

stage of grand opera carry the interest along on a conventional level. The lovers who come and go make little ripple until Lord Charles Cressage appears above the horizon. The subsequent proceedings are so absurd as to quench the none too vivid sense of sharing in a real prima donna's real experiences. Beechy is plausible enough in her struggles, her successes, her shrewdness, her generosity, her well-awareness, her innocence. But the affair with Lord Charles, the Lothario who loves her only, but cannot be true to her for six months; her Italian jealousy and English scruple, and her no-man's-land arrangement of mutual eternal devotion combined with "being good"; and, chiefly, the excellent Lady Charles's chaperonage, her tender safeguarding of both lovers till her death shall them join together, unite to make assuredly the most preposterous situation that fiction has lately revealed.

"It is quite true that she is dying," says Lord Charles. "And she wishes us, you and me, to marry as soon as—as it is over." "Oh! isn't she wonderful, wonderful?" "Yes, she is. And—until then—we, you and I, are to be engaged, though, of course, no one shall know." Comment would be anti-climax.

Three Lives. By Gertrude Stein. New York: The Grafton Press.

These stories of the Good Anna, Melanctha, and the Gentle Lena have a quite extraordinary vitality conveyed in a most eccentric and difficult form. The half-articulated phrases follow unrelentingly the blind mental and temperamental gropings of three humble souls wittingly or unwittingly at odds with life. Whoever can adjust himself to the repetitions, false starts, and general circularity of the manner will find himself very near real people. Too near, possibly. The present writer had an uncomfortable sense of being immured with a girl wife, a spinster, and a woman who is neither, between imprisoning walls which echoed exactly all thoughts and feelings. These stories utterly lack construction and focus, but give that sense of urgent life which one gets more commonly in Russian literature than elsewhere. How the Good Anna spent herself barrenly for everybody in reach, the Gentle Lena for the notion of motherhood, while the mulattress Melanctha perished partly of her own excess of temperament, but more from contact with a life-diminishing prig and emotionally inert surroundings, readers who are willing to pay a stiff entrance fee in patient attention may learn for themselves. From Miss Stein, if she can consent to clarify her method, much may be expected. As it is, she writes quite as a Browning escaped from the bonds of verse might wallow in fiction, only without his antiseptic whimsicality.

MOGUL INDIA.

Storio Do Mogor, or Mogul India, 1653-1708. By Niccolao Manucci, Venetian. Translated, with introduction and notes, by William Irvine, Bengal Civil Service (Retired), Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. IV. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.75 net.

This book, published for the government of India, as one of the Indian text series, affords a kaleidoscopic view of Hindustan during the reign of Aurangzeb—the last of the great Mogul rulers. Manucci was conversant with both Urdu and Persian—the camp and court languages of the later period of Mohammedan rule. This fact he mentions with evident pride in the course of his journal. Besides knowing the current *lingua franca*, he spent the major portion of his life in Hindustan in intimate association with the people of the land. All this gives a high status to the Venetian's writings. Nevertheless, no one can read his book without feeling that only an alien could write of India as he has done. This is pointed out with no view to disparage, much less discredit, the author. Indeed, the chief asset of "Storio Do Mogor" is the fact of its foreign authorship, since it supplements, in an important manner, histories of the same period composed by native scribes, whose besetting sin is to present highly colored statements, and to show little regard for chronological order. And in a day when foreigners "do" India in a month or two and then write learned, ponderous volumes bearing on the complicated political, social, and economic affairs of Hindustan, Niccolao Manucci's careful study comes as a pleasant surprise and a great relief.

Born at Venice in 1638, Niccolao Manucci ran away to sea in November, 1653. After travelling with Viscount Bellomont, whose service he entered, through Smyrna, Persia, and other lands, he touched Sindh, a port on Indus, and finally found himself at Surat. After casually touring in various parts of India, he went to Delhi, then the capital of the country, and was presented to Shah Jahan, the ill-fated father of Aurangzeb. Some time later he was introduced to Prince Dara Shukoh and entered his service as artilleryman. In that year, when Aurangzeb confined his father in Agra, and vanquished his brothers, Manucci fought for Dara Shukoh in many engagements, at one time nearly being killed. The Venetian refused Aurangzeb's service, travelled through northern India, and, in 1663, entered, as artillery captain, the service of Jai Singh, who sent him as envoy to meet Shiva Ji—the Marhatta leader, who fearfully harassed Aurangzeb and succeeded in establishing the Marhatta rule over a considerable portion of India. *Wanderlust* seized him once

again, and he sojourned in various parts of southern and northern India for a number of years. In 1672 he became a physician, and in his new profession gained free access to the courts of many a native prince. Toward 1686 he married and settled for some time in Madras, then the chief centre of English influence. His appointment, at various times, as English and French envoy gave him the opportunity to study at close range the ambitions of the European nations interested in extending their trade and empire in India. He remained in Hindustan until his death in 1717, travelling and doctoring and gaining an intimate knowledge of many phases of Indian life. Such a career inevitably yielded rich material for this chronicle, begun in 1699 and finished ten years later.

As an historic document, "Storio Do Mogor" is not invariably accurate. The names of persons and places are often incorrect, and some of the dates are inaccurate. Moreover, at times, the author degenerates into a scandal-monger, coloring his statements, and occasionally showing bitter animosity. This last defect is usually inseparable from contemporary memoirs, and yet it mars, in some measure, the reliability of this work as an historical record. Fortunately, the work of the editor goes a great way in remedying this defect. Whenever Mr. Irvine has found inaccurate dates, or names of places or persons, he has indicated the correct ones in parentheses. Other notes supplement the obscure portions of the book, bring out the allusions, and in a considerable way illumine the text.

Many beautiful illustrations judiciously distributed through the book excellently supplement and elucidate the text.

Dalmatinische Reise. By Hermann Bahr. Berlin: S. Fischer.

We are freshly reminded of the awakening of the national conscience, expressed, of late, in Austrian fiction, in reading Hermann Bahr's "Dalmatinische Reise." Here we have a fit companion-volume for the sketches of scenes and types collected by Felix Salten under the title, "Das österreichische Antlitz," and issued through the same publisher. Both writers are masters of the *feuilleton* and have a fascinating manner of conveying their impressions and convictions without burdening their readers with facts or assailing them with arguments. Salten's account of wanderings through the streets of Vienna, of country walks, charity entertainments, dance-halls and cafés, army manoeuvres and pilgrimages, his portraits of Altenberg, Girardi, Kainz, Radetzky, the late Empress, and even the famous Mayor Lueger, reflect the artist's delight in his interesting material and a light-hearted

acceptance of his people just as they are.

Bahr, on the contrary, has attained the critical attitude. The Austrian lack of enterprise in exploiting the possibilities of their beautiful country, their want of modern push and grit, is to him a matter of constant regret. He is irritated by the bad roads, the poor hotel accommodations, the inadequate carriage, railway, and steamboat service. He bewails the want of concerted effort in problems of municipal improvement and the partiality of the government towards the German provinces of the Empire. His descriptive passages alternate with critical excursions into political and social problems which are by no means irrelevant. Among the fruits of misrule and abuse which he points out is the abject poverty of the agricultural population, and sociologists will be particularly interested to learn that the "Kolonat" existing in the vicinity of Spalato differs little from old-time serfdom. His eyes are open to every popular wrong inflicted in the name of patriotism and tradition. Bahr feels, too, that the court at Vienna knows all-too-little about some of the provinces under its dominion. Why should not one of the younger archdukes be Governor of Dalmatia? Certainly this "Adriatic Switzerland" is capable of a very remarkable development, as yet half-suspected. To-day, however, the province is sending shipload upon shipload of her sons to America: sturdy, skilful laborers, that till a foreign soil, while the native needs their strong hands and modern tools to coax from its rich harvests.

The book is full of historical reminiscences, and of glimpses of a literature and an art as yet undiscovered by the arbiters of our culture. Illuminated by exquisite humor, interwoven with personal reflections, these apparently random notes make thoroughly interesting reading. The paragraphs on Diocletian, on Maximilian of Mexico, on the archaeologist Bulic, are singularly enlivening. It is Bahr's wish to secure the investment of foreign capital and labor in Dalmatia. He hopes to interest the Berlinian: for with one such, a "Company Limited" is sure to follow. Nothing can be hoped for from the Austrian government, which seems to be positively hostile to improvements in this province, suspected as it is of rebellious and treacherous sentiments. Already the people of Dalmatia, and the Austrian progressives, hail in Bahr their champion. This book has, however, performed a mission in a larger world than that ruled by the Hapsburgs. It has called the attention of the travelling public to a country unsurpassed for natural beauties, historical associations, romance and poetry, for picturesque scenery and picturesque population, and, what is exceedingly rare in these days

of Cook's and other tours, one as yet unconventionalized and uncommercialized.

Essays on Greek Literature. By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

The notion that what has once been well said about the Greek and Latin masterpieces can ever be discarded as out of date is German, not English or French. For the Germans, fashions in scholarship come in and go out like the cut of a sleeve. For instance, Jebb's "Introduction to Homer," which Professor Tyrrell praises so warmly in one of the Essays before us, will be worth reading as long as the text of Homer endures; but it says nothing to a German because it antedates the Homeric armor controversy and the theories, more in number than the leaves of Ida, which have gone far since the eighties to bury Homer under the Homeric Question.

Professor Tyrrell's Essays were written, for the most part, several years ago: that on Sophocles, a review of Jebb, is twenty years old; the "Pindar," though it has a good discussion of Mezger's theory of the Terpendrian nome structure of the Odes, knows nothing of Schroeder and the New Metric and is none the worse for that. Pindar is a poet about whom too many of his readers are content to say, with Tennyson, that "he has long tracts of gravel with immensely large nuggets embedded," a remark which merely showed that one who had ignored virtually all the sources of modern poetic emotion did not appeal to Tennyson. Tyrrell's Essay will rank with Jebb's on Pindar as an admirable introduction to the splendors of the austere style. That entitled *The New Papyri*, dealing with the Petrie Papyri and the "Constitution of the Athenians" is eighteen years old, and, since Grenfell and Hunt's publications and the new *Menander* now fill the foreground, the title is misleading. Tyrrell agrees with Cauer, Van Leeuwen, and others in rejecting Aristotelian authorship for the tract, and supports his view with a list of non-Aristotelian words and phrases. To put these down to scribes is, as he points out, a dangerous doctrine, and would shake all criticism of classical remains based on style. Yet in England the tract, backed by the powerful authority of Sandys and Kenyon, is still called the "New Aristotle." Tyrrell's attitude to German text criticism is elsewhere hostile, and some of his judgments might well rekindle that *odium grammaticum* which is passing out of fashion in Germany.

The essays as a whole represent the best English tradition of sound, conservative scholarship and the correct literary instinct of the school of Jebb. There

are a good many misprints, the worst being "Philostratus" for "Philoctetes" (p. 83), and "Marietti" for "Mariette" (p. 86).

Notes.

Lamb's "Tales" and "Gulliver's Travels," with the illustrations by Arthur Rackham, have just been reissued by E. P. Dutton & Co., this time in a large-paper edition, quarto.

From the Yale University Press will be issued next month "The Beginnings of Gospel Story: A Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Sources and Structure of the Gospel According to St. Mark," by Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon, Buckingham professor of New Testament criticism and exegesis.

"The Seminoles of Florida" are the subject of a history by Minnie Moore-Wilson, to be published this month by Moffat, Yard & Co. There are illustrations, and an introduction by E. S. Martin.

In the year 1909 there were published in England 10,725 books, compared with 9,821 in 1908. The chief increase was in religion and philosophy. Poetry and the drama, on the other hand, show an actual decrease.

On January 10 ground was broken for the library building of Chicago University to be erected in honor of the late President William Rainey Harper, at a cost of \$600,000. The structure is to be 276 by 80 feet, fronting on the Midway Plaisance. The main building will be six stories, 113 feet in height; with two towers 138 feet high containing eight stories. Provision will be made at first for 400,000 volumes, with an ultimate capacity of 800,000 volumes. This, with the departmental libraries surrounding it, will mean a provision for 3,000,000 volumes.

We have to record the receipt of two volumes, XXX and XXXI, of the Wiener Beiträge zur englischen Philologie (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller). In the former Prof. Leopold Brandl gives a minute study of "Erasmus Darwin's Botanic Garden" as a complement to his study of "The Temple of Nature"; in the latter Ferdinand Putschl writes on "Charles Churchill: Sein Leben und Seine Werke." These are but desiccated literature, and, in so far as they merely translate the poems considered into heavy prose, are an incumbrance. Some learning and discussion of a more useful sort are, however, buried in the pages. Professor Brandl is amusingly kind to a poet whose name has become a synonym for unreadable dullness. He finds in Darwin: "Höchster poetischer Schwung, warme Gefühlsdurchdringung auch von Dingen, die sonst ganz ausserhalb des Bereiches dichterischer Gestaltung liegen, lebendige Auffassung schöner Naturanschauungen. . . ." All of which, we may say respectfully, is sheer nonsense.

Edward Bliss Reed has published in a pamphlet (from the "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences") a selection of "The Poems of Thomas, Third Lord Fairfax." The complete manuscript of the poems, extending to 656 pages, is now in the Bodleian. Professor Reed makes no attempt to bestow undue literary merit on these halting verses