

bygone days. Since the great educational revolution and the irruption into the colleges of the Third Estate, he has witnessed the defeat, demoralization, and dispersal of the intellectual nobility. A new and alien order of mechanics, engineers, business men, farmers, linguistic cranks, and scientific pedants possesses the field. Their means are not his means, nor their ends his ends. He is among them but not of them; he moves with them, but keeps step to another drummer. He is something of a sentimentalist: he expresses his dissent with the sound of a harp, when the crisis calls for a trumpet. In his ability to excite sympathy with his ideals and in his inability to suggest or institute practical reforms—in his quite resourceless idealism—Professor Showerman's "Professor" fairly symbolizes the faculty of liberal arts in a large university.

"The Professor," like many contemporary humanists, imagines that his melancholy arises from his recollection of the old régime. As a matter of fact, it arises from his ignorance of the history of education. Hearing him talk, one would be led to suspect that in the good old times before President Eliot students were fired with an inhuman love of liberal culture for its own sake. As a matter of fact, Ascham and Peacham and Milton and Locke and Chesterfield advocated a liberal education primarily because it was the most valuable and practical training for a liberal career. The scholar-gentleman contemplated in the aristocratic classical curriculum was destined for activities calling constantly into play both gentlemanliness and scholarship. He was destined for a part in good society and a part in public life; for these definite ends he was supplied with ancient and modern languages, ancient and modern history, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, etiquette, and the graces. There was a clearly shaped educational policy, because there was a clearly conceived educational object. "The Professor" is in despair, because he feels a hopeless and entirely untraditional desire to transform all students into scholars and gentlemen—a desire which Burke would have told him is at war with nature.

"The Professor" has a very pretty chapter in which he rejoices that the pursuit of culture is his means of livelihood. To put it in brutal English—

he needs languages, literatures, history, philosophy, rhetoric, etiquette, and the graces in his business. But the teacher of classics is not unique in needing these things. They are needed also by men of letters and teachers and critics of literature, by historians and philosophers and teachers of philosophy and history, by editors, publishers, clergymen, college presidents, diplomats, and statesmen. For these classes, at least, a liberal culture is the most definite kind of training for "success in life." In this age of intolerance for purposeless and indolent Goodness and Beauty, perhaps the hope of future usefulness for the college of liberal arts lies in frank competition with its rivals not for the women and weaker brethren, but for the young men of ambition and promise, desiring to qualify themselves for the careers—more numerous now than ever before—open to liberal scholars and gentlemen. If it would but condescend to inscribe over its portals, "We, too, train for life," it could reduce the chaos of election, form an educational policy, give what is now demanded of every college, and at the same time gain what it privately desires.

THE GREEK GIFT TO CIVILIZATION.

I.

The Greeks meant one thing to men of the early Renaissance, another thing to Pope and Addison, another thing to Germans of the nineteenth century. Every generation has taken its Greek in its own way. And the present generation, heir of all the ages, is taking its Greek in nearly every way—except one. It is not taking its Greek for granted. An expositor of Hellenism to-day is almost obliged to become an apologist. He must "show us." Even as seasoned a Grecian as Professor Mahaffy,* who surely is entitled, if any one is, to be at his ease in Hellas, does not resist this compulsion. The quiet and still air of his delightful studies is stirred with argument, about Greek in the college curriculum, about the neglect of Aristotelian logic by American youth, about, on the one hand, Greek *versus* "Science," and, on the other hand, the truly "scientific" temper of Greek thought. Throughout he seems to feel that the Greeks need to be vindicated; and their vindication, throughout, is that they are "modern."

*"What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?" The Lowell Lectures of 1908-09. By John Pentland Mahaffy, C.V.O., D.C.L. (Oxon.), etc., of Trinity College, Dublin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

This seems to mean that they are free from mysticism and obscurantism, those sins of the Middle Ages; and Professor Mahaffy is the more inclined to praise Greek clear-sightedness in virtue of his own long-standing feud with mediævalism. There is a fine old-fashioned flavor, as of some clergyman in Thomas Love Peacock—a Ffolliott, a Portpipe, an Opimian—in the valiant no-Popery flings of our author against the church and against the theological prepossessions of mediæval science and philosophy. The modern contentiousness about Greek here receives a temperamental reinforcement.

All good things being Greek, and all bad things non-Greek, the Middle Ages were non-Greek; and the Renaissance, which put an end to them, was Greek. Such seems to be the latent reasoning at the bottom of Professor Mahaffy's view—and we admit it to be the popular view—that by means of a resurgence of Greek art, literature, and philosophy, the Renaissance superseded the Middle Ages, and that the Renaissance was in spirit and accomplishment truly Greek, truly classical. The naïve assumption of the humanists that they had emerged from a "thick Gothic night," Professor Mahaffy would modify by substituting "Latin" for "Gothic"; and, having thus given a bad name to the Scholastic Philosophy, to Romanesque and Gothic architecture, to the "Dies Iræ" and to the *chansons de geste*, he would contentedly hang them all. Now, he believes, upon the thick Latin night up rose Greek, and up rose the sun: the classical Renaissance and the "modern spirit" were a twin birth of the revival of Greek studies (pp. 18-19). This view seems to us erroneous; and, as the conceptions underlying it determine Professor Mahaffy's treatment of his subject, we shall examine it at some length. Waiving all questions of chronology, disregarding therefore all mediæval anticipations of the Renaissance or of the "modern spirit," granting that the light did not dawn till Greek began to reappear, and then dawned decisively, we believe it would not be difficult to show that the Renaissance itself was not essentially Hellenic.

II.

The literature of the Renaissance, both in and out of Italy, is four-fifths of it Latinistic—Virgilian, Ciceronian, Senecan, occasionally Horatian, very heavily Ovidian. It springs not immediately, often not mediately, from Homer, Demosthenes, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, or even Euripides. The other fifth, which does draw nourishment from Greek literature, draws it from the Greek literature not of the golden but of the silver and the pinchbeck ages. Boccaccio, Professor Mahaffy points out (p. 95n), is indebted to Greek prose fiction; but what he does not point out is that Boccaccio's debt

runs mostly to very late Byzantine romances now lost. Lyly draws from Plutarch on Education. Sannazaro breaks from the Virgilian pastoral tradition to return to Theocritus. Tasso's "Aminta," as is well known, gets what is probably its most famous passage from the late prose romance of Achilles Tatius. As is not so well known, the "Jerusalem Delivered," too, professedly a restoration of the classical—that is, the Virgilian—epic, in reprobation of the composite romance-epic of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, is itself full of the conceits of late Greek rhetoric. The "Pastor Fido" is based upon a story in Pausanias. It seems well within the truth to say that where Renaissance literature is Greek at all, it is almost certain to be in the Alexandrianized, Romanized, Byzantinized, and Orientalized vein that we call Greek only because we have no better name for it.

The art and the philosophy of the Renaissance, like its literature, do not draw from pure Hellenic fountains. Botticelli, Raphael, and Titian are not inspired by Greek statuary of the best period, very little of which had been unearthed; Greek painting was probably unknown to them, and, at any rate, Greek painting, as far as it has survived at all, is of the Campanian, the Alexandrian style—distinctly post-classical. The *putti* of the Renaissance may, indeed, it is thought, be traced to the "Egyptian plague of Loves"—those Cupids, which, whether attendant upon the amorous adventures of the gods, or nesting in trees, or wreathing garlands, or exposed in cages for sale, "flutter through the Pompeian pictures." And where the great painters of the Renaissance thought of themselves as illustrators of "literary" themes (we are just rediscovering how decidedly they did so think of themselves—to the confusion of "Art for Art's sake"), they looked for their themes not in Homer, or the tragedians, or the myths of Plato, but in Ovid, or Apuleius, or Philostratus, or Lucian. Raphael's frescoes in the Farnesina got their Olympians not from Hesiod but from Apuleius. Botticelli's Calunnia, as Professor Mahaffy mentions elsewhere, is derived from Lucian's description of the *Διαβολή* of Apelles. Mantegna, Titian, Raphael, Giulio Romano, and others deliberately retranslated into color and visual form the verbal descriptions by Philostratus of paintings in a supposed picture-gallery.

As for the Platonism of the Renaissance, that too was composite, with its leaning toward pseudo-Dionysian hierarchies and toward elaborate theories of love. It was the Platonism of Plotinus, rather, after the school of Alexandria; for, in spite of Ficino's translation, the Platonism of Athens was to them unknown—or, when known, too purely Attic to be assimilated. There was, indeed, an echo of pre-Socratic Greek thought in

the animistic philosophies of Southern Italy; but these Professor Mahaffy does not mention, despite their influence upon Bacon by way of Telesio and Campanella.

In general, Renaissance taste is distinctly unclassical. It runs to digression and irrelevancy; to inserted descriptions and episodes; to huge verbosity. It revels in the "word-paintings" (*ἐκφράσεις*) which were a specialty of the late sophists and rhetoricians; it never tires of their speechmaking. It favors whole bookfuls of orations invented as patterns of the kind of thing that might be said upon a given occasion by persons imaginary, mythological, or historical. These *ῥητορικαὶ* and *μελέται* bulk large in the Anthology, and reappear in collections like "Silvayn's Orator"—to mention, perhaps, the most familiar name among many. The prose of the Renaissance, again, like late Greek prose, tends, without resistance, to the most exaggerated conceits and antitheses, each country in Europe developing its own particular brands of bad taste—Euphuism, Gongorism, Marinism, and the rest—upon a common basis of Ciceronian and late Greek rhetoric. In imitation, too, of the *tours de force* of degenerate Greek and Roman rhetoricians, the versifiers of the Renaissance often chose the most trivial themes, and embellished them with all the graces of *double entendre*. To match the antique disquisitions of Long Hair, and in Praise of Baldness, we have the *capitoli* of Berni and his school on Figs, Beans, Sausages, Bakers' Ovens, Hard-Boiled Eggs, Chestnuts, Paint-Brushes, Bells, Needles, Going Without Hats, and Lying Late A-bed. It is a far cry from this sort of thing to Homer or to the Periclean age. Indeed, if by Greek we mean "classic," the Renaissance was not Greek. Not until the late eighteenth century, after the way had been cleared by those "pedants," German and other, to whom this work alludes so slightly, was the true Renaissance of classic Greek accomplished; only then may the modern world be said to have entered fully upon its Greek heritage. What the Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries achieved was rather a Pan-Latinistic revival, which attended especially to the process of recasting and enriching the vernacular tongues, mostly by means of Latin or post-classical Greek models, into vehicles of a modern *Eloquentia* that might rival the antique. Its degenerate models, together with its own taste in choosing them, made it not pure, reposeful, imaginative, but composite, unquiet, fantastic, rhetorical, loquacious—all that is suggested when we say "Alexandrian."

III.

One cannot help feeling that Professor Mahaffy's taste in these matters has been "subdued to what it works in"

by his extensive studies of post-classical Greek. This bias appears in the estimate of Aristotle's "Poetics" and the dicta about Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others. The "Poetics" is treated as if it were merely a collection of judgments upon individual works in Greek literature: if these judgments are erroneous, the work is a failure, of course. It is not perceived, apparently, that the "Poetics" is an exposition of basic principles, the principles of poetry and of art in general; and that, in its justification of poetry as an imaginative embodiment of the *universal* (a view which Plato, for all his poetry, completely missed), and in its promulgation of the law of unity, it laid sure foundations for the criticism of all time, and established an unassailable canon of classic or ideal art. All this apart from the historical importance of the "Poetics" misunderstood—apart from the pseudo-classic of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, apart from the controversies about "imitation," *catharsis*, and the "three unities." Of this really fundamental book Professor Mahaffy says (p. 62): "I know of no poorer and more jejune exposition of a great subject"; and on the next page he cavalierly dismisses it upon the plea of lack of time. The same want of appreciation of the universal in Hellenism is responsible for some of the opinions here expressed upon the Greek in modern English poetry. Of the "galaxy that illumined the early nineteenth century," Wordsworth is considered to be "the least Greek" (pp. 56-7); and this because of his failure to distinguish prose diction from poetical, and because of the inordinate length of the "Excursion." Keats, however, had caught the Greek spirit, though at second or third hand (p. 46); in Shelley, "we have that perfect combination of romantic imagination with Greek culture" which makes him the greatest of this group (p. 56); and Tennyson is "the most classical of our modern lyric poets" (p. 59).

Read in view of the critic's Alexandrian bias and of the quotations which illustrate his criticism, these dicta become plain. Keats is Greek in being a master of isolated sensuous images, chaste or voluptuous—not in virtue of his delicacy in selection or his passion for beauty; certainly not in virtue of that architectonic which he never possessed. Shelley's "clouds and sunsets" and spirits and flower-bells and pavilions—the imagery of romanticism—are at the service of his revolt and of his love of Greece and liberty. What matter that Shelley hardly touched human experience, hardly touched the general life of man? The case is still clearer when we come to Wordsworth and Tennyson. Of Wordsworth's purity and wisdom—of his *universality*, and of his

"plain and noble" style—of all that makes him a true classic, a true Greek despite his recurrent prosiness—there is not a word; though, of course, the specific Platonism in Wordsworth's wonderful Ode (misquoted at p. 243) is recognized. But what of "Laodameia"?—

For the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.
What of "Dion"?—

So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.

Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.

Or—to take Wordsworth not on classical ground, and in a vein not sententious—what can be more Greek than those autochthonous figures of the Leech-Gatherer, and of Michael at the unfinished sheepfold?—

'Tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone;

or this about Michael's wife;

Whose heart was in her house: two wheels
she had

Of antique form, this large for spinning
wool,

That small for flax; and if one wheel had
rest,

It was because the other was at work.

—lines of which Homer would not need to be ashamed. One might as well say that Millet's Sower is not Greek, or that Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg is not Greek—Greek as Simonides! Finally the Hellenism of Tennyson is here supposed to be shown by the "Lotos Eaters" and the Theocritean "Come down, O maid," and that well-nigh intolerable piece of oxymoron and antithesis,

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

So much of Tennyson's work is Greek in a very pure sense that it seems a pity to try to prove him Hellenic by what at best can prove him only Alexandrian.

IV.

While professing to deal with Hellenism in the modern world, the present volume gives much space to an examination of its remote origins, under the various aspects of race, poetry, prose, philosophy, and the like. To us this seems irrelevant; what we ought to be concerned with here is issues, not origins. We have already adverted, perhaps more than enough, to the treatment of the Greek decadence as if that were the essentially Greek. Both ways attention is too much drawn from the centre to the ends, and not fixed, as in so short a work it ought to be fixed, upon that definite period during which the Greeks were most themselves. We want a focus; and we have here a penumbra. Are we demanding too nar-

row a canon of Hellenism? We think not; for it is only a strict sense of what the Greeks stood for that gives weight and value to assertions about their influence. That which they really contributed to modern civilization is obscured by inquiries into their origins, hardly less than by the inclusion of their decadence upon the same footing with their prime.

But one begins to realize after a while that the author is scarcely appreciative of the characteristic *universality* of the Greeks; that what appeals to him is rather their rhetoric than their idealism, rather their fancy than their imagination, rather their cleverness than their genius. He himself steadfastly declines to generalize—and who could more safely generalize than he?—about the nature of the Greek gift to civilization. He refuses to grasp *this* universal. Surely he sees it; he presents abundant material for the induction; why will he not, for the real illumination of his readers, tell them what he sees? He will make no synthesis. He resides in detail, detail which, as has been seen, too often concerns irrelevant beginnings or degenerate endings; and he yields now and again to the temptation to digress and to argue, like any Alexandrian of them all. In a word, this book about the Greeks is not written in the spirit of the Greeks.

Some merits it undoubtedly possesses. Its dedication, its close, are noble in feeling. Its chapter on politics is vital with modern instances: the abdication of power by an aristocracy, exemplified by Ireland; the conflict of centralizing with decentralizing forces in a federation, exemplified by the United States. And as Professor Mahaffy's venerable experience justifies him in coming to us to admonish and to warn, he speaks, in the same chapter, words of weight upon the failure of intellectual refinement to guard against political decadence, and upon the decay of the middle classes through limitation of the size of the family as a result of heightened cost of living—troubles which threatened Athens no less than they threaten us today. Here Professor Mahaffy might say with Whistler: "I am not arguing; I am telling you." In passages of such "timely" purport, intensified as they often are by the author's personal feelings and experience, this book is at its best. Compared with the works of other writers in the same field, it seems to us inferior, say, to Professor Butcher's "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius" and "Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects," and to Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "The Greek View of Life"; the first two full of safe generalizations amply supported by specific facts, the last, by its admirable coherence and exquisite employment of transition recalling the prose of Plato himself. Yet, despite these, and despite Professor Sandys's

"History of Classical Scholarship," the true history of the Greek element in modern civilization—of its varying acceptance by different peoples and ages, of its varying combinations with national spirit and with *Zeitgeist*, and of the varying outcome—remains still to be written: *valde desideranda*.

May we, without attempting any part of such a history, be permitted to suggest the generalization that this book withholds?

V.

The Greeks, more than all other peoples before or since, believed in the power of mind, and practised their belief. Applying mind to the raw material of sensation, they turned experience into wisdom, fact into truth, the Many into the One, chaos into law, the particular and provincial into the ideal and the universal. But they were not content to rest in this supersensible region: they reëmbodied their ideals in noble sensuous and intellectual forms, which they chose from amid a welter of forms possible but ignoble or insignificant, and which therefore have appealed to mankind *sæmper, ubique*. So that, whether in the subtle curves of a building, or in the proportions of a statue, or in the shape of a vase, or in the notes of the musical scale, or in finding how the human mind, out of an infinite number of ways in which it can work, actually does work towards truth; whether in art, or letters, or logic, or science, or a hundred other departments of human activity, we still perceive that they have performed for mankind, once for all, the labor of *selection*. It is impossible to overestimate this accomplishment in the racial economy, just as it is impossible to overestimate the specific nobility and loftiness of the ideal heritage they have left to the race.

Those who follow the Greek ways, and, without limiting themselves to old experience, fearlessly, and with confidence in the power of mind, push into the new data of modern life along the path that has proved possible—these are the pioneers; these are subduing chaos and bringing it province by province under the rule of spirit. Those who, refusing to profit by the Greek economy, try old failures again in ignorance or from choice, throw away their heritage. It is only by accident that they may happen upon some worthy thing. Their aberration, generally speaking, takes either or both of two forms, according as they fail to value one or another phase of the Greek accomplishment. Either they deny the validity of the results achieved by selection, and still fancy that "the world is all before them where to choose"; or they deny the right of mind to work selectively at all upon the data of experience, insist that all things are of equal value except as weeded out by

natural selection, and enslave themselves to the crude fact. The first error is the error of modern art, the second that of modern politics—at least, so far as both have been evolved under democratic institutions. The art of democracy is supposed to demand that no forms be rejected as ignoble. The politics of democracy, theoretically allowing free play to the conflicting wills of individuals, each striving for the ends indicated by his "enlightened self-interest," fails to provide for right leadership, for a chosen *mind* to control the welter, and so falls into the gripe of wrong leadership. For a mind of some sort is sure to gain control, soon or late. Modern science has escaped the second error, by selecting from the method of Bacon that part which is Greek in spirit. The Baconian induction, just in so far as it enslaved itself to fact, and disallowed hypothesis, and denied the rights of mind—just in so far as it was un-Greek—was a failure; and just in so far as it "married mind with matter"—to use Bacon's own similitude—was, and is, a success. We are not to be, says Bacon again, like the ant, which gathers and stores up her hoard untransformed by aught that she does; nor yet like the spider, which spins her subtle thread all from within; but rather like the bee, which both gathers from without and transforms from within that which she gathers. Only thus shall we get "sweetness and light."

The Hellenist still believes that, things being given, ideas shall prevail. And so, instead of *fighting* things out, or letting the stress of competing forces among things work out its wasteful end, as Nature does, at dreadful expense of pain, at dire expense of spirit and of life, he endeavors to *think* things out. He may, by international arbitration, substitute the sanction of ideas for the sanction of arms. Or, upon a broad basis of facts, he may build a luminous hypothesis or rise to a law. He may be designing a subway or a city, and planning it so that the work will not have to be done over after the lapse of years. He may raise wages or share his profits not under the compulsion of a strike, but again under the compulsion of an idea—his own idea of equitable distribution. In many ways his mind, dealing with fact, will draw wisdom out of life; in many ways he will reëmbodify that wisdom in chosen forms of beauty, and with whatever materials life gives him will make of himself a poet, and of life an art. We leave the subject with a question for those of an inquiring mind: Is our "modern" way of life favorable to tempers of this kind? Do we believe in the supremacy of spirit? And would it have been a merit in the Greeks had they been like us?

SAMUEL LEE WOLFF.

FRENCH BOOKS IN LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

PARIS, March 25.

"La Vie et les œuvres de Honoré d'Urfé" (Plon, 5 francs), by Canon O. C. Reure, professor at the Catholic faculty of letters in Lyons, belongs to the generally interesting class of university studies, while setting forth all that trained erudition can tell us of an epoch-making writer in the classic literature of France. Honoré d'Urfé, who fought with the League, and whose grandfather was preceptor of the children of Henry II, was in his life a link between the Renaissance and Richelieu's prelude to the reign of Louis XIV. His "Astrée," in which "by several histories and under persons of shepherds and others are deduced the divers effects of honest friendship," in its 5,000 pages of prose mingled with snatches of verse uttered the French romantic ideals current until Rousseau came to replace it with his "Nouvelle Héloïse." After fifty years, La Fontaine, who was the next mouthpiece of his race's inmost thought, was as much in love with "Astrée" as were its contemporaries.

Agrippa d'Aubigné, the Juvenal of that age according to Sainte-Beuve, was the exact contrary of D'Urfé; he forms the subject of the latest volume, by S. Rocheblave, in the series of Great Writers of France (Hachette, 2 francs). He was a son of the first generation that followed Calvin, studied under Theodore Beza, fought under Henry of Navarre, was three times condemned to death in France without harm to himself, but, after his Universal History "from 1550 to 1601" had really been delivered to the flames (1620), retired to Geneva, where he found means to have his Calvinist brethren condemn him a fourth time to death "for his honor and pleasure." He answered by marrying a second time under their noses. His granddaughter, Madame de Maintenon, did her utmost, which was not little, to drive all Calvinists from France. Agrippa himself had never returned, but died in Geneva in his bed in 1630. His many works, little known, have their "complex unity, their exceptional grandeur" in the man—"for in him all was character."

The second volume, dealing with the seventeenth century, of the "Manuel bibliographique de la littérature française moderne—1500-1900" (Hachette, 4 francs), by Gustave Lanson, professor at the Sorbonne, has just appeared. The work is to comprise four handy volumes, one for each century.

"Alfred de Vigny: sa vie et son œuvre" (Armand Colin, 4 francs), is by Emile Lauvrière, who is already favorably known to American readers from his immensely complete work on Poe. The present book, while based on equal erudition, aims at general exposition

and criticism of a poet whose life was as significant as his work. Alfred de Vigny was of that generation of the smaller French aristocracy born in full Revolution; and he was brought up on the old ideas in a world which had changed utterly. He was not, as Alfred de Musset explains of himself, begotten in the interval of Imperial campaigns; but he came to manhood and followed the military career of his ancestors under restored Bourbons who had forgotten what made their greatness in the irrecoverable past and had learned little of the world's present needs. After fourteen years of what he explained eloquently and at length in his "Military Servitude and Grandeur," he found his way as a poet, and, with all his classic form, led the Romantic Revolution at the side of his younger *bourgeois* friend, Victor Hugo. Bonaparte and Byron had equally their spirit transfused into these souls. Vigny had the advantage, not only of knowing English from childhood, but—more doubtfully—that of an English wife. After a few years of renown in poetry, play, and prose writing, which left him a French classic, he retired for thirty years more into his tower of ivory. Sainte-Beuve, who knew him young, accredited the legend of decline. Our author, examining in the light of time which has sifted reputations and brought into relief the poet's person amid his age, treats it as a "glorious decline." He justifies that "prestige of genius which even then imposed itself on poets differing most among themselves—rivals such as Lamartine, Hugo, Musset—as well as on disciples like Leconte de Lisle and Baudelaire, Coppée and Sully-Prudhomme. . . . In his full right he enters into the austere family of Lucretius and Leopardi, of Marcus Aurelius and Pascal; beyond his country's bounds he speaks to the select few, if not to the crowd, of all peoples and every age, his beneficent message of Stoicism tender and proud:

"J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines."

"John Keats: sa vie et son œuvre" (Hachette, 10 francs), by Lucien Wolff, has the splendid look of a thesis for the doctorate of letters. Naturally it is complete; and it puts in French form much criticism of poetry which Keats has indeed inspired, but which might not occur to English readers of less philosophy. It is accompanied by "An Essay on Keats's treatment of the heroic rhythm and blank verse," in English.

The two remaining volumes of "Études critiques sur la vie de Christophe Colomb avant ses découvertes," by Henry Vignaud, are in the hands of the printer and should appear in April. They form two rather stout volumes, which, the author informs us, "is a great deal, but I could not do otherwise. Part of the chapter on Beatriz Enríquez