

eggs might be a child of Ouida, if he were not situated on Boston Common. Ouidesque, too, is the man who telegraphs to an "Eminence" for proof that a silver service in a Boston jeweller's is not the only copy of a Windsor Castle original. Now will come a sentence stickily sweet with the archaic sugar of Hewlett; then one slangily terse like Richard Harding Davis. It is superfluous to add that the book is nothing if not brisk, even breathless reading, and its unconventional dénouement invests it with positive charm.

Perdita. By Stanley V. Makower. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A desire to present something a little truer than the truth was the motive which led Mr. Makower to throw his materials for the life of the actress Mary Robinson, more celebrated as an early mistress of George IV, into the form of fiction. The book before us is of greater interest and value than most specimens of this ambiguous species, because the sound biographical element is unusually large. Indeed, the author adheres pretty strictly to the known facts of the heroine's career, and steps into the realm of fiction mainly for the purpose of interpreting his data. That the reader may have the means to distinguish the *Wahrheit* from the *Dichtung* Mr. Makower has supplied an index, a list of the characters impersonated by Mrs. Robinson with dates, and a fairly lengthy bibliography. The volume is further enriched by seventeen illustrations, including, besides several famous portraits of the actress, likenesses of her royal lover, the young rake of genius, Lord Lyttleton, Col. Tarleton, Sheridan, and Charles James Fox—all of whom were closely associated with *Perdita's* affairs.

There is something legitimately tempting to the imagination in the life-history of a woman who was trained by Garrick, sat to Reynolds, dined with Burke, infatuated a prince, wrote bad poetry, and died in wretchedness and poverty. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Makower, with all his freedom of method, has made his interpretation of his heroine very coherent or very credible. He has been somewhat too profound and much too romantic. Under the spell of bewitching portraits, he has read into the spirit of Mrs. Robinson qualities which she never possessed, and which are quite incompatible with the facts of her life which he himself supplies. The real Mrs. Robinson appears to have been, like many other actresses, much more interesting in her public than in her private character. Shallow and commonplace in mind and heart, she possessed uncommon beauty, a considerable taste for coquetry and intrigue, and a quite extraordinary vanity. Mr. Makower's attempt to represent her as a harmony of

middle-class domestic virtue with an intense vein of romanticism is disastrous. It becomes intolerable when it blends Mrs. Robinson's maternal solicitude over her infant at home in its cradle with the "loveliness of her impressions" as the larks carol over her in "jubilant sweetness" after an assignation with the Prince. Certain cold records of bonds, certain vague hints of blackmail, suggest that for *Perdita* there was rather more money than romance in this affair. At any rate, the veil of divine illusion was excessively thin.

Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. III. (Lincoln Series, Vol. I.): The Lincoln-Douglas Debates, 1858. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks. Springfield: Illinois Historical Library.

Premonitions of the near-at-hand centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln are already abundant, among them an activity in the press as regards this almost the greatest of American personalities. The material relating to Lincoln is comprised already within more than a thousand volumes, its bibliography equalling in compass those of the most distinguished figures of history. Witness the vast list of Daniel Fish in the most recent edition of Lincoln's works. These volumes are the latest additions to the collection. In the first named, President Sparks, now of the Pennsylvania State College but recently of Chicago University, publishes what we may hold to be the definitive edition of the great Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858. In the history of American politics there are few things more creditable than this forensic struggle and its attending circumstances. The champions were of the ablest, and discussed side by side in good-tempered, manly fashion, with all their power, momentous issues. The population of the State hung upon their words, appreciating and enjoying keenly every thrust and parry, and the whole development of the argument, basing upon what was thus so intelligently obtained, its memorable action just after at the ballot-box, which sent Douglas at once to the Federal Senate and Lincoln two years later to the White House. In the long story of Anglo-Saxon freedom perhaps the democratic way has never more fully justified itself than in the conduct, alert, dignified, restrained, of the American masses at this time. Mr. Sparks has taken all possible pains to make accurate the text of the speeches, comparing the best, the Columbus, edition with the contemporary newspaper reports. At the same time, he supplies ample color and character of time and place by quoting letters, reminiscences, press gossip, and comment of the hour. Helps to vividness are photographs of

localities and personages concerned—among these the reporters, youths of twenty-four or twenty-five, who rendered the immense service of taking down *verbatim et literatim* not only the extempore utterance of the principals, but the questions and ejaculations of the listening multitudes.

To speak of a minor matter, as one looks at the pictures of Lincoln and Douglas, here reproduced, the oddly picturesque contrast physically between the two men comes home. Lincoln, gaunt, six feet four inches tall, was relatively short-bodied, his height resulting from an abnormal length of limb. Douglas, stocky, only five feet four inches tall, was yet relatively long bodied, his low stature resulting from short legs. When the "little giant" had on a coat which fitted his large trunk, "the coat-tails were very near the ground."

Country Walks about Florence. By Edward Hutton; with 32 drawings by Adelaide Marchi and 20 other illustrations. Pp. xv+323. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Florence is the one city in Italy which seems to have lost character and to be at various seasons almost English, or American, or German, and, save in the dog days, never really Italian at all. No one except the professional art critic, or the student who desires to consult the priceless archives of Florence will, if he love Italy, stop there any longer than he must. Yet, once outside the gates, we are again in Italy; and it is possible to live in Florence and to buy one's native comestibles at the Anglo-American stores, and, at the same time, to see Italy and Italian life almost at its best, if one uses Florence simply as the centre of one's excursions. This Mr. Hutton has clearly perceived, and his "Country Walks about Florence" is the result. It is, in fact, a new departure in guide-books, a companion for one's daily strolls through the fields and byways of the Florentine *contado*. And it would be difficult to imagine a better companion. In Florence itself, a perfectly sane man may hesitate between his Ruskin and his Baedeker; for we do not all of us care to read a dozen or so of pages, however illuminating, when "To R. a Holy Family attributed to Cimabue. L. a Resurrection. Author unknown. Sacristan expects a gratuity of 1 franc" will get us out of a cold and draughty church, our duty done, into the warm sunshine again. But in the country it is different. There, we are glad of something to read, when, tired with our walk, we lie among the corn and listen to the voices of the reapers, or sip our Chianti beneath the vine-draped trellis of some wayside *trattoria*; and so long as the book chosen tells us what we want to know about the places we are visiting,

we can have no quarrel with its author if he is gracious enough to write beautifully about beautiful things. Mr. Hutton is withal a competent cicerone. He has read widely, and his book is crammed with valuable information which it is hard to find elsewhere about every bridge and ford and village and *castello* and *rôcca*. It is a wise and learned book as well as a beautiful one, and no sojourner in Florence who is wearied with the continual round of picture galleries and churches should fail to buy it.

Indeed our only possible ground of complaint is to be found on the fact that Mr. Hutton is silent upon matters with regard to which we should have been glad to hear from him. How delicately could he have written on the ancient and never-forgotten custom of *cantare il Maggio*, and of all the superstitions of the Tuscan peasantry he knows so well! And why does he tell us nothing of *Le Signorie o Potenze festeggianti* of the Florentine contado? Surely, when he has brought us to Campi, we have almost a right to hear something of *La Cesarea e sempre Augusta Maestà dell' Imperatore di Campi* and of his long contest with his brother Emperor *del Prato*, decided, be it noted, in favor of the former in 1559. The few extra pages which some account of these things would have occupied would hardly have increased the weight of the book or made it fit the pocket less conveniently. It only remains to add that there is a serviceable index, and that the topographical directions leave nothing to be desired.

Fighting the Turk in the Balkans. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

Servia and the Servians. By Chedo Mijatovitch. Boston: L. C. Page and Co.

When an American citizen, in cold blood, sets out for Bulgaria, enlists in a *cheta*, or guerrilla band, and, in revenge for Turkish atrocities perpetrated on somewhat distantly related Macedonian peasants, goes to ambushing Turkish patrols in the Rhodopian foothills, he comes pretty close to brigandage. Mr. Smith's excuse is that he has made a very readable book out of his adventures, and has done so without venturing too far into heroics or calling to his aid the dazzling vocabulary of the modern war correspondent. Mr. Smith and his fellow guerrillas seem to have put in a great part of the time falling into ditches and hiding in garrets. Yet it is recorded that on one occasion they roasted half-a-dozen *bashi-bazouks* in their own guardhouse; on another occasion surprised a Turkish patrol of twenty and killed eleven of them; and on still another occasion

made a fine stand in what was almost a pitched battle. Without striving unduly, the writer has caught very well the reality of guerrilla warfare,—the long marches in the dark, the scamperings and evasions across hill and stream, the excitement, the fatigue, and the chill of the mountain nights. For nearly five years after 1903 Macedonia was given over to a relentless warfare in which Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks slaughtered each other and the Macedonian peasantry besides. The new order in Turkey has brought peace to the distracted country. Should such a state continue Mr. Smith will have recorded an interesting phase of Balkan history. Should trouble come again, his book will be all the more timely. One reservation we would make is that the Bulgarians cannot quite be the utterly angelic folk our author makes them. Had his fortunes been cast with a Servian fighting band, he probably would have liked them as well. But that is a minor matter.

Mr. Mijatovitch, who used to be Servian minister at London, writes with equal charm and authority. There is only one chapter on Servia and that is historical; the rest of the volume is on the Servians, their customs, beliefs, literature, and folk-lore. Most books that are nowadays written on primitive peoples and their ways are thin dilutions of very sparse fact. The present volume is a veritable little encyclopedia of national life and psychology. There is one chapter on Servian Anecdotes or traditional folk tales, which is as entertaining as a whole bound volume of many a humorous periodical. The story of the *chodja*, or *hodja*, Nasradin and his pupils demands quotation:

Nasradin Chodja took some trouble to teach his pupils how to behave politely. Among other things he told them to clap their hands and shout, "Hayir Allah! (May God grant that it is to your good!)" whenever they heard an older person sneeze. Once the Chodja, mending something on the open pit in his garden, slipped and fell in. . . . The dutiful school boys soon found a rope and threw it down to their master, and with united forces began to drag him out. Yet a few feet more and he would have been out of the pit, when unfortunately, thoroughly wet as he was, he sneezed. In a moment all his pupils dropped the rope to clap their hands and to shout "Hayir Allah, Chodja!" The poor Chodja fell back down to the bottom of the pit. "Ah," he said to himself, "it serves me right! I ought to have taught these boys common sense first, and then politeness!"

Interesting also is the summary, with bits of translation, of the national songs of the Servians. There are even four pages of musical notation illustrative of the popular melodies of the country.

Science.

THE FIRST RACE OF FOSSIL MAN.

PARIS, December 24.

A possibly epoch-making report has been presented to the Académie des Sciences by Marcellin Boule, professor of palæontology at the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, Paris. It is the first scientific account of remains complete enough to characterize definitely what Quatrefages and Hamy classify as the first race of fossil man—that of Canstadt, more commonly known as Neanderthaloid. The skeleton of a young man of the same race found in August by Hauser has been taken to Germany and the scientific description of it is not yet published. What is known of it agrees with this report of Professor Boule on remains recently discovered at La-Chapelle-aux-Saints in the department of La Corrèze by the Abbés J. and A. Bouyssonie and L. Bardon. The importance of the find is not due merely to the connection of this earliest human race with a definite geologic and palæolithic period. So far these remains mark the lowest round in the descending scale of man toward the long-sought missing link.

The chief anatomical pieces discovered are the skull, with lower jaw; by dint of patience nearly all the parts have been put in place. There are also several vertebrae and ribs, with parts of the pelvis and limbs. They were found several metres deep in a grot, in groundsoil which was in place and sterile, that is, unmixed with other remains. The skeleton lay on its side, with the knees bent toward the body, in a cavity dug to fit it in the groundsoil. Stones were placed beneath the head and there was every sign of intentional burial. The grave is three metres from the entrance of the grot; it is shallow, and, at the head, there was found the hind hoof of one of the great bovidae, placed as if by design. Above this groundsoil there is an alluvial layer rich in animal remains—rhinoceros, tichorhinus, reindeer, cave hyena, marmot, and wolf. There are no signs of habitation in the grot; but flint instruments discovered with the skeleton are of the best Moustérien period; and this agrees with the animal remains which belong to the temperate, almost cold, middle (not lower) pleistocene, following the last glacial extension in France. Low in the order of humanity as these remains are, they still date far from the tertiary period.

To situate this skull of La Chapelle, M. Boule compares it with similar human remains already known, with that of a surviving inferior race, and with pithecanthropus and the anthropoid apes. It is nearly superposable on the skulls of Neanderthal and on that of the pithecanthropus, having the same low,