

'Savannah if we can, Mobile if we must.' He took his hat and left. *These were orders.* I obeyed them with the fidelity of a sacred obligation, and, so far as I know or believe, no one but General Allen and myself did know of them. It is hardly possible that the Commissary-General himself could have known of them, and I do not believe that they were known to the Secretary of War. . . . At the beginning, General Allen and myself were made by General Grant an integral part of the campaign, and we were charged with its logistics, in order that General Sherman should be free to do only with its strategy. How well we did our part, is only known in the glory he achieved and the rewards that were bestowed upon his immediate entourage. If we had failed in any respect, it would probably have been fatal to his ambition as well as to our official existence. If he had failed, it would have been entirely in order to charge the failure to the incapacity or disloyalty of one or both of us."

Therefore, Major Symonds adds, "I defiantly claim that a fair share of his success was due to work done by myself, General Allen," etc. The claim is the usual and reasonable one made in favor of the supply departments, and probably General Sherman does not dispute it. It seems to be the fate of war that glory is not measured by the real importance of services rendered, but goes wholly or mainly to the men who do the actual killing. Major Symonds, it seems, devoted himself to the important and confidential duty assigned to him by General Grant, but by August he says: "The Secretary of War had received information from General Sherman's headquarters that there was danger of his expedition failing from want of subsistence, and that the fault lay with me in Louisville." Thereupon the Commissary-General was sent from Washington to Louisville, and dropped in upon Major Symonds without warning to look into the matter. He immediately sent to Captain Bright, Major Symonds's subordinate, who was at Chattanooga serving rations directly to Sherman's army, a telegram saying: "Send me at once the daily average number of rations you have forwarded to General Sherman's army since the 1st of May." The reply was: "The daily average number of rations I have forwarded to General Sherman's army since the 1st of May is 412,000." This, says Major Symonds, "was more than three rations a day to every mouth that left Chattanooga on that campaign, and yet they were crying for more and 'living off the country.'" Major Symonds continues: "I do not desire to appear in the light of a critic of General Sherman's strategy in that campaign, nor would I pluck one laurel leaf from the crown he so ably won. . . . Fortunately, Hood stepped aside and gave them the way they wanted, and with abundant supplies they were enabled to start for the sea with the least possible delay."

Major Symonds's object is not to detract from fighting men or commanders, but to set forth the claims of what he calls the "working officer" of the supply departments. He appears to be correct in his conclusion that their rewards are small in proportion to their merits and services, and his injunction to young soldiers is, "Avoid a staff appointment in time of war."

Struggles for Life. By William Knighton, LL.D., Vice-President Royal Society of Literature, etc. London: Williams & Norgate. 1888. 3d ed., revised, 12mo, pp. 289.

THE subject of this book is an important one, and the author, who is already known by other works, mostly on life in the East, has an easy style and a quick eye for taking facts, and his sympathies are ready for every form of suffer-

ing. But that is the most that can be said. He had probably some vague moral purpose in writing, and the statement on the title-page that this is the third edition shows that he has caught something of the public attention; and yet it is hard to see what he meant to teach, or indeed why the book should have been written at all. Mr. Knighton tells over in a hasty and miscellaneous way the old story of the various horrors that humanity has gone through. The suffering of modern English paupers, primitive barbarism, Roman persecution and Indian Thuggism, the Spanish abuse of the Caribs, the persecution of the Albigenses, the tortures of the Inquisition, Greek slavery, the horrors of the middle passage, feudal ferocity, the plague, the ballet, the *droit de cuisse*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* scandal, the Berlin trial of the Artist Gräff and his nude model, human sacrifices, Jewish wars, Tartar invasions, Turkish conquests, our savage treatment of Indian tribes, and a vast number of other brutalities are hastily recounted, with no evident order or argument. Mr. Knighton does not intend to cater to any low instincts, and yet his narrative has not a little of that ghastly attraction which the "police" newspapers have for the average man. There is in most of us something of the savage love of suffering, a craving to sup full of horrors, which might not be sated by twice the number of details Mr. Knighton gives us. In spite of all that modern humanitarianism can do, this cruel instinct remains fixed in man's nature, and every now and then some warm-hearted and notoriety-loving writer appeals to it and plays upon our cruelty under the disguise of charity.

But the practical question comes up at once, What is the good of it all? Mr. Knighton has no new facts to offer. Indeed, regarded from a scientific point of view, his pessimism is one-sided in the extreme. What is the use of telling over the hideous story unless there is some conclusion to be drawn, some way pointed out to prevent the recurrence of the evils described? Mr. Knighton does not even attempt to do this. The only approach he makes to a suggestion of remedy is to urge a federation of English colonies, and suggest some form of action by ladies of social prominence in England; and it would be unjust to suppose that he could seriously expect either of these to help us much in solving the hardships of the struggle for existence. The truth is, he has made a heterogeneous collection of striking facts, but has not digested them enough to find out whether any practical conclusion can be drawn from them. Probably there is none to be drawn. Very many of his instances belong to a state of life so different from our own that it is not worth while to try to guard against them, for they cannot recur without a decay in civilization so profound that everything we hold most dear will first have gone by the board. No doubt the brutal instincts still exist even in the most civilized races, and they will occasionally break out in times of war or popular excitement. Even a change of fashion like the license just now accorded to prize-fighting may bring them to the surface; but, on the whole, the influences of civilization are strongly opposed to their manifestation. It is not so clear that the brutal instinct itself is dying out. The struggle for existence is shaping the races pretty constantly, but perhaps without doing anything more to eradicate this trait than merely keeping it out of sight; for the fertile portion of the race from which the new generations spring has a much larger proportion of violent physical energy and hot-headed passion than of gentle sentimentalism. Still, gentleness is firmly enthroned as far as outward manifestations go, and this

book may give the average American some pleasure in thinking how much worse than himself most of the world has been. Severe competition and great contrast of wealth and poverty are an essential part of modern civilization, and the pressure of the struggle for existence is, on the whole, a good thing. Books of this kind, which dwell exclusively on its brutal side, without having any remedy to offer, are mischievous, no matter how philanthropic the author's intentions may be.

"*The Fighting Veres*": Lives of Sir Francis Vere, General of the Queen's Forces in the Low Countries, Governor of the Brill and of Portsmouth, and of Sir Horace Vere, General of the English Forces in the Low Countries, Governor of the Brill, Master-General of Ordnance, and Baron Vere of Tilbury. By Clements R. Markham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. 8vo, pp. 508.

THE name of Sir Francis Vere is a striking reminder how empty and evanescent a thing is fame. He was, says Mr. Markham, "the first great English general in modern history. He founded a school which was further developed by his brother Horace. In that school were formed those distinguished leaders who fought out the war between Charles I. and the Parliament of England." Yet he is not mentioned by Mr. Green in his 'Short History of the English People,' and only once incidentally by Mr. Gardiner in his 'History of England.' Mr. Markham adds: "In the same school were formed those military advisers who accompanied the lovers of freedom to colonize America. The posterity of both the great branches of the English folk, of that in America as of that in the old country, ought therefore to know the story of the 'Fighting Veres.'" But the American Cyclopædia does not contain his name, nor does Bancroft's History, although we are told by Mr. Markham (p. 388) that "Miles Standish had been educated in the school of the Veres."

In truth, Sir F. Vere's career is so identified with the war in the Netherlands that both the English and American historians forget to notice that it also stands in near relation to the history of their countries. In Motley's pages he is, of course, a conspicuous figure; but Mr. Motley, while praising his soldier-like qualities, speaks of "his inordinate self-esteem, both personal and national, and his want of true sympathy for the cause in which he fought." That he was essentially a soldier has no doubt helped to obscure his name with a generation which places emphasis rather upon the arts of peace, in reaction against the undue prominence of war in former times. Mr. Markham has done well, therefore, to revive the memory of this distinguished man in a book written especially for the American public, and to call attention directly to the connection between his subject and the early history of America. "I now venture," he says, "to submit to American readers this new attempt to supply what I believe to be a desideratum in their national history. The proclamation of Queen Elizabeth in 1585 was the forerunner of the Declaration of American Independence. The lives of Sir Francis and Sir Horace Vere include events which aroused the spirit of American colonization." He has, we think, made too large a book of it. It contains a great deal of detail which is really unimportant, and detracts from its interest by withdrawing attention from the great current of events.

Mr. Markham undertakes, as is natural, to vindicate his hero against Mr. Motley's strictures—chiefly in the account of the battle of

Nieupoit, also upon other occasions. It is not possible to weigh the argument pro and con with perfect fairness, because Mr. Motley is no longer able to make a rejoinder. So far as one can judge from the evidence placed before us, the defence is complete. It is fair, also, to cite in full Mr. Markham's opinion of Sir Francis Vere's writings, containing his account of the military events in which he participated; his judgment, it will be seen, is directly opposite to that of Mr. Motley, cited above. He suspects, by the way, that Mr. Motley never read the writings in question, except in "an incomplete French abridgment" (p. 303).

"To one who has also read his letters and despatches written on the spot, and the letters of others describing the same events, the most striking feature of these Notes is their accuracy. With the exception of discrepancies in numbers of men or guns—and even these are of rare occurrence—the agreement of the Notes, written from memory long after, with narratives prepared at the time, is very remarkable. Another point worthy of remark is the proof afforded by the Notes of the modesty and absence of self-assertion in Vere's public despatches" (p. 358).

We must say, too, that the general tenor of the narrative appears to contradict Mr. Motley's charge that he lacked sympathy with the cause in which he fought.

It seems at first sight as if Sir Francis Vere received disproportionate attention in this volume, his younger brother, Sir Horace, having nominally less than a hundred pages out of 460. But it must be remembered that he was for several years associated with his elder brother, whom he survived. The book is very handsomely printed, and contains, besides portraits of the two brothers, a number of excellent maps and plans.

The Poetry of the Future. By James Wood Davidson. New York: John B. Alden. 1888.

This rather snappish little essay shows the singularly annoying influence which English prosody seems to have upon the minds of those who discuss it. The writer has set himself to a thorough reform of what he regards as the height of the learned folly of grammarians, and has reduced our prosody to no more than four feet, of which the principal are the iamb and the anapest. Trochees, spondees, dactyls, amphibrachs, etc., he discards altogether. This is but the beginning of his iconoclasm,

and he proceeds to demolish stanzaic and metrical divisions and the childishness of rhyme without more ado; the "poetry of the future"—alias "Walt Whitman and Adah Menken"—will not have them. To show that he is right, Mr. Davidson scans many passages on his new system, to which there can be no objection, since he gains in unity and simplicity in several instances and the arbitrary element in scansion has long been recognized. When he further rewrites our poems, however, in the paragraphic way of Walt Whitman and Adah Menken, truly he treats them "as gypsies do stolen children." He "deforms" them with a vengeance. The fact of the matter is, that he regards verse purely from the point of view of an elocutionist. Elocution is his fetish; the stresses of the elocutionist are prosody, his pauses make line and stanza, and his convenience is the Apollo-measure to which all the Muses must dance.

Mr. Davidson is, of course, a disciple of Poe, but he has left that pioneer far behind. Like his leader, he has great contempt for Longfellow's hexameters, and perhaps more for his Hiawathan trochees, which he characterizes as "humpty-dumpty with a perceptible tendency to the higgledy-piggledy"; and he corrects Milton, as if the poet were a truant schoolboy, but in such a way as shows the one to be the schoolmaster and the other the poet. These defects of temper and taste are the worst thing in the little volume, which, with its Swedenborgianism, its Poeism, its Walt-Whitman-and-Adah-Menken-ism, and its heroic wrath at old Murray, is a more idiosyncratic work than one is likely to meet with in a twelvemonth. The author is well read in his subject, and he writes as well as he has read; but "the poetry of the future" which he is so sure about, with its elocutionary god, is, under favor, only the buzzing of his prosodical bee in his bonnet.

William Shakespeare Portrayed by Himself. A Revelation of the Poet in the Career and Character of one of his own Dramatic Heroes. By Robert Waters. Worthington Co.

THE temptation to satisfy curiosity about Shakspeare's personal character seems able to be resisted only by the soundest and most learned of Shakspeare scholars. The issue of some book written to tell us more than any one knows about the poet, is so regular an occurrence that one could almost make a law of it, as of some

facts in sociology. It is a disease, such as Mr. Furness lately called the Baconian theory, that attacks the tyro, like the measles—an incident of literary childhood. In the present case the character chosen by Shakspeare to unlock his heart in is said to be *Prince Hal*; and a long discourse, with liberal extracts from "Henry IV.," is written out, for the purpose of paralleling the remarks of the scapegrace Prince with Shakspeare's supposed history and temperament. The argument fills a volume of considerable size, and at the end one is just as wise as before. The last pages are occupied with an attack on Donnelly's revelations, such as was to be expected from one who found Shakspeare in so attractive a character as the young Prince. But in such speculation every man may have his will.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Allen, Grant. In All Shades: A Novel. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
- Amory, T. C. Charles River: A Poem. Cambridge, Mass.
- Bates, A. The Pagans. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
- Blatherwick, C. Uncle Pierce: A Novel. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.
- Bray, Rev. H. T. Essays on God and Man. Boonville, Mo.: The Author. \$2.
- Chadwick, J. W. A Book of Poems. 8th ed. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.25.
- Crawford, J. M. The Kalevala, the Epic Poem of Finland. 2 vols. John B. Alden.
- Evans, T. Of Many Men. American News Co.
- Ginn, E. Selections from Ruskin. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
- Gizycki, Prof. G. von. Kant und Schopenhauer. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich.
- Grant, R. Jack in the Bush; or, A Summer on a Salmon River. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.
- Hilman, R. Eclectic Physical Geography. Cincinnati: Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. \$1.
- Hugo, V. The Toilers of the Sea. 2 vols.—Notre Dame de Paris. 2 vols. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
- Lockwood, S. Animal Memoirs. Part I. Mammals. Ivison, Blakeman & Co.
- Lowndes, Cecilia S. Both Sides of the River: A Tale. E. & J. B. Young & Co. \$1.50.
- Mayhew and Skeat. Concise Dictionary of Middle English, 1150-1580. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. \$1.90.
- McClellan, Lt.-Col. C. The Personal Memoirs and Military History of U. S. Grant vs. the Record of the Army of the Potomac. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75.
- Meredith, G. Evan Harrington: A Novel. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.50.
- Monthaye, Capt. E. Krupp and De Bange. New York: Thos. Prosser & Son.
- Nield, T. The Human Brotherhood: Two Poems. Indianapolis: The Church at Work Pub. Co. 75 cents.
- Norton, C. B. The President and His Cabinet. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
- Oswald, E. J. The Dragon of the North: A Tale of the Normans in Italy. E. & J. B. Young & Co. \$1.50.
- Otis, J. Little Joe. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. \$1.
- Ragozin, Z. A. The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Roe, E. F. God Reigns: Lay Sermons. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
- Ro., E. R. From the Beaten Path: A Novel. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
- Rolfe, W. J. and J. C. Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Harper & Bros.
- Ruben, E. The Path to Fame. New York: O. Lauckner.

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