

*Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners*, with descriptions in language understood of the people. By Gurdon Trumbull. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth, pp. viii, 222, cuts.

A HANDSOMELY made book on the publishers' side, and on the part of the author a novel and genuine piece of work, made up mostly of information not to be had elsewhere. It will not fail to take and hold its own place; and for no small part of the bird-loving public it will answer all the purpose of the more systematic treatises like Coues's 'Key' or Ridgway's 'Manual.' It treats of all the recognized game-birds of Eastern North America, sixty-one in number according to the author's count, belonging to the goose and duck family, the gallinaceous order, and the plover, snipe, and rail families; and the subject is handled in such a way that no one can fail to identify his bird at a moment's notice. For we have here, strange to say, descriptions "in language understood of the people"; and lest even this may not suffice, a good "portrait" of each species, clear as a professor's blackboard diagram of a proposition in Euclid—and, we may add, equally artistic. We assent with a sigh of resignation to our bold author's thesis, to wit: "Few, even among our most intelligent college-bred sportsmen, can form a very clear idea of a bird's appearance from the 'shop-talk' of scientists, even though provided with a glossary; and it may be broadly stated, with quite a showing of truth, that the descriptions commonly encountered in ornithological works (particularly of to-day) are only intelligible to those who do not need them."

But what of these "names" of birds, standing at the head of the book's title? Mr. Trumbull's descriptions and figures are but a means to his end of giving us the names by which our game is known—known to the people—to our gunners, "a class of men who earn a livelihood by shooting birds"—known to "that helpless but interesting creature, the true sportsman," as our author styles him—but mostly unknown to the compilers of technical synonymy. It is no unusual thing for a bird to have half-a-dozen generic names, a dozen specific names, and several dozen binominal designations variously compounded of these two terms, according to the letter of the law of ornithological nomenclature. Our author, with a fine instinct of self-preservation, selects that one of them which the American Ornithologists' Union has stamped with orthodoxy; provided with which, with his description, and with his figure, as a trigonometrical basis, he proceeds to survey the whole field. He seeks literally the "winged words"; the living and spoken vernacular names are his game; and the number of these that he brings to book are simply astounding.

We cannot count them; but a little ciphering over the eleven pages of triple-column index shows considerably more than a thousand names for three-score birds. They certainly average over sixteen apiece, and sometimes run up to forty, fifty, or more. Comparatively few of these are variants of one another, or among the ἄρσῆ λεγόμενα; the great majority are straight-out distinctive names, in which single nouns, as distinguished from descriptive phrases or compounded epithets, are conspicuously numerous. It would be a pretty liberal education in the genesis of language to con over the list Mr. Trumbull gives, and see how this or that "point" about a bird has been seized upon and made a name of. Onomatopoeia finds great scope, as would be expected, and the "bow-wow" theorists in philology might take great comfort from Mr. Trumbull's labors; but, after

all, what a bird looks like, in the first place, and, secondly, what a bird does, rather than what it says when it opens its mouth, are, mainly, the seeds of this strange crop of nicknames and bye-words. The names, too, have to a notable extent the quality of spontaneity, naiveness or innocence, so to speak, which vouches for their originality and authenticity; they are such as any son of Adam out of Eden should apply if he were set to the task said to have been given his first parent; and how next to nothing he is indebted to the ornithologists or their books is vouched by the rarity, nearly the absence, of the regular-English book-names. Even such common names as "hooded merganser," "Hudsonian godwit," and "pectoral sandpiper" are almost entirely wanting, showing that these terms, though English, are read and not spoken names, except to the literary few. They are, in fact, almost as seldom heard out of library and museum doors as the corresponding technicalities, *Lophodytes cucullatus*, *Limosa hemastica*, and *Actodromas maculata*.

Let us see the actual genesis of the names. Take the case of a very common duck of our Atlantic coast, whose Latin technical name is *Erismatura rubida*, whose regular book-name is "ruddy duck," from the prevailing color of the adult male, translating *rubida*. The generic name, *Erismatura*, referring to a peculiarity of the shape and texture of the tail-feathers, has been rendered by the persons who never heard of it as 'stiff-tail,' 'quill-tail,' 'pintail,' 'bristle-tail,' 'stick-tail,' 'spinetail,' 'dip-tail,' and 'heavy-tail'—all pat enough terms. 'Leatherback' appears as the equivalent of *rubida* or ruddy: the bird is the duck with a back the color of tanned sole leather. The bird has a broad blue bill; straightway it is called 'blue-bill,' 'broad-bill,' and 'spoonbill.' It has a dark steel-blue crown: it is a 'steelhead.' It is a fat, chunky little fowl; therefore is it a 'butter-duck,' 'butter-ball,' 'butter-bowl,' and 'dumpling-duck.' Its activity makes it a 'blatherskite,' 'bladderscoot,' 'blatherscoot,' 'batterscoot,' and 'bumblebee-coot.' Is it ever inactive, stupid, or tame? Then it becomes a 'sleepy coot,' 'sleepy duck,' 'sleepyhead,' and even a 'sleepy brother'; likewise, a 'booby-coot,' a 'noddie,' a 'fool-duck,' and a 'deaf-duck.' But not always thus; when alarmed it can dive like a flash, and it is then a 'dipper,' a 'dapper,' a 'dopper,' even a 'mud-dipper,' and a 'broad-billed dipper,' yea, and a 'dip-tail diver,' a 'dun diver,' and a 'brown diving-teal.' Then it is hard to kill? Certainly, a very 'tough-head,' a 'hard-head,' a 'hickory-head,' 'hard-tack,' a 'lightwood knot,' a 'shot-pouch,' a 'stub-and-twist.' When it flusters over the water it is a 'dinky' or a 'dickey'; and, for the same reason, perhaps, it is a 'paddy-whack,' or a plain 'paddy.' Do the people, after all, have some trouble in classifying the bird systematically? It would seem so, for it is not only a 'duck' and a 'diver' of several kinds, but some kind of a 'goose,' 'widgeon,' 'teal,' and 'coot,' and a 'water-partridge,' and a 'rook.' "Just think of it," exclaims our author in his rich embarrassment and consternation: "a duck called a rook under the very shadow of the Smithsonian!"

To mention a locality reminds us how careful our author is to give a local habitation to these airy nothings. Provincialism is rife in such word-building; the name changes with the times and places of its usage. Few of these designations are wide in geographical range; many are confined to a single locality, even to some class of persons in such locality; and such facts are always set forth with particularity. Some of the names once heard are already dead

or dying; others are continually entering the current of our speech. With exceptions, the field chiefly gleaned has been our Atlantic coast region; and everybody has been laid under contribution, from the Down-East fishermen to the Crackers of Carolina and the negroes of Florida.

Perhaps the ruddy duck, with its fifty or sixty names, all outside of books, is a little exceptional; but the process and result of name-making are the same in all cases, *mutatis mutandis*. And now we begin to see what a very interesting book Mr. Trumbull has made. It is far from a mere list of names, and our author takes us by the hand through the mazes of myrionymy safely, surely, and pleasantly, if not also swiftly. It is a scholarly, leisurely, bookish book, smelling of the library shelves and the easy-chair, after the muddy boots and shooting-iron have been put away. Well-known faces greet us among those who have stood sponsors at the christenings of our birds, from Catesby and Edwards, Lawson and that old thief, John Brickell, Bartram and Barton, President Jefferson and others of generations gone, to the "Frank Foresters" of yesterday, and the Charles Halllocks of to-day. The ensemble is a charming picture, especially as it is lighted up with the author's own gleams of never-failing good-humor and quiet fun. How many times he laughed outright in writing it we may never know, but the gloomiest reviewer may not be exempt from a certain contagion. Take this, for example, a perennial Joe Miller, as good to-day as ever:

"Wilson relates a funny anecdote connected with the passage of a New York game law in 1791. 'The bill was entitled "An Act for the Preservation of Heath-hen, and other game." The honest chairman of the Assembly—no sportsman, I suppose—read the title "An Act for the Preservation of heathen and other Game," which seemed to astonish the Northern members, who could not see the propriety of preserving Indians, or any other heathen.'"

We should never end if we tried the comic aspects of the names in this book, as in the Rev. J. H. Linsley's reverential handling of the name 'godwit.' "The good old preacher, in speaking of these birds, could not take his Lord's name in vain on so slight a provocation, hence he called them 'good wits.'"

*How to Judge of a Picture; Familiar Talks with the Uncritical Lovers of Art.* By John C. Van Dyke. Chautauqua Press.

THE author of 'Principles of Art' seems to require a good deal of discouragement from pursuing his unintelligent way. For if ever a writer on art gave clear evidence of not having touched bottom in his study, and of having no perception of the fundamental distinctions of sound criticism, it is he. It is a clear case of a blind man leading the blind across a country full of the most disastrous ditches. Take the following from Mr. Van Dyke's chapter on "Tone and Gradation":

"Tone is a word often used out of place as synonymous with harmony, but you will not so confuse the terms, for they are quite distinct in meaning. Harmony is the relation of qualities; tone the relation of quantities. To be sure, they have very much to do with one another, and it is very doubtful if tone may be produced without harmony, or harmony without tone. The distinction between them may be made plainer, perhaps, by saying that harmony has more particularly to do with the problem of whether one color is congenial or well suited to another, while tone involves the degrees of different colors used and their proportionate relationships to one another. If you have had little experience among pictures (and I am addressing only the inexperienced), tone will be something of which you have heard much and seen but little—that is to say,

you may have seen it but have not recognized it."

It is probably only with relation to art that the idea seems to obtain with the general public, that the best person to teach it to those who know nothing of it is one who himself knows very little—i. e., the first principles which are the necessary foundation of any learning, but are the last to be arrived at by the professor, may be dispensed with by the student until the later phases of his education; while the truth is, that the education which is not begun with the first principles is education thrown away. "Harmony is the relation of qualities; tone the relation of quantities" is antithetical, but the most concentrated attention that we are able to bring to bear on it wrings nothing but nonsense out of it. So far as there is a meaning to be conjectured in it, it is our impression that it is not true; but it is not safe to say that a thing one does not understand is untrue, and Mr. Van Dyke's further attempt to elucidate his meaning "by saying that harmony has more particularly to do with the problem of whether one color is congenial or well suited to another, while tone involves the degrees of different colors used and their proportionate relationships to one another," does not clear up the mud in the least. We give it up. If this be primary education in art, the less we have of it the better, for the higher stages must give rise to some gruesome reading.

The definition of "values" is another curious case of wisdom confounded:

"If you will hold out your open hand before you, partially close your eyes, and look, not for the outline or shape of a hand, but for patches of light and shade, you will see that the palm which is directly before you has the highest light upon it, and that there is a gradation of light into shadow in the spaces between the fingers, and around the ball of the thumb and the sides of the hand where they lead to the edges. Those gradations of light and shade which necessarily involve gradations of flesh-color and possibly the reflections from side lights, are values." "It will be understood, then, that what are known in art parlance as values are the variations of light, the effect of intervening atmosphere, and the reflections from surrounding objects or colors, all combined. Properly speaking, values are nothing more or less than the relations of light and shade."

This is simply stupefying. The author goes on to say that "there is no great unanimity of opinion among artists and critics regarding the meaning of the term and what it includes. A number of writers have tried at various times to define it properly, but it has such a loose meaning that definition is quite impossible"! At the risk of attempting the impossible, we are willing to enlighten the author on the subject, by telling him what values are as understood by one of the greatest masters of them in our day—J. F. Millet. If you throw a black coat on the snow, either in the sunshine or in diffused light, there will be a difference in the pitch of the local color quite independent of the light and shade, and this difference will be substantially the same in either case. The mass of the coat will tell as a dark mass on the snow, and the difference, which has nothing to do with light and shade, is the difference in the values. It is exactly the quality furthest removed from that given it by our author.

"The word *textures* is not used in connection with silks, satins, and embroideries alone, but is an art term, referring to the peculiar qualities of any and all objects that are shown in a painting." Here is another riddle—we give it up as well.

We have waded through Mr. Van Dyke's book, but conceive the above enough for a fair, if severe, exposition of its merits as a treatise on art. It contains, however, the evidence that

the author has a fairly cultivated appreciation of painting in the concrete, and does know the difference, within narrow limits, between good and bad art; but we must offer him the advice of the Scotch judge to a tyro, not to give the reasons for his opinions, but to content himself with pronouncing his judgment, for his enunciation of principles is great nonsense, and the world is too full of nonsense on art already.

*Review of the New York Musical Season, 1887-1888.* By H. E. Krehbiel. Novell, Ewer & Co.

THIS is the third issue of this useful handbook, and if Mr. Krehbiel, as is to be hoped, will continue to issue one annually, the task of some future historian of music in America will be remarkably facilitated. The present volume begins with the concerts of the unfortunate but charming Italian violinist, Teresina Tua, and ends with the production of Verdi's last opera, "Otello," by the Campanini Company. Among the more important articles are criticisms of the Josef Hofmann concerts, Wagner's symphony, and the operas brought out for the first time at the Metropolitan—"Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Cortez," "Euryanthe," and "The Trumpeter of Säckingen." Of many of the concerts only the programmes are recorded, but even this part of the book has its value, for since all the important concerts given in New York are included, provincial conductors may use Mr. Krehbiel's "Review" as a valuable text-book in programme-making, under the guidance of such masters as Thomas, Seidl, etc. The consecutive arrangement of musical events, according to dates, is doubtless preferable to any other; but it would be convenient if the index discriminated, by different sizes of figures, the pages occupied with comment on certain compositions, and those on which the same works are merely recorded as parts of a programme. It would not do to leave these latter altogether out of the index, for their presence allows one to see at a glance how often a given composer figured on the programmes of the season. Thus, in the operatic line, it is significant to find only five entries under Bellini, and 126 under Wagner; and it is encouraging to see so many references to Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein, showing that the musical-world moves. Four pages are taken up by a letter addressed by Herr Seidl to the New York *Tribune*, regarding Wagner's early symphony, concerning which no one is so well qualified to speak, since it was Herr Seidl who was called upon by Wagner himself, when the long-missing parts had been found, to make the score out of them. Wagner also wanted Seidl to conduct the symphony at Venice, as he dreaded the fatigue involved in the rehearsals, but Seidl was prevented by his engagements from going. "Two months after his death," he writes, "when I was conducting the Nibelung cycle in Venice, I was told personally by the concertmeister, who had played in the symphony performances, that when Wagner had finished, he laid down his baton with the words: 'Now I have conducted for the last time.'"

The last twenty-three pages are devoted to statistics of the novelties produced at the opera and in the concert-halls and to a general retrospect, in which the operatic problem is discussed in a very sensible manner. The ignorant journalists who prophesied that German opera was coming to grief, are met by the retort that "the Wagnerian dramas-throughout the season were worth \$750 a night more than the rest of the list." The statistics concerning the receipts and expenditures at the opera, be-

ing derived from official sources, are as instructive as they are trustworthy. Fourteen operas were given, involving 451 rehearsals, and ranking, as regards their financial value, in the following order: "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried," "Walküre," "Prophet," "Tristan," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," "Euryanthe," "Trumpeter," "Jewess," "Cortez," "Fidelio." Among the curiosities of this list, as illustrating the fickleness and uncertainty of popular patronage, are the facts that "Fidelio," which headed the list last season, foots it this year, and that "Cortez," on which more than half the money given out for *mise-en-scène* this year was expended, is last but one. As regards Italian opera, Mr. Krehbiel thinks "it will not utterly die until the public adopts a nobler attitude towards music than they occupy towards literature and the drama." But "we are in an era of change in art ideals. To cling to the sweets of Italian melody and live in the memories of Mario and Grisi is folly. So young an art as music cannot stand still for half a century, and Roman tastes, though they may clog for a time, cannot permanently bind a people Teutonic in their origin." The following also is worth pondering as showing the change which has come over audiences: "We all know that when Italian opera was in its glory, the public were perfectly willing to accept a listless performance from any one of its great interpreters if he or she would but thrill them with a single air or a single note in an air. Mario was wont to save himself for one glorious outburst, and with it his admirers were satisfied. This would now be impossible."

To the general public who do not care for musical problems, the most remarkable statement in Mr. Krehbiel's book is that, "of the money paid for royalties [at the Metropolitan], nearly \$9,100 went to the estate of Richard Wagner, Director Stanton having assumed the purely moral obligation of paying royalties on all the Wagnerian works produced." This is certainly extremely honorable on the part of Mr. Stanton and the stockholders, and ought to be held up as an example to our piratic music and book publishers.

*Corinne; or, Italy.* By Mme. de Staël. Translated by Emily Baldwin and Pauline Driver. [Bohn's Novelists' Library.] London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Scribner & Welford. Pp. 394.

SAINT-BEUVE, fifty years ago, writing of this book (then a generation old), said: "As time advances, the interest that attaches to such works, which have been recognized to have a real and lasting existence, may change in character, but is not less great. Their very faults become representative, and are not without charm, as the once-admired expression of a taste that has given place to another, which in its turn will likewise pass away." It is this enduringness of interest that makes any adequate study of these works, whether in the form of criticism or of the commentary which an able translation furnishes by its very nature, always timely and welcome. But of an inadequate translation of classics precisely the opposite is true; it is untimely and unwelcome. We regret to say this is the case in the present instance. The publisher of Bohn's Libraries has been unfortunate again, as too often before, in his choice of translators. Their work is a paraphrase rather than a reproduction of the original, and is pervaded by a dulness of perception that turns the abundant flow of phrase in the original into stiff and stupid sentences. The translation is everywhere unsuccessful and