

Jew, though it is one that Mr. Zangwill does not choose to face. The life that he had planned for the North African colony involved incessant and virtually unremunerative toil. The colonists would need to have the outdoor tastes, the hardiness, the thrift, the self-denial of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Zangwill seems to forget the existence of the United States and the total lack, as far as we are aware, of any enthusiasm on the part of the Eastern Jewish immigrant for the simple life of agriculture, even under the most favorable conditions. The results of immigration to the United States have shown clearly that an oppressed agricultural population fleeing from Europe will always cling to the crowded life of large cities, and that these are the last persons whom you can persuade to make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Mr. Zangwill, in his Introduction to Dr. Gregory's Report, declines to accept as necessarily final all the damaging evidence of the experts of the Expedition. He still believes that the Cyrenaica, with its Hinterland, combines a greater number of qualifications for an Itoland, as defined by the Russian Council of the Ito in 1907, than any country of the Old World. But the Report brought disillusion to the Council as a whole, and the costly experiments in buildings, roads, railways, and a harbor suggested by the experts are indefinitely postponed. The Report contains much that is of interest to classical scholars and archaeologists, and is well illustrated by photographs.

The Great Pacific Coast. By C. Reginald Enock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4 net.

The author of this volume, who is an F.R.G.S., is an astonishingly persistent traveller, even for an Englishman. A score of times, he tells us, perhaps oftener than any other European, he has stood on the white mountainous heights of Peru, and has lived in large towns where the people pursue their daily occupation at an elevation greater than that of the summit of any of the Californian or Oregonian snow queens, or of Mont Blanc. He has written books on the Andes and the Amazon, on Peru, Mexico, and other countries. His latest volume covers twelve thousand miles of territory from Chili to Panama and California, thence through Oregon and Washington to British Columbia and Alaska. He writes chiefly to entertain the reader, incidentally also to tell him many things about the regions traversed, and to dwell briefly on personal adventures, some trivial, others serious. Among the latter were two hairbreadth escapes; one in Mexico, where a peon guide took him on horseback up a mountain so steep in one place that only by urging the horse to utmost speed could

it be kept from overbalancing—the guide's excuse being: "I came up here when a boy, on muleback, but the road has fallen away since then"; another time, in Arizona, when he had to hang on to a rickety viaduct while a freight train passed over him.

Mr. Enock comments on the difference between the black people who live under British and those who are under American rule; on the courtesy of the Mexican as contrasted with the American, who is often aggressively uncivil, merely to assert his equality, not because of inherent disagreeableness. He offers much good advice to the English on the subject of emigration to Canada. He wonders what sort of adults the American children will make who are brought up on the colored supplements of our Sunday papers. Such moralizings, however, are incidental; the bulk of the author's remarks relates to things seen by him and likely to be seen by those tempted by his descriptions to follow in his footsteps.

Notes.

Justin McCarthy, whose "History of Our Own Times" covers the reign of Queen Victoria, is now preparing to add to that work an eighth volume, which will deal with the events of the reign of King Edward VII.

G. R. Agassiz, who is preparing a life of his father, Alexander Agassiz, requests that letters bearing on the subject may be sent to him at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass. If so desired the letters will be copied, and the originals returned to the owner as soon as possible. Those who are unwilling to part with the originals will confer a favor by having copies made at the expense of Mr. G. R. Agassiz, and sending these copies to him at their convenience.

Elizabeth Wager-Smith, who has already written several manuals of the great German card game, now offers "Skat: Principles and Illustrative Games" (Lippincott). The book opens with an instructive and entertaining chapter on the Origin and Characteristics of the Game.

The Yale University Press has issued in a slender little volume Prof. Henry A. Beers's address before the Modern Language Club of Yale, on "Milton's Tercentenary." The essay deals more with Milton's relation to the spirit of the times than with his art. It is worth preserving.

It will be sufficient barely to announce the appearance of four more volumes (VII to X) of Scribner's Memorial Edition of George Meredith. The novels now added are "Vittoria" and "Harry Richmond." Of the typographical excellence of this edition we have already spoken.

We welcome "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" for 1910 (London: The Scientific Press), and congratulate the editor, Sir Henry Burdett, who, as he observes in the preface, has borne the burden and responsibility of the compilation for twenty-one years. The present issue contains two new chapters, one on orphanages, the other on

state aid to hospitals in the United States and Canada. The price, which has hitherto been below the cost of production, is this year raised to 10s. 6d., "which still leaves it, having regard to its size and the character of the information it contains, one of the cheapest books of reference issued from the press."

We have already had occasion to note the "Complete Edition of Friedrich Nietzsche," translated by various hands and edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Hitherto the volumes have come to us from the London publisher, T. N. Foulis. The handling of the books in this country has now been taken over by the Macmillan Co., from whom we have received the following six volumes: "Human, All Too-Human," "On the Future of Our Educational Institutions," "The Will to Power," "The Birth of Tragedy," "Thoughts Out of Season, Parts I and II," "Two more volumes, viz., "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and "Beyond Good and Evil," which have appeared in the London edition, we have not seen with the American imprint. The works, when complete, will extend to eighteen volumes.

Five letters of John Hay, written when he was about twenty years of age, are printed in the small volume, "The Poet in Exile" (Houghton Mifflin), so called because he was then in the unwelcome surroundings of Warsaw, Ill., after leaving the more congenial literary atmosphere of Brown University and the coterie which grouped itself about Mrs. Whitman in Providence. Dreams of the life of a poet, instead of dreams of state, filled the mind of the future author of the Pike County ballads, and he looked with distaste upon the lawyer's career, which his father had chosen for him. He writes:

In spite of the praise which you continually lavish upon the West, I must respectfully assert that I find only a dreary waste of heartless materialism, where great and heroic qualities may indeed bully their way up into the glare, but the flowers of existence inevitably droop and wither. So in time I shall change. I shall turn from "the rose and the rainbow" to corner lots and tax titles, and a few years will find my eye not rolling in a fine frenzy, but steadily fixed on the polestar of humanity—\$.

The letters were written to Miss Nora Perry, and are edited by Caroline Ticknor.

There must be a great many people who have been speaking Irish all their lives, without knowing it. "When our Irish forefathers began to adopt English," says P. W. Joyce, in his "English as We Speak It in Ireland" (Longmans), "they brought with them from their native language many single Irish words, and used them among their newly acquired English words." And not only Irish words, but Irish idioms and phrases have taken part in the invasion and become thoroughly naturalized. It will be a surprise to most people that the method of "assertion by negative of opposite" is Irish; that it is Irish to say, "A glass of whiskey will do us no harm," when we mean that it will do us good. It is Irish to say of an elderly maiden that she is no chicken, or to speak of its being no joke to be caught in a heavy shower without an umbrella. Yet Mr. Joyce has his authorities pat. He quotes from the old Irish tales, "The enemy slew a large company of our army, and that was no great help to us"; and the poet who has been

grossly insulted "rose on the morrow, and he was not thankful." So, too, we learn that it is Irish to give emphasis to a statement by adding the words "and no mistake." From the same source comes "I'll engage" you did this or that, in the sense of "I wager" you did; "I'll go bail"; "aye, is it"; and the repetitions "so he did," "so I do," "so it is": as in "he hit me with a stick, so he did, and it is a great shame, so it is." More suggestive of their origin are phrases like "I believe you," and "what would ail me not to?" But it is unquestionably a surprise to find a Celtic heredity claimed for such apparently universal expressions of ready assent as "I don't mind if I do," or "Would a duck swim?" A very common exclamation in Ulster, we are told, is "No, but did you?" and it is a common Irish phrase, *ná bí leagal ort* that has given us our "never fear." On the contrary, there would be danger of misunderstanding if, outside of Ireland, a visitor coming in and finding the family at dinner, should say, "Much good may it do you." Mr. Joyce admits that in Ireland the people are "rather prone to exaggeration." Hence, a chapter on Exaggeration and Redundancy. It is common to say of a person with a persuasive tongue that he "would coax the birds off the bushes." It is Irish to say "I'd give my eyes," "I'll follow you to the world's end," to let grass grow under one's feet, to be frightened out of a year's growth, to swallow a dictionary, to jump out of one's skin, to have the road fly under one, or to be so rich as to be rotten with money. What would be left to English verbal picturesqueness if the Irish were taken out, we fear to think. Until that time, however, we may quote the Irish way of describing a man who is very short and very fat: "If you met him on the street, you'd rather jump over him than walk round him."

A timely reprint of the appreciation of Björnsterne Björnson, by William Morton Payne, which originally appeared in the *International Quarterly*, is now made by A. C. McClurg & Co. It contains additions in the way of translation, anecdote, and consideration of the poet's later works. Of Björnson in his home—after speaking of him as the orator and teacher—Mr. Payne says:

In his more intimate relationships, on the other hand, in face-to-face conversation or in the home circle, the man takes on a quite different aspect; the prophet has become the friend, the impassioned preacher has become the genial story-teller, and shares the gladness or mirthful mood of the hour. Such a personality as this may be analyzed: it defies any concise synthesis. One resorts to figures of speech.

To review Ralph Nevill's "Light Come, Light Go" (Macmillan) would be to make a selection from the great mass of information and anecdotes regarding gambling and betting in all its forms, brought together in one book. We could, on a pinch, add a story here and there from our own reading, but the addition would be of no significance. England and France furnish the bulk of the material, and the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth offer the most startling anecdotes, although there is nothing in the book more interesting than the careful study of present-day gambling at Monte Carlo and the analysis of the various futile schemes to

assure winning. Mr. Nevill mentions a dice game of creps or craps common in the old days of the Palais Royal and still played in Alaska, sometimes on the very boards brought to California by French emigrants in the forties. He seems not to have heard of the modification of the game played in our cities.

Sophie Shilleto Smith has no new information to bring in her life of "Dean Swift" (Putnam), and her manner of relating the known events is not more than moderately entertaining. The great crux of Swift's life and character, the question of his marriage to Stella, she waives with a "What does it matter?"—and this in a long chapter which undertakes to set the Dean before the world as a Don Quixote and flower of chivalrous devotion to the ladies. But if our author has no new facts, she has abundant new interpretation of them. Swift was "an idealist"; as for his ambition, he merely "stood on a pinnacle and demanded a reward to crown the citadel"; he was in advance of his age in his attitude toward women; he allowed no coarseness before them; he was without reproach in the tragedy of Vanessa; he writes the "Tale of a Tub" in a spirit of "genuine optimism"; "Shelley and Swift [was there ever a more incongruous junction of names?] are, perhaps, the two best examples of the altruist entirely misunderstood"; he had the childlike imagination described by Francis Thompson:

Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear.

In all the ignorance and perversions of recent biography it would be difficult to find anything more grotesque than this assimilation of the spirit of Swift with that of Shelley and Francis Thompson. As sensible lives of Swift are already in existence, we can see no excuse for the writing or the reading of such nonsense. We observe that there is no mention of Craik's *Life in the strange bibliography* appended to the present work.

The historical contrast between the Ionian and the Dorian spirit is familiar to all readers of Thucydides, Curtius, Arnold, Pater, Wilamowitz, and Eduard Meyer. But as a term of ethnical origins Ionian is still as problematical a word as Pelasgic. Were there proto-Ionians in Asia Minor before the Ionian colonization? Were the Ionians the original dough or the later leaven of the population of Attica? Were they the survivors and inheritors of Mycenaean or Aegean culture, or like the Achæans and the Dorians iron-using invaders from the regions of the Danube? Did the Ionians make the Ionian migration, or did the migration make them, and is Ionian merely a name for mixed tribes of colonists driven out from European Greece by the pressure from the North? David G. Hogarth's six lectures on "Ionia and the East" (Frowde) are the latest contribution to this elusive discussion. He does not claim to have propounded many novel conclusions, but merely to have collected new evidence that tends to define and clear up the truth of old theories. The elements which went

to the making of the Ionians are those of all the Hellenes: "A mass of the old Aegean stock, which had long been participant in the prehistoric civilization of the Aegean Bronze Age, came to be leavened by the infusion of northern blood drawn from the area of mid-European culture." The Aegean element was relatively preponderant in the tribes that came to occupy the part of Asia Minor afterwards known as Ionia. But the territory in which they settled had not itself been a seat of Aegean culture. It had been closed to the Aegean civilization by the domination, first of a Hittite, and then perhaps of a Phrygian inland power. The weakening of this power by Assyrian pressure threw the coast open for settlement, and left free play for the first expansion of historic Hellenic civilization known as Ionian.

By these hypotheses, Mr. Hogarth thinks he can account for the sudden outburst of this civilization—inexplicable if the Ionians were merely rude northern tribes—and for the traces of Oriental influence in the art of Ionia. The chief mediators with the Orient were the Hittites and the Phrygians, and probably not the Phœnicians, whose rôle has been greatly exaggerated. For confirmation of these views, Mr. Hogarth appeals to the treasure of the earliest Artemision discovered by him at Ephesus in 1904. These specimens of early Ionian art, dating perhaps from the eighth century B. C., he finds closely analogous to the "sub-Aegean" art of the Enkomi treasure found in Salamis on Cyprus, which he would date at the very end of the Bronze Age. The traces of Oriental influence in both are to be explained in the same way. Mr. Hogarth recognizes the uncertainty of all conjectures of this kind, and is not inclined to dogmatize. It would perhaps be expecting too much to ask that Mycenologists and Minoans should refrain from speculation altogether and confine themselves to the bare statement of the Greek tradition and the facts of archaeological discovery in these prehistoric matters. But it would release an immense amount of the Hellenist's time for more profitable reading.

A valuable source for the study of political and constitutional history has been made available by the publication, by authority of the State of New York, of the "Messages from the Governors" (Albany: J. B. Lyon Company, State Printers). There are in all eleven volumes covering the period from the meeting of the first representative Assembly of Colonial New York in 1683 to the beginning of Gov. Hughes's first Administration in January, 1907. Ten volumes are taken up with the text of messages and accompanying State papers. The eleventh volume, perhaps the most valuable of all, is a comprehensive index of the whole with valuable tabulations of law cases cited and constitutional references. It is so rare to find works of this sort carefully and fully indexed that it is a relief to discover with this compilation a key of such utility. The work of editing has been competently done by Charles Z. Lincoln, whose experience for his difficult task comprised service as counsel for Govs. Morton, Black, and Roosevelt. He has provided historical introductions for each volume, and in the earlier period has found

it necessary and useful to piece out the sometimes meagre records by extracts from other contemporaneous records, all of which work seems to have been done with a keen regard for historical accuracy. Throughout the volumes there are frequent footnotes, not only explaining the text but providing careful citations to cases and decisions mentioned, and a systematic analysis of constitutional questions and legal development as they arose. This makes the work of considerable value for students of the development of legislative and constitutional problems, whereas without it a searcher would have to grope largely in the dark. The books are printed in clear type on good paper and are well bound.

For Samuel G. Camp's "Fishing Kits and Equipment" (Outing Publishing Company) there should hardly seem to be a need, since, though the chapters were well enough as contributions to a sporting magazine, they are not sufficiently important for a book, and contain nothing that is not already to be had in more valuable volumes. The illustrations are not wisely chosen. For example, there are no helping diagrams for such processes as the tying of leaders, while a large half-tone shows four rods which vary in price from \$5 to \$30, but which, in the picture, appear identical. The English is slipshod. Not to speak of split infinitives and such minor weaknesses, the book is full of sentences like the following: "But the American angler who follows the above plan is a very rare bird, however numerous they [*sic*] may be in Merry England"; "The cheap fly is a snare and a delusion to the angler only."

"Old Hallowell on the Kennebec," by Emma Huntington Nason, published by the author at Augusta, Me., is notable among town histories, both for its execution and for the inherent interest of the subject. This pleasant town, opposite Augusta, was successively an Abenaki village, which was first Christianized by the Jesuits, and later acquired as a trading post by the Plymouth Colony. The foundation of the town goes back to 1771, its incorporation as a city, with which the story ends, dates from 1852. People of substance and education were among the early settlers. We find such names as Dummer, Sheppard, Merrick. The Vaughan family still occupy the house built for Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, M.P., just before the close of the eighteenth century. A man of wealth, he treated only poor patients, and free of charge; he had aided Franklin substantially in the peace settlement; his library of 10,000 volumes was put at the disposal of borrowing neighbors, in a small way he was an author. Cardinal Manning was the nephew of Dr. Vaughan's wife. It was people of this stamp that gave the community its flavor. It has supplied two Governors to the State. Among its literary citizens are Jacob Abbott of the Rollo books, and his brilliant son, Lyman Abbott; Prof. C. F. Richardson, the historian of American literature; Rev. J. H. Ingraham, a most prolific novelist of the sensational order, and his son, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who, beginning as a Confederate officer, was a soldier of fortune under many flags, and wrote innumerable novels of a lurid cast. Such are a few of the claims of old Hallowell upon the reader's attention. Talleyrand visited it. William Hazlitt, the elder, preached there on trial, but his Unitarianism was too radical

for the congregation. Charles Bulfinch designed the belfry of the oldest church. In short, the chronicle is variously interesting. It gains from the numerous illustrations based on early portraits or scenic photographs.

If the title "Britain at Bay" (Putnam) were not enough to make the stolid Englishman sit up, the fact that it is written by Spenser Wilkinson should cause disquietude from John of Groat's to Land's End. With the peculiar solemnity and emphasis that distinguish this writer's ante-mortem surveys of his fatherland, Britain is warned that Germany looms large across the channel, controls the politics of the Continent, and might, at a pinch, force united Europe to attack England. "In that case"—a favorite phrase—England's vaunted supremacy on the sea, even if maintained, would not help much. You can't force enemies to make peace with you, even after the destruction of their sea power, unless you can get after them with horse, foot, and marines. The foe may not be able to attack you, but their distressing sentiments of hostility may be indefinitely continued. The only real safeguard against Germany is for England to have an army that can be sent over seas and make her, in contingencies, an aggressive ally on land. The way to get such an army is compulsory military service for a year—two for the mounted service. This can be done cheaper than the present army, the effective of which would be quadrupled. As for the inconvenience of serving a year, that is a patriotic duty, and once right principles were instilled, every Briton would be delighted to become a Tommy Atkins, with pocket money "not to exceed fourpence" daily. With such an army, invaders could be repelled, and, at need, a Continental ally substantially reinforced. We should hardly notice this ponderously harmful tract were it not that the English, and on occasion ourselves, take a melancholy delight in mumbling the tidbit of national peril. That would be an innocent recreation except that it has to be paid for heavily in guns, ships, and costly martial overprovision of all sorts. To make his bugbear horrific, Mr. Wilkinson piles up gratuitous suppositions indefinitely. He fails to see that with or without British troops France and Italy have the strongest motive, that of self-preservation, to oppose Germany. The idea of either being forced into an anti-British coalition is preposterous. Moreover, there is no reason to represent Germany, in which International Socialism is steadily gaining, as potentially an enemy of the human race. As for Mr. Wilkinson's paper army, it is by no means certain that an effective force can be obtained on a basis of a single year's service, especially if, as it is suggested, recruits who wish may live at home. But in a book of this sort one wide assumption more or less really doesn't matter.

From his "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" Prof. J. E. Spingarn has reprinted "Sir William Temple's Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning and on Poetry" (Frowde), in a separate small volume. The study of Temple's style (he was, according to Dr. Johnson, "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose") would be serviceable in our schools to cor-

rect the modern tendency toward an unbalanced impulsiveness.

To the Albion series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English poetry, Frederick Tupper now adds in monumental edition "The Riddles of the Exeter Book" (Ginn). In a prefatory essay of some hundred pages he discusses the principles of comparative riddle-study, the sources and analogues of the Exeter Book Riddles, authorship, poem, manuscripts, etc. The sixty-seven pages of text are illuminated by 223 pages, including notes and glossary. If Professor Tupper has not brought his subject into broad daylight, he has at least made darkness visible. The result of years of research in the most recondite territory, this volume is an admirably organized mine opened in the field of enigmatography.

The Oxford French Series (Frowde) contributes four volumes handsomely printed, and well equipped with introductions and notes. Two are works of George Sand, "François le Champi," edited by Alfred Mercier, and "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," edited by Stéphane Barlet. The other two are the entertaining "La Société française au XVIIe siècle," by Victor Cousin, issued by Leon Delbos, and Lamartine's "Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Point," edited by W. Robertson. It is doubtful whether any of these books will make much appeal to American colleges, even the editions of George Sand, since "La Petite Fadette" and "La Mare au Diable" have long preempted the ground.

E. B. Iwan-Müller, journalist and author, died in London last week, aged fifty-seven years. He was engaged at different times upon the staffs of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Manchester Courier*, and from 1896 until his death, as an editorial writer on the *Daily Telegraph*. He was editor of the Oxford collection of "Shotover Papers," and author of "Lord Milner and South Africa," and "Ireland To-day and To-morrow."

Science.

"A Manual of Practical Farming," by John McLennan (Macmillan), belongs to the group of general works of which we now have so many. Its treatment is not deeply scientific; and this is both an advantage and a detriment. One would like, for instance, to have more attention to general principles, connecting classes of phenomena. There is in the book some undue compression: the chapter on ploughing contains no more than the average poor farmer is content to know, and barely begins to answer the numerous questions of the beginner. The treatment of the important subject of barnyard manures is most cursory. One is amused to find the recommendation not to spray plants when in blossom appended to the directions for spraying the potato, which, of all plants, needs such caution least, as its crop in no way depends on its flower. On the other hand, apart from these defects, the book has the advantage of being not unduly technical; it is generally direct and sensible, and gives much practical advice. Characteristic of this better side are the remarks on feeding the horse, and the care of the farm orchard as distinguished from the commercial.