

Why he should be made to write "cas" and "purchass" is not easily understood. A hasty ending of a word is capable of a proper interpretation. So Hardwick, who is certainly an extraordinary writer, is made to say "mulch" where "mutch" is clearly intended; and "very elley spare," an unintelligible phrase until the long form of *s* is recalled, when a variant of *easily* suggests itself. The "4 Oyr" on p. 170 surely should be "4 Ofr." Errors like these cast much doubt on the accuracy of the text.

—Margaretha von Poschinger's three-volume biography of 'Kaiser Friedrich,' published in 1898-1900, is condensed by Sidney Whitman into a single English volume, 'Life of the Emperor Frederick' (Harper & Brothers). The work is based on the sources and is refreshingly free from sensationalism. It ignores or destroys all the unhistorical legends that have grown up about the hero's person. No attempt is made to arrogate to him the credit of establishing the German Empire. Nothing is left of the alleged critical differences of opinion between him and his Chancellor during his brief reign, nor of the rumors of intrigues concerning the treatment of his last illness. There was no plot between the German physicians and the Conservatives to exclude the dying Frederick from the throne; there was no determination on the part of his wife to seat him on the throne, even at the cost of his life, by securing a false diagnosis from an English expert. For Frederick nothing more is claimed than is fairly his—a life of dignity and mainly subordinate usefulness, with an occasional intervention of prime importance, as when he supported the policy of granting moderate terms to Austria and the South German States, in 1866 (pp. 280, 281), and when he agitated for the imperial title in 1870 (pp. 339-341). As regards the reconciliation between the Crown and the Prussian Liberals in 1866, it has long been known that his rôle was a passive one (pp. 281, 282), and that Bismarck carried his point against the Prussian Conservatives and obtained the King's authority to ask for a bill of indemnity simply by utilizing Frederick's known tendencies (pp. 298, 299). Finally, Frederick's support of the alliance with Austria in 1879, which has been described as decisive in securing his father's reluctant assent, is now stated (p. 418) to have been without influence. William ratified the treaty only because Bismarck threatened to resign if his policy were not accepted, and because the old Emperor "was averse to ministerial changes." Mr. Whitman tells us, in his introduction, that it has been his aim to select, from the German biography, "such portions as seemed most likely to interest English readers." "English" is here used in a national rather than a linguistic sense, as is shown by the disproportionate space which Mr. Whitman allots to Frederick's British courtship and marriage, and to the relations between Frederick's household and the British Court. In other respects, the condensation will be found acceptable to American readers; and the translation is exceptionally good. The index should be fuller; for purposes of reference it is far from sufficient.

—"The Political Obstacles to Missionary Success in China," is the title of a lecture delivered in Hong Kong by Mr. Alexander Michie on April 16, 1901, and now reprinted in a pamphlet of twenty-five pages. The author has lived more than thirty years

in China, and written two well-known books. Small as it is, the lecture is a real contribution to our knowledge of the underlying causes of the chronic troubles in China which may be rightly credited to missionary activity. With calm mastery of the whole subject, Mr. Michie shows that "what the Chinese object to in foreign missions and will resist to the death is their political pretensions," which includes the sphere of social relations. In China, the most important politics are those of the family and the village. If missionaries can live on good terms with the local communes and keep clear of the tribal feuds, the higher Chinese authorities will be only too glad to leave them unmolested. Notorious as is the open defiance of the Roman Catholic missionaries, who claim official rank and interfere directly in the administration of justice, the Protestant missionary, with more subtle but equally real opposition to Chinese judicial methods, is often unwarily led to compromise himself in disreputable transactions. The Chinaman who to native cunning adds the benefit of foreign instruction, "is several degrees 'ceter' than his heathen brother." When it is considered that the whole system of inland missions for the last forty years has been carried on under the ægis of a clause smuggled into the Chinese text of the French treaty, in 1860, at a time when China dared not face another war with Great Britain and France, one not only can see the essential dishonesty of the whole proceeding, but need not wonder at the constant missionary troubles, with their attendant crimes and outrages, during the past thirty-five years. In a word, Great Britain and the United States opened the door to their countrymen to overrun China, without taking adequate steps to control their operations. When, in 1871, an attempt was made by the Chinese Government to supply the want of a missionary concordat, not final, but inviting discussion, the Governments of Great Britain and the United States declined to notice the proposal, on the pretext that it referred to the Roman Catholic propaganda, because, forsooth, it had been first addressed to the French Government. Thus placing themselves in the wrong, these Protestant Powers incurred much of the responsibility for the outbreaks of the past thirty years. The author undoubtedly expresses the sentiment of the thoughtful, not only in China but at home, in urging that the two great non-aggressive nations using the same language should put a bridle on missionaries, and prohibit them from meddling in Chinese politics in any manner whatsoever.

BLASHFIELD'S ITALIAN CITIES.

Italian Cities. By Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Willbour Blashfield. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

Books about Italy are like books on religious subjects, in that success is made easy for them; they often have a longevity and give a pecuniary return quite out of proportion to their merits. The bookshops of the Via Tornabuoni and of the Piazza di Spagna present the same familiar titles year after year, good, bad, and indifferent together, and generations of eager tourists carry them away to refresh their memories of the enchanted land in their distant homes. The spell is an enduring one. A quarter of a

century ago, young ladies used to buy Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun' in Rome (and heaven knows what likeness there is between that and the Rome that they saw), and, having carefully interleaved it with as many illustrative photographs as they could find, have it bound as a future aid to memory. In Florence they used 'Romola' in the same way. And these volumes are to-day still precious to their owners.

The volumes before us would furnish an even better occasion for interleaving. 'Romola' can, after all, dispense with it; the stimulated imagination may reproduce its scenes better than does the Alinari picture. But our present authors treat critically of works of art, of line, grouping, perspective, chiaroscuro, and the like, and often the photograph is necessary if we would appreciate the exact value of what they are saying. And such a collection as they would require! The mosaics of Ravenna, with something of its antique sculpture, the Pinturicchio's and Sodomas of Siena, of the Borgia rooms in the Vatican, of Monte Oliveto, the Correggios of Parma, the Peruginos, the Porta Augusta, the general picturesqueness of Perugia, the Giotto's and Cimabue's of Assisi, the frescoes of Raphael at Rome, the Mantegnas at Mantua, with many of those that have been carried from there elsewhere—these are but a part of what the collection would comprise. We hasten to add that the authors' commentary would quite compensate the collector for all his trouble. They would illustrate his illustrations. This is as much as to say that 'Italian Cities' must be counted among the better books of its class. We hesitate to use superlatives, and none the less, running over in our mind recent books about Italy, we can recall none so good. Although it treats of a relatively small number of cities, it may be warmly recommended to the traveller who carries his Burckhardt with him and carefully reads his Symonds and Berenson.

Open the volumes anywhere and begin reading; you at once "catch on," and are carried easily along. Our authors have a pleasant way of putting things. We just now mentioned Symonds, whose name is more than once found in these pages. Probably it is on account of a similar width of culture combined with a certain kinship of temperament, rather than as a result of imitation, that the style reminds one frequently of the historian of the Renaissance. Sometimes, though rarely, in the cadence of the sentences, in the imagery and choice of words, it recalls Symonds in his gorgeousness, but in general it is the Italian 'Sketches' with a new value. The judgments of art, to our mind, are superior to those of Symonds, who, with all his knowledge, talks of painting as a literary man and makes the artist chafe; while Mr. Blashfield himself wields the brush, and, whether you agree with him or not, not only has a right to his say, but commands a respectful hearing. Certain turns of expression with a distinctly antique flavor puzzled us until we recalled that our authors have also published a translation of Giorgio Vasari. Familiarity with Vasari crops out frequently in their pages, chiefly in rectification of mistakes he has made with regard to the artists under treatment. In matter as in manner these volumes have profited by him, but with discretion and never unduly.

It must be owned that the chapters are of

unequal value. One, that recounting a visit to Cortona, does not rise above the level of an agreeable magazine article, which, perhaps, it originally was. The same may be reluctantly said of all the papers relating to Florence, though they are on a higher plane and contain much that one is glad to read. But all that about the preparation and versatility of the Florentine artist has been told us over and over again by a hundred writers from Ruskin and Taine onward, though none, it may be, has done it more pleasantly. Even in the chapters devoted to Siena, there are two, those consecrated to Pinturicchio and to Sodoma, which are head and shoulders above the rest. In the description of the town and in the passages from its history—all delightful reading and often vivid and forcible—it is chiefly the manner that is new. In the account of the two artists named, the matter also is fresh and of first-hand value. The same may be said of the chapters about Correggio, Perugino, Giotto, Raphael, Mantegna, and the mosaics of Ravenna. In all these the authors are not merely clever, cultivated, and agreeable writers, but are critics of art who are of its guild, and who have qualities that are very rare among their companions uniting these two attributes. They do not indulge in vague general statements, they are not always quite one side from the intelligence of the lay reader, but they give whys and wherefores, they go into detail, and are full, clear, forcible, and convincing. Their style even is at its best in those chapters where they are writing of what is nearest to their hearts and daily interests. And in the midst of their warmest praise there are little flashes of impartiality that are delightful, at times even diverting. As a sample, the final sentences about the gallery of Perugia, where its wearisomeness is handsomely recognized, or the ups and downs of the balance in weighing the merits of Perugino himself, with the final result, however, that both his character as a man and his rank as a painter are established upon a better and firmer basis than much of recent criticism has granted to either.

To our mind, one of the great qualities of this work is its absence of *parti pris* and faddism. It speaks quite as simply and honestly of what one doesn't admire in Botticelli as of what one does, and justice to the primitives does not make it unjust even to Giulio Romano. This will not seem small praise when one recalls how much inquisitorial zeal, the zeal that burns and bans, has gone to contemporary admiration for the quattrocento; in fact, we own that it is because we ourselves have *to cry peccavi* that we recognize how high a virtue is our authors' even-handedness. They show, too, how some of the characteristics of Giotto, which Ruskin and others most laud as consummate art, were really limitations, and yet that these very limitations are part of the reason why his decorations of the lower church at Assisi are among the most admirable that Europe has to show. Rectification of Ruskin and his followers is not exactly new, but it is not yet banal; and the temperate, comprehensive criticism that assigns to Giotto what we believe to be his true place in art, and seeks conscientiously to do this with every painter treated, must always be a rare thing. In the chapter about Parma, the judgments of both Burckhardt and Symonds, relative to Correggio are cited, and we were curious enough to read

the passages indicated of those authors, with the resulting conviction that the Blashfield judgment is worth more to the traveller of to-day than either of the others. An unusual breadth of sympathy, an unusual freedom from bias, an unusual sense of justice, are indeed an admirable equipment for a critic, if in addition he be well furnished with modern knowledge, and have opportunity to see and patience to investigate. We are sure that an intelligent tourist visiting Ravenna, Siena, Parma, Perugia, Assisi, Rome, or Mantua, cannot have a pleasanter or more trustworthy artistic companion than these two volumes will furnish. We heartily wish they may have their place in those shops of the Via Tornabuoni and the Piazza di Spagna already mentioned, whence they will find their way into the hands of the judicious for many a long year to come.

It is to be regretted that the proofreading has been so imperfectly done. Each of these handsome volumes is disfigured by a slip of errata that might easily have been increased. Just for the sake of example, Niccolò Pisano (p. 134), Filippi Strozzi (p. 226), Guibbileo (p. 240), might be added to that of the first volume. We mention but one in the second because tubes for cubes (p. 135) might prove puzzling. Then there are actual sins of commission. The authors perhaps follow lights of their own when they write (p. 261, vol. ii., and elsewhere) Santa Maria alle Grazie, instead of *delle Grazie*, as the rest of the world uses; but what can they mean when they talk of "the Gonzaghe," "the Montefelti," "the Farnesi," "Giotti," "Ghirlandaji," and so on? In one place is written Giotto's, in accordance with the ordinary English mode of making a plural to Continental names. It may be that to escape such dissonances as "Farneses" they have applied to proper names the plural forms of Italian common nouns; but as Italians never do that, we have here plurals that are neither English nor Italian. Still, all these are but "beauty spots." We will bear with them and yet others, if our authors will give us another series of 'Italian Cities.' We will even venture to recommend for their treatment Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, Bergamo, Pavia, and whatever aspects may be to them sympathetic of Venice and Milan, in default of a whole volume for each.

By way of postscript: We had nearly forgotten to call attention to one of the rarest qualities of this work as criticism of art, and that is its perfect urbanity. There is not a shadow of contempt for those who are not blessed with the light that illumines its authors. This praise is so singular that we leave it without further comment.

MORE NOVELS.

The Supreme Crime. By Dorothea Gerard. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1901.

Trevenn: A Tale of the Thirties. By R. M. Thomas. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Mononia: A Love Story of '48. By Justin McCarthy. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Valencia's Garden. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The God of his Fathers, and Other Stories. By Jack London. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Madame de Longgarde (Dorothea Gerard) has chosen an unusual theme and setting for her fine romance. The Ruthenian Slavs of Eastern Austria have in their dialect, manner of life, and religious observances, so

many points of difference from the Russians that her volume cannot be classed among the "Russian" books of which the press is so prolific at the present time. Potapenko has described, in one of the best among his well-known stories of life among the priestly caste in Little Russia (next-door neighbors to Mme. de Longgarde's Ruthenians), how the ardent young priest, inflamed with divine enthusiasm for his holy calling, wrecks his own domestic happiness and drives from him his young wife and his child. Throughout, the sympathies of the reader are enlisted on his side, because his efforts are so obviously directed to the annihilation of the crying abuses, bad old customs, and mercenary calculations which rule the priests and their lives in country parts. But the case is, though parallel, entirely different with Father Gregor, the hero of 'The Supreme Crime.' He, too, is fired with the desire to be a more worthy priest than the ecclesiastics whom he sees about him; but our sympathies are with his unfortunate wife rather than with him. Yet so artistically is the plot managed that the reverse is the case until the end approaches. By delicate revealing touches, his character is vividly portrayed—the character of an unconscious yet pitiless worshipper of his own spiritual perfection over other men's imperfections. Faith and hope he has; the greatest of all—charity—he lacks, and that towards his own noble, devoted wife unjustly suspected of murder, and too proudly innocent to justify herself (even were that possible) even to him until fairly forced to do so. The Epilogue sets forth how this over-righteous yet thoroughly well-meaning priest was brought to a consciousness of his own crime after he had brought his wife to despair. With exquisite simplicity, realism, and clearness, the writer sets the whole picture before our eyes; and it is difficult to say which side of the whole merits the most praise, the descriptions of landscape, customs, personal appearance, or character, so perfect is every detail.

On one point the reader requires a little warning. The writer briefly explains that the church of which Father Gregor is a priest belongs to the branch of the Eastern Rite which acknowledges allegiance to the Pope of Rome, yet one who is not somewhat well acquainted with that "Uniate" Church is likely to infer that the ways and customs described are identical with those which prevail in the genuine Russian Church. But, during the three hundred years of this mongrel church's existence (it is called "Greek-Catholic" by its members, who emigrate in thousands to New York and Pennsylvania, and are now returning by the thousand to their original allegiance), it has undergone great changes. Although the untrammelled exercise of their orthodox ritual, vernacular, and beliefs was guaranteed to the people who accepted this compromise (in the alleged cause of unity), and to their descendants, pressure has gradually been brought to bear upon the "Uniates," until their customs (with the exception of the married priesthood) and their creed are practically identical with those of Rome at the present day—even to the extent of accepting the papal dogmas of yesterday touching the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope. Therefore; let this fine story be read for pleasure, and for its remarkable workmanship; but let no student of Russian