

of a form of amusement so popular among the ancient Italians would surely be more difficult to assume than this line of descent. At any rate, Pulcinella, after a long life at the Teatro San Carlino (an humble neighbor of the great San Carlo), now makes his home at the Teatro Nuovo. He has rivals, imitators, and hosts of admirers.

These books are of value in many ways—most of all as documents for theatrical history, present and past. They will instruct any reader; it is safe to say that few Italians out of Naples know what 'Pulcinella & C.' will tell them. There are about a hundred portraits and other illustrations.

Imperium et Libertas: A Study in History and Politics. By Bernard Holland. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

During the last hundred and fifty years, in Mr. Holland's opinion, the most important political question for the English people has been no longer the demarcation of the frontiers between royal power and that of the body of the nation, or even that between the State and individual liberty, but that between imperial power and national liberty. The problem is to maintain dominion over remote regions and subject peoples without overtasking the dominant nation, which, as Augustine said of Rome, may break itself by its own greatness. In 1777 Burke wrote: "I am and ever have been deeply sensible of the difficulty of reconciling the strong presiding power that is so useful towards the conservation of a vast, disconnected, and infinitely diversified empire, with that liberty and safety of the provinces which they must enjoy (in opinion and practice, at least), or they will not be provinces at all." In other words, there must be empire, but it must be maintained with the least possible sacrifice of liberty.

Mr. Holland does not inquire whether empire is, after all, necessary, further than to suggest, in the phrase of Louis Napoleon, "L'empire c'est la paix." If the English colonies were not protected by England, they would be attacked by other Powers, or would quarrel among themselves. At all events, there is no indication that England will withdraw from her present responsibilities, and the inquiry how she can discharge them is timely and important. For this inquiry Mr. Holland prepares a most elaborate foundation. He reviews the American Revolution, showing that the English crown could have retained its sovereignty if it had conceded self-government. He then summarizes the history of Canada, showing that sovereignty was retained because that concession was made. These inquiries are very well conceived, and are conducted in a praiseworthy spirit, but they are really unnecessary. The conclusions have long been sufficiently established.

Much the same may be said of the consideration of the Irish question, which occupies most of the remaining space in the book. Mr. Holland favors applying the Canadian precedent to the case. He proposes to set up legislative assemblies for England, Scotland, Ireland, and perhaps Wales, which bodies should regulate the affairs of the respective provinces; imperial affairs to be directed as now by Parliament. But it is obvious that Canada furnishes no pre-

cedent for such a dismemberment of the United Kingdom, nor is it easy to find a comfortable precedent in history. Mr. Holland's solution may some time be adopted, but the prospect is not hopeful. As to the relations between the United Kingdom and the colonies, Mr. Holland makes some rather vague proposals for colonial representation and contribution, accepting the guidance of that distinguished statesman Cecil Rhodes. Cecil Rhodes, however, saw that the first step to be taken in creating the new empire was for England to give up free trade, from which Mr. Holland shrinks. After all his elaborate argumentation, he is at last brought to the rather humiliating conclusion that the colonies cannot be represented in the present Parliament, while a federal Parliament for the whole empire is impossible. Nothing remains but to accept Mr. Chamberlain's plan for a grand imperial council, possessing all the magnificent attributes of a parliament, but without its powers. But no body limited to the function of giving advice has hitherto exercised much influence on the world's affairs. The best that can be said for the plan is, that it may serve to amuse those uneasy souls who are continually fretting themselves over the possibilities of attack by foreign nations, while it will not impede the continuance of the good relations which now exist between England and her colonies.

John Chinaman, and a Few Others. By E. H. Parker. E. P. Dutton & Co.

To find out what kind of a man a Chinaman is, Mr. Parker began in 1867 to study his language and get his ideas. After this, he spent twenty-five years in his country, and then, for comparison, travelled in many lands on four continents. From the first, he acted on the principle that "the lowly are just as interesting company as the mighty." He is a hearty lover of his fellow-man, and a despoiler of everything in the shape of a sham. His most healthful way of enjoying reality has enabled this ex-consul, and now professor of Chinese at Manchester and Liverpool, to give us what is perhaps the best picture extant of the actual Chinaman. Having written on family law, history, diplomacy, commerce, and travel in China, besides laying open the truth about the thousand years of Tartar rule, he now introduces us without ceremony to the average man of the queue. Under sixteen chapters, with many pictorial illustrations and a thousand modern instances, this realist brings before us in action every sort and condition of Chinese man. As he has, literally, seen them all, he tells of births, marriages, and deaths, of the Chinese innocents abroad, of kings, popes, premiers, and philosophers, of missionary and other "rows," of piracies and murders, and of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. In short, he draws from his actual experiences with Chinese of every grade. While revealing with how little wisdom the world is governed, he shows also with how much excellence obscure persons are often endowed. He has, indeed, a vocabulary and literary method of his own, being utterly unconventional, and therefore very charming, for to him belong ability, common sense, and the fine art of being interesting. To those who personally or by near reputation

were acquainted with the foreigners mentioned on his pages, Baber, Wade, Parkes, Hennessy, there is delight in reading about these old friends. The Chinese names, whether Teng or Ting, Yeh or Li, become far more distinct, and delightfully human, when we find how heartily their possessors can laugh, respond quickly to a little "chaff," yield gracefully when the game is all up, and are full of that varied nature one touch of which makes the whole world akin. For the Chinaman's religion, his worth and usefulness as a man, and his value in the scale of humanity, Mr. Parker has such hearty appreciation that he does not on a single page sacrifice truth. His book is realistic from cover to cover.

To come very close home, he tells of his student experiences in London with Minister Wu (of Washington, whom he correlates with the famous Howqua family of Canton), when, queueless in London, he was looking forward "to an English rather than to a Chinese career." At the same table with the future barristers of the Middle Temple, sat Mr. Hoshi Toru, later of Washington and Tokio, who responded in Chinese, handsomely, but with taciturnity and the pen, to the challenge as to his scholarship in the classics. The young Japanese then, perhaps, little supposed that, a quarter of a century later, in the plenitude of power and fame, he should be assassinated by a conservative fellow-countryman, reader of the books of Mencius, which justify the assassination of unpopular ministers. The London incident (evidently written by Mr. Parker before the late Cabinet Minister was slain) is in a context which shows that, in all probability, a European student could receive a Chinese degree if he went through the usual curriculum. Even aborigines from among the hill tribes, who yield a measure of conformity, can receive degrees and offices.

A curious literary illustration of "the principle of *tabu*, which has always had a wide extension in China," is stated on page 211. The mysterious combination which, in the ancient odes, means "how the Dolichos [plant] creeps," is always avoided by scholars who know foreigners, because the words *Kot tam yu* have sounds very similar to what so often proceeds from British mouths, being heard even in the consulate. Indeed, "Kot tam" is believed to be the name of an English deity, "whose wrath is called down upon the heads of luckless Chinamen on the slightest provocation." This is a curious reminder of the "god-damn hommes" of fifteenth-century France, and the dammurize-hito of the Yokohama dialect. Chinese swearing is retrospective. It has a twist towards genealogy, as becomes the age of the nation, for the oburgation smites ancestors even to the eighteenth degree.

It would be hard, in Mr. Parker's wonderful scrap-book of examples, to tell what phase of Chinese human nature he has not illustrated—from the trusted Chinese physician for whom American and English ladies and children would loosen their dress, and who was deeply mourned when he died, to ordinary "boys" or servant men whose virtues and failings are alike pronounced. The author also met many Koreans during his stay as Consul in their country. Of Japanese doctors, he says that they are patient and do not guess at ailments, but always try to get to the bot-

tom of everything. He tells also of peninsular Asiatics of various sorts, and of Mongols and Tartars. We consider this book equal in sociological value to about one thousand of the average missionary reports, and, just because of its realism—whether we call it coarse or clever—rich in cheer to those who, piercing the crusts of fashion and tradition, see in the Chinaman a genuine human being. Appropriately has the Chinese character, *fuku*, been stamped on the back of the book indicative of the sunny cheer within. There is an index and a valuable glossary.

Washington the Capital City, and its Part in the History of the Nation. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson. Two vols., illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902.

The national capital has had its full share of attention from writers of books and magazine articles. The rude beginning, the magnificence of the plan and the slow response to its demands, and then the sudden awakening into new life after the war for the Union had brought Northern ideas of progress into play at Washington—all these combined have furnished a theme for a large force of busy writers. We take up a new book upon this topic with some misgivings. It is something, however, to tell the story anew and tell it well. This feat Mr. Wilson has accomplished. He is an entertaining writer, the master of a pleasing style, and an author who shows that he has a good sense of proportion. The volumes are printed in attractive page form, and the reader who opens one is likely to find himself so well satisfied as to journey through the entire book.

Washington is truly described as having been in 1799 "a straggling settlement." The close of 1900 found it a city in reality, unsurpassed for its broad avenues, handsome streets, and delightful parks. The genius of L'Enfant at last stands revealed to even the dullest onlooker. One may not say that Washington is the United States, in the sense that Paris is France; but there are few American citizens who are indifferent to a knowledge of their capital, while many regard it in their affections as second only to their own place of residence. The people take a pride in the capital, and view with favor every reasonable plan for its improvement and adornment. The great work now fairly begun under the charge of the Park Commission is but one mode of expressing this deep-seated desire. There is no danger, therefore, that a well-written book about Washington will lack for readers. The only requisite is that the workman, in handling old material, shall show ingenuity and deftness.

Somebody said once of a gentleman who, with no love of reading, had enjoyed the advantage of extensive travel both in his own country and abroad, that he possessed a mind "nourished upon guide-books." The present work is not constructed on the guide-book plan, although from its opening pages one might anticipate that such were the fact. It is rather a narrative of the doings of public officials than a description of localities with which they have been identified. Mr. Wilson's pages present a rapid survey of men of distinction who have acted their part at Washington from the days of President John Adams down to the close of Grant's second term. The

book is not exactly a history in disguise. It is a collection of light touches, anecdotes, and brief comments, all readable because of the writer's animated style. At times one is reminded of Blaine's "Twenty Years," save that Mr. Wilson has so many personages to deal with that he is enabled only in a few instances to bring out the character into full light. It is surprising how apt the author shows himself to be in his use of adjectives. Every member of the Cabinet, almost every Senator, together with all the more prominent Representatives, are mentioned. Usually, what is known as a thumb-nail sketch is presented. Where only a word or two is allotted to a person, Mr. Wilson displays no little art in the selection of the proper word. The Presidents in turn, as might be expected, come in for extended notice. Much space is devoted to Andrew Jackson; while the reader will encounter some facts in regard to Mr. Lincoln of which he has probably never heard before. The tone of moderation which pervades the book is its best feature. The volumes are to be commended to one who desires to take a brief survey of our political history, without caring to go deeper and learn something of the philosophy of it. Not designed to be studied, they are well calculated for the passing of a pleasant hour.

A work of this description can scarcely avoid the reproach of omissions. Nothing, for example, is said of Hamilton Fish, whose services to his country deserve at least as much praise as that accorded to more than one statesman of an earlier date. Moreover, the older residents of Washington, no less than those who are familiar with local traditions, will miss such characters as Beau Hickman, or that leader in the "third House" and prince of entertainers, Sam Ward. Errors, too, are to be expected when so large a field is covered. One of the earliest, which is most likely to arrest attention, is that of putting Chief Justice Parsons of Massachusetts in the Cabinet of John Adams as his Attorney-General (I., p. 47). But there is a much more serious instance. There are those yet living who can recall how bitter was the disappointment of the Whigs at the result of the election of 1844. They came near electing their idol, Henry Clay. The change of a few votes in New York and Michigan would have carried Clay into the Presidency. Out of this disappointment sprang the usual crop of post-election stories, explanations, and criminations. A charge that seems to have enjoyed more vitality than almost any other, was levelled against James G. Birney, the candidate of the Liberal party. We quote from Mr. Wilson's first volume (p. 404):

"Clay, in some way, had given serious offence to James G. Birney. The exact cause of this hostility had never been revealed, nor did Clay himself, so he asserted, ever understand it. Birney, however, made no secret of it. He was an active abolitionist, and there was, as had been shown in the preceding campaign, some trifling strength in the so-called Abolition party in the North. Its members met in convention and nominated Birney for President, as they had done in 1840. Birney did not want to run again, but saw in his candidacy a chance to repay Clay for the slight, or whatever it was, which had caused the personal enmity. He therefore ran, and had such revenge as caused the Whig party to lose the Presidency."

Had the writer of these words taken a

little more pains to get at the truth, he would have discovered that the story, ridiculous as it is on its face, is nothing more nor less than pure fabrication. Carl Schurz, in his not unfriendly biography of Clay, disposes of a similar aspersion in short order. Of Mr. Birney he remarks: "He has been charged with committing an act of personal faithlessness in opposing Clay in 1844. The charge was utterly unjust."

Insect Life: Souvenirs of a Naturalist, J. H. Fabre. Translated from the French by the Author of 'Mademoiselle Mori.' With illustrations by M. Prendergast Parker. Macmillan Co. 1901. Pp. 320, 16 plate figures.

This is an altogether delightful book, in which the author gives, in a few chapters, the results of observations extending over many years. Not many insects are mentioned, and all are from southern France, where, as incidentally appears, the author found it a difficult task, early in his career as a teacher, to secure recognition for natural science of any kind. Two chapters are devoted to the "sacred beetle," in which, incidentally, we get much information concerning the habits of dung beetles, or "tumble-bugs," in general. We also learn that the pellets they are so commonly seen rolling on country roads are not intended as the homes of the early stages, as was usually supposed, but as food supplies for the beetles themselves. The remainder of the book is devoted to the habits of certain predatory digging wasps and mason bees. Elaborate accounts are given of the manner in which the cells, burrows, and other structures are built, and of the way in which the prey is captured and prepared to serve as food for the larva—all based on original, long-continued, personal observations.

The author's style and attitude toward his subjects are excellently shown in the following extract:

"Beauteous Sphegidæ, hatched under my eyes and brought up by my hand; . . . you whose transformations I have followed step by step, waking up with a start at night for fear of missing the moment when the nymph breaks through her swaddling-bands and the wings issue from their cases; you have taught me so many things, learning nothing yourselves, knowing without teachers all that you need to know. Oh, my beautiful Sphegidæ! fly away without fear of my tubes, my phials, and all my boxes and cages, and all my prisons for you. . . . Depart in peace, hollow out your burrows, stab your crickets scientifically, and continue your race, so as to afford to others what you have afforded to me—some of the few moments of happiness in my life."

Though absolutely accurate in detail and even prolix, the author is neither tiresome nor technical; indeed, the systematist comes in for a number of digs: "An insect is caught, transfixed with a long pin, fastened in a box with a cork bottom; a ticket with a Latin name is put under its feet, and all is said. This way of looking at entomological history does not satisfy me." And so he makes a plea for "real observation, and not to let entomology consist in rows of impaled insects." Though he has the most intense interest in all their habits, our author does not unreservedly admire all the doings of his pets. After describing how Philanthus captures and