

that new view of color which is broadly called "impressionism," is admirable on the whole, but he seems to us to confuse still more the already confused use of the word "values." It is getting to be impossible to tell what any one means by "values." Fromentin, who perhaps first used the word in literature, meant the degree of dark or light of any color as distinguished from its hue, and generally referred it to masses of what painters call "local color" without much regard to small variations of light and shade. Later it came to include, in painters' language, all degrees of variation of light and dark from whatever cause, so that a picture was just in "value" if the variations of light and dark were truly noted, whether or not it possessed color, and even if it were done in monochrome. Mr. MacColl now extends it to cover the different hues of light and shadow under colored light, and, by making it mean too much, makes it mean nothing. He is taking for an example a snowy landscape under colored light, and says: "Each different angle and facet of the snow presents us with a different hue and a different tone, and the high reflecting power of the snow makes the difference of color more striking than the difference of tone. . . . All this is resumed in modern parlance under the term 'value.'" He goes on to speak of conditions under which two lights should be "equal in tone" and differ only in hue, and he seems still to consider that the difference is a difference of "values." A painter would say that the lights differed in color or hue, and *not* in value. It is much to be wished that critics could agree on their vocabulary and restrict "value" to degree of light and dark; "color" to the variation of hue; and "tone" to the just combination of "value" and "color." As it is, "tone" is an even harder-worked word than "value."

We have not space to consider in detail Mr. MacColl's criticisms of individual figures in modern art, many of which show a clear and acute vision. His interest in modern technical problems grapples with and overthrows his insular partialities, and his mild depreciation of some of the greatest of British artists who are not "modern" is occasionally amusing.

If it were only for the illustrations, which give an idea of what he actually did in several of the arts of design, Miss Cary's single volume would give a better picture of William Morris than the two of Mr. MacColl's official biography, but the written picture also gains in clearness what it loses in detail. We see the whole man and the connection between the several and various parts of him, and find, as the thread running through everything, from his poetry to his Socialism, the curious sham-medievalism which led him to concoct an almost unintelligible vocabulary for his later writings, and to design a Gothic type when he wanted to make printing easy to read as well as beautiful to look at. He always mistook his emotions for reasoning, and his emotions were stirred only by what was old. He "wanted to make John Bull over again into John Calf," as Charles Reade said, and his ultra-conservatism led him into Socialism, because the modern world was so intolerable to him that he was willing to destroy it altogether rather than acquiesce in it as it stood. A few years' experience convinced him that he had really nothing in common with the agitators among

whom he found himself, and he drifted back into amiable dilettantism and the futile effort at reviving the art of the past instead of improving that of the present. He made the effort pay, as far as he was personally concerned, but we cannot think he will have any great influence on the future as regards either the conditions of artistic production or the style of art produced, though he undoubtedly contributed greatly to the revival of interest in the minor arts.

People still seem to take an interest in the diluted pre-Raphaelitism of Fred Walker, and this artist, whom Mr. MacColl dismisses with a few lines, is the subject of one of the little volumes of the "Popular Library of Art," a volume far from equal to some of its predecessors in interest of subject or mastery of treatment, though it is a very good book in its way. We must confess that, for us, as for many others, the best of Walker's production is contained in his illustrations and the water colors founded on them, like the "Philip in Church"—things in the vein of Millais's black-and-white work. His more ambitious oil paintings, such as "Vagrants," "The Plough," and "The Harbor of Refuge," are vaguely disquieting and unsatisfactory, and at first one wonders why. Critics who have felt this have usually traced the fault to the pseudo-Greek air of some of the figures, and Miss Black quotes some of them to that effect. Mr. Claude Phillips speaks of one figure as "aggressively Phidian in its calculated classic grace," and of another as "more classical still than the fustian-clad divinity of 'The Old Gate,' and more self-conscious"; while Ruskin speaks of "the ridiculous mower, galvanized Elgin in his attitude." Upon this Miss Black very properly comments: "Let us grant that both figures do resemble Greek statues; let us even suppose that some contemporary of Phidias had left a statue in this very pose of the mower—what then? If Walker's figures are true to that of which they and the Elgin marbles alike are but reflections—to life, that is, and to the natural, unstudied movements of human action—why complain of what the later presentment has in common with the earlier." At first blush this seems unanswerable. Why, indeed, should that very studied beauty which is a merit in classic sculpture become a fault in modern painting? And yet one instinctively feels that Ruskin and Phillips are right.

We think the key to the difficulty is to be found in another part of this volume. Walker's "one recorded saying" about art is given on page 15, and it is that "composition is the art of preserving the accidental look." That is the saying of a man who had little feeling for composition, and it is the lack of composition that spoils Walker's later work. Classic figures demand to be seen in classic compositions and with classic backgrounds. As long as Walker's figures were as "accidental" as his backgrounds and his composition, everything was at least harmonious and enjoyable in its own way. When he began to give us studied and classic poses, the eye resented the absence of great lines of composition and the presence of unassimilated accident in the landscape, and found his work inharmonious and baffling. Perhaps if he had lived, he might have learned to treat the landscape as he did the figure and thus secure a graver har-

mony. Perhaps, as some of his latest work seems to show, he would have gone back to something like his earlier method. It seems symptomatic of natural weakness that the painter of the French school who most impressed him was Jules Breton.

ELLWANGER'S PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

The Pleasures of the Table: An Account of Gastronomy from Ancient Days to Present Times. By George H. Ellwanger. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. 477.

George H. Ellwanger, M.A., is a man (for his observations on truffles would, by themselves, suffice to persuade us of the error of 'Who's Who in America' in making him his parents' daughter), and is, indeed, a well-known author, not destitute of wit, and an adept at handling the pen. Nobody will expect to find here the *esprit* and steely style of Brillat-Savarin—a mere knack, after all, since Balzac could exactly imitate it throughout a whole volume. But this work has the advantage of being agreeable reading, and not that revolting mixture of physiology with appeals to the reader's personal consciousness. Its tasteful covers enclose hardly a single page that is not positively entertaining. The writing has all the lightness and propriety that its subject demands, with a certain appropriate aroma of French, as indefinable as that of a dish of fresh truffles still covered by the napkin, a just-opened bottle of Léoville-Poyferré alongside of it—

"Et je ne comprends pas quel expert inhabile
A pu dans les seconds classer le Léoville,"

says a poet worthy of Mr. Ellwanger's attention, Biarnes—mingling its perfume. There are no Gallicisms in the syntax nor in the acceptations of words; the English is irreproachable, is scrupulously, almost fastidiously, correct. There are a great many translated passages of some length, both in prose and in verse; and these are done so deftly (where the versions are not borrowed) that it is a pleasure to compare them with the originals. The style is plastic, "shaping itself to the subjects of the different chapters. There is in it, through the greater part of the volume, a dash of Charles Lamb, very suitable to a book about books, so long as it is not so strong as to seem put on. For, mainly, this is a book about books, a sufficiently complete history of gastronomy.

Of original discussion of nice questions of preference in eating there is not very much. Nor can we regret it. If there be any direction in which the author's discrimination is less unerring than the laws of nature, it is just in this matter of eating and drinking. From a writer who would heat a dining-room to 70 degrees or 73 degrees, who pronounces that Mohammedans and Hindus have no cuisine worthy of the name (thereby calling to mind one of the lightest, most appetizing, and best-wearing of the dishes of this sublunary orb, pilaf, not to speak of kabobs, of those *entrées* into which the gourd enters, nor of those wonderful concoctions of mince-meat and esculents that are cooked in hermetically sealed porous earthen vessels; calling to mind, too, so original and satisfactory a repast as one of which a good curry forms the centre); who prefers the veal of "Germany," taken indiscriminately, to that of

French Lorraine, and the *pré salé* of Normandy and Brittany to the wild mountain mutton of Asia Minor; who holds that the sweet breath of the lettuce ought to be contaminated with that of onions, instead of being wafted to the empyrean on the cherub wings of garlic; who praises what is coarsest and indigestible in the "American cuisine," and overlooks the many delicacies that abound on humble tables scattered through our remote districts—from such a writer we can content ourselves with receiving but a meagre nosegay of his gastronomic decisions. His erudition, on the other hand, is boundless, or bounded only where print is bounded; and some of his chapters must perforce have resulted from his own researches, since there are no secondary authorities from whom they could have been drawn. He need not fear that any reader can fail to appreciate the range of his acquaintance with the books. In giving passages from Dionysius of Sinope, from Cratinus the Younger, from Philemon, from Hegesippus (whom he calls Hegesander), from Artemidorus Aristophanius (whom he calls Artemidor), and from other such, there was no occasion for assuming an air of having searched their writings through, since the learned and the simple will otherwise be sufficiently impressed with the author's industry, while everybody particularly interested in gastronomy will know perfectly well what the single source of all those fragments is.

The work is one of real value; but if we are asked whether or not it is accurate, we shall be reminded of a question and answer once overheard in a Nahant barge: "Is Asy's wife pious?" "Well, she's 'piscopal-pious.'" So of this book, we may say that it has an after-dinner accuracy. Brillat-Savarin is referred to throughout as "Savarin," and in one place it is formally stated that the name was Brillat de Savarin. Now, while we make no pretension to private information, and while we are quite aware that persons who wished to speak flatteringly of him used sometimes to call him M. de Savarin, just as one might call Fouquier-Tinville M. de Tinville, if that could conciliate him ("Hé, bon jour, M. de Corbeau"), yet we believe the name was as it is universally given. Presumably, the male stock had originally borne the name Brillat, to which Savarin had been added as a sort of quartering, as with thousands of such bourgeois designations. Berchoux's sprightly poem is said to have been published in 1801, although Mr. Ellwanger must be familiar with the fact that it went through three editions in 1800. But probably at the moment of writing the sentence he had in mind some statement that it appeared in the first year of the nineteenth century. The most celebrated of all taverns, Aux Trois Frères Provençaux, is, on page 213, called "The Provincial Brothers," as if they were *provinciaux*. The story about the knighting of the sirloin by Charles II. is given without any warning against the ridiculous derivation of a word in use in English, as Wedgwood shows, from the time of Henry VI., and still older in French. Of course, the prank may have been actually played by Charles II., but it is more likely to be fabulous. On page 29, Cælius Apicius, the writer of the cook-book, is spoken of in immediate juxtaposition to the famous

Marcus Gabius Apicius, in such a way (both being called simply Apicius) as to convey the idea that they are one person. Further on (p. 41), the relation of the one to the other is correctly explained. Nicomedes is called King of the Babylonians, instead of King of Bithynia. The Greek coccotte Barsine appears as Bariné, as if she were a betaira of Paris. The early Greeks are said to have been in the habit of taking four regular meals a day; but another statement about them is eminently true; namely, on page 9 we read: "Coffee, of very remote use in Abyssinia, was unknown to the early Greeks and Romans." These are merely a small selection from the illustrations we have noted of the kind of accuracy of the work.

The volume is a very beautiful and tasteful one, printed with Caslon-like type and the blackest ink, upon paper which, though calendared, is not too heavy. There are some three-dozen charming illustrations reproduced from old prints, with delightful vignettes and ornaments. It is so sumptuous that when one finds it entertaining and instructive enough to be well worth having in any dress, one is quite taken by surprise.

NOVELS, AND NO END.

Jethro Bacon, and the Weaker Sex. By F. J. Stimson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Diary of a Saint. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

John Gayther's Garden, and the Stories Told Therein. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Housewives of Edenrise. By Florence Popham. D. Appleton & Co.

An Old Country-house. By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Harper & Brothers.

The Biography of a Prairie Girl. By Eleanor Gates. The Century Co.

Mr. Stimson rightly names his two stories "Studies of New England Strength of Character." Possibly he is weary of New England's cinnamon roses and codfish. At all events, if there be any readers on whom this literary health food has palled, they have here a chance to see what a passionate pilgrim for material may find in Boston and on Cape Cod, of Balzac-like situation and darkly melodramatic episode. Tragedy suits the lonely sand dunes, and there we seem to be at home with her. But Mr. Stimson has further domesticated the grim Muse within the white gates and behind the green blinds of New England; with sordidness and sin as her handmaidens, even as they flourish in tales of the Latin Quarter. In the second story, the city surroundings take away in part the surprised shock imparted by the powers of darkness. Against the background of slums and crime stand out radiantly the characters of the skipper parson and the hero woman. This is a bearable tragedy. Both are of unmistakable power; but the story of Jethro Bacon, from its very nearness to Nature's open air and its intrusion on ground possessing other associations, weighs like lead on the consciousness, which yet perforce acknowledges the harsh, painful truth of the picture.

A further proof that New England is decidedly emerging from her gingham pinafore days in fiction is afforded by Arlo

Bates's new story. Behold herein a frankly agnostic heroine, the child of parents whose agnosticism was not negative but militant. The iron-bound theologies that surround Ruth Privet in her country town are by her own admission out of date in cities; but Tuskamuck still held to the old isms and horrors, and many of Ruth's experiences led her into puzzling encounter with them. The motive of the story is the portrayal of the saintliness that may abide in a woman who is at once unselfish (almost to the point of miracle), large-hearted, clever, well bred, full of humor, and free from entangling alliances with all revealed religion. Her year's experiences with herself and her neighbors, good and bad, make an interesting story. With all her sweetness and breadth, she has the illogic of her logical convictions, as when she says of prayer: "I wondered if I should be happier if I could share this belief in the power of men to move the unseen by supplication; but I reflected that this would imply the continual discomfort of believing in invisible beings who would do me harm unless properly placated, and I was glad to be as I am." Here is surely an undistributed middle. The triumph of Ruth's convictions would be greater artistically and theologically were there, as pendant to her portrait, even one character who should possess both religion and charity.

Many of the stories in Mr. Stockton's volume recall the old-time fillip of surprise and conjecture and the sense of a new sense, that he ushered into fiction. The diver who breathes for two hours the sixteenth-century air of a submerged galleon and comes up "as a man who swashbuckles," is an instance. All Frank Stockton's lovers and lamenters will read the book with increased love and lamenting. "The stories are all told. The winter has come," is his own fitly spoken good-by to the garden where the story-tellers met.

The tale of an English village, its matrons, maids, and the siren who rents the vacant house, is told glibly and with some originality in "The Housewives of Edenrise," a place whose society is described by the siren as consisting of the "old-fashioned, sitting-hen kind of woman, their bald and highly respectable husbands, enlivened by one milk-and-water curate." The usual incidents of such a community are related with a fair amount of humor, and now and then a pungent epigram. It must be added that some discussion of intimate topics goes on which might with advantage have taken place behind closed doors. The book is too serious to be called flippant, too full of common sense to be called silly, yet not so clever as to inebriate, and hardly so wholesome as to cheer.

A very beautiful volume as to printing, outer dress, and illustrations is Mr. Le Gallienne's, and an altogether charming one as to contents. Lovers of old houses, old gardens, old books, old sundials, and lovers of lovers old and young, may spend a fragrant hour among its pages. The chapter on "Perdita's Simple Cupboard" is a pure delight. Think of her among her books on herbs "turning the leaves—I had almost said petals—of a precious first edition"! The closing chapter, showing how Perdita kept Christmas with old observances of carols, Yule log, and the gigantic pie trundled about the table and then from cottage door to door, gives the volume a seasonable