

South Island of New Zealand and the Islands adjacent . . . from 1642 to 1835" (Christchurch: Whitcombe & Tombs). He has extended the scope of his work in both time and space. He now carries it back to the visit of Tasman and brings it down to the early days of British colonization. Mr. McNab has the merit of discovering the fact that New Zealand had a remarkable early history, and to him it is the most fascinating period of her annals. Few will agree with him, but all will admit that he has revealed a wonderful unknown period, when the sea-elephant hunters and the whalers lorded it over the shores of a new land. He has first described their methods and daily life, told of the discovery of the various islands, and narrated the genesis of antipodean commerce. A book so completely original, containing matter so absolutely new, and so thoroughly documented, is seldom published, and much of it concerns American readers, who will find in it new lights on their early maritime history.

National bibliography follows in the wake of the publication of national documents. It is long since the second French Empire issued a bibliography of its history. More than twenty years ago the librarian of the London Athenæum, amid the laughter of his *confrères*, quixotically undertook to produce single-handed, if aid were not forthcoming, a bibliography of English history. The British colonies, which are ahead of the Motherland in so many other things, are ahead of her in this. Many years ago the Public Library of Sydney brought out a bibliography of the seven colonies. In 1889 New Zealand took a step in advance. Its then parliamentary librarian, James Collier, published under the auspices of the Government a bibliography of the literature relating to the colony. It had some special features. Appended to each title in the chronological catalogue there were notes, sometimes lengthy, containing a précis of the work, and embodying information, sometimes recondite, relative to the book. Next, besides the author and the title indexes, there was a classified catalogue, scientifically arranging the contents of all the publications catalogued under thirty-four heads, so as to make them at once available for historians or students.

Dr. Hocken of Dunedin has now published, under his own name, an enlarged and improved edition of his predecessor's work.* He has closely followed Collier's plan, down even to the details of the typography. He has also supplied the unavoidable deficiencies of Collier's work, and he has brought it up to date. How considerably the subject

has grown on his hands will appear if we compare the bulk of the two wholes and of one of their sections. Collier's volume consists of some 1,200 titles; Hocken's, of perhaps 6,000. Again, the number of works or portions of works relative to missions in Collier amounts to 59, while in Hocken it exceeds 130. The disparity is, however, exaggerated by the inclusion in the later work, not only of publications relating to New Zealand, but of all works published in that country. This, as well as the inclusion of works not relating to New Zealand by authors well-known in connection with New Zealand, seems a mistaken policy. Similarly questionable is the long list of publications in the Maori language. Yet this has its value, and a similar defence might be made for the other illegitimate inclusions.

Where Dr. Hocken's policy seems altogether indefensible is his verbatim appropriation of his predecessor's notes, sometimes long and elaborate, on works which the doctor has often not seen, and this without using inverted commas or appending the name of the author. Analyses of ethnological theories traced through a series of erudite works, such as those of Lesson and Quatrefages, Forander and Lang, and ascertained of authorship in the case of anonymous or pseudonymous treatises, have been "conveyed" without a word of acknowledgment. They will in consequence be read in future as the offspring of Dr. Hocken's research.

These criticisms being made, the work may be strongly eulogized. It is accurate, comprehensive, and complete. The excellent notes often embody information, personal, literary, and historical, accumulated during half a lifetime of unintermittent labor. It may be doubted if a more exhaustive bibliography exists.

We are still on historical ground when we turn to A. St. Ledger's "Socialism in Queensland" (Macmillan). For, if in purpose it is a keen and unsparing polemic against Socialism, the work is historical in form, and professes to give a truthful account of the origin and developments of the socialist movement in Australia and New Zealand. That had its origin in two famous American books — George's "Progress and Poverty" and Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The first gave birth to the movement for the nationalization of the land in New Zealand, where it has had many legislative developments, and whence it has spread to Australia and now to England. This phase of Socialism the author omits, and devotes himself to that aspect of it which consists in the nationalization of the agencies of production, exchange, and distribution. This form of it had its origin in Bellamy's romance, which converted William Lane into a socialist. Lane was the uneducated son of a

Warwickshire farm laborer, but no one would discover the fact from his crystalline and sometimes dainty English diction. A journalist, he founded the *Worker* to spread his new faith. He it was who devised the motto of the Labor party in Queensland: "Socialism in our time." From Queensland the gospel passed to the other States, largely pervading the Labor policy in them and in the Australian Commonwealth. How all this happened is vividly told. One or two criticisms reduce but slightly the value of the book. It does not take account of the tendency towards Socialism inherent in all the Australasian States. Particularly, it gives no adequate statement of its multifarious manifestations in New Zealand. And the author, who is a Senator for Queensland in the Federal Parliament, naturally exaggerates the part of Queensland in the movement, and perhaps the part played by Lane in Queensland. Otherwise, the volume is as instructive as interesting.

We are still exploring the field of history when we accompany Dr. T. S. Hall in his "Geological Rambles in Victoria" (Melbourne: T. C. Lothian), though now it is very ancient history. Dr. Hall is everywhere the geologist. To him the aspect and the flora of a district are the natural expression of the structure and composition of the rocks. Geology must supply the key to physical geography and botany; we may add, to biology, ethnology, and sociology. There are many instructive lessons to be learned from our field geologist. While he admits that "the great moulding agency is running water," he finds districts in Victoria where catastrophes must be invoked to explain the fractures of the earth's crust. In Victoria, too, he finds evidence of a long and severe glacial period compared with which the ice-age of Northern Europe and America is a thing of yesterday. The variety of the ice-borne rocks is wonderful, and proves that there were, not one, but several, glacial periods. The simply written volume is rendered attractive by 39 illustrations and maps. J. C.

Correspondence.

THE SOURCE OF POE'S "SOME WORDS WITH A MUMMY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A dozen or more of Poe's tales have been traced to their sources. Griswold a good many years ago made it clear that the original of "The Pit and the Pendulum" was to be found in a tale in *Blackwood's*. Professor Woodberry, collaborating with Stedman in their well-known edition of Poe's works, pointed out the sources of "King Pest," "Hop Frog," "Metzengerstein," and "The Masque of the Red Death," and indicated partial sources for some four or five other stories; and Stedman, in the same volumes, touched

*"A Bibliography of the Literature relating to New Zealand." Wellington: Government Printing Office.

upon Poe's indebtedness to the German E. T. A. Hoffmann. Within the last few years Professor Palmer Cobb of the University of North Carolina has examined more minutely the problem of Poe's indebtedness to Hoffmann. And there have been other notes in the magazines. But no one appears to have suggested a source for Poe's extravagant tale "Some Words With a Mummy." The original of this tale is to be found, I believe, in R. M. Bird's novel "Sheppard Lee." This novel was published anonymously at Philadelphia in 1836, and was reviewed by Poe in September of the same year in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (see "Poe's Works," Virginia Edition, IX, pp. 126-139). "Some Words With a Mummy" first appeared in the *American Whig Review* for April, 1845.

The chief incident in Poe's tale, it will be recalled, is the restoration to life of an Egyptian mummy by means of a galvanic battery. Bird's novel recounts a series of transmigrations of the soul of its hero, Sheppard Lee, who had met death by accident while digging one night for the treasure of Captain Kidd. His spirit betakes itself first into the body of an asthmatic old squire of the neighborhood, then into the body of a Philadelphia dandy, and after other such feats of metempsychosis brings up finally in the person of a slave, Nigger Tom, on a Virginia plantation. As Nigger Tom, the hero of the story is suspected of having taken part in a slave insurrection, and is hanged and buried. Shortly after burial, his body is taken up by some medical students, who wish to test their skill with the dissecting knife. But before beginning operations, one of their number suggests that they first experiment on the body with an electric battery, and, this suggestion being adopted, the experiment is made as in Poe's tale and with like results. The spirit of Sheppard Lee then takes possession of the body of one of the students who had engaged in the experiment and had been frightened to death by its outcome; and in the guise of this young man it soon has the good fortune to come across the body which it had originally occupied, now, however, reduced to a state of complete mummification and on exhibition in a collection of curiosities displayed by an old German doctor who had lived in the neighborhood of Sheppard Lee's searches after hidden treasure. The spirit, acting in the person of this student, manages to break open the glass case in which the mummy is enclosed and to make its way back into its body, and at the same time Sheppard Lee is fully restored to life again, and the story comes to an end.

It was out of the last two of these episodes, if my theory be correct, that Poe compounded his tale. One furnished the idea of restoring a body to life through the agency of electricity, the other supplied the notion of the resurrection of a mummy. The two episodes are juxtaposed in Bird's novel, and are summarized in the same paragraph in Poe's review. By combining the two, Poe obtained the necessary unity of action, and also increased the absurdity of his story—evidently meant as an extravaganza.

Besides these episodes, there are in Bird's romance two minor details which may have suggested to Poe similar situations in his story. These are, first, the

snapping, or batting, of the subject's eyes as it begins to show signs of restored animation; and, secondly, the bestowing by the half-resuscitated body of a prodigious blow upon the stomach of the ring-leader of the experimenters. But these minor similarities may be mere coincidences, and of no significance for my purpose—what is almost surely the case with a further coincidence, in that the improbabilities of both stories are explained away on the theory that all had happened in a dream.

I may add that certain parallels between Bird's novel and Poe's more famous story, "The Gold Bug," are also, in my judgment, accidental; though we find in Bird's story not only the digging for Captain Kidd's gold under a large tree in the depths of a forest, but also in Jim Jumble, with his fears as to his master's sanity, and in Sheppard Lee, with his attempts to give the faithful old darkey the slip on the occasion of his excursions in search of gold, faint suggestions of both Jupiter and Legrand in Poe's story.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas, June 10.

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to disagree with an opinion recently expressed by one of your critics in regard to Mrs. Villiers-Wardell's "Spain of the Spanish?" "In all matters connected with the newer intellectual and artistic movement in Spain," we are told, "Mrs. Villiers-Wardell is an intelligent and diverting guide." Diverting the book frequently is; but that its author is an intelligent or safe guide to things intellectual and artistic in Spain, any Hispanist will deny.

The chapter on Modern Literature, by far the worst in the book, betrays a lack of knowledge which is abysmal. For example, on page 48, the author naively remarks of Menéndez y Pelayo: "The writer has already produced a number of important works." An encouraging pat on the back which ought to inspire the dean of Spanish criticism and the author of "Las ideas estéticas en España" to renewed effort. We are further told that he has completed eight volumes of his edition of the works of Lope de Vega. Thirteen is the correct number. This error would be too insignificant to mention if it did not reveal the method employed by the author in the compilation of this chapter. The statement is taken from a ten-year-old edition of Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" (New York, 1900, p. 409). The whole chapter is largely a rehash of this well-known text-book. Unfortunately Mrs. Villiers-Wardell frequently departs from her authority and then it is that she is prone to fall into error.

A serious oversight may be noticed in the short biography devoted to Pareda. The greatest of modern Spanish novelists is everywhere spoken of in the present tense, and the author is only too evidently unaware of his death. Pareda died in March, 1906. The failure to notice so important a fact is inexcusable in a chapter which comments upon so recent a work as Blasco Ibañez's "Los muertos mandan." Again the antiquated edition of Fitzmaurice-Kelly

has proved a broken reed, and the author's lack of first-hand information stands revealed. Although somewhat more familiar with the bull-ring than with Spanish literature, Mrs. Villiers-Wardell makes a similar error in the chapter devoted to Sports and Pastimes. She had not heard of the tragic death of Machaquito.

If errors of fact are frequent throughout the book, errors of judgment are no less numerous. The chapters relating to Spanish politics, for example, are especially misleading. We are told that the King and Queen have won the affections of the Catalans; that "Cataluña as a storm-centre of revolution has fallen into disrepute"; that "the people have confidence in Maura's government, and sooner or later the Regionalists will, in all probability, join forces with the Monarchical party," etc. Last summer's revolt gave a decisive answer to these and similar optimistic statements. The tragic events of last year could not have been foreseen; yet the most elementary acquaintance with real conditions would have prevented the utterance of statements so contrary to the truth. Señor Maura, now happily out of power, is spoken of as a progressive, enlightened statesman. One would almost imagine him to be a reformer instead of a bulwark of reaction. Is Señor Maura's repeal of the civil marriage law so soon forgotten? But most remarkable is the author's apparent approval of the infamous Conde de Romanones (p. 99-100) who, with other politicians of high rank, long enjoyed the unconstitutional privilege of private coinage, thus doubling the value of the yield of the silver mines which they controlled. So flagrant did this abuse become that in the summer of 1908 an honest minister of the treasury felt obliged to withdraw from circulation nineteen issues of the silver duro, good and bad alike. Of this official freebooter Mrs. Villiers-Wardell naively remarks: "He is a man of untiring energy and enterprise, and already he has, by successful speculations, greatly augmented the very considerable fortune left him by his father."

Although many more errors might be pointed out, enough has now been said to show that Mrs. Villiers-Wardell's book is not a trustworthy guide. More than almost any other country of Europe Spain has been misrepresented and misunderstood. The dilettante traveller has claimed the land as his own. Théophile Gautier, Washington Irving, George Borrow, and De Amicis are not guiltless, but charm of style has deservedly caused their books to rank as classics. Most recent writers of books of Spanish travel are neither conscientiously accurate in the presentation of fact nor possessed of a literary touch sufficient to bring pardon for other shortcomings. Honorable exception must be made of René Bazin's charming and sympathetic "Terre d'Espagne" and Havelock Ellis's admirable "Soul of Spain."

GEORGE TYLER NORTHUP.

Princeton, N. J., June 15.

THE EARTH OF APOLLONIUS—WAS IT INDIAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since calling attention in your columns to the perfect manner in which the

Sūrya Siddhānta's conception of the earth, with its two heaven-reaching antipodal polar mountains, interprets the peculiar terms employed by Apollonius in "Argonautica," iii, 158, I have seen Bergk's remarks on the passage as found in his "Kleine philologische Schriften," II, 704. "That two mountains should be mentioned," he says, "is peculiar." He confesses his inability to explain the point. He raises the question whether an "error," or a "misunderstanding" on the part of the poet, must not underlie his language. But the words to which Bergk pays no attention, *δὲ αὖ πόλοι*, are as plain as words can be, and they fix the location of the two mountains, not in the East or in the West, or in "the East and West," but at the earth's two poles. (Permit me to refer to my recent book, "The Earliest Cosmologies," pp. 79-81, 174, 205). Bergk's difficulty in dealing with the "Mountain of Sunrise" and "Mountain of Sunset" is precisely the one which troubled the Assyriologists until Professor Sayce reached the correct conclusion that the two were "one and the same." See his "Hibbert Lectures," p. 361. Since that time he has come to see that this one identical mountain, behind which the sun disappeared every evening, and from behind which it emerged every morning, was in the highest north, even at the pole. And the moment one comes to this insight, the strange assertion of Maspero, to the effect that, in their earliest periods, both the Babylonians and Egyptians "believed that the sun and moon revolved round the earth in a horizontal plane," becomes perfectly easy of explanation, for the sun and moon do so revolve at the pole.

If any of our masters in Greek literature have lighted upon a second passage similar to this in Apollonius, all students in comparative mythology and comparative cosmology will be delighted to learn of it. What would not one give for the lost verse from Ibycus, referred to by Bergk?

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Boston University, June 14.

DEBATING AT SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* performs an excellent service in its conservative treatment of current tendencies, but now and then it makes an error in condemning that which is new. Such an error, I believe, was made in the editorial of a recent number which attacked the present custom of having students debate modern topics in preference to questions concerning the ancient world. Training for citizenship is undoubtedly one of the primary purposes of the public schools. This being granted, will it not be necessary to concede the corollary, that the discussion of present-day topics by students in schools and colleges will tend to realize this important purpose?

Every one who has given the subject much thought will admit that educational methods are, as a rule, most conservative. The average pedagogue is prone to teach in the same way as he was taught. He clings reverently and firmly to the pedagogic principles of the mediæval schoolmen. This tendency, however, to have the students debate live questions rather than thoroughly dead ones has in it the elements of progress and promise. The student by study-

ing these questions is not only fitted for citizenship in his own country, and in the world, but he at the same time becomes familiar with the best sources of information upon current questions. For the great majority of students in the secondary schools, who cannot go to college, this reference work upon topics of present-day importance will mean the formation of a habit of reading in periodicals which have in them many of the essentials of a liberal education. Such work in the schools will make the public libraries educational centres instead of dispensaries of the latest popular fiction. It will give the nation that which it so much needs—intelligent citizens who are not to be deluded and deceived by the yellow press and the curb-stone orator.

Then, too, there are the pupils and students themselves; surely some consideration should be given to their preference. From my own observations I believe that they prefer to study the vital questions of the present rather than the dead issues of the past. One of the most inspiring recitations I ever conducted was a general discussion by high-school students in a class in modern history of militarism vs. arbitration. The students had prepared themselves carefully by reading magazine articles, international conciliation bulletins, and reference books in the public library, so that they had a fairly intelligent idea of what they were talking about.

This book to which you refer in the editorial mentioned may be all that the editorial would indicate, and more, but your condemnation of the principle associated with it is unjust. Does the *Nation* aim to support worthy and well-qualified progress, or is it so bound to the past that it can see no good in anything new?

CLARENCE GREEN.

Tacoma, Wash., June 11.

THE TARIFF AND WAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For as many years as any of us can think back, we have been told that the need for high tariff duties, besides the procuring of revenue, was the protection of American against foreign "pauper" labor. Where European manufacturers employ female labor principally, especially in the so-called "house industries," the wages paid are really so far below any prevailing in the United States that were we attempting that sort of manufacturing, competition on equal lines would be hopeless. However, such is not the case; we have no large numbers of hand-workers skilled in lacemaking, embroidering, and the like—the great industries of the United States are built up by means of labor-saving machinery, and it is their products that must compete in the world's markets. Why we are able so to do, our higher wage rate notwithstanding, facts that have come to my knowledge will illustrate.

A New York manufacturing engineer, placed in charge of its English branch by an American firm, told me within the week that the 200 employees under his control, receiving less than half American wages, turned out less than half the amount of work that the same number engaged in similar work on our side do. The profits over here averaged so much less on the output than

with the home company, that he was sent over for the very purpose of endeavoring to make this "pauper labor" as productive as that of the high-priced workers in the United States.

A few years ago an American in charge of a similar industry in Berlin employing upward of a thousand men put their output as two-thirds that of Americans in the same line.

It has been pointed out, time and again, that comparisons of wages without statements of what such wages represent in production are valueless and misleading. Also, it is necessary to know what the money wages procure in the way of the necessities of life in the countries between which comparisons are made. Modern brick four-room cottages were pointed out to me in English villages, of which the rent is five shillings a week, \$1.20; and they had ground attached, large enough to furnish the family vegetables.

A tariff commission can do no more enlightening and useful work than to bring out the facts which will make possible real and intelligent comparisons on the above lines.

MAX LOWENTHAL.

London, June 9.

A RARE PAMPHLET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of News for Bibliophiles in the *Nation* for June 16 calls attention to the discovery of a fourth copy of "The Humble Request of His Majesties loyal Subjects," issued by Winthrop and others from Yarmouth, "aboard the Arbela, April 7, 1630," and he justly lays stress upon the value and importance of the pamphlet. He and others interested in our colonial history will be glad to know that there is a fifth copy, in perfect condition, in the library of All Souls College, Oxford.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Johns Hopkins University, June 17.

GEN. GRANT'S FATHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In November, 1865, I was on a Pennsylvania Railroad train, eastbound from Pittsburgh. In the next seat was an old fellow—that's the way you would describe him—with "country" written all over him. He opened a conversation with our party, and asked if we were going to Washington; said he was going there; and added, with pauses, "I've got a son in Washington—Gen. Grant." Of course, the response was, "Indeed," etc.; and so, feeling encouraged, he turned about with his arm over the back of the seat and proceeded to "tell all about" his son.

I remember it all as plain as yesterday, though I have never written it down till now.

"Yes, he's my son, and he's made quite a name for himself." Long pause and meditation. Speaking slowly and with a great deal of repetition and a country manner, but much earnestness: "They are talking about making him President. They don't want to make him President. He's no man for President. He'd be no good in that place. A soldier is what he's fit for. He ain't good for anything else but a soldier. Why! I've had to set him up in business more than once. He was never any good

in business. He's just a soldier; he's good at that. No, he ain't the man for President. He wouldn't make a good one."

And so on, to this effect and substantially in these words. I remember too many of the words and phrases to be mistaken. It was a striking incident, and I have often thought of it since.

Good, straight-forward, simple-minded old man! That was Jesse R. Grant; and it was six months after the war.

E. R. FRENCH.

Sheridan, Wyo., June 10.

Literature.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH TORY.

Gathorne Hardy, First Earl of Cranbrook: A Memoir, with Extracts from His Diary and Correspondence. Edited by the Hon. Alfred E. Gathorne-Hardy. 2 vols., with portraits and other illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$7 net.

One by one the biographies of the later Victorian statesmen of the second rank are coming to light. Within a few years, Dufferin, Northcote, Randolph Churchill, Northbrook, Lytton have had their lives written, some of them with such speed as to suggest that biographers realize the necessity of grasping at the brief immortality accorded to most public men. Salisbury is still uncommemorated, and probably years will elapse before the documents are released which alone can give permanent interest to his unsympathetic personality. But Gathorne Hardy, although he died as late as 1906, already belonged to the past generation, and he was not sufficiently at the heart of things to share exclusive confidences and political secrets which it would be indiscreet to publish now. Doubtless, as his son and editor announces, passages have been suppressed and names withheld in the material printed; but there can be little left out that was essential. As to Gathorne Hardy himself, we have here all the elements for a full-length life-like portrait of the most typical, enlightened Tory of the Victorian era. If only one book could be preserved to exhibit to posterity modern Toryism in its most comprehensive and convincing embodiment, that book should be this memoir of Gathorne Hardy.

He was born in 1814, of a middle-class family, which traced its origin to an Irish laborer living in Yorkshire in 1670. The statesman's grandfather laid the basis of a large fortune by buying the Lowmoor Iron Works in 1789; his father was a successful barrister, a judge, and a member of Parliament. He himself went through the brutal schooling which was then supposed to be necessary to the education of English gentlemen. In 1833, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he acquitted him-

self creditably; he read law and was admitted to the bar in London, and soon established a lucrative practice. In 1855, he was elected to Parliament from Bradford, and thenceforth until the general election of 1895, he was continuously in public life, either as commoner, minister, or member of one or another important commission. In the course of his career he was offered every portfolio, and at different times he served as President of the Poor Law Board, Home Secretary, Secretary for War, Secretary for India, and President of the Council. In every position his chief characteristic was his talent for routine work. No better bureaucrat ever sat in an English cabinet. He was neither a great legislator nor a great orator; but he was invaluable to the Premiers under whom he served, because he could be relied upon to defend their platform with unfailing loyalty and discretion, and to carry out their measures with promptness, honesty, and thoroughness. He had "no nonsense about him," which is the highest praise that an Englishman, be he peer or potboy, can bestow. Gathorne Hardy lacked magnetism, but that is a quality which modern Tory statesmen have been so proud to dispense with that they finally chose for their leader Salisbury, who had not only no magnetism, but not even manners.

The most pertinent part of Hardy's memoir covers the thirty years from Disraeli's reëntrance to power in 1874. The Eastern Question and Turkish War, the Berlin Conference, the Bulgarian atrocities, Afghanistan, and Gladstone's unprecedented Midlothian campaign, are the topics that come uppermost during the earlier years of this period; Home Rule, with its collateral problems, occupies the last two decades. Amid the tides and tempests of every crisis, he stood inevitably on his Toryism, like "Teneriff or Atlas unremoved." He had no doubts; from first to last the question presented to him only one side—his side. He looked upon the Liberal proposals in regard to Ireland as either insane or deliberately wicked; so that he seemed to himself to be thwarting the subversive efforts of hordes who had broken loose from prison or from an asylum. And it cannot be denied that he defended his cause as stanchly as any Crusader. Nevertheless, we fail to thrill at his devotion, not because it was not sincere, but because it was tainted with that class selfishness which is the essence of Tory, Junker, or Bourbon ideals.

Hardy, indeed, never suspected that he was not unselfish. A long experience in caste control has bred in England a peculiar form of cant. In America your protected manufacturer can hardly restrain a smile when he declares in public that the protection which makes him a millionaire is whol-

ly for the benefit of the American laborer: he knows that nobody believes that he believes that. But in England, cant has so sunk into the very marrow of the privileged classes that some of them honestly deceive themselves in their attitude towards politics, religion, and society. Gathorne Hardy was one of these. During his ninety-two years he never seems to have questioned the divine sanction of Toryism, either as a system, or in any of its parts. We see at once how homogeneous he was if we contrast him with Malmesbury, among the elders, or with Balfour and Curzon to-day. Liberalism and Radicalism have also their special forms of cant, but these although they may be equally objectionable, are different.

One of the chief charms of memoirs like this is the sidelights they throw on public men. Much depends, however, on the memoirist's gift for reading character and his skill in depicting it. Hardy was neither subtle nor vivid. In most of his records and letters here quoted we find him using, even for expressing his inmost emotions, that impersonal, not to say sterilized style, which English newspapers adopted long ago for reporting public speeches. Nobody would be surprised to read in the London *Times* that "the noble lord rose and said that he regarded it his duty, in reply to the Right Honorable Gentleman who had last spoken, to express the opinion boldly, but always subject to correction, if later reports from His Majesty's Meteorological Bureau should fail to confirm his honest conviction, that it was going to sprinkle." Thus guardedly does Hardy commune with himself in the earlier sections of his journal. It is only in denouncing Gladstone that his language approaches the picturesque. Every historian who aspires to know the state of mind of the unadulterated Tory towards Gladstone—a state of mind which became an obsession, and greatly influenced British politics—will have to read Gathorne Hardy's criticisms of him. We hold no brief for the People's William, but we confess that we are surprised at some of Hardy's remarks. "Having broken in upon the principle of property, sacred, and private," he writes, "December 19, 1885, 'he [Gladstone] will probably try his hand at severing the United Kingdom.'" In another place, Gladstone's "appointments roused an instinctive abhorrence in every gentleman." And again: "The conscience, which Mrs. Gladstone assured me, always guided him, and allowed him to sleep tranquilly, was not a light but a darkness, and misled him, to the permanent injury of his country." (The italics are ours.) And as a sample of the Tory's historical acumen, we commend his contrast between Bismarck and Gladstone—"construction versus destruction. . . . One made an Empire, the other