of a phase of the Reformation period which is little known, but is full of instruction. Margaret, sister of Francis I. and grandmother of Henry IV., was a potent influence in her day; from her Henry IV. inherited his Protestantism, and to her is largely due the preservation of whatever germs of the reformed religion survived in France. "Without her," says Miss Robinson (p. 315), "the noblest part of the Renaissance in France must have perished at the Inquisition stakes. She made learning possible, and secured for a time a relative freedom of thought. She taught respect for life in an age which only respected opinions."

Perhaps it could hardly be expected that a book of this character should pay much attention to historical geography and dynastic relations. But we have a right to expect careful and accurate statements, which, at any rate, shall not convey false impressions. Navarre, of which Margaret was Queen, was only an insignificant fragment of the mediæval kingdom of that name, and only an insignificant fragment of the dominions of the house of Albret. When, then, we are told (p. 120) of the marriage of Margaret to the young King of Navarre, and the kingdom to which he took his bride, and then read of "the capital of Nérac" and afterwards of "Pau, the southern capital," surely we may suppose that these were the capitals of this kingdom. No such thing: they were the capitals of his principal feudal dominions—Nérac of Albret, Pau of Béarn—provinces which had been annexed to Navarre by the marriage of their lord to its heiress, just as afterwards this bundle of territories was annexed to Bourbon by the marriage of Jeanne d'Albret to Antony of Bourbon. This is not a mere matter of names. The forces with which Henry of Navarre contended against the League were not those of his petty kingdom, but of the extensive French provinces, integral parts of France, of which he was the feudal lord.

The Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. With Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and a continuation of the life. By Sidney L. Lee, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. Scribner & Welford. 8vo, pp. lxiv and 369.

THE Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—"the first of our autobiographers," as he has been called—is so famous and important a work as to be well worthy of the elegant form in which it appears in this edition. In paper and typography it leaves nothing to be desired; the notes are useful and scholarly; while the introduction, continuation, and appendices give all the additional information which the reader is likely to need. Of direct historical information this book contains very little, being chiefly devoted to the personal and family affairs of the writer. We do not even find anything touching his perhaps more famous brother, George Herbert, except in the general account of the family. But as a pic-

ture of life in the court of James I., and the contemporary court of Louis XIII., the book possesses the highest value, being straightforward and candid, full of curious detail, and written in a graphic, entertaining style. In brief touches we have placed before us Maurice, Prince of Orange, the Duke of Luynes, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis Spinola, etc., but these distinguished men are not described or characterized with any minuteness. Historical interest—that is, as touching famous personages and events—the book, as we have said, possesses comparatively little. But Lord Herbert of Cherbury—himself a distinguished man, the first of the English deists—is made a very real personage to us, and in his life we have the life of a nobleman of his time. Not of an average nobleman, for he was as much above the average in uprightness and general purity of character as in ability; but his life was that of his time. We should be afraid to say how many duels are recorded of him in these pages, and certainly many of them were upon very slender occasions.

The etched portraits are, two of the author (one when reposing after a duel), one of Queen Anne of Denmark, and one of the Count of Gondomar. Of this sumptuous edition only one thousand copies were printed—four hundred of them for the American market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barbey d'Aurevilly, J. Les Philosophes et les écrivains religieux. Paris: Frinziine; Boston: Schoenhof. Goldsmith, Oliver. Selections from his Works. Boston: Chautauqua Press. 75 cents.
Hazlitt, W. G. Gleamings in Old Garden Literature. George J. Coombes. \$1.25.
Home Sanitation: A Manual for Housekeepers. Ticknor & Co.
Hugo, V. Things Seen. Harper & Brothers.
Huntington, F. St. Paul's Problem and its Solution. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.
James, Henry. G. Tales of Three Cities. 5th ed. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Jameson, Judge J. A. Treatise on Constitutional Conventions. 4th ed. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. \$5.
Karr, H. W. S. Shores and Alps of Alaska. London: Sampson Low; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$3.50.
Kitchin, D. B. Introduction to the Study of Provençal. London: Williams & Norgate.
Larousse. Grand dictionnaire universel du XIXe siècle. 2e Supplément, fasc. 4, 5. Boston: Schoenhof.
Loti, Pierre. Propos d'exil. Paris: Calmann Lévy; Boston: Schoenhof.
Lubbock, Sir J. The Pleasures of Life. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
Morgan, T. J. Educational Mosais. Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.
Murphy's Consolidated Business Directory for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. John L. Murphy Publishing Co.
Nason, H. B. Biographical Record of the Officers and Graduates of the Hensseler Polytechnic Institute. 1824-1883. Troy, N. Y.: Wm. H. Young.
Rosny, J. H. Le Bilatéral. Mœurs révolutionnaires parisiennes. Paris: A. Savine; Boston: Schoenhof.
Scholz, F. Die Dichtkunst des Geistes. Leipzig: E. H. Mayer; New York: Westermann.
Sergeant, Adeline. Jacob's Wife. Harper & Brothers. 20 cents.
Spencer, Mrs. Geo. E. Calamity Jane. Cassell & Co. 25 cents.
Stephen, L. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XI. Clater-Condell. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
Stock, St. G. The Men of Plato. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Swinburne, A. C. Selected Poems. Worthington Co. \$1.50.
Towne, E. O. Aphorisms of the Three Threes. 2d ed. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. \$1.
Ward, T. H. The Reign of Queen Victoria. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 2 vols.
Ward, J. Dorothy Thora of Thornton. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. \$1.25.
White Mountains. A Handbook for Travellers. 8th ed. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Wilkinson, H. Easy Selections from Ovid. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Wilson, E. L. Quarter Century in Photography. Published by the Author, 835 Broadway, N. Y.
Wilson, Gen. J. China: Travels and Investigations in the Middle Kingdom. D. Appleton & Co.
Wright's Australia, India, China, and Japan Commercial Directory and Gazetteer. Gaylord Watson.
Wundt, W. Zum Moral der literarischen Kritik. Leipzig: W. Engelmann.
Zola, E. Rénée. T. B. Peterson & Bros. 75 cents.

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