

Macchiavelli" (p. 119), meaning that the passage refers to that name. He has this sure merit, that he makes his book attractive; and his ventures into the field of translation have a peculiar charm. We have here the complaint to make, however, that he does not follow the usual course of Italian translators in giving the first words of the poem translated, for convenience of identification; and it is vexatious to have to look through the two hundred and fifty sonnets of our quarto Alfieri of 1809, merely to ascertain that those rendered are the 107th (*Quel tetro bronzo*) and the 167th (*Sublime specchio*). When found, the poem proves itself musically and faithfully translated, with such Howells-like felicities of phrase as "A proper nose" for *Giusto naso*; but it smacks of indolence when so skilful a master of words can hit upon no better rhymes than "mild" and "embroidered" (p. 101); and still more when we find him utterly disregarding that limited sequence of rhymes on which the Italian poets so pride themselves. The translator is right in giving us the alternate rhymes which Alfieri, unlike Petrarch, admitted; but whereas in each of these two sonnets the original has but four distinct terminations for the fourteen lines, the translator allows himself seven, and winds up, worst of all, by the Shaksperian closing couplet, which is alien to Italian verse. Mr. Howells has thus indulged himself in a far easier task than the occasion required, and one far lighter than other modern translators of sonnets exact of themselves. We regret to say that the same self-indulgence or negligence further shows itself in many lines so careless as to be almost doggerel, such as, from *Fusinato* (p. 365):

"And now be shivered upon the stone here
Till thou be free again, O lyre I bear."

This is the more to be regretted because he is capable, under sufficient effort, of very graceful and sweet translation, as in the cradle song called "Nanna" (p. 361), though even this is disfigured by such careless rhymes as "love me" with "love thee," "come" with "doom," and "abroad" with "God."

We have been thus frankly critical with Mr. Howells because he is justly called upon, as one of our acknowledged masters, to do his work thoroughly and keep to a high standard. His book, as a whole, is a most agreeable one; the publisher's part is well done; the portraits, though unattractive, are probably not more so than the Italian originals; the binding is peculiarly appropriate, and there is no serious defect except the want of an index.

Winter. From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

THOREAU himself questions whether any life is rich enough to be journalized; but his editor's method, of making the whole life cover only a single natural year by selection and rearrangement, probably never occurred to him as a solution of the difficulties of triviality and monotony that make the days tedious. In the case of a growing mind such a method would hardly be applicable. Thoreau did not change much, either in himself or in his surroundings, and perhaps the type of his character is better defined by this composite-photography device of laying day upon day in the record. In this last instalment, which ends the series, he preserves his three-fold interest as an observer of nature, a man with a theory of plain living, and a writer whose mind was visited by stray thoughts. In all of these aspects he is still a noticeable figure in our literature.

The season of winter is one which he was es-

pecially fitted to report. He could not keep indoors, and by the help of skates and snow-shoes he travelled far. The New England winter, too, is a season of marvellous sky-color and snow reflection, and for color Thoreau had a sensitive and appreciative eye. Some of the scenes he gives to us are of great beauty merely for their graduated tones and hues. Of bird and plant and animal life there is little, but the lack is abundantly made up for by these broad prospects, which were his principal pleasure until the sound of running water under the snow and ice made his pulses warm with the thought of the coming spring. But, rich as the record is, it is not one which the reviewer can report.

Of Thoreau's theory of life enough has been written in the time when it was a novel thing, not in itself, but in the practical illustration he gave to it. In these entries one sees how genuinely he held it, and both what it did and what it failed to do for him. The principal value of it was that it left him time to meditate, not so much to think as to be a passive instrument of that mood when thoughts occur to the mind. Many of these are treasured in the journal; one wonders whether it was not to him what the note-book was to Emerson, a receptacle to which he had recourse in writing his books. Their literary form is clear and hard, and often they have the indefinable quality of felicities. It is singular to observe once more the wide interval between the poetry of his prose and the prose of his poetry. He had the touch of the poet now and then, but in his verse his muse was disenchanted, the fairies' gift changing at once into sticks and stones in his hands. He had some of the methods and the waiting spirit of the poet; but the message came without music. He writes: "To please our friends and relatives we turn our silver-ore into cart-loads, while we neglect to work our mines of gold, known only to ourselves, far up in the Sierras where we pulled up a bush in our mountain walk and saw the glittering treasure." This is a fine image. It is a pleasing fancy when he speaks of the ice that crystallizes about holes in the ground as "the frozen breath of the earth upon its beard." Such bits are not infrequent. There are striking sentences—"A friend in history looks like some premature soul"; and on the next page a phrase about the Greek attracts the eye: "He has left nothing unsaid, but has actually wiped his lips of it." Such examples remind us again of Thoreau's true literary faculty, the power of perfect speech. "So soon as we begin to count the cost, the cost begins," is an apothegm out of his own life. One could keep on quoting; but it is sufficient to be reminded that while such a literary gift is proved as is shown in these journals, together with such an ownership in his own thoughts, so close and full-eyed an outlook on natural beauty and such interest in the life of creation, Thoreau cannot be dismissed by a just critic as the eccentric inhabitant of a parish; he was more than that, and has had with justice more than a parochial interest to other men. Presumably this is the last of his books, and in putting it on the shelf one is quite sure that the row of volumes will be a long-remembered memorial of old New England.

Philosophy of Theism. By Borden P. Bowne. 8vo, pp. 269. Harper & Bros. 1887.

THEISTIC speculations of the present day have to contend with the universal tendency to concede that, even if the existence of God and immortality are given up, truth and duty remain the same for us as before. When it was thought

that religion existed in order to be proved, or that it did not exist until it was proved, seeking for the "grounds" of truth and virtue was a very respectable calling. But we have come to see that there may be a great difference between the order of things and the order of our knowledge. Hence, metaphysical theories have only a secondary interest compared with facts. Prof. Bowne is not guilty of confusing the *ratio essendi* with the *ratio cognoscendi* of religion, nor does he pretend that men cannot be religious or moral until they have adopted a philosophy of theism. But, whatever importance he may attach to theistic beliefs, his confident and overbearing manner of argument will convert nobody to them. Lack of philosophic charity is the author's besetting sin. If this book had been written in the spirit of scorn and absurd defiance which characterizes his preface to the fifth edition of the 'Metaphysics,' we might have treated it with contempt. Although it is free from insanity, it is not wanting in self-assurance, browbeating, and the intimidation of opposing opinions. Happily the world is coming to respect a man more for his Christian treatment of views different from his own than for his sharp debating. We expect as much mercy and consideration from a philosopher as from the Deity for whose existence he may be so solicitous. Logical proofs of metaphysical doctrines are less valuable than moral character, and hence railing at a man because we have not convinced him will effect no more than stamping one's foot or kicking a stone. Calm moral sympathy for religious doubt is the first condition of effective philosophic discussion in the nineteenth century, and hence we could wish that the author had the spirit of Lotze, T. H. Green, and Martineau. Martineau is trenchant, but, nevertheless, he has a heart.

The old method of proving the existence of God by stopping with the evidence for a First Cause the author justly abandons to ignorance of the question. Hence there are mainly three topics for discussion, representing as many distinct factors in the problem: the unity of the world-ground, the world-ground as intelligent, and the world-ground as ethical. The other chapters are parts of the same theme. The statement, that theism is the only system capable of satisfying "the total interests of life," is too comprehensive to be received until we know what is going to be made of it. Of course, the author means our scientific, philosophic, moral, and religious "interests." But the conception of interest is a dangerous one to trust implicitly. It has so many ramifications that it may, at any time, shut us off into anthropomorphism in philosophy and into selfishness in ethics. Our scientific interests are satisfied by the unity of nature and the uniformity of causation, without stopping to inquire whether they imply personality or not. But in seeking to satisfy our moral and religious interests we may be prompted by something like the question: "Will God take care of us when we die?" Humanity's plaintive cry for immortality is profoundly interesting, and its belief in God may be wholly unselfish. But there is room here for motives which have nothing to do with the truth of a doctrine. The question is whether the expression of emotional instincts, which are much like "the will to live," and dangerously allied to self-interested impulses, prove anything.

The author would not be considered a pantheist. But the difference between this position and the one he does hold might be only one of accent. He could compromise by adopting *Pan-Theism*. He emphasizes two systems between which, it seems, our choice is to be made, theism and atheism. But there is agnosticism,

which is as positive and as dogmatic a creed as either of the others. And there is the fourth, of letting the question entirely alone. But what are you going to do with this ominous silence? You cannot argue with it, for it is irrational to pick a quarrel with a man who is peaceable and says nothing. It remains, then, as a system which adapts itself to known facts, and has neither belief, nor disbelief even, about an unknowable. Hence there is one case in which logic is not the Nemesis of Faith.

The Standard Cantatas: Their Stories, their Music, and their Composers. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. Pp. 367. 1888.

MR. UPTON has added another to his very useful musical handbooks. It is arranged on the same plan as his 'Standard Operas' and 'Standard Oratorios,' the first named of which is already in its fourth thousand. In the historic introduction he calls attention to the different senses in which the word cantata is used. He himself uses it in the widest sense, and includes in its such works as Berlioz's "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet." In the case of the classical composers, who were very prolific in this kind of composition, only a selection could, of course, be made, and of Bach's 480 cantatas, for instance, only the four which are most frequently performed are analyzed. Besides describing the plot of the texts, Mr. Upton always calls attention to the best musical numbers, avoiding technical terms as much as possible. A large number of cantatas by American composers are included in the list.

We hope that Mr. Upton will not rest on his laurels, but will prepare another handbook that would prove very useful. Every observer of concert-hall audiences must have noted that many pay much closer attention to a piece if they know something regarding its origin and the pictorial idea that may have been in the composer's mind when he conceived it. Nor is this curiosity at all to be condemned; for the mind's eye being given some scene to fix upon, we are enabled the more easily to forget the artificial surroundings in a concert hall. Moreover, people like to talk about the pieces they have heard, and it is much easier to talk about the biography of a composition than about the music itself. Now, if Mr. Upton would select a few hundred of the symphonies, overtures, etc., etc., that are most frequently played, and explain their meaning, pictorial or biographic,

with some æsthetic remarks on form and feeling, he would do a service to all concert-goers. And concert-givers would find it an advantage to get the author's permission to reprint on their programmes such of his notices as might be desirable.

Half-Hours with American History. By Charles Morris, author of 'Half-Hours with the Best American Authors.' Vol. I. Colonial America. Vol. II. Independent America. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1887.

MR. MORRIS aims to present the story of the nation by selections from the works of leading historians upon the most important topics. These selections are chronologically arranged, divided into periods, and connected by brief outlines of intermediate events supplied by the author. History does not so readily lend itself to this mode of treatment as do other branches of literature, and we miss especially the continuity and unity so important to the complete presentation of a subject, and which cannot be supplied by connecting notes. On the other hand, there is value in the emphasis given by the method to events of particular importance, and in the variety of treatment. Taken in connection with some standard history, the work will also do good service by interesting its readers in the authors represented in the selections. The difficult task of culling has been executed with much skill by Mr. Morris. One is glad to find that while liberal, but not excessive, use is made of such writers as Bancroft and Parkman, local historians have not been neglected. While we must wish that more frequent use had been made of contemporary writers, yet the selections, on the whole, seem judiciously chosen for the purpose in view. The notes, which are simply condensed statements of fact, are in general correct; but the author is not entirely free from errors, as in the slip which makes him say that Alexander Hamilton was one of the defenders of popular rights at the time of the negro plot in New York. The reference is to Andrew Hamilton.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Gérard de Nerval. *Sylvie. Recollections of Valois.* George Routledge & Sons. \$1.
Goodwin, Mrs. H. B. *Our Party of Four: A Story of Travel.* Boston: Cupples & Hurd. \$1.
Guiney, Louise Imogen. *The White Sail.* Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Hale, E. E. *The Life of George Washington Studied Anew.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.
Hall, S. C. *The Book of British Ballads.* Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Harris, H. Christophe Colomb et Savone. Verzel-luo et ses Memorie. Genoa: A. Donath; New York: F. W. Christern.
Harris, H. Le Quatrième Centenaire de la Découverte du Nouveau Monde. Genoa: Donath; New York: F. W. Christern.
Henry Ward Beecher: A Memorial. Brooklyn: Plymouth Church.
Huebisch, S. Volapük: A Guide for Learning the Universal Language. New York.
Hutton, R. H. Essays on Some of the Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
Heron-Allen, E. The Suleide of Sylvester Gray. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Hornaday, W. T. Free Rum on the Congo, and What it is Doing There. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association.
Howells, W. D. April Hopes. Harper & Brothers.
Jastrow, M. A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babil and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature. Part II. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.
Jubilee and Plantation Songs, Sung by Hampton Students, Jubilee Singers, and others. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.
Kendall, May. Dreams to Sell. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.
Kirkup, T. An Inquiry into Socialism. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.
Larcom, Lucy. The Cross and the Grail. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association.
Lawless, Hon. Emily. The Story of Ireland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
Life's Problems, Here and Hereafter: An Autobiography. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. \$1.25.
Lillie, Lucy C. The Colonel's Money. Harper & Brothers.
Lockyer, Prof. J. N. The Outlines of the Earth. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Madan, R. Rough List of Manuscript Materials Relating to the History of Oxford. Arranged with an Index. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.
Mahaffy, J. P. Greek Life and Thought from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.
Mahaffy, J. P. The Principles of the Art of Conversation. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.
Mahaly Sawyer, or, Putting Yourself in her Place. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. \$1.25.
Martin, Frances. Elizabeth Gilbert and her Work for the Blind. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.
May, C. Moly: A Book of Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
McNemar, Miles. Prince Coastwind's Victory. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Molesworth, Mrs. Little Miss Peggy: Only a Nursery Story. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
Morgan, Mary. Poems. Montreal: J. Theodore Robinson.
Muir-Carnegie. Practical Chemistry: A Course of Laboratory Work. Macmillan & Co. 80 cents.
Murray, Prof. J. Elocution for Advanced Pupils. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
Neubauer, A. D. Mediaeval Jewish Chronicles. [Anecdota Oxoniensia.] Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Nicholas, G. A. The Biddy Club: and How its Members Grappled with the Troublesome Servant Question. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
Noel, Lady Augusta. Hithersea Mere. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
O'Donnell, Jessie F. Heart Lyrics. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
Ohora, L. M. The Angel of the Village. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. \$1.25.
Palgrave, W. G. A Ulysses; or, Scenes and Studies in Many Lands. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.
Pattison-Slater. Elementary Chemistry. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
Personal Remembrances of Sir Frederick Pollock. In 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. \$5.
Plummer, C. Elizabethan Oxford. Clarendon Press.
Pomeroy, J. N. A Treatise on the Law of Riparian Rights, as the same is Formulated and Applied in the Pacific States. St. Paul: West Publishing Co.
Purdy, T. H. Legends of the Susquehanna, and Other Poems. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.
Randolph, H. F. Fifty Years of English Song. Selections from the Poets of the Reign of Victoria. In 4 vols. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$5.
Wood, H. Natural Law in the Business World. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 30 cents.
Wood, J. J. A Child of Genius: A Sketch. C. T. Dillingham. 30 cents.

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