

check the facts recorded by reference to other authorities. The least valuable part is that which deals with the pre-Herodian history and antiquities. The most interesting and vivid chapter is that which deals with the Jerusalem of the Herodian period; but probably the most valuable portion is the full account of mediæval sites, both Moslem and Christian, because it is precisely this material which it is difficult to find except by exploration of many and often inaccessible volumes and treatises. The perusal of his remarks on forged coins, contained on page 197, which are also true of Palestinian antiquities in general, might be useful to the tourist, if he could be induced to read them before visiting Jerusalem, and so be persuaded to desist from the purchase of "antiques." On the whole, the book is a welcome addition to Jerusalem literature by one of a generation which saw things before they were destroyed.

Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England. By Alice Drayton Greenwood. Vol. I: Sophia Dorothea of Celle and Caroline of Ansbach. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.

The second volume of these lives is reserved, presumably, for the dull and precise Charlotte of George III and for the foolish and badgered Caroline of the First Gentleman of Europe. And we may say now that, if the sequel is as well studied and written as the part before us, the whole will make a valuable work. Miss Greenwood's purpose is evidently to take a middle ground between the formal political histories, which tend yearly to become more documentally dull, and the popular memoirs, which tend equally to flimsiness and bad English. In both sections of the volume—whether her figures move in the courts of Hanover and Celle or in that of England—the political situation is kept well in view, although, naturally, persons rather than institutions are mainly considered. In this respect Miss Greenwood is particularly successful in unravelling the tangled relations of the electorate. She is more interesting here by far than when she comes down to the tragic story of Sophia Dorothea and the brutal Count Königsmarck, which is her real theme. It is a curious commentary on the essential dulness of all that surrounds the Hanoverians that not even the mystery and pathos of Sophia's love can make that tale anything but vulgar. If Miss Greenwood draws out the sentiment of the adventure to wearisome length, she at least uses notable discretion in separating the facts from the volumes of fiction that soon overlaid it. The riddle of Königsmarck's disappearance she does not pretend to solve, although she accepts the strong evidence of foul play.

She evidently tries to believe that Sophia was innocent of real guilt, being led to this partly by natural sympathy and partly by her utter detestation of George I and her desire to present him always in the worst light possible.

This animus against George I, which the present reviewer shares quite heartily, forms in a way the dramatic motive of the book. His meanness, vindictiveness, and lack of kingly qualities ("he knows nothing of what is princely," wrote his caustic aunt, the Duchess of Orleans) throw an atmosphere of pity about Sophia Dorothea; they bequeathed "to his descendants, for four generations, the gloomy tradition of family hatred"; they are, if truth be said, the most human quality in the royal annals. To show them as dark and detestable as possible, the onus of the quarrel between George I and his heir is laid entirely on the father's shoulders. George II is made almost an attractive figure, and as a further consequence the nasty feud between George II and Frederick must be charged entirely to the frivolous impertinences of the latter. This is not precisely the historic temper, but it lends interest to Miss Greenwood's pages, while not leading her to make any real distortions of fact. We ourselves are inclined to accept Hervey's scathing ridicule of George the Second's private life as something closer to truth than mere fictitious satire; but if we would make George II more coarse and foolish than he appears to Miss Greenwood, it does not follow that his father was any better than she makes him.

It is rather the fashion for the historian of institutions to write of the first Georges as, on the whole, wise administrators. Such a view can be supported, but it does not affect their character as the heads of society or their influence on the intellectual life of the day. Caroline was a woman of liberal interests and gathered into her court a number of men, like Bishop Clarke, who discussed the religious and philosophical problems of the day. Miss Greenwood does bravely in her attempt to throw some literary value into the Queen's influence; but the result is small. As a matter of fact, one by one the really great minds of the age—in things of the imagination, that is, not of statecraft—drew away from the Georgian circle. A perusal of the correspondence of Lady Suffolk, Lady Sundon, and others of that set shows only too plainly that something more than political Toryism or rancor for favors unreceived, that, in a word, the inherent dulness and vulgarity of the court were responsible for this aversion. It would not be difficult to maintain the thesis that England's gradual lapse through the eighteenth century from her international leadership in ideas to a state of unideaded

somnolence was in considerable measure due to the Hanoverian court.

Miss Greenwood, dealing with the Queens rather than the Kings of St. James's, is naturally thrown upon this social aspect of the court. On the whole, she does admirably with a not very entertaining material, although she might have made more of its literary associations, such as they are. We shall await with interest the story of Charlotte and the second Caroline.

Notes.

John Muir's "Our National Parks" is to be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Co. in a "New Holiday Edition," fully illustrated from photographs by Herbert W. Gleason.

Pierre de Coulevain's "Sur la Branche," translated by Alys Hallard as "On the Branch," is promised for immediate publication by E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "The New North," which the D. Appleton Co. promises for autumn publication, Agnes Deans Cameron writes of her explorations, in the summer of 1908, down the Mackenzie River in Canada to the Arctic Ocean. Miss Cameron gives here an account of the Eskimo and other Northern tribes, which should, at this time, have a peculiar interest. There are to be over a hundred illustrations, chiefly after her own photographs.

Dr. Robert M. Wernaeer declares himself—in his "Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany," now in press—enthusiastically in favor of that coming art which he denominates "humanistic," and in which he sees a reconciliation of the love of liberty in romanticism with the restraining influence in classicism. The German romantic movement as a tendency has not been very thoroughly examined by English or American writers: the study of it, which, forming the basis of this new literary essay, will be looked to, on its publication, with a good deal of curiosity. The writer treads here the mazes of Romanticism and Symbolism, Impressionism and Appreciation, Romantic Irony, The Golden Age and the Blue Flower, and Neo-Romanticism (D. Appleton & Co.).

We have referred to the inclusion in the Constable edition of Meredith in twenty-six volumes of the unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon." In his conversation no less than in his fiction and verse, George Meredith expressed pride in his Celtic heritage; "I have not a single drop of English blood in my veins," he once said to Mr. Shorter. The last named writer, who stands sponsor for this bit of anecdote, states also that "Translations from Homer: Experiments in English Hexameters," will be one of the unfamiliar elements of the new illustrated edition promised by Constable. The American publishers of this Memorial edition, Charles Scribner's Sons, announce further that inclusion will also be made of an unpublished comedy, "The Sentimentalist," other fragments, and several critical reviews. There will, too, be collected all the poetry published by the author over his own name, or with regard to the publication of which he gave instructions. One volume, furthermore, will

contain notes of various changes and rewritings, together with the bibliography to which we have made an earlier reference. The new edition will be printed from new type on fine paper, and will be sold by subscription. The illustrations will comprise reproductions of many of the original illustrations which accompanied the novels and poems when published in magazine form, the artists being Millais, Du Maurier, Sandys, Charles Keene, and H. K. Browne. A number of portraits will be added, and pictures of scenes associated by the author with many of his novels and poems. There will also be numerous reproductions of MSS. The first volume of this notable edition will probably be issued in November. The Letters of the novelist, which are to be edited by Lord Morley, will not be ready for publication for a year or more.

Dr. Fabian Franklin, who is writing the authoritative life of the late President Gilman, would be obliged for the privilege of reading any letters from him which are likely to be of service. Such documents may be sent to Dr. Franklin, in care of the *Nation*, and will be promptly returned.

Among the recent noteworthy additions to the Boston Public Library are some 900 volumes belonging to the late Louise Chandler Moulton. A special catalogue of the gift is to be found in the quarterly bulletin just issued, in which it is said that the library is now helpfully and significantly strengthened in the field of English and American poetry and belles lettres. Many of the volumes are gift copies containing autographs, and frequently more extended writing of a personal nature. Some of them are copies of limited or numbered editions especially issued for the author's use.

The Macmillan Company has a new edition of Edward Caird's "Essays on Literature," which were first collected in a volume in 1892. The thoughtful and ripe style of the late master of Balliol needs no characterization at this day. While still good reading, it is true that most of the essays, as one comes to them in their new issue, seem somehow not quite vital enough to endure. If there are exceptions to this judgment, it would be the discussion of The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time, which contains an excellent comparison of the reconciliation effected between religion and sophistry by Plato and Aristotle, with the reconciliation between religion and science needed in 1881, when Caird's lecture was given, and still needed. Even better is the essay on Wordsworth, with its admirable comparison of Rousseau and his disciple.

In his "Inns and Taverns of Old London" (L. C. Page & Co.), Henry C. Shelley, as we need go no further than the sub-title to discover, takes in also the chief coffee-houses, clubs, and pleasure gardens of the metropolis. Indeed, he includes rather too much, for his pages would be more entertaining if he allowed himself space for writing more fully about the houses that are richest in traditions. In a good part of the book he traverses the same ground as Timbs, in his well-known "Club Life of London," and the later work, by its too great jauntiness and rapidity, suffers from the comparison. But Mr. Shelley has a good subject, and his writing certainly cannot be condemned for heaviness. From

Chaucer's old Tabard Inn, with which he starts, to Finch's Grotto Gardens, with which he closes, he keeps the reader almost in a state of bewilderment with the names of the great and the witty of England, and with anecdotes of their social life. Though his style is light, there is evidence that he has turned over many books to get his material together.

From Sturgis & Walton comes a new edition of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson," edited by Roger Ingpen in commemoration of the great Cham's bi-centenary. The two volumes are in quarto size, with the lines extending across the full page. This, with the weight of the paper, which is heavily sized for the illustrations, makes the books rather fatiguing to hand and eye. On the other hand, the type is fair and large, and the printing careful, with fewer errors in the foreign quotations than is common in English books. In fact, there are only one or two misprints in the Latin and Greek which will arrest the reader's eye—supposing that any reader to-day would be arrested even if a spelling board got control of such quotations. The notes, *variorum* and the editor's own, are judicious and sufficient; the index full and serviceable. The real feature of the edition is confessedly the illustrations. These Mr. Ingpen has culled from all sources, and made them a veritable visualization of the men and manners of Johnson's day. His notes take the form chiefly of brief biographical or topographical comments beneath these pictures, and are commonly much to the point. One error, or omission, we have observed, where the editor says (I, 325) that Bishop Lowth "defended Oxford against the attacks of Gibbon and Priestley," forgetting the famous quarrel with Warburton. The present reviewer is not much enamored of picture books, but must confess that this gallery of faces and scenes, many of them new to him, tempted him to a re-reading of the familiar story, and made him prefer these heavy volumes to his old favorite edition. Johnson and his friends never before seemed to him quite so living, nor that old London quite so real. And he may add, though it is scarcely pertinent to this notice, that as he finished the long record he was more than ever convinced of the greatness and, beneath the bear's rough coat, the tender-heartedness of the Ursa Major. It seemed to him that, if the moral of Johnson's long musing, and talking, on the meaning of man's life were to be summed up in a few words, it would be in the couplet which opens the Prologue so strangely prepared by the moralist for the comedy of "The Good Natured Man":

Prest by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind.

Most readers of Dr. Washington Gladden's review of a long and variously active career ("Recollections"; Houghton, Mifflin Co.) will agree that the best wine is put before them early. The chapters describing the nature of the struggle for livelihood and for education, in a family of artisans and farmers seventy years ago, are more interesting than the later ones. This is not alone because the experience was rarer, but also because it is written out with more vividness. Dr. Gladden's memory of those rude years is not only re-

tentive, but intense and visualizing. The price which poverty had to pay for bread and books is set down with detail that sticks in the mind. For the rest, the "Recollections" are discursive, part autobiography and part contemporary history, and stamped with that broad churchmanship and geniality, combined with the capacity to stand up stoutly for a firm conviction, which we have been accustomed to associate with the author.

Swinburne's life-long idolatry of his Stratford god culminates in a prose rhapsody of some eighty pages, entitled "Shakespeare," written in 1905, but now first published (Henry Frowde). At its best and at its worst Swinburne's critical work was always almost as lyrical in mood as his poetry. He always expressed a lofty scorn for students of the drama who went to their task with no other equipment than ability to count and patience and erudition. But thirty-five years ago, when he contributed articles to the *Fortnightly Review*—articles later incorporated in his "A Study of Shakespeare," 1880—he was himself an industrious student. His earlier utterances upon Shakespeare, as upon the other Elizabethans, though often tumid and ecstatic, were yet sprinkled with passages revealing a fine appreciation, discrimination, and insight. In his later essays, however, he occupied himself more and more exclusively with the expression of his own violent emotion in the presence of masterpieces. His last tribute to Shakespeare is, as nearly as possible, praise with the substance of praise strained away. He begins on a high note of rapture. Only the "supreme and crowning fools among the foolish of mankind," he asserts, would deride the declaration that it were better to lose all other treasures of human genius and keep this one than to lose this one and keep all others. He does not attempt serious argument of the thesis; he simply passes in review all the plays, and affirms, in twinned epithets charging pair after pair like sea-horses up the foamy crest of his billowing sentences, that each drama of Shakespeare's, with one or two exceptions, is the most divinely and incomparably excellent thing of its kind in the world. He makes, to be sure, some distinctions among the children of the master's mind, but reverently, as a mortal distinguishes the differing glories of the seraphim. Now that Swinburne walks with Shakespeare among the fields of asphodel it is to be hoped that he regrets the intolerable turgidity of style in this effusion. The substance he will scarcely regret; for it is not a criticism—it is a Pindaric ode, a pæan, a *gloria in excelsis*.

J. Keir Hardie, the author of "India: Impressions and Suggestions" (New York: B. W. Huebsch), is an avowed socialist; and one of the leaders of the Labor party in the House of Commons. The subject matter of his book originally appeared in 1907 in the form of letters in the *London Labor Leader*, a Socialist weekly. Were one but to remove the writer's name from the title page, and an occasional reference to English scenes from the body of his book, it would be easy to imagine these "Impressions and Suggestions" to have been written by a native Hindu agitator. As for what Mr. Hardie learned in two months' time about the \$150,000,000 India annually