

episode that concerned Colin may be recounted. Colin wished to impress people with the belief that he knew much more about anthrax than did Pasteur. So, one day when, in a paper before the Academy of Medicine, Pasteur incidentally mentioned that fowls do not take anthrax, Colin jumped up and said that nothing was easier than to give a hen this disease. Thereupon Pasteur said that in two days he should be sending Professor Colin some specimens that he had demanded of him, and, since it was so very easy to give a hen anthrax (which develops almost immediately), he would be very much obliged to him if, in exchange, he would send him a hen dying of anthrax. "You shall have it," said Colin. At the next meeting Pasteur remarked that he had not received that hen, and Colin made some excuse, promising to send it in a few days. But at every meeting, Pasteur recurred to the hen, which was never forthcoming, though always promised. At length, after this had been going on for months, Colin rose and said that he had found that he had fallen into an error, and that it was impossible to inoculate a hen with anthrax. Upon that, Pasteur remarked that his colleague was now going much further than he had ever done, for he had only said that hens *do not take* anthrax; but that it was possible to give it to them, he would demonstrate by experiment. So the following week he brought to the Academy three hens—one dead of anthrax, a second dying of it, a third recovering from it. Colin was silenced for the moment, but at a subsequent meeting he said, with an air of insolence: "I wish we could have seen the bacteria of that dead hen, which M. Pasteur took away with him without showing us the necropsy and microscopical examination." Thereupon, Pasteur demanded a committee of investigation, of whom Colin should be a member, so that the skeptic was thus obliged to sign his own refutation. The secret of the matter was that Pasteur had ascertained by experiment what temperature was the highest at which the bacillus of anthrax could live; and, since this had been found to be two or three degrees below the temperature of the blood of fowls, they could not under ordinary circumstances contract the fever, and he was confident that Colin, looking at the matter from quite another point of view, would never light upon the proper way of giving chickens anthrax, which was simply to immerse them in a cold bath until the disease was developed.

This book will serve to correct many a misapprehension. It shows us clearly, for example, that Pasteur was not at all, as he has so often been represented, the exponent of a certain philosophy. The extreme simplicity of his heart, the childlike single-mindedness of his gaze at truth, at one with a childlike insight into things, seem to have prevented the intense concentration of his observational and intellectual energies from becoming a source of fallacy to him. His simple peasant's religion probably did aid him to keep clear of metaphysical entanglements which might very probably have prevented his researches into spontaneous generation; but, except in this alexipharmic way, they did not influence his scientific work in the least degree. He considered the logic of science to be one thing, and the logic of life to be

another, and quite independent, matter. Another mistaken notion which has been current among those who busy themselves with Borioboolah-Gha, and which was perhaps fostered by Pasteur's severity of countenance, has been that he was a monster of cruelty, whose treatment of animals and children ought to have been restrained by law. The fact we find to have been that his susceptibility and tenderness of heart were quite excessive. Again, those histories of chemistry that are written with the German determination to concatenate events, albeit at the expense of spinning threads from the substance of the writer's being, tell us that "it was his work upon optically active compounds which led him on to the treatment of biological questions." This is certainly a most rational view, and is open to no criticism whatever, except that it happens to run counter to the facts. Those facts are to the effect that, with a single partial exception, every one of his incursions into biology resulted, not from any inward leading, but against the passionate longings of his heart, from external propulsion and the compulsion of that sense of duty to which his too emotional nature was all his life enslaved.

The whole of this noble life is laid open in these pages. It is a relatively small book, and its greatest fault of which the reader will be sensible is that there is not more of it. In such limits it could not be a Boswellian mirror; nor would the life of Pasteur, who was no show-specimen of a man, lend itself to such treatment. But we rise from Boswell's volumes knowing indeed perfectly what Johnson was, or, at least, how he appeared in society and in intimate conversation, but still perplexed to imagine how he came to be the man he was; whereas, here, Pasteur is not only exhibited but explained. The whole evolution of him from his seventeenth-century ancestors, the nurture and formation of mind and heart, are made comprehensible. The father, especially, stands out distinct as an old acquaintance, no character in novel sharper lined—a veritable contribution to our knowledge of men.

The scientific world in which Pasteur lived is veraciously and vividly portrayed, and this is one of the most valuable features of the work. Many portraits are hit off with as much truth as *chic*. One of them is Biot's. Happy would be the reader who was not familiar with the 'Causeries du Lundi,' since he would have one of the joys of life still to taste; but probably the reader does know that second of two articles in the second volume of the 'Nouveaux Lundis' which describe Biot. Of course, Sainte-Beuve, as he himself confesses, could not estimate Biot. The writer was too sophisticated and fine-drawn for his subject. All that he says is true; but what rating is to be placed upon the different features as elements in the make-up of a scientific man is quite another question. The portrait, on the whole, is not agreeable; in this book, on the other hand, Biot appears in the most charming light, and, since the whole man is viewed, in a much truer light. There are points of interest that both avoid. Gay-Lussac, too, Thénard, Balard, J. B. Dumas, E. Mitscherlich, Liebig, Henri Ste.-Claire Deville, Bertrand, Lister, Virchow, Vulpian, all come upon the scene, with many a younger man. We know not where to point to so truthful and

useful a picture of the world of science. If you want to understand the typical man of science, you will find the creature here veraciously expounded. Behind the chief figures there is a life-like and animated background, where Napoleon III., the Emperor Friedrich, Dom Pedro, Littré, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Alexander Dumas fils (very charmingly), Henri Regnault, and other painters will be noticed. Verily, the French still maintain their clear supremacy in the art of making a book, especially a characterism.

The translation is in excellent English. Only rarely have we come across a sentence which, we are persuaded, cannot have been quite rightly rendered, or a word not just the usual scientific expression; and on the whole the translator's work has been done with so much care, and has to so high a degree the rare virtue in a translation of making agreeable reading, that we cannot help feeling particularly grateful to her. The index is excellent, notwithstanding a few misprints. The photographic portrait is a likeness. The get-up of the book is extremely beautiful, with black type and uncalendered paper; the volumes are light to hold; the linen covers, simple and in good taste. In short, the book is an unalloyed delight—the clothing to the senses, the contents to the heart and spirit.

#### THE MOHAWK VALLEY "AS SHE IS ROMANCED."

*The Mohawk Valley: Its Legends and its History.* By W. Max Reid. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

*Cardigan: A Novel.* By Robert W. Chambers. Harper & Bros. 1901.

*The Backwoodsman: The Autobiography of a Continental on the New York Frontier during the Revolution.* By H. A. Stanley. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

The valley of the Mohawk, "the Flanders of America," the theatre of uncounted wars, the floor on which many races were threshed, the pathway of empire, the granary of the Revolution, has not been quite so "sadly neglected by historians and writers of fiction" as Mr. Reid, in his preface, would have us believe. Among local accounts of our Revolutionary struggle it is hard to match Campbell's 'Annals of Tryon County' or Stone's 'Life of Brant.' To the history of the valley in the Seven Years' War is devoted another valuable work, 'The Life of Sir William Johnson,' begun by the elder William L. Stone, and completed by his son and namesake. The pen of Francis Parkman himself has described not only that war, but also the wonderful earlier struggle with France, when for a century and a half the magnificent schemes of the first Power in Europe were foiled, and its armies held in check, as at another Thermopylæ, by the three hundred Mohawks and the few Dutch and English settlers who at length joined with them; and within a year the history of the valley for three centuries has been faithfully recounted in one of the most satisfactory of recent historical writings, Halsey's 'The Old New York Frontier.' Cooper's muse, it is true, walks only on the borders of the valley, avoiding its soil as it were quarantined; but even in those early days we had Hoffman's 'Greyslaer' to match the vigorous description and omit the wearisome dialogue of the choleric

Otsegan. The best of the Mohawk novels, Harold Frederic's 'In the Valley,' is too recent and too good to be forgotten; and the present market for historical novels—by which is understood novels that mention persons who are also mentioned in histories—has called from the press just ahead of Mr. Reid's more weighty tome two tales of the valley, Mr. Chambers's 'Cardigan' and Mr. Stanley's 'The Backwoodsman.' When Mr. Reid has read these efforts, he will perceive that there are sadder things than neglect.

He who runs, and, still more readily, he who walks on lower Broadway, may read that in 'Cardigan' we behold that phoenix of literature, "the great American novel." Mr. Cardigan, the hero, like all Mohawk Valley heroes, is a youth raised in the shadow of Sir William Johnson, getting into trouble just before the beginning of the Revolution, which is conveniently brought about for his deliverance, and deeply in love with a young lady, also in trouble. Unity of time the author strives for, so that within a year the hero of sixteen reaches, through perils enough for a lifetime, the matrimonial goal. The action takes place in Johnstown, Pittsburgh, Boston, and their suburbs. To verify dates and statements is drudgery; easier it is to say in a preface: "Those who read this romance for the sake of what history it may contain, will find the histories from which I have helped myself more profitable." Thus, we may not inquire too closely into dates, nor ask when Brant was "chief of the Six Nations," nor whether stage-coaches ran through from Philadelphia to Boston. But there were many strange things in those days. Trout and pickerel dwelt happily in the same stream, and "the hoof of countless deer herds made the forest runways hard" instead of making them soft as it does at this day. Cardigan was "a very Mohawk in the woods," and travelled from Johnstown to Pittsburgh in only three weeks; but from Pittsburgh a message is dispatched to Sir William Johnson on Monday, and Cardigan receives an answer on Thursday. No doubt, but for economy's sake, he had telephoned. We pass many such marvels to note that Mr. Chambers's greatest feats are done with the moon. At the full when Cardigan reaches Cresap, the obliging satellite some nine days afterwards sets at two A. M., to rise again some twenty-four hours later. Well might the morai highwayman of the tale exclaim: "She was always a friend to us, the moon." Yea, verily, for, like the compass of Nephi, she did work whither they desired her.

'Cardigan' was evidently written in the expectation that it would be melodramatized, for it contains not only an impossible hero, but a genuine old-fashioned villain. All the people are either very good, like Molly Brant, or very wicked, like Governor Dunmore; but Walter Butler was the wickedest of all. Since the author is not bound by the facts of history, it was a mistake to spare Butler when Cardigan had him at his mercy. Butler's language in February, 1775, fully justified homicide. "Yes," he continued thoughtfully, 'I ride this night to Lexington. She's a sweet little thing, a trifle skinny, perhaps; but if she pleases me not to-night, I may change my mind and take her for my mistress.'" Yet Butler's fate was terrible: he was spared but to become the villain of Mr. Stanley's novel, and to say on April 26, 1776, still in pur-

suit of the *Ewig-Weibliche*, "I want a good squaw. Gimme this girl." Molly Brant also grows careless of her speech between the two novels. To Cardigan in May, 1774, she remarked: "A sin confessed is half-redressed. I had meant to release Felicity some time since; but, Michael, remember in future to ask permission when you desire to play with Felicity." Only two months later the same lady observed to Mr. Stanley's hero: "He bad man! He mean, wicked, wicked wretch! Him coward too. Me see him you beat one time. Sir Willum not no say, me hire Injun beat him." Mr. Stanley also introduces Dutch, Irish, and Quaker dialect. They can be recognized by the labels. For good measure there is lugged in from time to time an irrelevant Tuscarora of many winters and supernatural attributes, hight Tamalagua, a word which no Tuscarora could pronounce. St. Mark had his lion, St. Tammany his tiger, and St. Tamalagua is accompanied by a "tiger cat" called by the characteristic Tuscarora name of Midgard. Aside from these strivings and strainings, Mr. Stanley has given us a vigorous, readable tale, promising better things when the author has found himself. The other book, a negligent piece of work from a practised hand, is a more serious disappointment. The author of 'The Conspirators' probably could not write an entirely dull story if he tried, and even 'Cardigan' is readable. It might be much improved by being cut to three hundred pages.

Mr. Reid's more serious and more entertaining work is also a disappointment. The author, by long residence among the scenes described and long study of the events recounted, is well able to write an accurate and valuable history of the Mohawk Valley, but has preferred to make a scrap-book for his own entertainment. Accordingly, he has given us a volume replete with interesting and valuable material, much of it new to the general reader and some for the first time printed, of which half the value is destroyed by triviality, by lack of the sense of proportion, and by gross negligence of statement. So heedless is the author of the requirements of accuracy that it will not be safe to quote, as authority on any subject, 'The Mohawk Valley: Its Legends and its History.' The book can only be used to suggest inquiry, and independent verification of every statement will be necessary. We have space for but a few examples, gathered at random.

Like both our novelists, Mr. Reid makes Brant the great chief of the Six Nations and speaks of "Brant and his Senecas," saying also that Brant's father was, like Brant himself, a Wolf. The Andastes, it seems, lived in the Valley and belonged to "the Algonquin Nation." The Mohawks are "known" to have been at Hochelaga in 1535. Such spellings as "Abenaka," "Anticosta," "Recolect," "Tracey," are, in this book, hardly worth noting. The Anormée Berge theory of the name Norumbega is mentioned with approbation, and the somewhat dubious credit of its origination is given not to the author, Mr. Reid's neighbor, Mr. Weise, but to one who later quoted it (with full credit to Weise) in what Mr. Reid calls Fiske's "very excellent book, 'The Dutch and Quaker Colonies of [sic] America.'" Mr. Reid and the two novelists are all aware that the Mohawks could not say Peter, and, like so many evangelists,

they confirm the fact by making it Quiddar (Reid), Queedar (Stanley), and, correctly, Quider (Chambers). In the history of the Valley the most important event save Oriskany seems to have been, in Mr. Reid's estimation, the massacre which took place at Glencoe in Scotland in 1690, the relevancy being that in later times there were Scotchmen in the Valley. This author thinks the twentieth century began in 1900, but is not quite sure. The word "Mohawk" he says is not Indian. Examples of Mr. Reid's moderation in statement are to be found in his remarks that there is no financial profit in archaeology, that the Utica Fort Schuyler was built "after 1709," and that Visscher's men at Oriskany "retreated rapidly." So they did, very rapidly.

Yet for one who loves the quiet curves of the Mohawk and the old homesteads nestled along its borders, this book, with its gossip chapters on old times, the wickedness of poor, overworked Walter Butler, and the author's pilgrimages among historic scenes—all illustrated by excellent plates of natural scenery and venerable dwellings—is full of charm. We are sure the author is a pleasant companion in such wanderings, and will only pray that he may some day have leisure to present us with a new edition, with half the paper and all the errors and trivialities omitted.

#### TWO BOOKS ON THE JESUITS.

*The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773.* By Ethelred L. Taunton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1901.

*A Relation of the Conference between William Laud and Mr. Fisher, the Jesuit.* Edited by C. H. Simpkinson, M.A. The Macmillan Co. 1901.

We associate here two recent books which bear more or less directly upon the subject of the Jesuits. The connection between them is one of title rather than of essence, but, despite important differences, they both recall the vigor and prominence of the Society during the early years of the seventeenth century. Father Taunton's work is a general history of the English Jesuits from the reign of Elizabeth to the pontificate of Clement XIV., by whose brief the Jesuits everywhere were suppressed. Laud's 'Conference with Fisher,' on the contrary, has an Anglican flavor—that is to say, it is less important as an exposition of Jesuit doctrine than as the tractate of a High Churchman against the supremacy of the Pope. However, the circumstances under which the meeting took place are not devoid of interest to the student of Jesuit history. The text of the 'Conference' was printed during Laud's lifetime, and has since then been reprinted more than once. Not improbably we have it now in its final form, as Mr. Simpkinson's edition is a very scholarly one.

There is much in Father Taunton's treatment of Jesuit annals to catch the attention. He is a Roman Catholic but not a Jesuit. Indeed, so far as the Jesuits are concerned, he seems the candid friend. True friendship does not always consist in flattery. "We profess to want Truth; and Truth is not served by party spirit." It is Father Taunton's belief that the cause of the Jesuits has been but poorly served by the special pleading of their own writers, by the blindness of More and Plowden,