

ture dismissing John Addington Symonds in a page and a half, in which we learn that he was a consumptive; that he wrote the "History of the Renaissance in Italy"; and that he was prolix.

Mr. Magnus aspires to the more difficult type; he calls his book an "essay in criticism." He possesses some of the qualities which are essential to success in that type. With Victorian literature in general, he is heartily sympathetic and at the same time discriminating. In dealing with individual writers he is direct, specific, and vivid. He comes to close quarters with the style, for example, of Ruskin; speaks appreciatively of the "sense of breadth and space, of the *latis otia fundis*" in his writing; does justice to the spirit which he breathed upon political economy; properly relates his sociological doctrines to his artistic faith; and at the same time lays his finger upon Ruskin's temperamental limitation—his egomania and his quixotism. He has a frequent power over the compact illuminating phrase. Of Newman he writes: "There are prayer and fasting in his style, as well as in his life. It has a virtue, at its best, which can only be described as at once virile and virginal." Of Mrs. Craik's John Halifax he says: "He personified the virtues of Capital. He was the breath in the nostrils of individualism. He illustrated by example the philosophy of John Stuart Mill." His characterizations of the prose writers, on the whole, are less nearly adequate than those of the poets. His mild derision of Mill through Mrs. Craik betrays his bias. Mr. Magnus is by temperament and faith a Wordsworthian—transcendentalist and poet. Fiction, he holds, is a lesser vehicle of truth. The genius of the nineteenth century was not in its philosophers. It is the poets who have effected the reconciliation between knowledge and belief. By virtue of this achievement, Wordsworth becomes his hero of the first half-century, and George Meredith, to whom the book is dedicated, the hero of the second half-century—even so, it is rather strong to say that Meredith is "accounted among the greatest English poets."

His search for the formula of the age, which he finds in its bent for "emancipation," and his attempt to range all the writers with reference to it, gives to the work of Mr. Magnus something of that unity and coherence so much to be desired in a work of this kind. But the formula, like all others hitherto proposed, is far too simple. The great moments of his period (1784 to the present day), the French Revolution and the "Origin of Species," are indeed moments of emancipation. But it is scarcely over-subtle to say, regarding the nineteenth century as a personality, that though its predominant involuntary tendency was toward emancipation, its predominant voluntary tendency was the

search for standards, the desire for valid new bonds. The zest of the literature was in the conflict of these tendencies and in the rivalry of diverse-minded searchers. In indicating the line of conflict Mr. Magnus's book is decidedly weak. For instance, he gives no hint that every page of Carlyle's is a broadside against every page of Mill's and vice versa. Indeed, his transcendental leaning and his undefined distinction between literature and not-literature have led him to dismiss the Utilitarians with quite insufficient notice. To make the matter worse, he adds to his brief mention of Mill a single paragraph in which he lumps together a dozen other philosophical writers "who belong to, or are variants of, this school." Among them it is interesting to notice Sir William Hamilton, who represented, in fact, the diametrically opposite school of thought, and "William James (of New York)"! Such a grouping of names as this is of no conceivable value in itself. It is misleading; and it seriously clogs the course of the exposition. Here and in many other places, Mr. Magnus has fallen into the trap of the writer of the literary manual from a desire for inclusiveness.

Yet the failure of Mr. Magnus to bring into strong relief the main currents of literature in his period is due, in the first place, to the lack of political and philosophical ballast, and in the second to an almost total neglect of foreign influences, arising from a wish to prove the independence of English literature. His treatment of the Revolutionary era is superficial. He speaks of the rise of sentimentalism on British soil, of Cowper's hare and Burns's mouse; but he has only a passing and insignificant word for Rousseau and does not even mention the giant struggle of Burke or the sledge-hammer blows of Thomas Paine delivered successively in America, England, and France—does not even mention their names. To write of Shelley or Byron, or Wordsworth without reference to them is as shallow—to compare great things with small—as to write of Swinburne or Oscar Wilde or George Moore without reference to Victor Hugo or Gautier or Baudelaire. In dealing with the romantic movement as with the aesthetic decadence, the resolute chauvinism of Mr. Magnus shrouds the most significant things in a great darkness. To criticise the nineteenth century is still to criticise oneself; and he who is proudest of the achievement of the age is least likely vigorously to anatomize its character.

*Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire.* By F. H. Cheetham. New York: John Lane Co. \$5 net.

Though written in the tone of apology, this book deserves attention because it represents under an attractive literary form a detailed, if not a com-

plete and thorough, account of the early career of a great French ruler. Personally, the third Napoleon cannot be said to have the individual claims to greatness which his admirers, including Mr. Cheetham, would accord him. But he ruled over France in a momentous period of the life of the nation and in more ways than one his acts as President and Emperor were of such a critical character that the whole course of European political life was influenced by his policy. For many years the Second Empire stood as the incarnation of the democratic principle in European politics. It was looked upon as a bulwark against the forces of reaction. Whatever may be thought about the character of Louis Napoleon as a man, or his achievements as a statesman, the fact that he was the leader of the French nation when it was at the forefront of European progress made him a predominant figure in the history of the nineteenth century. It is because of this unique position that the nephew of the great Emperor has been able to secure such indefatigable advocates in his behalf. The literary tradition of our time seems to be strongly in his favor. People forget the virile criticism made by the republican opposition, and almost without exception those who write on this period appear as apologists of the Emperor.

Mr. Cheetham's work does not carry him further than the opening years of the political life of Louis Napoleon. Most attention is given to the obscurer portions of his career when he was the acknowledged exponent of the Napoleonic ideals of government. These years of his life are chiefly interesting for the light they throw on the nature and temperament of the man as these came to be revealed later on. There was then, as afterwards, the same indecision, moodiness, and insincerity, but small evidence of that later shrewdness and readiness to seize the opportunity as it passed. Neither by education nor by innate qualities was Louis Napoleon prepared for the task to which he was called in a moment of patriotic fervor. The moral fibre that from the first was lacking to his nature was never supplied. When he came into public notice he appears as an adventurer, bearing the name of the great Napoleon, but repeating mechanically the formulas and the ideas of the imperial régime. The uncle would probably have seen in the nephew only a specimen of the type of idealogue which the great man so thoroughly despised. Mr. Cheetham does not notice that Louis seems to have inherited his literary tendencies from his uncle Lucian. As a pamphleteer he showed some of Lucian's superficial brilliancy. He certainly recalls Lucian's lack of steadiness. The adventures in Italy, at Strasbourg, and finally at Boulogne, cannot, even with Mr. Cheetham's

pleading, appear as anything but exhibitions of incapacity, the results of a badly thought-out and worse-executed programme. The picturesque side of these events is well handled, but the enigmas of the situation are left unexplained.

Mr. Cheetham might have paid more attention to the recent Italian literature on the secret societies so active in Italy during the period of reaction. He should have noticed also the unfavorable references to Louis Napoleon in the memoirs of the time, more especially because Thirria, to whom Mr. Cheetham makes constant appeal, compiled his book largely from the contemporary newspapers; and Le Bey, a later writer, also frequently referred to, is notoriously under the influence of the Bonapartist legend. Mr. Cheetham speaks in a vague way of the activity of Louis Napoleon's personal friends, in France, while he was living in England. Their relations with party politics before and during the republic of 1848 deserve careful examination. It is not sufficient to say that Louis Napoleon's sudden rise represented the aspirations of the majority of Frenchmen. Such a statement explains very little, especially when one remembers that the same electors who voted for a Bonaparte, as President, sent to Paris a body of legislators who were anti-democratic and showed no real sympathy with the Napoleonic tradition.

*The Silvæ of Statius.* Translated with introduction and notes by D. A. Slater. New York: Henry Frowde. \$1.

Few moderns since the poet Pope have taken Statius seriously, and his epics which won him fame in the period that most honored him, the Middle Ages, are now accounted the least significant part of his poetry. His "*Silvæ*," related at once to the epigram and the epyllion, are more in keeping with the tendencies of his age, and to them one turns to-day, if one reads Statius at all; barring the panegyrics, which were virtually prescribed, these poems contain much that attracts. Poets who have known the Bay of Naples intimately ought to show in their work a certain companionship. Statius is linked by this delightful bond to Virgil before him, and to Pontano and Sannazaro after. His admiration of Virgil and his echoes of certain Virgilian effects are noticeable enough: he suggests also a pleasant trait of the later poets, their habit of personifying bits of the landscape that they loved, of creating mythology from hill and stream as the Greeks had once created it:

In those caves Anio himself finds rest; yes, he forsakes his source, and when in the secret night he has put off his sea-blue garments, stretches himself upon the springing moss, or into the deep pool plunges his huge bulk, and with rhythmic

stroke claps against the glassy waters. In yonder shade Tiburnus rests; there Albula is fain to wash her sulphurous tresses. A bower like this might lure from Egeria, forest, Phœbe, rob cold Taygetus of his Dryad bands; and charm Pan from the Lycean woods ("*Silvæ*," i, 3.).

Another matter that impresses the reader of the "*Silvæ*" is the poet's interest in works of art. Cicero, and even Virgil and Horace, supreme in literary art, show little feeling for painting and sculpture save where these form a part of some literary tradition; they still have something of the primitive Roman contempt of the connoisseur and dilettante. But by Statius's time, art must have been an important interest in the life of a cultured Roman; a villa stored with beautiful things demanded no apology. The philosopher Pollio, whom Statius celebrates, turns for doctrinal inspiration to Phidias and Myron no less than to Epicurus.

The English reader will not fail to detect these and other attractions of the "*Silvæ*" in the prose version of Mr. Slater, the quality of which may be seen in the above selection. Our author thinks that Pope, and Pope alone, could have translated Statius into verse. Certainly the recent sonnet quoted by Mr. Slater, which attempts to render Statius's most beautiful poem, the invocation to Sleep, is not a striking success. We have noted only a few minor infelicities in Mr. Slater's translation. One who writes *docta carmina* is not a "scholar-poet" (i, 2, 172); the phrase "Lucretius the prophet and his impassioned lore" for *docti furor ardens Lucreti* (ii, 7, 76) comes nearer the meaning. "Duty, greatest of gods," addressed in iii, 3, is not the deity whom the reader of Wordsworth might expect, but filial devotion, *Pietas*. Mr. Slater should have included a translation of the prose prefaces: the brief statement about them in his introduction is not a compensation.

In the introduction sufficient information is given about Statius and his "*Silvæ*." The author does not attempt a penetrating study of the poems, but he does well in showing that some of the severest criticisms of them have come from those who have not read them or have read with extraordinary inattentiveness. Thus Tyrrell's treatment in his "Latin Poetry" is based not on Statius, but upon the brilliant though inaccurate essay of Nisard. A matter of interest to which Mr. Slater devotes considerable discussion is Dante's account of the supposed conversion of Statius to Christianity in consequence of his reading the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. He argues plausibly against Canon Moore that Dante did not invent the legend for a dramatic purpose, but followed much earlier tradition. He even reminds us that Statius might have met St. Paul at Naples, associating with this possible,

or later-imagined, occurrence, the well-known story of St. Paul's visit to Virgil's tomb at Pozzuoli.

## Science.

### SOME MODERN ASPECTS OF EVOLUTION.

*Fifty Years of Darwinism.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.

Of the many celebrations called forth in this country by the fiftieth anniversary of Darwin's "Origin of Species," one only has so far been sufficiently ambitious to pass into book form—the addresses delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Baltimore on the first day of the year. Darwinism stands to-day for evolution as well as for the theory of natural selection, although evolution had long been advocated before Darwin. Darwin convinced the thinking world of the truth of evolution, partly through the large body of facts that he brought forward in support of this view and partly through his special theory of natural selection which attempted to give a reasonable explanation of the evolutionary process. While the doctrine of evolution is now accepted by practically all students of animals and plants, the theory of natural selection, as proposed by Darwin, has not met with the same universal acceptance, although it has received, in one form or another, general recognition as an important factor in evolution. These conclusions are well borne out by the opinions expressed in the present volume.

At the invitation of the Association, Prof. E. B. Poulton, a leading exponent of Darwinism, came to this country to give the first address of the series. The oft-told tale of the reception of Darwin's book, "The Origin of Species," is rehearsed by him with boyish relish. The battle is fought over once more to the everlasting discomfiture of the opponents of evolution and natural selection. And the conflict is at times turned into an attack on those within the ranks who, following after Darwin, have not accepted his special theory of natural selection as an all-sufficient and self-satisfying explanation of how evolution has taken place. Fifty years of Darwinism seems in Poulton's eyes to mean just fifty years of Darwinism, and nothing besides. That our conception of organic evolution has grown vigorously since 1859 does not appear from Professor Poulton's address, although without a single exception the following nine addresses make this point of view sufficiently apparent. The greatness of Darwin's achievement is better shown, we venture to think, by those who have carried forward the work as it was left