

however, about the stone to prove that it was set up in the time of the kings. The archaic letters are similar in form to the Greek alphabet on the Formello vase, at the date of which the Romans were borrowing that alphabet for their own written language. Of the inscription not more than half a dozen words can be recognized, and we can only say that the language refers in some way to the *rex sacrificulus*, who presided in the *comitia calata* for the making of wills. Professor Ceci's interpretation is an invention, and, although ingenious, does not deserve recognition in a work of any authority. In stating that the Duenos bowl was the oldest Latin inscription before the discovery of the stele, Professor Lanciani has overlooked the Fibula Prænestina. The Prænentine brooch has an inscription in retrograde order, the letters of which closely resemble those on the stele, and there is the same three-pointed form of punctuation. Both inscriptions date in the same period, perhaps in the seventh or sixth century B. C.

It is very probable that the Latin people obtained their alphabet from the Chalcidian colony of Cumæ, and our author should not have said that this theory had been abandoned, even though it enabled him to introduce the fanciful derivation of *cærimonium*. The inscription on the stele shows the alternating direct and retrograde order styled "boustrophedon." This combined order is the medium of change from the retrograde to the direct, and, since the discovery of the Fibula Prænestina with its retrograde form, has been thought to have been used by the Latins, though no evidence has been discovered before this time. The Etruscans, Umbrians, and Oscans did not use the alternating order inasmuch as they always wrote from right to left.

Professor Lanciani, when speaking of the work of Maxentius in the Forum, makes the suggestion that the newly discovered pedestal upon which was engraved the inscription, "To Mars the invincible father and to the founders of his eternal city," once supported the famous bronze wolf which has been popularly identified with the statue struck by lightning in B. C. 64, since the right hind leg shows an injury of some kind. The latter part of this chapter treats of the origin of Pasquino, upon whose statue were posted epigrams and mottoes, a custom giving rise to the word pasquinades. What this has to do with the new discoveries in the Forum it is impossible to say, for the "battered torso" dubbed Pasquino was discovered as early as the fifteenth century.

Under the heading "The New Discoveries on the Sacra Via," Professor Lanciani describes the Fasti which were placed on the walls of the Regia. When speaking of the Atrium of Vesta, he contradicts, though with regret, the theory that the mutilated statue of a Vestal found three feet below the floor of the Atrium was buried thus, to complete the disgrace of the priestess, whose name had been erased from a pedestal perhaps because she became a Christian. Nevertheless, he thinks that this proselyte was the Claudia named by Prudentius, since the name began with a C, which is all that remains of the inscription.

Suetonius tells us of the erection of the marble column in honor of Cæsar on the site of his funeral pyre. At its base was

set an altar which, together with the pillar, was thrown down by Dolabella, son-in-law of Cicero. Fragments of the column still remain, and mark the spot where "the great man was incinerated." The description of the laying bare of the pavement of the Sacred Way and the *clivus* of "Commodus or Domitian" gives an opportunity for the introduction of the story of Simon the Magician and St. Peter. The chapter assigned to the Sacred Grove of the Arvaes consists of thirty-eight pages, only fourteen of which treat of the subject. Under this title we find mention of the terminal gods, and the evolution of the shapeless boundary stones into the Hermae of later times, and the discovery of pedestals of portrait busts, which bear the names of Bacchylides and Pindar. The chapter closes with a description of sacred groves, and in particular that of Annia Regilla, still surviving under the name "Bosco Sacro."

Professor Lanciani opens the chapter on "The Truth about the Grave of St. Paul" by a description of the Basilica Aemilia rebuilt by L. Paullus, a fact recorded by a recently found fragment *Paul(us) rest(ituit)*; and he states clearly his belief that the columns of Phrygian marble of the Church of St. Paul on the road to Ostia were taken from the old Basilica, because it was levelled to the ground at the close of the fourth century, at the precise time when the Church was built. It was natural that materials from the Basilica Aemilia (Paulli) should be used in the Church of the Apostle of the same name because of the custom of the Christians of "placing pagan buildings under the care of saints whose names sounded more or less like those of the gods just expelled." De Rossi thinks both buildings stood at the same time, and refers to two dog-collars with inscriptions which mention the two buildings. The opinion of the author as to the mysterious grave is summed up in these words: "The grave of St. Paul has come down to us, most likely as left by Constantine the Great, enclosed in a metal case. The Saracens of 846 damaged the outside marble casing and the marble epitaph, but did not reach the grave. As to the nature of the grave itself, its shape, its aspect, its contents, I am afraid our curiosity will never be satisfied."

The strange superstitions that claim attention in the next chapter are those associated with the worship of Cybele, Mithras, and Artemis Taurica. Many sanctuaries for the worship of Mithras have been found and explored in Rome and vicinity, the best known of which is the cave of the Capitoline Hill, discovered in the sixteenth century, and named Lo Perso by reason of the Persian origin of Mithras, and which contained the famous bas-relief showing the *taurobolium*. The ancient ships now at the bottom of Lake Nemi Professor Lanciani believes to have been used for religious purposes, in connection with the sanctuary of Artemis Taurica on the shore. It has always been a mystery what the purpose of these vessels, two hundred feet long and sixty feet broad on a lake of a diameter of four thousand feet, might have been.

It is a matter of regret that the chapter on Jewish memorials in Rome opens with references whose authenticity the author himself questions. There is no reason to believe that the sarcophagus with labels

incised in the twelfth century really contained the bones of the Maccabees who came to Rome in the second century B. C., nor can we believe that the *princeps libertinorum* of Pompeii was the "Rabbi of the local Pompeian synagogue." The Horti Lamiani mentioned because of Caligula's affront to the Jews are described in a most entertaining way. The Arch of Titus with its reliefs, the triumphal gate of the Circus Maximus celebrating the conquest of Judæa, and the Temple and Forum of Peace dedicated four years after the fall of Jerusalem, are the other memorials considered in this chapter.

The remainder of the book, dealing, as it does, with English and Scottish memorials, has to do with the mediæval period, for, with the exception of the remains of the Arch of Claudius, and some pearls and pigs of lead, there are no other memorials from Britain dating in the classical period. The tomb of the Saxon king Caedwalla, who died in Rome in 689, the Schola Saxonum (or Saxon quarter) dating from 727, the Hospice on the site of the barracks of the blue faction of charioteers, and the college built on the same site which entertained John Milton and Richard Crashaw, the residences of the English ambassadors of about the time of the Reformation, and finally the House of St. Gregory, from whose monastery St. Augustine started to preach the gospel in Britain, are the English memorials described.

The style of the author is most satisfactory in its clearness, and there is a marked absence of the obscure, professional form of statement. There is some evidence of carelessness, as when the Maffeian Fasti are classed as named from a place, whereas they are so designated in honor of the great scholar Maffei. The master of Varro was L. Aelius and not Lælius, and the letters in the Bibliotheca Pacis were those of Sennius Capito and not of Asinnius Capito. Juvenal does not say that the Jews hung baskets on the trees. In the tenth century a mark by old English calculation equalled 100 pennies or denarii, and not 160, so that the families of Britain paying Peter's Pence numbered thirty, and not forty-eight, thousand. The illustrations are excellent and well chosen. Some have already appeared in the *Notizie degli Scavi*, particularly the aerial photographs, which, being distinct, are very useful.

RECENT POETRY.

The rapid increase of books of miscellaneous poetical selections, while valuable as supplying labor-saving machines, brings with it many disadvantages. The names of authors get misplaced; so do commas and semicolons. The copyist makes, unconsciously or consciously, slight alterations which the next transcriber multiplies, and it is only when some careful Dr. Rolfe comes along, after a century or so, that the original version is faithfully restored. One of the farther incidental evils is when a well-meaning editor, like Mr. John Burroughs, gives us 'Songs of Nature' (McClure), and intermingles through his citations English and American daisies, English and American corn, without so much as a hint that his poets describe different species. If the English language is to overspread the earth and to describe natural objects with equal

freedom from Alaska to Australia, we shall ultimately have to bring geography into even the books of poetical selections, or else hopelessly bewilder our children. Even apart from this, Mr. Burroughs's citations are not always accurate; thus, he quotes "Winter Night's Tale" for "Winter's Tale" (p. 27), gives us verses by Mrs. Darmsteter instead of Darmesteter (p. 32), and makes Shakspeare's angels sing to the young-eyed "cherubims" instead of "cherubins." He also does some things of which the poets themselves might complain, as in citing the original form of Shelley's "Pine-Forest," instead of the later form; in taking parts of poems without indicating that they are only parts; in dividing the lines in his own way or running together lines which the poet separated, as in Browning's "Home-Thoughts, from Abroad" and the like.

With these limitations the volume has much that is varied and interesting, even in the preface of Mr. Burroughs, were it only for the quality best described as modest arrogance which makes him use the first person singular ten times in the first fourteen lines, and which leads him to venture again upon ground where he has more than once erred in time past, namely, in underrating the variations of nature, and assuming that nothing is true unless he has observed it within his own particular bailiwick. This he does, for instance, when he objects to Lowell for making the male oriole assist in nest-building (p. vii), although he is criticising an observer quite as careful as himself, and one who has once or twice, in times past, proved to be right when Mr. Burroughs was wrong. It may be remembered that the latter once censured Lowell roundly for making dandelions and buttercups bloom together, when it turned out that the critic had never even seen the particular species of buttercup which the poet was describing.

A collection of more permanent value is the series of "Colonial Prose and Poetry," edited by William P. Trent and Benjamin W. Wells (Crowell), contained in three volumes chronologically arranged and entitled respectively 'The Transplanting of Culture,' 'The Beginnings of Americanism,' 'The Growth of the National Spirit,' ranging in all from 1607 to 1775. The selection and distribution of these extracts could scarcely be improved; the combination of the Virginia and New England elements produces a work far more varied and readable than might have been expected; and we miss but few well-known and classic passages, one of these being the protest of the Rev. John Higginson against those settlers who count religion as ten only and the whole world as thirteen. A more serious question is that involved in the modernizing of the spelling, a question on which there will always be two sides, even in books for popular use. In some passages of these volumes, poetry and prose may be said to be combined, as in the description by the Rev. Benjamin Coleman of his friendship with "the incomparable Philomela," otherwise Mrs. Elizabeth Singer of Agford, near Frome, who had a volume of poems then in print, being then about her twenty-fourth year; and whom he found "comely in body, lowly in dress, with a soul fair and bright as an angel." This

lady described to him the way in which she and her sister wrote poetry together:

"My sister," said she, "was a year or two younger than I, and her affection as well as wit was quicker. I seemed, however, to myself to think more thoroughly. She desired ever to be with me, and I wanted to be more by myself. We often retired by consent, each to her chamber, to compose and then to compare what we wrote. She always exceeded me in the number of lines, but mine, I think, were more correct" (vol. III, p. 81).

It is quite difficult to believe that all this happened in a Puritan household in the seventeenth century, but so it was. Mr. Coleman did not, it seems, marry his Philomel, but he nevertheless had a daughter who was also a poet and who wrote verses which were, in the words of our editors, "pathetically impossible."

Another extremely interesting work of selections is 'Flowers from Persian Poets,' edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and Belle M. Walker (Crowell). We understand the extracts given in this work to have been selected by Miss Walker, and only the introduction to have been furnished by Mr. Dole. The work certainly gives an attractive and varied exhibition of the Persian poets hitherto scattered through a variety of volumes. It is beautifully printed.

Another book that may come under the head of collections is 'Walt Whitman's Poetry; A Study and a Selection,' by Edmond Holmes (Lane). The choice of Whitman's poems, some thirty or forty, is the best we have ever seen, and the criticisms are among the best. Mr. Holmes says of Whitman what others have observed, from the English point of view, that "his audience, though small, is select. . . . Popular he certainly is not, and is not likely to become" (p. 51). No one has better described what he calls Whitman's "recitative" manner, saying:

"At its best it is singularly impressive. There are certain inexpressible feelings—large, stormy, dreamy feelings that can never quite come to the birth—which it expresses (if I may be allowed the paradox) with marvellous power and effect. For this particular purpose it has no rival. Indeed, after reading some of Whitman's inspired passages, I feel for the moment as if all forms of metrical verse were by comparison cold, tame, and formal. But there is no other medium of expression in which the transition from poetry to prose is so rapidly or so easily made. Sometimes we find ourselves in the middle of plain, inoffensive prose without quite knowing how we got there" (p. 49).

Mr. Holmes says admirably, to counterbalance this: "One of the advantages of artistic form in poetry is that it makes for reserve and self-control. The poet has to keep back part of what he feels; and this intensifies the effect of what he says" (p. 9). He elsewhere says of Whitman: "He is the last man in the world to consume his own smoke."

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's thin little volume of 'Poems and Inscriptions' (The Century Co.) inevitably makes the impression of some thinness within. The verses seem somewhat perfunctory, and suggest the possibility that, among his variety of active interests, the undoubted poetic gift of this author may have been somewhat arrested. The little Whitmanesque prose poem of "The Night Pasture" has a pleasing touch, but cannot be called an entire success; while "A Letter from the Farm" lacks a redeeming wit. The "Inscriptions

for the Pan-American Exposition" are compact and well expressed, but are they quite worth putting into book form? Even Mr. Stedman's 'Mater Coronata' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), recited at the Yale Bicentenary, is open in a degree to the same criticism. The very form of the ode has perhaps had its day, and it will be remembered that, of Lowell's three attempts in that direction, only one was really successful.

We have before now expressed our confidence in the poetic quality of Miss Josephine Preston Peabody as seen in her 'Wayfarers,' and still more in her 'Fortune and Men's Eyes,' when compared with the somewhat monotonous and tame volumes of verse which crowd the critic's table. They seem to show a difference of kind rather than of degree—an author evincing not merely talent, but genius. She has now had the farther daring to essay the drama, and there is certainly a continuance of promise. To take Marlowe himself bodily out of his own poems and set him elsewhere is surely no slight undertaking, and yet this is what she has done in her new volume, 'Marlowe' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Its merit has been at once recognized by the critics, but what they do not seem to recognize is the profounder aspect of the book. They perceive the fresh grace of the lyrics interspersed, like this song (p. 124):

Summer-moon, Summer-moon,
Bless thy golden face,
Come above the downs, now;
Do the garden grace.
While we are thy care to keep,
Bless the field, bless the sheep;
Shine on our sleep.

While the nightingales do sing,
Come, bonny guest.
Thy foot-fall is a silver thing,
West—west.
Morning goes and afternoon;
Summer will be going soon.
Ay, Summer-moon!

The critics skim off the love-story from the surface, as if that were all, whereas the author herself skillfully assigns to it a subordinate place. The following lines tell us what the humble heroine was to Marlowe—an influence wholly sweet and good, so far as it went, but by no means potent enough to remould that world-weary life (p. 44):

Lodge.

And yet I could have sworn
Your eyes took interest in the little saint
We saw to-day.

Marlowe.

The little country shrine?
Why, so they did. And, therefore, she was made.
'T is only she will look with pitying gaze
On me in gorgeous torment. Snowflake pity,
Destined to melt and lose itself in fire,
Or ever it can cool my tongue! Ay, Tom,
I owe the Faith more tribute than I pay,
For its apt figures. Con thy Bible, Tom,
I'm glad they chanced here. I shall think, sometimes,
Just of her face: the little Quietude,
Standing in shelter, quite immovable,—
And reach my hand up for a tear, a drop
Of holy water from those hands of hers.
She fills the only need was left to me;
And sooth to say, I never thought of it
Before I saw her.

She, nevertheless, passes out of his life, while he faces his unfinished problem of existence, and dies. Here the young author shows the rare power of making her drama end at a climax, which she reaches in the final monosyllable of the play. This last touch is, indeed, so fine that only a great actor could do it justice; and in this respect, as in others, the reader longs to see it put upon the boards and tested behind the footlights, where so many mediocre things are just now finding their way.

Turning to new poetry of British origin, we find that Mr. John Lane, in most re-

spects an admirable publisher, becomes more and more tantalizing in the smallness of his books. Mrs. Alice Meynell's 'Later Poems' includes but thirty-seven pages. Nothing in this volume perhaps equals that "Letter from a Girl to her Own Old Age," which Ruskin called "perfectly heavenly," but the book is marked by that high-minded intensity which always belongs to its author, at least in verse—for her prose is more unequal. The following lines convey a vivid impression of an object which few Americans have perhaps noticed (p. 26):

NOVEMBER BLUE.

The colour of the electric lights has a strange effect in giving a complementary tint to the air in the early evening.—ESSAY ON LONDON.

O, heavenly colour! London town
Has blurred it from her skies;
And hooded in an earthly brown,
Unheaven'd the city lies.
No longer standard-like this hue
Above the broad road flies;
Nor does the narrow street the blue
Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps
Colour the London dew,
And, misted by the winter damps,
The shops shine bright anew—
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,
It dyes the wide air through;
A mimic sky about their feet,
The throng go crowned with blue.

It is the misfortune of Mr. Henley to write during two-thirds of the time on the heights of heaven and love, and the other third in the depths of what he himself calls "the grizzly colonies of the grave." Hence his readers are alternately adoring and despairing. Take, for instance, this as the low-water mark in his 'Hawthorne and Lavender, with Other Verses' (Harpers) (p. lxiv):

Silence, loneliness, darkness—
These, and of these my fill,
While God in the rush of the Maytide
Without is working His will.

Without are the wind and the wall-flowers,
The leaves and the nests and the rain,
And in all of them God is making
His beautiful purpose plain.

But I wait in a horror of strangeness—
A tool on His workshop floor,
Worn to the butt, and banished
His hand forevermore.

Now turn to this (p. xliii):

A world of leafage murmurous and a-twinkle;
The green, delicious plenitude of June;
Love and laughter and song
The blue day long
Going to the same glad, golden tune—
The same glad tune!

Clouds on the dim, delighting skies a-sprinkle;
Poplars black in the wake of a setting moon;
Love and languor and sleep
And the star-sown deep
Going to the same good, golden tune—
The same good tune!

It is to be noticed, however, that, through all this wide range of variation, Mr. Henley's loyal love of wife and home and children remains a constant quantity, so that his books of poetry, at least, yield on the whole more of pleasure than of pain.

The same thing can hardly be said of Thomas Hardy, who, with increasing power of execution, shows an ever-growing tendency both toward the gloomy and toward the coarse, so that, even in his verses, he has to designate by simple dashes words not to be used in good society. It is impossible to regard this as a healthy or wholesome development. It is simply Whitman's "heroic nudity" and the violation of that reserve which higher natures feel. On the other hand, it accompanies at times a habit of vigorous expression which may reach some strong effects, if at too high a cost. If sheer strength is the only object, why was man created, and why were not the lion and the elephant enough? All this

comes readily to the mind in reading Mr. Hardy's 'Poems of the Past and the Present' (Harpers). For mere thought and imagination, it is to be noticed that his poems of travel show a healthier tone than those written in England, and, perhaps, even a greater vigor of thought, especially those written at Rome and at Zermatt. We quote, for instance, stanzas written at the pyramid of Cestius, near the graves of Shelley and Keats, in 1887 (p. 53):

Who, then, was Cestius,
And what is he to me?
Amid thick thoughts and memories multitudinous
One thought alone brings me.

I can recall no word
Of anything he did;
For me he is a man who died and was interred
To leave a pyramid

Whose purpose was exprest
Not with its first design,
Nor till, far down in Time, beside it found their
rest
Two countrymen of mine.

Cestius in life, maybe,
Slew, breathed out threatening;
I know not. This I know: in death all silently
He does a kindlier thing,

In beckoning pilgrim feet
With marble finger high
To where, by shadowy wall and history-haunted
street,
Those matchless singers lie. . . .

—Say, then, he lived and died
That stones which bear his name
Should mark, through Time, where two immortal
Shades abide;
It is an ample fame.

There is at any rate a solid Saxon grapple of thought in all these poems by Mr. Hardy, even where the exercise of muscle is so robust and vigorous that one scarcely calls them poems. They are strangely contrasted in this respect with 'The Wind among the Reeds,' by W. B. Yeats (London: Mathews), to be classed with poems which, as some one has said, "seem little more than sighs that the silence should be broken." The same can hardly be said of 'Wagner's Nibelungen Ring done into English Verse' (Longmans) by Reginald Rankin, in which the touch is somewhat too heavy, so that the book is hard reading, and one rather wishes silence would return.

Historic Towns of the Western States. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. xxxvi, 702. Illustrated.

Every man thinks his own geese swans, and every city thinks itself superior to its equals and equal to its superiors. It would have somewhat abated this delusion if the last official census of each town treated in 'Historic Towns' had stood at the head and front of its monograph as its "eternal blazon." These figures, largely lacking, have led to mystifications and tampering with comparative tests. Des Moines is declared to have "almost double the population of any other Iowa city," which double is 72,594. Its real census of 62,139 is suppressed. Omaha, silent as to her falling off more than 37,000 from a former census, hides her exact numbers and calls herself "the business centre of 175,000 people"; Cincinnati, with an unmentioned census of 325,902, reckons as "its belongings enough cities and villages across in Kentucky to swell her to the half-million mark." We are informed that "the population of Kansas City, in Missouri, is about 225,000." Had we been vouchsafed its census of 163,752, we should see that "about" excuses counting in more than 55,000 souls. It is added that "the region directly tributary is sure to press the city steadily for-

ward till it ranks with Boston, Baltimore, and St. Louis." Chicago, deeming her 1,698,575 not worth printing, says she is "nearing the two million mark," and hints that predictions of "ten millions ultimately harbored there would not be wildly optimistic." Spokane claims to have grown within thirty years from three persons to fifty thousand; but its actual count of 36,848 nowhere appears. In Salt Lake City the official numbers 53,531 are given, but are also impeached in the same sentence by these words: "though the current city directory, compiled immediately after the census enumeration, gives names and addresses of nearly seventy thousand resident inhabitants." Here and elsewhere "almost" and "very nigh" save many a lie.

The beadroll of vague exaggerations, preferring the doubtful to the certain, is too long to go through. It betrays a scorn of accuracy which is vexatious even to those it cannot mislead, and forebodes further carelessness which is not wanting. The motto of the leading monograph, borrowed from Senator Daniel of Virginia, prints his name "Daniels." Carver's three years' travel is declared to have begun in 1776, yet "the Revolution came afterward." It is stated that Lewis and Clark went to the Columbia in 1803, and that Pike started up the Mississippi in 1804. River Raisin is printed River Basin. "Ad majoram gloriam" also appears. Misprints are too many to be accidental. The first page fixes the founding of Marietta "on the seventh of April, 1788," and its founding is elsewhere mentioned to have been "two months before that of Cincinnati," which is chronicled as two days after Christmas, the same year—a short year when two months stretched from spring to midwinter. Again, in regard to the Indian capture of Mackinac, we are told that "more than two thousand of the English lost their lives" (p. 338). But no historian sets down the total then slain as more than seventy soldiers and a trader or two. Three-score and ten was really an absurd overestimate—originating, perhaps, from the verbal similarity of seventeen and seventy. The official report of the British captain was: "The Indians killed one lieutenant and fifteen rank and file." These dwindling numbers bring to mind the eleven thousand virgins, all martyred with St. Ursula, whose bones some of us wept over in Cologne till we learned that the victims had been multiplied by a verbal misunderstanding; the name of a single maiden Undecimilla (Miss Eleventhousand), when written without an initial capital, being taken for a numeral.

The contributions to this picnic are unequal in everything except in length. One of the best is that on Madison, Wisconsin. Its points are well chosen, dwelt on in due proportion, with none of that boomer effusiveness which is elsewhere such a besetting sin. Critics, however, will cavil at calling pamphlets books, and, while not showing the census of 19,164, talking of Madison as "a community of 25,000"—thus effacing the line between urban and suburban limits.

The preëminences arrogated to several cities are in things doubtful or trivial. Cincinnati rejoices that she stands "nearest the centre of national population," as "always a strategic point," and as the "largest centre of playing-card manufacture." Detroit, pointing with pride to her