

commanding and executive faculties of the nation. No matter to what extent political power may tend to fall into Catholic hands, there is no fear that Protestants will not be able to hold their own in Ireland so long as the Catholic mind gives itself so much to ecclesiasticism.

Catholics alone have the right to judge as to the wisdom of their course. They cannot, however, object to outsiders holding and expressing their opinions. They cannot prevent it being remarked that such a degree of Church interference in the life of the nation is not considered desirable in other Catholic countries. It is unfortunate that such open criticism on these subjects as has yet appeared from Catholics has not been of a kind to carry much weight. A remarkable book has lately been published, 'The Ruin of Education in Ireland'—its ruin, as the writer believes, through ecclesiastical interference. The author is Frank Hugh O'Donnell, once a member of Parliament, a man of ability, but who has forfeited influence through almost invariably being found opposed to the methods and policy of those with whom he would be supposed to agree. A Mr. Michael J. F. McCarthy, who professes himself an ardent Catholic, has lately given to the world two volumes, 'Five Years in Ireland' and 'Priests and People in Ireland.' These have had wide circulation and immense vogue among Protestants.* This acceptance and vogue is discouraging to those who desire that Irish Protestants should hold a place and exercise their share of influence in the country. These books are written in a slipshod style and are embellished with illustrations that often have little relation to the text. They state much that is worthy the serious attention of Irishmen; but the author's thesis as to the degree to which he believes his country is being dwarfed by ecclesiasticism, is supported by such unfair lines of argument, and his estimate of the character and doings of the clergy and of the masses of the people is so ignorantly malevolent, that, in the minds of any whom it would be a real benefit to influence, disgust and amusement will be aroused rather than thought stimulated. His main incentive to authorship is stated to be the degree to which backwardness prevails in Ireland as compared with other Catholic as well as Protestant countries. This backwardness he attributes to the clergy. If undue ecclesiasticism is to be deplored, must it not strike most observers that it is the circumstances of Ireland that have brought this about—her powerlessness to mould her own institutions and deal with this ecclesiasticism if she so desire and as other Catholic nations have dealt with it? The British people, not seeing fit to trust the Irish people with the management of their own affairs, seek to manage them through boards and the delegation of power to individuals and associations. Many of these are ecclesiastical. The Catholic Church is the only institution in Ireland over which England has had no control. It is the one round which the pride and

thoughts of the people have naturally centred, to whose service they have lavishly devoted their means and their best powers of mind. Some may consider it their misfortune, it certainly is not their fault, that they have not been encouraged more to divide their interests, and school and exercise their faculties in other lines of corporate and national responsibility.

The freedom now accorded to the development of Catholicism in Ireland, the refuge which dispossessed French and other communities are finding within her shores, has had considerable influence in reconciling the people to British rule. Strange, indeed, are the mutations time has worked in these respects. Some of the most valuable Irish MSS. and records were in the libraries of the Franciscans. To save these from the persecutions of the seventeenth century in Ireland, they were removed to Belgium. The doings of the French Revolution in the eighteenth century caused them to be brought to Rome. The secularization of the monasteries in Rome, after its occupation by the Italians in the nineteenth century, has led to their return to Ireland.

D. B.

Correspondence.

HAWTHORNE AND EVERETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my recently published Life of Hawthorne, writing of his anonymous early work, I gave a list of seven tales attributed to him by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, among which are "My Wife's Novel" from the 'Token' of 1832, and "The Modern Job" from the 'Token' of 1834. The first of these is included in the sixteenth volume of the autograph edition of Hawthorne's works. Dr. William Everett informs me that both tales were written by his honored father, Edward Everett. That a story of Edward Everett's should have wandered into an edition of Hawthorne is a striking illustration of the literary breeding and power of our elder Massachusetts statesmen, and also of the danger of attributing authorship by internal evidence. "The Modern Job," it may be added, is much more "Hawthornesque" than "My Wife's Novel." There are a few other tales included in late editions of Hawthorne for his authorship of which I could find no satisfactory proof.

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

BEVERLY, MASS., September 30, 1902.

ZOLA'S TENDERNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is not Zola's beautiful letter to Mme. Dreyfus, after the "pardon," enough to disprove the truth of your suggestion that his crusade for the prisoner "was conceived in hate—savage indignation at national wrongdoing, not compassion for Alfred Dreyfus"? To have penned that letter, by which, perhaps, future generations will measure the man himself, his nature must have had in it a deep well of tenderness, fully set flowing by the piteous tale, and making all the more intense his wrath against the wrongdoers.

At the close of the long and moving letter, he pictures her children, all unconscious of the fearful story:

"Some evening, under the familiar lamp-light, in the heartfelt peace of his own fire-side, the father will take them on his knees, and will tell them the whole tragic history. They must know it, that they may respect him, that they may adore him, as he deserves. . . . I could have wished that you had led them to that prison in Rennes, that they might for ever recall their father there in his utter heroism; that you had told them all he had suffered unjustly, what moral heroism was his, with what passionate tenderness they were to love him and make him forget the iniquity of men. Their little souls would have been steeled in a bath of manly virtue."

L. K.

THE TREATMENT OF NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the thesis held up to ridicule by Prof. Kuno Francke in your issue of September 25 was undertaken at my suggestion and under my guidance, it is not my province to attempt to prove its merits. I wish, however, strongly to protest against the method of attack pursued by Professor Francke. A careful review may be as severe as possible without giving offence. But to send to a journal a letter in which a few superficial phrases do duty for carefully considered sentences (for Professor Francke merely quotes a few lines from the epitomes which the author introduces at the end of each discussion, without giving the least idea of the detailed work which leads up to them), is little short of outrageous. Any scholar with reputation in this fashion can throw the most unfavorable light on almost any publication whatever. Such procedure hardly implies a strong grasp of that "true scientific spirit" which Professor Francke so painfully misses in the dissertation under discussion.

In passing, I beg leave to call attention to a review of this treatise by Prof. Alfred Biese. Biese is the greatest authority on the treatment of nature in literature. His works on the subject ('Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls bei den Griechen,' Kiel, 1882; 'Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls bei den Römern,' Kiel, 1884; 'Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls im Mittelalter und in der Neuzeit,' Leipzig, 1892) are classics in their way, and, ever since their appearance, have been regarded as basic in all discussions on the subject. In a review in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* of July 12, 1902, he says:

"Eine recht fleissige und tüchtige Arbeit liegt in dieser Chicagoer Doktor-Dissertation vor." . . . "Der Verfasser bekundet eine weite Belesenheit in der einschlägigen Litteratur, sowohl der wissenschaftlichen wie der in Betracht kommenden Dicht- und Prosawerke, auf die er seine Ausführungen stützt. Er geht sorgsam und methodisch vor." . . . "Man kann zweifeln, ob eine sachlich-chronologische Anordnung von vornherein nicht angemessener gewesen wäre als die Trennung von Dichtungen und Briefen (oft derselben Personen), jedenfalls aber wird man angesprochen von dem wissenschaftlichen Geist, der das Buch durchzieht, und von der Gründlichkeit, mit der (kleinere Versehen und Einwände abgerechnet) die Frage behandelt ist," etc.

I leave it to those who have read Biese's review and Professor Francke's letter, and who can appreciate Biese's position in the world of scholars, to decide whether the latter's calm discussion or Professor Francke's

*These books have been favorably received by a section of the English press, and have attracted attention on the Continent. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is stated to have written of the first named: "One of those works which announce a revolution in public opinion, and a new epoch in the history of Ireland. There is no book in the English literature of to-day which has made such an immense sensation as this book."

extravaganza is more likely to reflect the truth.

CAMILLO VON KLENZE.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, October 8, 1902.

Notes.

At last we have the long-desired Index to the 'Publishers' Trade-List Annual,' edited by A. H. Leyboldt and issued from the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*. It is a fairly handsome octavo volume of 1,104 pages, embracing in one alphabet the author's name; the first significant word of the book's title; and, where the latter includes a class designation (Cookery, Dante, Garden, Lexicon, Poetry, Recollections), this for a third set of rubrics, in bold-face letter. This arrangement will probably be found quite sufficient for working use of the Index. Each entry supplies price and publisher's name, and generally requires but a single line. The promptitude of the appearance of this invaluable key to the current 'Trade-List Annual' distinguishes it from the English Index to the corresponding 'Reference Catalogue to Current Literature.' Whether there will be a successor or an annual series will depend on the demand and the remuneration afforded.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will market a limited American edition of Robert Southey's 'Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands,' now first printed, though the tour followed close upon the battle of Waterloo. Prof. C. S. Sargent, having put the finishing touches to his 'Silva of North America,' will begin publication through the above firm of 'Trees and Shrubs,' a series of volumes covering the woody plants of the northern hemisphere that would flourish in the gardens of Europe and the United States. Mr. C. E. Faxon will be his draughtsman as heretofore.

Little, Brown & Co. will shortly publish 'American Literature in its Colonial and National Periods,' by Prof. Lorenzo Sears of Brown University.

'Pickett's Charge, and Other Poems,' by Fred Emerson Brooks, is announced by Forbes & Co., Boston, along with 'Myrtle and Oak,' by Sir Rennell Rod, and 'In Merry Mood,' by Nixon Waterman.

Prof. Angelo Heilprin's volume on Mt. Pelée in eruption will bear the title 'In the Heart of a Volcano,' and will have the imprint of J. B. Lippincott Co.

'Sport Indeed,' by Thomas Martindale, is in the press of George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

Further issues by Charles Scribner's Sons are 'Unknown Mexico,' by Carl Lumholtz; 'A Fighting Frigate, and Other Essays and Addresses,' by Henry Cabot Lodge; 'Literary Landmarks of Oxford,' by Laurence Hutton; 'Jethro Bacon, and The Weaker Sex,' by J. F. Stimson; and 'The American Merchant Marine, 1660-1902,' by Winthrop L. Marvin.

W. W. Canfield's 'Legends of the Iroquois' will soon be brought out by A. Wessels Co.

Additional announcements by Macmillan Co. are 'The New Empire,' by Brooks Adams; 'The Loyalists in the American Revolution,' by Claude H. Van Tyne; 'Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum,' by Isabel Lovell; and 'How to Sing,' by Lilli Lehmann.

From D. B. Updike's Merrymount Press we have a thin volume of real elegance in print and binding, 'Four Addresses by Henry Lee Higginson,' which Harvard men above all will prize, both for the text and for an early and a late portrait of this great benefactor of the University.

The character of Mr. Lionel Strachey's latest translation is sufficiently indicated in the long title, 'Memoirs of a Contemporary; Being Reminiscences by Ida Saint-Elme, Adventuress, of her Acquaintance with Certain Makers of French History, and of her Opinions concerning Them. From 1790 to 1815.' The book is well made by Doubleday, Page & Co., and fittingly illustrated by portraits from contemporary prints. Ida Saint-Elme was married at twelve, forsook her husband for Gen. Moreau, had a lifelong infatuation for Ney, which did not prevent a multitude of transitory relations with the great personages of the Napoleonic circle, from Bonaparte down. She followed the wars—Italy, Austria, Russia, Waterloo—often in men's costume. Her extraordinary story must probably be accepted with all reserves, as history. Of the dissipation and frivolity of the Directorate and Empire it gives an intimate and probably a veracious portraiture. Mme. Saint-Elme seems to have had the virtues of her class at least. She is good-natured towards everybody, writes with vivacity, which Mr. Strachey has caught in his version, and at times is happy in portraiture. Extremes of worthless gossip and of good sense meet in every chapter.

Max Müller's name is now affixed to Dr. George P. Upton's translation of his 'Memories: A Story of German Love' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), which first appeared in 1874. Even at that date the texture of this idyll seemed a century old to any Anglo-Saxon mind, but for the occasional quotation from a contemporary English poet. But part of its charm lay in this, as Blanche Ostertag has felt in designing her full-page illustrations and embellishments. These are quaintly in keeping with the sentiment of the simple narrative, and will support, if they do not justify, this new and pretty edition.

The general admiration for Bishop Whipple's character and humanitarian work doubtless justifies a reprint of his 'Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate' (Macmillan). This autobiography, undertaken against his own feeling on the urgency of some of his colleagues and many others, first appeared in 1899. Lengthy as it is, the style is plain and curt, giving facts rather than comments, and the record "most unconventional and incomplete"; yet the two chief traits of the man, decision and devotion, stand out on every page. Incidentally, some wise sayings of older divines are cited, as when a man professed belief in the Apostles' Creed, but was not sure he interpreted it exactly as his questioner did, and was answered: "The Church has not bidden you to accept Bishop Hobart's interpretation"; and when a young preacher, thinking he might "well feel flattered that so great a crowd came to hear" his sermon, was told: "No, for twice as many would have come to see you hanged."

Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's 'Fragments in Philosophy and Science' (Scribners) are some of them decidedly small, and with one

exception (a paper on the psychology of religion) all of them reprinted from a variety of reviews and periodicals in which they appeared at dates ranging from 1887 to 1902. The contents of this volume are consequently very various, and, though they testify to the wide range of Professor Baldwin's interests, it is not easy to discover any central topic or doctrine round which they naturally group themselves. Nor does the preface yield any light; it contains only a notable suggestion (which, however, is hardly borne out by anything that follows), that æsthetic appreciation of the universe is the final form of the philosophic impulse, and a dubious use of the term Naturalism, as equivalent to the study of Nature, which one would hardly have expected from the editor of a dictionary of philosophical terminology. The articles themselves are reprinted with practically no alterations, and, as they are not infrequently polemical, the effect on the reader is somewhat disconcerting when he discovers, for instance, in the "postscript" to a vigorous criticism of Professor James's theory of emotion, that the author criticised has since written an article which entirely removed the whole ground for controversy, and that all this happened eight years ago. On the whole, therefore, it may be said that, while Professor Baldwin and his pupils may no doubt find this volume a convenience and be glad to have his minor writings in an accessible form, it is best regarded as a sort of appendix to the more systematic writings which he is producing at no mean rate.

'Walter Crane,' by Otto von Schleinitz, is the latest addition to the "Künstler Monographien" (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The book, like its fellows in this series, is fully illustrated, and its one hundred and forty illustrations give a very good idea of Mr. Crane's various activities as industrial designer, sculptor, mural painter, and book illustrator. Since he is generally known only in the latter capacity, the book is a real addition to our knowledge of his graceful art.

'Famous Paintings as Seen and Described by Famous Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is another of the compilations which Miss Esther Singleton has put forth under similar titles, and, between its glittering covers, it has most of the faults of which such a compilation is capable. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton, which was "as bad as bad could be; ill fed, ill killed, ill kept, and ill drest." The selections are poorly made, most of them being of the most gushing and frothy kind, and two of them not even dealing with the pictures which accompany them; those from foreign authors are badly translated and all are badly printed, errors typographical and other abounding; there are no references to the works from which the extracts are made, and only the vague indications "Paris" or "London" to show the whereabouts of the paintings discussed. There are, however, plenty of pretty pictures, and the book will serve its purpose, which is, evidently, to lie upon the parlor table.

A little book which ought to awaken much interest among lovers of poetry is 'Marie Eugénie delle Grazie als Dichterin und Denkerin,' by Bernhard Wünn (Vienna: Braumüller). This gifted woman publish-