

that the latter part of Mr. Bourne's "Chapters" should not be so full of interest as the earlier. The fault lies, not with him, but in the nature of the subject. It is not in the power of mortal man to invest Mr. Delane with the interest which surrounds the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' or to make his readers care as much for Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. Henry Labouchere as for Mr. Addison or Sir Richard Steele. At the same time, all that portion of Mr. Bourne's book which deals with the modern London press is a perfect mine of information on the subject. Especially curious is it to note how the power of the London papers, in relation to the counties, rose with the expansion of the railways, and declined as rapidly with the rise of the electric telegraph. It is the latter discovery which has put an end to the London press setting the tone of political thought in the counties. The telegraph, by outrunning the railway, enabled the provincial press to anticipate the London press in items of news concerning which, so long as railways were the sole means of communication, the London press had anticipated them. Hence the rapid and enormous development of local papers in the great manufacturing centres and elsewhere. The British press, as an advertising and news-collecting agency, is at the present moment in the zenith of its greatness—one of the wonders of the world.

The Holy Land and the Bible. A Book of Descriptive Illustrations gathered in Palestine. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., Vicar of St. Martin's at Palace, Norwich. 2 vols. James Pott & Co. 1888.

THE title of this work naturally reminds one of Thomson's 'The Land and the Book.' And there is also considerable resemblance in the aim, the plan, and the execution. Like Dr. Thomson, though not as often and as long as he, Dr. Geikie journeyed through Palestine "gathering illustrations of the sacred writings from its hills and valleys, its rivers and lakes, its plains and uplands, its plants and animals, its skies, its soil, and, above all, from the pictures of ancient times still presented on every side in the daily life of its people." Richness of detail, vividness of observation, and naturalness in sketching characterize both works almost alike. But there is more pious naïveté in the older writer's pages, more evidence of study and book-learning in those of the younger. Geikie's production is by far less original, but much more systematic and complete. He can justly claim that "all the country is brought before the reader in successive portions, from the extreme south to its northern limits—that is, from Beersheba to Damascus, Baalbek, and Beirut." And man and his habitations, soil and atmosphere, fauna and flora, are minutely depicted, with all their peculiarities, ancient and modern. All Bible history is illustrated, and almost repeated, in pointed analogies and contrasts. In a certain sense, the book is a Bible dictionary, made handy as such by its full index. And yet it has the freshness of a book of travels. Descriptions like the following of a spring scene in Sharon are not infrequent:

"As we rode on, many peasants were ploughing, with the plough in one hand, and in the other a long wooden goad, the sharp iron point of which was used to urge forward the lean, small oxen. The plough used was so light that it could be carried on the shoulder; indeed, asses passed carrying two ploughs and much besides. Ravens and wild doves flew hither and thither. Herds of sheep were feeding on the thin pasture, but cattle were rare. The sheep had great broad tails, and thus seemed to be the same breed as that rear-

ed by the ancient Jews, for we read that the tail of their variety was burned by the priests on the altar, in thank-offerings. On the roofs of many of the mud houses grass had sprung up plentifully, thanks to the winter rain, but in the increasing heat it was doomed to 'wither before it grew up.' On every side the landscape was delightful. The winter was passed, the rain over and gone; the flowers were appearing on the earth; the time for the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; the fig tree was putting forth her green figs, and the vines, now in bloom, gave a good smell. Not that song-birds were to be heard, except the lark; there was not enough woodland for them; nor that the turtle was to be heard on the plain, or the fragrance of vineyards inhaled. These were the attractions of rare and isolated spots, beside the villages, on the hill-slopes. The plain itself is silent, and shows very little life of any kind."

The comparing of things seen with things Biblical—sometimes also in the manner of "lucus a non lucendo"—is here and there carried to excess. Thus, speaking of the crushing loads often carried by the Eastern porters, the traveller adds: "They remind us of the heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, to which our Lord compares the spiritual slavery under which the Pharisees laid the common people. Perhaps the 'atals' of Christ's day supplied the illustration." Identifications of modern localities and characteristics with ancient ones are occasionally introduced on very flimsy grounds, as, after Guérin and Conder, on pages 48 and 52 of volume i, where the notes attached show the author's own strong doubts as to the soundness of the conjectures. That nothing calculated to put in a clearer light the correctness of Biblical statements is ever omitted, whether found in nature or in a book, need hardly be stated. Exceptionally, however, even this author's bibliolatry yields to facts, as when, speaking of the cony of Scripture, with distinct reference to Lev. xi, 5, he says (vol. ii, p. 90): "The Jews, who were not scientific, deceived by the motion of its jaws in eating, which is exactly like that of ruminant animals, fancied it chewed the cud"—in disregard of the circumstance that the Scriptural statement that "the cony . . . cheweth the cud" is given as one which "the Lord spake unto Moses." Possibly it was only an oversight which prevented Dr. Geikie from trying to identify the *shāphān* of the Hebrew text with some ruminating animal. On what authority he assumes (vol. ii, p. 404) that the name Sirion signified "the Banner," while the same word as a common noun undeniably signifies *breastplate*, we are unable to discover.

A Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature, from the earliest times to the present day. By Robert W. Lowe. New York: J. W. Bouton.

WE announced Mr. Lowe's book a year or two ago with hope, and we receive it now with gratitude. It is one of the most useful volumes ever prepared for the student of stage-history; perhaps it would not be too much to say that it is the most useful of these. It takes its place at once on the shelves of the dramatic collector by the side of the 'Biographia Dramatica,' Geneste's 'History of the Stage,' and Mr. Ireland's 'Records'; it is as indispensable as any of these, and it is more exact, fortunately, than the 'Biographia Dramatica,' and more orderly in arrangement than the worthy Mr. Geneste's work. Mr. Lowe has tried to give us here a list of all the books about the stage published in England. He does not catalogue plays, and the immense mass of Shaksperiana is also omitted; but histories of the theatre, biographies and autobiographies of actors, managers, and dramatists, books of criticism and of

gossip, libellous pamphlets and satirical poems, treatises on acting and essays on the art of the stage—these Mr. Lowe has sought out and set down in strict alphabetical order, and with the utmost amplitude of cross references. Theatrical newspapers and dramatic magazines have their rise and their fall recorded in his pages. The richness of the material thus collected may be gauged by the fact that there are seventeen entries under Betty (the Infant Roscius), twenty-six under Colley Cibber, twenty-eight under Jeremy Collier, thirty-four under Foote, ninety under Garrick, eighteen under Henry Irving, twenty-eight under Edmund Kean, and twenty under Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

He was a wise man who said that "if you want to have the pride of accuracy taken out of you, print a catalogue," and we will not venture to declare that Mr. Lowe has made no erroneous omissions; we may even suggest that Mrs. Kemble's 'Notes on Some of Shakspeare's Plays' should have been included, because it contains her brilliant and aggressive lecture "On the Stage." And the rigorous exclusion of books printed in America has resulted in some strange voids: for instance, although there are two entries under Fennell, his remarkable autobiography is not one of them. In like manner, though the English publications about Junius Brutus Booth and John Howard Payne are duly catalogued, it is with regret that we mark the absence of the more abundant American matter. No doubt, the line had to be drawn somewhere, and perhaps Mr. Lowe was right in recording no book not published in the United Kingdom. After all, these criticisms seem almost hypercritical when we consider again the many solid merits of the book. To use a commonplace, Mr. Lowe has done very well what was very well worth doing; and he deserves the thanks of all who know how hard his labors have been, and who shall hereafter profit by the results of them.

A certain piquancy not often observable in bibliography is to be discovered by any one who is familiar with a very sarcastic pamphlet called the 'Fashionable Tragedian' and directed against Mr. Henry Irving. This was published anonymously ten years ago, but we find it here set down as the work of Mr. Lowe himself in collaboration with Mr. William Archer. But none the less has Mr. Lowe dedicated his book "to Henry Irving, whose genius and achievements have so powerfully promoted that revival of interest in matters dramatic to which it owes its existence."

La Guerre de Sécession. 1861-1865. Par Ernest Grasset, Inspecteur-en-chef de la Marine. Deuxième Partie. Les Hommes. Paris: L. Baudoïn et Cie.; New York: Christern. 1887.

WE have here a series of very clever sketches of the principal figures in our late civil war. As a rule, they are remarkable for justness of appreciation and facility of expression. That the men are viewed from the standpoint of a Frenchman, adds to the curiosity and interest with which we turn over the pages. In the first part of his book, M. Grasset has sketched the course of events; here we have his characterization of the actors. Many of his pictures are exceedingly good; those of Grant, Farragut, Meade, Butler, Burnside, may be, perhaps, especially cited.

Not infrequently we are made to see both sides in a fashion to which we are somewhat unaccustomed. Take this, for example, from the sketch of Grant, where our author is contrasting him with Lee:

"Robert Lee . . . possessed all the virtues of private life, all the qualities of a

public man; he was infinitely superior to his adversary; his troops were admirably handled. The patriotism, remarkable as it was, of the loyal States, was surpassed in the South. There, everybody took part in the common work; women, children, old people, all gave something; some their blood, some their gold, others their labor. Notwithstanding this marvellous enthusiasm, which lasted four long years, this party succumbed. The vanquished General approached in genius the great captains of the world; the conqueror did not exceed the average of men of talent. He that was the less endowed by nature triumphed. Sprung from the people, he has their good qualities and their defects—the patient courage, the implacable resolution, the unpolished rudeness. Plebeian by birth, by education, by manners, he is the synthesis of twenty millions of men gathered around the flag of the Union. Grant does not manoeuvre—he conducts a crusade; he directs an invasion. The tide rises, and overwhelms the defenders of Richmond. The man acts like a ram; he lowers his head and finds his skull so hard as not to be broken by the shock.

“The Lieutenant-General does not count his losses,” they write of him in May 1864; “he has not the time to bury his dead.” Here, in a couple of lines, is a portrait to the life. The Unionist chief does not calculate; he is a hammer, always striking, redoubling his blows, despite of blood, conflagration, ruin. Not being able to defeat his adversary, he destroys him by degrees, a little each time; despairing of conquering Virginia, he systematically devastates it. “I will fight on this line if it takes all summer,” he writes to the Secretary of War. And the President believes in him; the Secretary of War approves of him; the country blindly follows this general, by whom, in a single month, the army has been reduced by one-half. There are no criticisms on these encounters, so terrible and so useless; no one of Grant’s wishes meets opposition from any quarter. Lincoln, so original, so restless, will not allow himself to pass upon the campaign; he discerns final victory at the end of this bloody path.”

Jefferson Davis has evidently interested greatly our foreign critic. He recounts his early career; his gallant conduct at Monterey and Buena Vista; his sagacious foresight that secession meant war. But M. Grasset is not blind to Davis’s limitations:

“The incursions of Jefferson Davis into the domain of military affairs are always unfortunate. The two invasions of Maryland are due to his suggestion, against the advice, clearly given, of the General-in-Chief; the weakening of the army of the West on the eve of Murfreesboro belongs entirely to him, as does also the sending of Longstreet to Knoxville after Chickamauga. It is, moreover, he who, in the last year of the war, retains his desperate clutch on Richmond, which Lee desires to abandon. His choice of instruments is no wiser than his choice of plans. He slights J. E. Johnston, he fails to make use of Kirby Smith, but he invents Hood, Braxton Bragg, and Pemberton, the men who are responsible for the surrenders of Atlanta, Chattanooga, and Vicksburg, the three mortal wounds of the Confederacy.”

Yet we are not allowed to forget the strength and endurance with which the Confederate President bore up against a constantly increasing weight of misfortune and responsibility:

“On all other points his judgment and his dexterity are admirable. No disaster disheartens him; sad, but not discouraged, he renders to Congress his account of reverses, and indicates the proper measures to repair them. Adversity makes Jefferson Davis only the more inflexible. He defies the imminent bankruptcy, the destitution of the soldiers, the increasing number of desertions. The semi-official journal, the *Sentinel*, talks of war to the knife in the last town to which the Administration may be driven, with the last company that keeps the field under the Confederate colors. Sherman, ‘the Attila of the South,’ has driven back the army of Georgia—this is nothing; he is marching to his own ruin. Johnston is too prudent; Hood will restore our affairs. Atlanta falls; it is a misfortune, certainly, but one which can be repaired; Hood is about ‘to flank the great flanker,’ and to call him back whence he came. News comes that Sherman is penetrating the heart of

Georgia; he will only find there his ‘retreat from Russia.’ Savannah has just fallen into the hands of the Federals; but what, in fact, was Savannah? Only an inconvenient rival of Charleston!”

Perhaps we have quoted enough to show M. Grasset’s familiarity with his subject. But this portrait of Meade, to whose character and genius public attention has so recently been drawn by the unveiling of his statue in Philadelphia, cannot fail to be of interest to many old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

“Tall, slenderly built, of graceful figure, with the slight stoop of a man of books, with manners most attractive, but stamped with great dignity, he inspires confidence and repels familiarity. He is not a ‘beau’ like Burnside, a seeker for popularity like Hooker, a political candidate like McClellan. Of a complex nature, he unites something of the courtesy of the first with the frankness of the second and the sagacity of the last, possessing besides the solid bravery of all three.”

Of Meade at Gettysburg it is said:

“The man of study has disappeared; there remains only the army commander, who comprehends the gravity of the situation, and, preserving all his self-control, faces it with calmness. He shows much more intelligence about military matters than his predecessors Burnside and Hooker; his corps are all engaged; they carry help to one another, changing their position, often under fire—an immense advance since Chancellorsville, where half the army was beaten without firing a shot.”

We have no hesitation in saying that this book of M. Grasset’s exhibits a remarkable acquaintance with the persons and events of our war. Occasionally he is on a false scent, as where he is inclined to suspect that to Sherman belongs the credit of the brilliant manoeuvres near Chattanooga in November, 1863, which he says “ressemblent peu aux procédés ordinaires de Grant.” The credit here, as is well known, belongs to Gen. W. F. (Baldy) Smith, then Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland. But the book, as a whole, gives one a very correct notion of the men who were prominent in the war on both sides, both as respects personal character and military and political capacity.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First, King of France. By Julia Pardoe, author of ‘Louis XIV.,’ etc. 3 vols. Scribner & Welford. 1887. 8vo.

MISS PARDOE’S historical works are too well known to require commendation, as graphic and truthful representations of the periods which they describe. The fruit of conscientious and painstaking industry, as well as of a narrative power of high excellence, they well merit the sumptuous new edition in which her ‘Francis the First’ has been presented to us. The periods chosen by Miss Pardoe as subjects of her skilful delineation—the reigns of Louis XIV. and of Francis I.—although separated by a century, have something in common, in the splendor and brilliancy of the court, as well as its extreme corruption. They may be well contrasted with the stormy times of the Huguenot wars and the strong rule of Richelieu, which lie between them. The two kings, the most brilliant in their line except Henry IV., resemble one another in a real kingliness of temper and demeanor, and a genuine love for art and literature, joined with utter selfishness and profound sensuality. From the point of view of elegance and gayety, these are no doubt the most attractive periods in French history—qualities which make them peculiarly suited to a writer of Miss Pardoe’s special powers, and explain her selection of times which were morally so detestable.

The work before us can hardly be said to

suffer from the want of a revision which should bring its scholarship to the level of present information. The period of nearly forty years that has passed since it was written has added much to our knowledge of the period, and, if the author could now make a fresh study of the authorities, she would no doubt change her judgment on many points. One does not, however, read Miss Pardoe for historical information, but rather to quicken the historical imagination, and inform the dry details of history with life. This power in a writer is certainly second to that of critical judgment and accurate scholarship, but is valuable in itself, and too apt to be overlooked in our days of minute historical investigation. Still, if we can hardly ask for a thorough revision of a work the excellence of which is essentially literary, an occasional correction or note would nevertheless be helpful, as, for instance, on page 51 of the first volume, where it is hard to recognize the despot of Perugia under the term “hereditary sovereign of Pérousa”—a name neither Italian, French, nor English. The book is printed in elegant style, and adorned with eighteen well-engraved portraits. The cover of each volume is stamped with a pattern designed by Diana of Poitiers.

California of the South. Its Physical Geography, Climate, Resources, Routes of Travel, and Health-Resorts. Being a complete Guide-Book to Southern California. By Walter Lindley, M.D., and J. P. Widney, A.M., M.D. With maps and illustrations. D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

It is pleasant to find a book so satisfactory to the searcher after truth regarding California as this is. The careful manner in which the whole is written impresses the reader with the sincerity of the compilers, and their evident desire to be impartial gives weight to some surprising statements. Part first, on Climatology, is of great interest to the inhabitants of Southern California, as well as to visitors and intending settlers, and cannot be too highly commended. It is a matter of regret that a map calculated to mislead the casual observer should find a prominent place. The term “mean temperature” means only confusion to the average reader. He can form no correct idea of the real conditions of heat and cold from the two portions of the map that are colored alike to indicate that those localities have the same temperature. One embraces the coast line from Mexico to Santa Barbara, and has the most equable and agreeable climate in Southern California. The other includes the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys between the Coast Range and the Sierras, portions of which are well known to be very hot and malarious in summer, and subject to sharp frosts in winter. The same map has been published separately in Los Angeles, and widely distributed, but is generally condemned. The statement as to the general character of the Chinese inhabitants of Los Angeles will be denied by many whose experience has been widely different, and who have been faithfully served for years by Chinese servants. Compared with the average servant of any nationality, the testimony is greatly in their favor as to honesty, respectfulness, and personal cleanliness, though it is difficult to reconcile their known habits in the latter respect with their custom of herding together in airless dens when in pursuit of amusement or society.

The appendix concerns those who are thinking of finding a home in Southern California, yet desire a reasonable assurance of ways to make a living. The authors are apparently

* In this, M. Grasset is mistaken; the policy of invading the North met with the entire approval of Gen. Lee.