

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

aspect. But it has nature worship and poetry for all the year round, with enough of human interest to serve as string for the pearls.

'The Biography of a Prairie Girl' is undeniably strong and striking as a picture of life on a Dakota farm. Reading it, one sees the prairie, the corn furrows, the cottonwoods, and enters upon the hazards, glooms, and occasional pleasures of farming in a new country where Indians may steal the horses, and gophers will certainly steal the corn. The little heroine, strapped on a pinto at four and a half and set to herding cattle, grows visibly to girlhood, where we leave her, in pages full of the adventure and risk that make daily life on the plains. An engaging little puss she is, often in difficulties and dangers of her own making, forgetting to do her agricultural duties while she lies dreaming on the grass, passionately loving her pets, be they pony or tamed badger, wandering through the strange ways of a life that makes contradictory demands of youth and age on all who live it; a quaint little figure, prematurely old in out-of-door learning, pathetically ignorant of childhood's pleasures. The story is told in a singular way, with a plethora of adjectives, and a use throughout of paraphrase to the exclusion of all names; as, "The little girl," "The biggest brother," etc. We discern no advantage in this affectation, and could wish that the whole tale were more simply told, with less of what children call "thick part," and more alleviation in the shape of conversation. But the lights and shades of Western farm living could hardly have a more graphic showing than in this story of a child, which yet is not for children.

*Scottish History and Life.* Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

Buckle, in a celebrated but libellous passage, taxes the Scotch with the backwardness of their civilization. Not only did "the ferocious Highlanders live entirely by plunder," but the burghers of the Lowlands differed little from savages until a comparatively late date. Down to the seventeenth century, "no glass was manufactured in Scotland, neither was any soap made there. Even the higher class of citizens would have deemed windows absurd in their wretched abodes; and as they were alike filthy in their persons as in their houses, the demand for soap was too small to induce any one to attempt its manufacture."

We shall not go so far as to assert that all the allegations of Buckle are disproved by the book before us, but we will say that it furnishes a more attractive picture of Scottish life and culture than is afforded by the second chapter of his second volume. In a word, this very handsome volume is a memorial of the Glasgow Exhibition. Historical collections of great interest and value were there brought together for the sake of illustrating different stages of the national development. But objects thus gathered are quickly dispersed, and can be reassembled only for a great occasion. Hence it was decided to utilize this material "in telling the story of Scottish History, and showing what the people were who made it." The editor, Mr. James Paton, also states "that no effort has been spared to make this volume both a vivid and an

accurate picture of Scottish History and Life."

In describing the nature of the contents, we must divide honors evenly between the four hundred and thirty-seven illustrations and the twenty-three chapters which they serve to adorn. The co-operative plan has been followed, and each separate aspect of history or culture is treated by a specialist of recognized authority. Dr. D. H. Fleming and Mr. H. G. Graham are the only contributors who furnish more than a single chapter, and the table of contents presents nearly a score of names. According to another division, history receives eleven chapters, and the same number is devoted to various aspects of the national life; while, in conclusion, Mr. William Young furnishes such memorials of Glasgow as explain the growth of the town at which the exhibition was held.

Regarding the illustrations, it may be said that they bear all the marks of authenticity. Moreover, the choice of subjects is excellent, and good modes of reproduction have been employed. Most of the full-page plates are executed in half-tone, but there are also some fine photo-gravures—for example, the frontispiece, which represents the Darnley Cenotaph, and a striking portrait of Dundee. In every case the mechanical work is good of its kind. If we were seeking for a standard of comparison, we should suggest that the illustrations of this book agree with the text, and explain it in much the same way that the illustrations chosen by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate add to Green's 'History of England.' Objects like the Ruthwell cross, the brooch of Lorne, the oak cradle of Queen Mary, and the wine glasses of the Jacobites are shown in great profusion; almost all the leading politicians and notables are represented either by portrait or autograph; town seals and loving-cups, dirks and broadswords, pages from chronicles and illuminated missals, appear with regularity at the proper places. We do not praise the work too highly when we say that good talent accompanies good scholarship throughout.

Writers and illustrators have both done their subject justice, but, after all, it cannot be affirmed that the Scotland of the Middle Ages or of the Stuart régime was in any special sense a home of the arts. Poverty, turbulence, and isolation were barriers which the incipient genius of the north could not well break through. The general conditions were in some respects similar to those which prevailed among the Alps, though on the whole the Scotch made a better use of their opportunity than did the Swiss. Where so much was borrowed, we need not pause to discriminate between French friends and English foes. It is more candid as well as less harsh to say that, despite the hostility of nature and the fierceness of their chieftains, the Scotch did recognize a difference between refinement and barbarism. Their pursuit of beauty and elegance was not wholly successful, but the Lowlander at least had grasped the idea that decency is better than squalor before the day when James VI. mounted the English throne.

The historical chapters of this volume, besides being well written, are marked off from the generality of such sketches by

their closeness of contact with the illustrations. It is, however, to the chapters on social life that most readers will turn when they begin to examine the text closely. Studies like the editor's paper on Scottish towns, Mr. Kerr's account of the national games, and Dr. Murray's description of the universities, are more likely to fill a gap than is the best résumé of political history. The mention of this last subject brings to mind a shortcoming of the Scottish universities upon which Dr. Murray dwells with great earnestness. Notwithstanding their belief in education and the sacrifices that they make on its behalf, the Scotch do not seem even at the present day to entertain much affection for their universities. The students see little of each other and have few interests in common. According to Dr. Murray, "the student life of the ordinary Scottish undergraduate, at least in the large universities, is a dull one; the university does nothing for him as a student but worry him with lectures and examinations, and does nothing for him after he leaves her care except to keep his name upon the books." Such is the condition. Of equal significance is the remedy which Dr. Murray proposes, namely, an adoption of American methods, and the development of a class feeling. Should his suggestion be heeded, Scotland may receive from the United States, besides Mr. Carnegie's money, the benefits which are represented by cane rushes, Greek-letter societies, and amphitheatrical football games! Speaking seriously, our college life possesses attractions which are unknown at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Perhaps we shall do well to recall this fact in moments when we are dismayed by certain ebullitions of undergraduate energy.

*New Amsterdam and its People.* By J. H. Innes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

The various contributors to the voluminous literature concerning the history of the city of New York have treated the subject in very various ways and from widely different points of view. John Fiske, with brilliant generalizations and philosophic inferences, regards it as an integral part of the country's colonial history; Mrs. Lamb entertains us with sprightly and gossiping relations of families and their changes; in the *Goede Vrouw* of Manhattan Mrs. Van Rensselaer paints the inner life and domestic virtues of the Dutch matrons. These sketches are fitly supplemented by her elaborate tables of genealogies, separately published, which have proved of much service for the biographies of families of later date, and useful to conveyancers for tracing title to real property. Besides these more serious works, many clever monographs exist shedding light on special periods or persons in the town's story.

The present author conducts his account in a quite novel way, from the first beginning of separate streets and buildings through their connection with the succession of persons who have occupied them, illustrating these by noted characters, with personal sketches. This method, though fragmentary, brings out detached points of lively interest. The period within which the author chooses to confine his researches—that between the discovery of the islands and the final surrender of its