

in the work of a translator of less literary pretension than Mr. Davidson.

A more serious fault is to be found in the notes he has added to Scartazzini's text. Some of them, indeed, are excellent, supplying omissions or correcting errors in the original; but most of the longer ones are controversial, and have a tone of assurance, and even of arrogance, such as happily is less frequent in the writing of scholars to-day than it was some generations ago. In this Mr. Davidson follows the unfortunate example of Scartazzini himself, who, in the earlier part of his comment on the 'Divine Comedy,' exhibits an astonishing command over the resources of the Italian vocabulary of terms of literary abuse. But it would have been better had his translator taken note of Scartazzini's open repentance in the preface to the "Paradiso," where the first rule that he lays down for a supposed editor of a future edition of his comment is—*Si cancelli assolutamente ogni parola, ogni sillaba, di polemica che si troverà nei tre volumi.* Had he but regarded these words, Mr. Davidson might have spared us such phrases as, "All this is a piece of special pleading without any foundation whatever"; "absolutely groundless assertion"; "this conclusion is utterly illogical, unfair, and at variance with facts," and others of the same sort. In some instances Mr. Davidson has good ground for regarding Scartazzini's views as incorrect, and his arguments as feeble, but in others his own position is decidedly more questionable than the one which he attacks. An instance of this is his long and presumptuous note (pp. 132, 133) on the translation of three verses from one of Dante's eclogues, in which, as it appears to us, he is manifestly in the wrong, though in so saying we ally ourselves with many scholars who, according to Mr. Davidson, have committed "a gross blunder," and hold to what he esteems "a curious and amusing misunderstanding and mistranslation," than which he hardly knows any more so.

The proof-reading of the volume has been very careless, and errors abound in the pages—for example, page 8, "Valutello" for "Vellutello"; "Liber . . . nunc primum editus" for " . . . nunc primum editum;" page 9, "Moreno" for "Moreni"; page 11, "compilate" for "compilata"; page 14, "Biografi de lui" for "Biografi di lui"; "A work of marvellous erudition, but less essential," for "A work of marvellous erudition not less essential." Subsequent pages show a multitude of similar errors.

In spite of its defects, however, the book is one that many students will find useful.

*Charles Reade, D.C.L., Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist.* A memoir compiled chiefly from his literary remains. By Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade. Harper & Bros. 1887.

THIS is a somewhat remarkable memoir. It is made up of extracts from the private papers of Charles Reade, in the shape of letters, diaries, and unpublished squibs, and also of a connecting narrative of great fluency and spirit. Responsibility for the former part rests upon Charles L. Reade, the literary executor of the novelist, and that for the latter upon the Rev. Compton Reade, a nephew—a division of labor so carefully insisted upon by the two partners in the book that each seems to be disclaiming any share in the other's work instead of standing for his own. The greater interest lies in the narrative portion. It is salacious, and smacks much more of its author than of its subject; but as he is apparently every inch a Reade, one learns something of the distinguished novelist's character vicariously by the idiosyncrasies of his nephew, evidently a chip of the same original block. In fact, one un-

derstands very readily the petulance, quarrelsomeness, and violence of Charles Reade by observing in how similar a way his relative expresses himself. There are two things which the nephew cannot think of without getting into a rage: one is Mr. Slatter, a schoolmaster of the stupid flogging kind, from whom several of the Reades suffered, and to whom the writer administers a literary birching of such long-continued ferocity that the reader half wishes that he would "let up" on the brute; the other is the society of the Fellows of Magdalen College, toward whom he entertains a most scoffing spirit. If the oburgations of Slatter and the gibes at Magdalen were left out, the memoir would lose a large share of its vigor, which is mainly of the fighting variety. The Rev. Compton Reade is not a man much given to respect, however, and there would still be plenty left to give him a character for speaking his mind with frankness and fulness in regard to all matters of offence to him. Charles Reade's mother, to whom he is said to have been tenderly attached, had her peculiarities, and these come out with sufficient clearness; but it was hardly necessary for her grandson to add, after having freely exhibited her less amiable traits, that she was "a domestic tyrant." One cannot think that Charles Reade would have approved such an expression about his mother in his own memoir. This is perhaps the worst slip; but to point out instances of bad taste in the Rev. Compton Reade's narrative would be as superfluous as to stop to remark upon his English, which, as any one may observe, tomahawks syntax and diction with a reckless dexterity very amusing to witness.

We dwell so long upon the Rev. Compton Reade because his personality is really the one that affects the reader; he effaces his uncle except where the extracts from the latter's diaries and letters force him to give place. This is, of course, wholly unintentional, and, indeed, only the unconsciousness of the self-assertion would excuse it. But when one comes to the end and asks what more he knows about Reade than he knew before, the ineffectiveness of such a method of biography is very plain. Reade came of a county family of old stock, and the opening chapters about the Squire and his home and the childhood surroundings of the novelist are the best part of the book. It was a fine, sturdy, evangelical, fox-hunting, India-emigrating family, Charles Reade being the eleventh and last scion, and all its members were of excellent British stuff and took their stations in the world as they ought. It fell to the lot of this youngest son to be a Fellow of Magdalen, which provided him with an income for something over fifty years—a small income for a gentleman, it is true, but cheap, since he did nothing for it worth mentioning. He was also a make-believe lawyer, an expert in the repair of old violins, and a candidate for theatrical honors; and at last, rather late in life, he made a success as a playwright and became famous as a novelist. The letters which he wrote home when he was travelling abroad are without character, and the other material from his papers is of little value. Of his nature one learns very little not already well known, and few new illustrations of it are to be found in these pages. Mrs. Seymour, his housekeeper, is a mere figure, and no light is thrown upon the bond which united the two, though the Platonic character of the attachment is strongly insisted on.

On the whole, the memoir is chiefly remarkable, next to the Rev. Compton Reade's pugnacious sprightliness, for its plentiful lack of fresh information respecting its subject. Reade's peculiar temperament, his methods of work, and his controversies are an old story. As an Englishman he was the type of the man who pro-

verbially writes to the *Times*; as a writer, he was a novelist only because he could not be a dramatist, and in his books he tried to come as near to writing a play as the form of the novel permitted. He lives by a few strong stories, now, and will live by 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' it is to be hoped, a long time; but his anomalous position in literature is well illustrated by the almost infinitesimal place occupied in his biography by other literary persons. It is unfortunate that his life was not told by some one less like himself, and in a simpler and calmer style. As to the main matter, whether Reade led a life worth any fuller record than that given to it by his works, one inclines to the conclusion that there was not much to tell.

*The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century.* By John Henry Overton, Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Epworth. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE third volume of the "Epochs of Church History" series has a more interesting subject than either of its predecessors, but it is not a more interesting book than Canon Perry's 'Reformation in England,' or the Rev. Mr. Tucker's 'English Church in Other Lands.' The author has done little more than give a dry compendium of events, which only needed a spark of genuine sympathy, it would seem, to set them all aflame. Perhaps he was discouraged by the fact that Southey, and Lecky, and other effective writers, had been before him and said all the good things. Brevity in historical writing is not always the soul of wit. It is much oftener its body of death from which it fain would be delivered. But that the Evangelical Revival can be treated briefly and at the same time effectively is proved by Mr. Lecky's ninth chapter in his 'England in the Eighteenth Century.' His treatment is considerably briefer than Canon Overton's, but while it omits nothing of importance that is here expressed, and contains much of importance that is here omitted, it is full of interest and fascination.

The whole is sometimes greater than the sum of all its parts, and while Canon Overton's account of various separate parts of the Revival is faithful and significant, we miss a proper and inspiring sense of its unity and integrity. His introduction is extremely brief. It is for the most part concerned with the causes of the religious apathy at the beginning of the Georgian era. The cause most insisted on is the influence of Sir Robert Walpole. This influence, he avers, "contributed more than all the other causes combined" to that condition from which Methodism was a violent reaction. But it was an apathy which was relieved by the great names of Berkeley and Butler, and William Law, whose 'Serious Call' was the fountainhead of the Revival, though Law himself had little admiration for the deepening and expanding stream.

The arrangement of Canon Overton's material is good so far as it goes, but the material is insufficient. A movement passionately ethical and pietistic is regarded almost wholly from an ecclesiastical point of view. The chapter upon Wesley is discriminating, and, for an ardent Churchman, even sympathetic, but the emphasis is almost wholly on Wesley's relation to the Establishment. We are interested in seeing how little of the practical working of the Revival was deliberately planned; how much of it was determined by the various exigencies of the time, in spite of Wesley's predilections. In the chapter upon Whitefield, Charles Wesley, and other "helpers," the balance is very evenly held between Whitefield and Wesley. The achievement is an easy one for Canon Overton because he is himself "a moderate Calvinist"; less Calvinistic than Whitefield, more so than Wesley.

When we read that Charles Wesley wrote more than 6,000 hymns, we wonder that more of them were not good by merest chance among so many. In the account of Fletcher of Madeley there is no mention of his controversial work, the most important on the Arminian side the time produced. A chapter on "Methodism and Evangelicalism" distinguishes the Revival in the Church as opposed to Methodist forms of activity, from the Revival freely using novel means of propagation; and Canon Overton's inclination is evidently to include as much as possible under the head of "Evangelicalism." Loyalty to the Church is his cardinal virtue. Wesley's appointment of Coke and Asbury as bishops for America is his single heinous fault. Newton's slave-trading is reserved for the climax of his unconverted wickedness; but of the relation of Whitefield's predilection for "a plantation of fat niggers" to his converted sanctity nothing is said. The literature of the Revival has a chapter to itself, the longest in the book. It was decidedly inferior to the religious literature immediately beyond its scope—Butler's, Berkeley's, and Law's. It is to be hoped that the chapter on the results of the Revival is imperfect—that there were other results of the Revival more important than any named, except the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. Wesley's opinion of slavery, and not Whitefield's, was generally held by the reformers. Thomas Clarkson's part is needlessly depreciated to enhance the value of Wilberforce's, the credit of which is claimed for the Evangelicals. The nature of the opposition to the Revival, its doctrines, and its relation to other religious movement are treated briefly in the closing chapters.

*Some Chinese Ghosts.* By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WHILE the ghosts of Japan and Corea seem to be wet and bedraggled creatures, born of wells and water and swamp, the Chinese ghosts manufactured by Mr. Hearn are wrought out of fire. The author, possibly, has been in the Middle Kingdom and made himself familiar with the proper environment of the spirits that dwell in bronze and pottery. He has read well the writings of Sinologists, and saturated his mind with images delightful to the fancy of the sons of Han. His style is exquisitely polished, his vocabulary is the cream of language, and his six stories are told with literary art. "The Soul of the Great Bell," "The Story of Ming-Y," "The Legend of Tchi-niu," "The Return of Yen-Tchin, King," "The Tradition of the Tea-Plant," "The Tale of the Porcelain God," with appendices in the form of notes and glossary, complete his modest table of contents. The booklet has less than 200 pages, and to each chapter, besides the title-page, is appended a line of Chinese characters. At least the mystic marks are intended to stand for Chinese mottoes, Buddhist banner legends, sentences from the classics, the name of China, etc. They show, in their tell-tale craziness of copying, crookedness of writing, and roughness of engraving, their Occidental manufacture. This, when laundries are numerous in every American city, is unfair to the shades of Confucius as well as to the ghosts. If it be little glory in the West to be killed in battle and have your name misspelled in the despatches, surely the spirits evoked by the literary resurrectionist should be rightly written. Not only does Mr. Hearn mix his proper names as given in German and French spellings, but he even calls up a ghost known only in Japan to frolic and masquerade in China. Nor should even the Chinese be held to account, in addition to all their other sins, for the lascivious coloring given to a very simple legend. "The Tradition of the Tea-Plant" seems to be

the most artificially and clumsily constructed of the six stories. "The Soul of the Great Bell" is that of the virgin daughter of a bronze caster who could not win success in his mould except by the cremation in the crucible of a beautiful maiden. Ming-Y is a lad who holds wassail and gains priceless literary relics from a famous courtesan whose spirit hovers over the ruins of a palace razed centuries ago. Tchi-niu is a paragon of filial reverence; and the Porcelain God is the deified man who baked himself into his own clay biscuit, and is now worshipped by potters and furnace-tenders in China.

Altogether, the impression made upon a Western reader of Mr. Hearn's semi-Chinese productions is not pleasant, though it might have been made so. Still, those who keep and enjoy the art products of Cathay welcome whatever legends will unlock the mysteries of the Chinese wonder world. Just as with the fairy and mystic lore of Japan, after the bloody, revengeful, and licentious elements are eliminated, there remain enchanting meadows of perfume and fragrance, so in Chinese literature and folk-lore there are yet untrodden gardens of sweet fancies. So long as the art of Asia is studied, there will be need of popular interpretation for Occidentals. Ghosts flourish most when there is a demand for them, and the multiplying museums and private collections of the bric-à-brac of Sinim call for occasional works like this modest book of Mr. Hearn, which, while in taste and emphasis of objectionable elements not wholly worthy of him, is a promise of better things to come.

*New York: The Planting and Growth of the Empire State.* By Ellis H. Roberts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

To condense within the limits of 700 small pages the story for 280 years of a growing State, describing material conditions, unfolding the sequence of events, portraying inherited and personal character in the men who guided them, and whom in turn they controlled—to impress this picture with continuity and dispose it in due perspective, is no easy task. It is not surprising, then, that the author of these volumes offers his readers abundance rather than coherence of material, and that his examples overwhelm the philosophy his history should teach.

The annals of no other of our thirteen primary commonwealths offer the diversity that causes this difficulty. New York alone among them was planted by one people and conquered by another, changing nationality with name. It was the only colony that welcomed all faiths and blended all races. She alone bore the stress of war with the most potent and civilized of European States on the one side, and the most compact and cruel of savage confederacies on the other. She carried on trade, conflict, and diplomacy with alien neighbors as no other colony was forced to do. After independence, the second war disturbed commerce, harassed the frontiers, and strained relations with the Federal Government more severely for her than for other States which stood less resolute and less faithful. And as to her political history, whether as colony or as State, her mixed population, with its early control by great families and its later concentration into great cities, singularly complicates the study.

In either of two methods the growth of such a commonwealth might be treated. One is to analyze the national elements composing it, and the material conditions under which these developed, tracing their interaction on philosophic principles, supported by copious illustration; the other is to set down in consecutive narrative the more important points in its progress, with color of incident, but without research into causes and

their workings. The author seems to have adopted neither method frankly, halting between the two. He does sometimes state a principle and accumulate relative facts, but refuses the labor of demonstrating their living connection. This occurs oftenest where the causes are more simple and obvious, in colonial times. In the story of later days, since the century began, the attempt is less often made, and for its neglect may be pleaded the obscurity and complexity of the elements for study. Yet in a history brought down to last year, one naturally asks for some account of the rise and reasons of the Labor party, or some note of the portentous growth of Romish pretensions.

As instances, taken at random from the most diverse classes of subjects, of the want of proportion in the author's historical treatment, the topic of land and rent is discussed in eight pages, while a single page recalls the Liberty party, mentioning only one of its leaders, and omitting those who inspired its ideas. A page is devoted to the battle of Plattsburgh, while an incidental mention and a dismissal with less than two lines are all that is given to that on Lake Erie. An extended account of the French invaders' enterprises, religious and warlike, among the Iroquois, throws into the shade the far more important relations of the tribes with Dutch and English colonists.

In general, however, that part of these volumes recounting colonial history is written with more care and clearness than the sequel, opening with this century. The portraits of royal governors are done with some touch of individual quality, far more lifelike than the style of the detached sketches of later statesmen, reminding one of reporters' little biographies, pigeonholed for obituary issue. Hardly an attempt is made to show the development in the State of legal doctrines on such important topics as the rights of women and the relations between the spheres of national and of State governments. And though some details are touched upon illustrating the evils of legislation in early times, we must regretfully dissent from the conclusion that "the standard of morality and honor for legislators is higher than it was in the earlier days."

The index is carelessly pitched together, omitting, for example, any mention of the Erie Canal or of Myron Holley, one of its chief promoters, as he was also one of the New York creators of the Liberty party, though all these subjects form part of the volume. In brief, the work may be summed up as a rather perfunctory and far from thorough record of dates and facts, useful so far as it goes, but falling much below the dignity of a monograph on the history of the State of New York.

*The Game of Logic.* By Lewis Carroll. Macmillan. 8vo, pp. 96.

It need not strike any one with wonder that the author of 'Alice in Wonderland' should write a book about logic. Even if he were not known as a mathematician, it might safely be predicted that a man who could make such beautiful nonsense as that book contains would have a very good head for sense. The principle that it takes a thief to catch a thief does not hold here: one must have a very pretty taste for logic if he wishes to compose pleasing specimens of unlogic.

This little book describes a device for working syllogisms by means of compartments marked out on a piece of card-board, and counters, red and gray, which indicate respectively that the compartments are occupied or empty. The counters are put into their proper places in accordance with the demands of the premises, and