

Nonsense enters into 'Sing a Song of Sixpence: Another Lost Legend' (Boston: George H. Ellis & Co.), but it is by way of the illustrations, eight in number, by Edward Lear, new to collectors, we believe, and now first published. They would be accepted frankly by the youngsters if mated with the nursery rhyme alone; but here there is an attempt to elucidate the rhyme by a half-serious prose invention. The resulting incongruity enhances the humor for adults; what children would make of it must be tested by experience.

'Prince Silverwings' and the accompanying fairy tales by Mrs. Carter Harrison (McClurg) are poetic, telling of princesses and cloud-maidens and such good company. The colored illustrations, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, are charmingly refined in line and conception; the whole volume a handsome one. Little, Brown & Co. publish Katharine Pyle's 'In the Green Forest,' which she herself furnishes with illustrations in black and white, both full-page and in the text. Story and drawings are of a good fairy-tale kind, full of green and winged things, with a plenty of adventure and obstacle before the fairy Red Cap really reaches the Sun Queen and learns magic from her. *Nous autres* may be pained to learn that there is a higher authority on magic than even the Fairy Queen, but the tale is pretty reading. From the same publishing house comes, in sumptuous attire, William Dana Orcutt's 'Princess Kallisto, and Other Tales of the Fairies'; the colored illustrations, gay poppies, beguiling children, soft-tinted marginal drawings by Harriette Amsden. Mr. Orcutt's statement, in his "foreword," that "the wonderful results of the present kindergarten work have emphasized with remarkable clearness the important part which stories play in a child's early life," may make some captious old folk smile as they reflect what a ministering angel Maria Edgeworth was when Froebel lay howling. Further, what would Froebel and the Nature teachers say to Mr. Orcutt's story of the ants being lazy noblemen who are condemned to toil in colonies till they shall have learned to work? And what becomes of kindergarten principles in a sentence like this from the story of the wicked enchanter: "It would not make a nice story at all to tell you about the many evil things which Kron had done, so you must try not to think about them"? The stories in the main are pleasing and thoughtful, freighted each with a little cargo of suggestion to the imagination or the moral sense.

No appeal to the imagination is hazarded in 'Six and Twenty Boys and Girls,' pictured by John Hassall, with verses by Clifton Bingham (London: Blackie; New York: Scribner). An alphabet of good and bad children are held up to cautionary or emulating view, with an absence of subtlety that Gradgrind himself must have applauded. The full-page, highly colored portraits of just and unjust are equally explicit—both, here and there, to the point of roughness. Admonitory literature for small children is so rare in these times that this work may be commended to the parents of children with faults of manner or custom for its warnings and its examples.

'Red Folk and Wild Folk,' the illustrations (both in colors and in black and white) by Edwin Willard Deming, the In-

dian folk-lore stories for children by Theres O. Deming (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), will charm young children by its gay coloring and large type, while all who care for Indian legend and animal stories will find a peculiar interest in this collection of stories, their almost crude simplicity bearing witness to their pedigree. It is instructive to find again the Rabbit outwitting man.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. comes Nora Archibald Smith's 'Three Little Marys,' a Scotch, an English, and an Irish, making a very good trio of stories for little girls, characteristic of the three nationalities, interesting without pretence. Three full-page black-and-white illustrations with a colored cover complete the outfit of this little volume. 'The Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe,' by Gertrude Smith, illustrated by E. Mars and M. H. Squire, come from Harper & Brothers. The vivid pictures are rather fretty with over-detail, but in the child-lover's spirit. The story, beautifully printed, of the every-day doings of three little children would be a suitable one for extreme youth save for the ludicrous overloading with endearing adjectives whenever any one, but particularly whenever Janey, heaves in sight. The dears, beautifuls, lovable, preciouses, that pepper the pages are quite beyond reason. When Janey says to the robin: "I am Janey Monroe, you know, and my little heart is full of love," and when the robin's answering "chee! chee! chee!" is explained to mean, "You see that I am not afraid, precious Janey," it seems almost time to take precautions against sweets between meals. Another blemish is the constant trick of beginning paragraphs with, "And," as if to put the narrative on a Biblical pedestal.

For larger children and, indeed, as the dedication says, "for all those who love children and dogs," is offered, by the Macmillan Co., Mabel Osgood Wright's 'Dogtown,' with many photographic portraits from life, human and canine, by the author. There is more than dog story in this entertaining volume—there is dog-learning; nor is it surprising to find woodland and bird lore as well filtering through the pages. A mild love interest adds little to the merits of the book, and the small boy Tommy's sweetheating is artificial. It is difficult to imagine a boy of six calling a girl of eighteen "a kind of flower fairy," or saying, "I don't think looks matters much. If you just like things you see 'em all right." Anne is better, and the dogs are entirely delightful, made alive and personal as only the closest intimacy of knowledge and understanding could make them.

'Ten Girls from Dickens,' by Kate Dickinson Sweetser, illustrated by George Alfred Williams (J. F. Taylor & Co.), furnishes the extracted and condensed histories of the Marchioness, Little Nell, and eight others, told as far as possible in the great original's language. A black-and-white full-page illustration accompanies each one—the cover and the frontispiece are especially good—and the whole is a beautiful piece of bookmaking.

'Young George, His Life,' told and drawn by Edith Farmiloe (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), presents in colored full-page illustrations, each one confronted with a line of text, the pitiful status of a "little father" of the London slums, his family, his re-

sponsibilities, his fights, his occasional amusements. For the adult it is pathetic with its effective drawings; but there are pages—such as those relating to the drinking mother—which are not suited to children.

'What a Girl Can Make and Do,' by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard (Charles Scribner's Sons), is seen to be every variety of handiwork from carpentry to basket-weaving, and all sorts of amusements indoors and out. Girls should surely be greatly pleased with this book. Its full and clear instructions and illustrations should put them in possession of a thousand resources for keeping fingers and minds entertainingly busy.

BROWNING AND TENNYSON.

The Poetry of Robert Browning. By Stopford Brooke, M.A. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1902.

The title of the first chapter of this book, "Browning and Tennyson," suggests the historic twinship among great authors, as in the case of Homer and Æschylus, Virgil and Horace, Dante and Petrarch, Shakespeare and Milton, Voltaire and Rousseau, Goethe and Schiller, Emerson and Hawthorne. As the Greek saying has it, "Nature's dice are always loaded," and they are sure to fall in pairs. It is doubtful if either of the two poets in the present case has before had a critic so thoughtful and judicious as Mr. Brooke. Of the two, his Browning book seems the abler, partly because the breadth and variety of Browning open up a greater width of theme than the slenderer and more fastidious muse of Tennyson. The impression given in this book is that, on the whole, Browning is the author's favorite of the two. He recognizes clearly from the beginning that Browning had always freshness and Tennyson had not; that Tennyson was conventional and clung to a caste, while Browning was much more a man of the world, and at the same time free as to his poems; that Tennyson inherited something of the sentimental strain of the period just before him, while Browning was absolutely himself; that Tennyson was wholly English, while Browning was much more European in his associations and materials, though his temperament was English and "his roughness of form was positively early Teutonic" (p. 31). Tennyson, moreover, "is never impressionist, and never could have been," while Browning, "who had in long poems done the very opposite of impressionism, had also in a number of short poems anticipated impressionist art by nearly forty years. 'Porphyria's Lover,' many a scene in 'Sordello,' 'My Last Duchess,' 'The Laboratory,' 'Home Thoughts from Abroad,' are only a few out of many" (p. 10).

Mr. Brooke thus sums up the essential difference between the two poets:

"He [Browning] strove to paint the whole. It was a bold ambition. Few have fulfilled it so well. None, since Shakespeare, have had a wider range. His portraiture of life was so much more varied than that of Tennyson, so much more extensive and detailed, that on this side he excels Tennyson; but such portraiture is not necessarily poetic, and, when it is fond of the complex, it is always in danger of tending to prose. . . . He loses the poetic turn of the thing of which he writes, and what he produces is not better than rhythmical prose. Again and again Browning fell into that misfortune; and it is a

strange problem how a man who was in one part of his nature a great poet, could, under the sway of another, cease to be a poet. At this point his inferiority to Tennyson as a poet is plain. Tennyson scarcely ever wrote a line which was not unmistakably poetry, while Browning could write pages which were unmistakably not poetry" (pp. 44, 45).

Mr. Brooke adverts to that theory, of which Lowell was so fond, that Browning had Jewish elements if not in his blood, yet in his intellect, spirit, and character, and concludes that he was "a complex creature," whereas Tennyson was not complex. He notes that Browning's love of color was far more intense than that of Tennyson, and that sometimes, as Ruskin says, "it is not color, it is conflagration"; but it is at any rate an essential part of Browning. Browning, he thinks, comprehended women far better. Tennyson could deal with a few simple well-known types, of both good and bad women; but Browning, in describing women, "touched great variety and great individuality"; "each of his women is distinct from the rest." "He neither lowered her, nor idealized her beyond natural humanity, . . . and he has wrought this out, not by elaborate statement of it in a theory, as Tennyson did in 'The Princess,' with a conscious patronage of womanhood, but by unconscious representation of it in the multitude whom he invented" (pp. 346, 348). It is to be noticed, however, that Mr. Brooke's criticisms on Browning's women are among those passages over which the reader of this book will be most tempted to doubt his author's judgment. In dealing with the strong picture of the wanton Ottima in "Pippa Passes" (p. 331), or the poor sinful child Mildred in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" (p. 338), we venture to think that Browning knew what he was drawing far more profoundly than his critic. Again, we should dissent from the opinion that Balaustion was, among women, "the finest creature Browning drew" (p. 339). Mr. Brooke paints admirably the steady lessening of the imagination and steady increase of the intellectual element in Browning (p. 415), and thinks that it had begun even while he was at work on "The Ring and the Book," yet points out the exceptional charm and power of a few of these later occasional poems, as "Hervé Riel" and "Pheidippides," while he justly finds some of them "needlessly ugly," as "Halbert and Hob" (p. 433). In the greater part of "Parleyings with Certain People" "imagination such as belongs to a poet has deserted Browning" (p. 435). Mr. Brooke truly says, in summing up his poet's total service:

"He kept, in the midst of a fretful, slothful, wailing world, where prophets like Carlyle and Ruskin were as impatient and bewildered, as lamenting and despondent as the decadents they despised, the temper of his Herakles in 'Balaustion.' He left us that temper as his last legacy, and he could not have left us a better thing" (p. 440).

As a rule, it may be said that, if we recognize Mr. Brooke's own distinction between the imaginative and intellectual in Browning, his critic finds himself most at home in the intellectual, less in the imaginative, and least of all in the domain of emotion. Thus, his analysis of the powerful poem "Caliban" is so profound as to leave nothing to be desired, but in dealing with the much-discussed "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," Mr. Brooke is quite shy and self-distrustful, and almost inclined to

think that his poet merely put odds and ends together aimlessly, which certainly was not Browning's way (p. 276). Mr. Brooke quotes "Meeting at Night—Parting at Morning" rather as if they were pleasant little verses in the corner of a village newspaper, instead of being, as they are, strains so concentrated and so perfect as to be likely to live as long and prove as inexhaustible as Sappho's Ode.

We should be doing injustice to Mr. Brooke's rich and thoughtful style if we did not quote his closing words:

"As if the Muse of Poetry wished to adorn the image of his death, he passed away amid a world of beauty, and in the midst of a world endeared to him by love. Italy was his second country. In Florence lies the wife of his heart. In every city he had friends, friends not only among men and women, but friends in every ancient wall, in every fold of Apennine and Alp, in every breaking of the blue sea, in every forest of pines, in every church and palace and town hall, in every painting that great art had wrought, in every storied marketplace, in every great life which had adorned, honored, and made romantic Italy—the great mother of Beauty, at whose breasts have hung, and whose milk have sucked, all the arts and all the literatures of modern Europe. Venice saw and mourned his death. The sea and sky and mountain glory of the city he loved so well encompassed him with her beauty; and, their soft, graciousness, their temperate power of joy and life, made his departure peaceful. Strong and tender in life, his death added a new fairness to his life. Mankind is fortunate to have so noble a memory, so full and excellent a work, to rest upon and love."

Illustrations of the Book of Job. In twenty-one plates invented and engraved by William Blake, Author of Designs to "Blair's Grave," "Young's Night Thoughts," etc. London: Published by the Author, 3 Fountain Court, Strand, and Mr. J. Linnell, 6 Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square. March, 1826.

[One thousand copies issued in facsimile by J. M. Dent & Co., London, and G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1902.]

The latest important work of William Blake was that entitled as above. Linnell was not a publisher in the usual sense of the word, but rather an artist, a hard-working and successful painter, who had employed Blake, or encouraged him in this and in other artistic enterprises. Linnell was guided thereto, as it would appear, partly by pure desire to aid a struggling brother artist, partly by that worthy ambition to cause artistic work to be produced which, as a man of feeling at once and of mental energy, he showed throughout his long life. What he thought of Blake's work it is not easy to ascertain; but his actions were such as would do credit to a richer and to a more influential man than Linnell ever was, and he was able to leave to succeeding generations a series of works by the more imaginative man, by the exceptional artist, Blake; works having a stronger hold than Linnell's own on the graver attention of posterity. For in reality there has never been an artist, whose works are known to us, so entirely alone in art, so absolutely apart from any school or the influence of any tradition. To call him a religious painter-engraver is to lead the student astray, because there is no close observance in his work of any Christian traditions, whether artistic or liturgical; and only a general, laic, Protestant Bible-reader's view of Old Testament records. To call him an

artist of strong and pure imagination is to exaggerate the importance of his work, because he dealt rather with grotesque exaggeration, such as was excited in his mind by half-gained knowledge and half-understood dreams. To call him an artist of sentiment, of that universal human feeling which is found in the fine art of words even more freely than in the arts of color and form, is to ignore much the greater part of his mental life, namely, its mystical side; whereas, to call him a mystic is to ignore the fact that his rejection of realism proceeded from impatient indifference to what most artists think essential to their art, rather than from a deliberate attempt to reveal or discuss mysteries. Every student of his life is entitled to his own and a separate and distinct view of the combination, in Blake's mental condition, of a kind of insanity with imaginative power and with the tendency to fanciful excess. It might be held with, perhaps, equal plausibility that, if he drew the figure very badly, it was because he could not see it rightly, had never learned its true character, and was, therefore, presumptuous in drawing the figure at all; and, on the other hand, that his spirit was full of visions which crowded one another so closely that there was no time or mental grasp sufficient to see each one clearly, and that he was far too sincere and too direct in his moral aim to spend time in rectifying his drawing or solidifying his composition.

The experience of art-students is usually that they care most for Blake when they are young, and as yet not greatly practised in their art; and yet this is not the universal experience. It would be hard to escape the impression, when some one is found very enthusiastic over the 'Book of Job' or other plates of Blake's, that as yet the greatness and the splendor of the artistic world have not quite revealed themselves to the enthusiast. In literature there is hardly the like of what William Blake was in art; and yet it may be said that there are certain mystics, certain illuminati, whose poems or unrhymed rhapsodies give more pleasure to the beginner in literature than to the veteran. So with the illustrations for the Book of Job; if one is well versed in intelligent, learned, sane, and yet powerful art, he will care less for the dreams and visions which fill these twenty-one plates. The monstrous caricature of an elephant which is used (plate 15) to stand for Behemoth will repel rather than attract, while the final plate, showing how the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning, will pass as but half-understood sentimentalism. On the other hand, no one can refuse his tribute of admiration to the design in plate 3, in which the columns and walls are falling upon the sons and the daughters of Job, while Satan presides over the destruction, balanced, as it were, upon a falling stone whose support his spiritual essence is seen not to require. And so it is with the treatment of that same Satan, occurring again and again in the plates; he is asexual, and is partly invested with scales, as if in some suggestion of a lower nature than that of man. The way in which the story is told has at once the good and evil of extreme intensity.

Concentration of horror or of peaceful

tranquillity deliberately intended excludes other considerations. Realism, of course, is entirely remote from the conception of such designs, and yet the separate instances are treated in a realistic way; it is only their combination and their concentration into a scene that is the very reverse of real, which is purely fantastic. Thus, the runner who approaches Job and his wife with the cry, "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee," is shown in headlong race, and, however ill-drawn the limbs, and however ill-expressed the attitude and the action of running (the foot resting flat upon the ground even in the action of running), it is still reality which controls that figure. On the other hand, the presentation of Job and his wife as already overwhelmed with grief, eyes raised to heaven, and hands clasped in attitudes of despair, while still the one runner has only just reached them and the other is seen far behind, is an entirely unrealistic conception, as completely so as if it were expressly announced as a metaphorical rendering of the idea of loss and of grief.

It appears, then, that the very doubts which invest this subject and the hesitation which every art student must have as to the true place in art of the 'Book of Job,' are a sufficient reason for its reproduction. The original work is of very considerable scarcity, and of great cost. The reproduction issued by the London and the New York house and sold here at a reasonable price will be found to give nearly all the artistic value of the original plates; losing more in the brilliancy and beauty of the prints than in other ways, and therefore revealing all of Blake that there is in the designs except his merit and charm as an original engraver on metal.

New France and New England. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

It is difficult to review a posthumous book by John Fiske without saying at least one word about the author. The memory of his luminous mind and of his great learning, of his shrewd humor, and of his true simplicity, is as yet too strong to be put by. In most cases the reviewer must keep his attention fixed upon the work rather than upon its writer; but where the thought of the writer's eminence is enforced by the recentness of his death, the ordinary rule can hardly be observed in all its strictness.

There is a further reason why a reviewer of this volume should be tempted to stray from his duty of immediate and particular criticism. In a publisher's preface, it is stated "that 'New France and New England' completes the story of the settlement and development of the colonies up to the point where Mr. Fiske's 'American Revolution' has already taken up the narrative. It therefore gives a final unity to the sequence of remarkable volumes which he has devoted to American history." Here, then, one is tempted to speak of the series as a whole and of Mr. Fiske's historical methods; but such subjects, though attractive, lie beyond the scope of the present notice.

Mr. Fiske was an experienced and accomplished lecturer, as thousands of peo-

ple in different parts of the country have reason to remember. His 'New France and New England' consists of ten chapters, which might be styled ten separate essays were it not for the fact that most of them are couched in lecture form and were delivered before the Lowell Institute. Personality is, on the whole, more likely to emerge during a lecture than during an essay, and almost every page is redolent of Mr. Fiske himself. His complete freedom from pretence is visible in all his writings, but nowhere more eloquently than here. He talked copiously from the fulness of knowledge, but with no affectation of learning, and his style of writing was equally spontaneous. His genuine interest in the subject of his research is reflected in the animation of his narrative.

While this latest of Mr. Fiske's writings bears genuine marks of his quality, we cannot pretend that we think it by any means the best of his works. To some the title may bring disappointment, for in the contents one finds no systematic attempt to examine the relations of New France and New England, to point a contrast between divergent political systems, or to delineate the successive phases of national rivalry. The first four chapters are given to the historical geography of New France, the fifth to Salem witchcraft, the sixth to the 'Great Awakening' produced by Jonathan Edwards, the seventh to Norridgewock and Louisburg, and the last three to the Seven Years' War. Thus geography and war get most of the text, with witchcraft and Jonathan Edwards thrown in; yet in the whole book there is hardly a word of Frontenac, and no account is given of his policy towards New England.

We feel very certain that, had Mr. Fiske lived longer, his final account of the duel between France and England in America would have possessed greater unity than can be claimed by the book with which we are now dealing. Perhaps a little more care might have been shown regarding points of detail. However, the main thing is that the studies in question exist and have been published. The four chapters on French exploration form a little series at the beginning, and the three chapters on the Seven Years' War make a group by themselves at the end—a group to which the story of Pepperell's expedition against Louisburg may fitly be added. In the middle come the articles on Salem witchcraft and the religious revival in New England. For our own part we must say that we prefer the chapters which treat of life in New England. They seem fresher, although the subjects themselves are well worn, and they show a firmer grasp of the material. The chapters on New France are at the disadvantage of following in the track of Parkman, and there is little to indicate that Mr. Fiske had made a special study of Canadian history. He is much interested in the Indians and the *voyageurs*, but the development of the colony is put altogether to one side.

Mr. Fiske was essentially a humanist in the broader and higher sense of that term. Although the problems of philosophy and science appealed to him deeply, he cared quite as much for the concrete, and did not divorce his intellectual interests from the ordinary affairs of mankind. The depth and quickness of his sympathies go far towards

accounting for his success as a popular historian. He was not above being clear and simple, nor did he shrink from putting into his books what the average reader cares to hear about. For perorations and other rhetorical tricks he cared little, but, when touched by the spectacle of such torments as the poor victims of Salem suffered, he could use language of unwonted fervor: "We can but faintly imagine what must have been the destruction of confidence, the breaking of the dearest ties, the madness, the reign of savage terror; and we cannot be too grateful that the gaunt spectre which stalked so long over the fairest parts of earth has at length been exorcised forever!"

John Mackenzie, South African Missionary and Statesman. By W. Douglas Mackenzie, M.A., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1902. Pp. xii., 564, portrait.

The appearance at the present time of this biography is singularly opportune. South Africa is to be "settled," Mr. Chamberlain is on his way as settler, and it is here made clear that he, of all English statesmen, had best secured and held the esteem of the subject of this book. In their views of the needs of the case they essentially agreed. Mackenzie was an imperialist of a class which we do not always quite understand or exactly distinguish. For him imperialism meant the supremacy of the central government—federalism we might call it. His ideas upon it were largely modelled on the treatment by this country of its Territories, and also affected by the problems and results of our civil war. He saw that the greatest difficulty in South Africa lay in the rapidly growing colored population; he was in fact the first to note that rapid increase. Further, he recognized that no white pioneer class could be trusted to act fairly by "natives." They would make of them a subject race, whether slaves in name or not. Yet, for him at least, the races of South Africa were worth saving, must and could be saved. To accomplish that and bridge the gulf for them to self-government—protecting them on the way from being exploited by whites—he advised simple protectorates (using their tribal chiefs) and crown colonies. The last, oddly enough, he compared with our Territorial government. So he fought, and successfully, the incorporation of Bechuanaland into Cape Colony, the spread of Dutch rule—which meant always an enslaved black race with no rights against a white man—and the jurisdiction and system of the British South African Company.

His difficulties were great and of a strange kind. It is hardly credible, and yet this book makes it plain, how little English politicians less than twenty years ago thought and knew about South Africa. They had no interest in it, would not be troubled with it; nothing could be made of it. So they were driven on without a policy, refusing to see either opportunity or duty. To open the eyes of the English to this problem, one to which they were bound to come sooner or later, was Mackenzie's public work. In it he was only partly successful. Entire success would have prevented the Boer war; entire failure would have meant the enslavement of all