

The material for the present volume was gathered chiefly in the summer of 1900, among the Buriat: a fairly primitive Tatar tribe of Lake Baikal, in southern Siberia. This is the region in which Jhinghis Khan began his terrible career seven centuries ago. The Buriat, constituting about 60 per cent. of a tribe numbering a quarter of a million individuals, are a pastoral people. Where not Russianized, they dwell in octagonal houses of a single room, with a fire hole in the centre of the earthen floor. In habit, thought, and physical appearance they much resemble our own Indians of the plains. In one form or another, milk of cows or mares, with the flesh of the same animals, is their almost exclusive diet. The open milk barrel is the household commissary, and its replenishing the daily duty of the housewife. As this barrel is never covered, it has always a thick scum of the filthy dust that fills the air from the constant tramping of the herds. The single daily meal consists of boiled meat, some dirty rye bread, and then milk: sweet, or sour, or curds, or skimmings, or *tarasun*, a colorless intoxicant distilled from the same milk when it is become too sour for any other use. Even the bread is made up in part from the solid residuum of the distilling.

While other Mongol tribes have accepted Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or Russian Christianity, the majority of the Buriat have retained their primitive shamanism, the very name of which is of Mongol origin. Every house, field, and pasture has its *ongons*, or protecting fetishes, hung up near the roof or fastened to upright poles. Mr. Curtin gives us here a good account of wedding, christening, and funeral (i. e., cremation) rites, and of the great propitiatory ceremony of the horse sacrifice, which he himself witnessed. This last ceremony involves the slaughter of nine white mares, whose bones are burned upon stone altars, but whose flesh is eaten with accompanying litany and libation. We find here, however, but meagre detail of general ritual and belief, and must still consult for these matters Mikhailovskii as embodied in Wardrop's translation, "Shamanism in Siberia and European Russia," while for the economic condition and home life of this people, our best authority remains Melnikov. What we get from Curtin is a general picture of a half-savage, pastoral, and equestrian race, of few manly traits, inconsistent, dishonest, mercenary, repulsively dirty in habit and surrounding, given over to drunkenness, immorality and cruelty, degenerate descendants of the merciless hordes that once carried massacre and desolation from the China seas to the German frontier. Melnikov's view is much more favorable, for he, while freely admitting their vices, considers them as ranking fairly high

in industry, mechanical skill, and intellectual ability.

The myths, with which about half of the book is occupied, have their own distinct character. In virile strength they suggest the Mongol of world-domination, while in picturesque detail and abounding exaggeration we may trace the influence of the more cultured Oriental races which have given us the Arabian Nights. Their closest European counterparts are the hero tales of ancient Ireland.

Among them we find the Buriat parallel of the Bible tree of knowledge. There are numerous fine illustrations of the imaginative faculty of the Mongol, with here and there a touch of Mongol philosophy, such as:

Soft meat needs no knife, and a true word needs no road.

Once I have undertaken, I shall finish.

With women, hair is long, but thought is short,—

to which last saying the women retort: "Short hair, short sense."

It is much to be regretted that so few etymologies are given, as these furnish the key to the real meaning of the myths themselves. The map shows deficient proofreading. There are several pages of notes and index, including an index of myth incidents, and President Eliot, the author's former instructor at Harvard, contributes a sympathetic preface.

A Literary History of the English People. Vol. III. From the Renaissance to the Civil War, Part II. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

The present instalment of M. Jusserand's history shows the same quality as the preceding volumes—erudition enlivened by humor and illuminated by brilliancy and charm of style—but it has the advantage over its predecessors of dealing with a group of writers of the first importance, and so affording a worthier test of the author's critical powers. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the other Elizabethan dramatists, Raleigh, Bacon, Herrick, Burton, and Browne here constitute the material of discussion, and, whether we agree with the author or not, the method of approach is throughout so new, the criticism so fresh and unhackneyed, the observations so manifestly the fruit of an extremely alert and wholly independent mind, that there is not a tedious page in the book. As we remarked in our notice of the First Part of this volume, M. Jusserand's method enables him to lighten his task to a degree that is not possible in histories of the usual type. Leaving aside the great body of less significant and intractable material to the handbooks of literature, of which there is never likely to be any lack, he aims at

a general appreciation of the period or the *genre* through its most eminent representatives; and even in the case of these he does not attempt a systematic appreciation of their individual works. At the same time the volume conforms to the title of the work and is by no means a mere collection of essays on the great writers of the period. Indeed, M. Jusserand's skill in recalling before our eyes a past civilization—here the bustling London which furnished the Elizabethan dramatists with their audiences and imposed on them its tastes—was never displayed to better advantage. The artist comes to the aid of the critic, and it is the combination of these qualities that gives M. Jusserand his particular distinction.

The chapters devoted to Shakespeare, which constitute considerably more than one-third of the volume, are those, of course, which will at once attract the reader's attention. That the author's point of view is not the same as the English reader's will not be likely to diminish their power of interest. The difference is manifest in the space given to the defects of Shakespeare's work, of which we have here and there scattered through these chapters, a more searching examination than could be pointed to in any other book of Shakespearean criticism. Naturally, however, the English reader will not accept all of M. Jusserand's strictures (which, it may be remarked, take no account of the different periods of production), especially those which spring from a manifest want of sympathy with the romantic spirit. This want of sympathy, doubtless, is responsible for our author's incredible insensibility to the charm of Shakespeare's great comedies. To describe "Twelfth Night" as "chiefly filled with filling," is surely a singular way of dismissing a comedy which, by its charm of humor, sentiment, and poetry, still delights audiences (to say nothing of readers) three hundred years after its first performance. We cannot be surprised, after this, that Benedict and Beatrice simply bore M. Jusserand, and that even Rosalind, who captivated Taine, seems to have failed to win the heart of his countryman. The same want of sympathy mars his criticism of "King Lear," and leads him to regard the wild scenes of the third and fourth acts of that play—the most stupendous expression of the Germanic genius—as mere "theatrical devices." It would be an injustice to M. Jusserand, however, if we should leave the impression that these limitations of sympathy overbalanced his admiration for the poet's work, as a whole. On the contrary, no one has expressed better the life-giving power of the great dramatist, his splendid lyrical capacity, and his magical gifts of language.

The excellent chapters on the prose-writers furnish less material for de-

bate; but the classical leanings of the author's criticism show themselves again in his treatment of the later Elizabethan dramatists. We are accordingly astonished to find Chapman singled out for especial praise—partly, no doubt, because he depicts Frenchmen with seriousness and dignity instead of with the crude and outrageous chauvinism of Shakespeare's history-plays. But the very wildness and improbability of the plots of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the rest, which are a stumbling-block to M. Jusserand, will always obtain more readers for these dramatists than for their more regularly disposed contemporary. Altogether in his reaction from the excessive laudation which it has long been the habit to bestow upon the minor dramatists of this age—a habit which has increased especially since the establishment of dissertation-factories in our modern universities—M. Jusserand, it seems to us, has gone too far to the other extreme. Their characterization may be crude, their plots may frequently represent a threadbare romanticism or even confuse by imperfect construction, the touch of blood and lust may be too often on their work; some of the most important of them, *e. g.*, Webster and Middleton, may be destitute of any real rhythmical charm, yet they are practically all of them endowed with no inconsiderable share of vital energy, and they are nearly all able, even in otherwise unsatisfactory plays, to throw off with varying profusion beautiful fancies and images.

The present volume is better translated than the last, being free, especially, from the irritating inversions which gave that part of the English translation a strongly Teutonic flavor. A few Gallicisms, however, have crept in, such as "politics" for "politicians," "ignore" for "to be ignorant of," "expose" for "expound." *Anglia*, moreover, is a review, not a learned society, and it is singular in a book printed in this country to find the institution at New Haven called the "University of Yale."

The True History of the Conquest of New Spain. By Bernal Díaz del Castillo; edited by Genaro García. Translated into English by Alfred Percival Maudslay. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

The Hakluyt Society continues to perform its chosen task of publishing English editions of rare works on early geography, conquest, and exploration, in such a manner as to command our warmest admiration. Its latest product is an accurate and carefully annotated translation of the first part of one of the four accounts by eye-witnesses of the discovery and conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortés; and the remainder of this interesting narrative will doubtless soon be put forth in a subsequent

volume. The original manuscript has always been kept at Guatemala, where it remains to-day; and the only exact copy ever made from it, which was edited and published in Mexico a few years since, by Genaro García, forms the basis for the present translation. A garbled version, compiled in 1632 by Friar Alonzo Remón of the Order of Mercy from a sixteenth-century copy of the original document, was, in the course of the nineteenth century, translated into English, French, German, and Hungarian; so that Bernal's story has not been by any means unknown hitherto. The untrustworthiness of Father Remón's work was, however, such as to make the appearance of the present accurate edition almost as valuable as an entirely new discovery.

Bernal Díaz del Castillo was born in 1492, in the famous town of Medina del Campo, in Old Castile, and emigrated to America in 1514 in search of adventures and riches. Most of his first three years there were spent in Cuba; in 1517 and 1518, however, he accompanied Capt. Francisco Hernández de Córdova and Juan de Grijalva in their preliminary explorations on the mainland; and in 1519 he joined the memorable expedition of Hernando Cortés. With Cortés he remained through the defeat of the army of Narvaez and the capture of Mexico in 1521; and though he found, like many others, that his share of the rich booty fell far short of what he had a right to expect, he did not desert his leader, but commanded various minor expeditions for the subjection of remote parts of the country. The superseding of Cortés, by the Audiencia of 1528 and subsequently by the first Mexican viceroy, Mendoza, in 1535, failed to better Bernal's fortunes, and finally, in 1540, he departed for Spain to seek justice at the hands of the Council of Castile. After the usual delays, he returned to America in 1541, armed with a couple of decrees which resulted in gaining for him "three towns of little worth" in Guatemala, where, save for one brief journey to Spain in 1550, he remained, poor but respected and beloved, till the day of his death in 1581.

Bernal was above seventy years of age when he began the writing of his "True History," and the story tells of the conquest of the mainland from 1514 to 1568. It consists of 214 chapters, the first 81—which take the account down through Cortés's dealings with the Tlascalans in the autumn of 1519—being translated in the present volume. Bernal did not pretend to be a man of letters; he confesses his slight knowledge of literature, and humbly begs his readers' indulgence. But his account is valuable as the simple, unaffected, straightforward narrative of a vain but honest, splendidly courageous, and thoroughly lovable old soldier. It only remains to add that editor and

translator have done their work uniformly well, and that an excellent introduction and appendix, maps, illustrations, a glossary of Mexican, Spanish, and other foreign words, and a very complete bibliography, enhance greatly the value of the "History."

Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot. By the Rev. Myron Eells, D.D. Seattle: Alice Harriman Co.

A zealous disciple and follower of the sturdy pioneer and martyr-missionary of Oregon recounts in this book the story of Marcus Whitman. The hero was a man of the John Brown and Stonewall Jackson type, of the sternest evangelical piety, great force of character, pursuing his aim with a singleness of purpose so narrow that he became quite blind to considerations which would have been obvious had his mind been broader. This is the latest deliverance in the long and acrimonious controversy as to whether or not Marcus Whitman saved Oregon to the United States. We think that no one man saved Oregon. The Northwest came to the United States because the American people poured into it overwhelmingly, England meanwhile being powerless to offer any counteracting tide. In the influx Whitman was no doubt a notable figure; but so, too, were the merchant-adventurers like Astor, the Methodist missionaries of the Willamette Valley, the captains of the emigrant trains, like Wyeth; chief of all, perhaps, Robert Gray, who carried his ship, in 1792, into the Columbia River, and thus established the first hold.

We think Dr. Eells makes clear by much testimony what has been denied—namely, that Whitman, in undertaking his famous winter journey across the continent in 1842-3, had prominently in mind the prevention of England, which at that time, through the Hudson's Bay Company, was seeking to secure herself in that region, and that his work to this end was effective. A main argument of the opposers of this view has been that for full twenty years after the journey no such claim was advanced as to Whitman's purpose. This objection Dr. Eells meets as follows: Whitman's mission-station was in close contact with the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, from which it obtained supplies and received protection. It was necessary, therefore, to be reticent about a plan to subvert their jurisdiction and turn the country over to the United States. Again, Whitman had been sent to the Columbia by the American Board of Foreign Missions to save souls for Christ. Critics said it was a departure from his proper work for him to give time and strength to a political scheme (much to his material advantage if it succeeded) however patriotic. It was wise therefore