

of three religions. He tries in vain to catch the ear of the ritualists; and finally gets the answer from a priest, "I neither see you nor understand you; but I am quite willing to admit anything you say." Wholly failing to get the attention of the evangelicals, a folk who seemed to lack a social language, he next tried the religious nurslings of the gentle skeptic, Matthew Arnold:

Then I flitted to a third group between the two others, and repeated my operations, desiring to call their attention to the stellar arrangements. But they were talking of Religion. "Religion," said one, "is Morality touched with Emotion." On this, with an effort, I found my speech: "What a culinary definition!" I exclaimed. "You take a little Morality, and you touch it with a little Emotion (kind of Emotion not stated—Query, Spite?) and behold—you produce Religion! How little you comfortable people know about it! I tell you Religion is—Life!"—"But what is Life?" asked a gentleman.

I was glad of the interruption. . . . "You People put," I said, "the cart before the horse. Steam is—Locomotion—touched with Explosiveness. What do you think of that absurdity? Are you totally unaware of the Threefold Arch of Being?—THAT WHICH IS—THAT WHICH MAKES—THAT WHICH IS MADE!"

To this there was no answer. Perhaps it sounded to them perilous nonsense, just as their high-class words had sounded to me. They disregarded me, and I flew back to my roof.

A Marriage Under the Terror. By Patricia Wentworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As a story which won first prize in an English novel competition, this has a certain preliminary claim upon the curiosity of the reader. Three competent woman-judges, it is announced, all well-known writers of fiction, independently chose this as the best novel submitted. Of course the choice under the given conditions might naturally lie between worse and the better, rather than between better and the best. Certainly the three judges in question could hardly have been expected to pick an historical romance. Such, however, on the face of it, is "A Marriage Under the Terror," and a highly respectable achievement of its kind. The action begins on the very eve of the Terror. A convent-bred girl of noble birth is brought to Paris to marry a middle-aged roué to whom she has been betrothed as a child. She has barely been presented to her affianced, when he and his worldly mistress and all the circle to which they belong, are arrested and imprisoned in La Force. The girl, Mademoiselle de Rochambeau, follows them to the jail, but is refused admission. A stout *bourgeoise* rescues her from the street, and she becomes a seamstress, taking a plebeian name. When we say that one of her housemates is Dangeau, young and handsome champion of liberty, of ordinary

blood, but a heart of gold, we have told the rest of the story. They love, but aristocratic prejudice forbids her succumbing; they are nominally married under dramatic necessity. Thereafter they are separated, and after many adventures connected with the rise and passing of the Terror, after they have been brought side by side to the scaffold, Fate kindly, if not unexpectedly, rescues them. In fact, Robespierre takes that appropriate moment for falling, and thereby makes two lovers happy. There is, it will be seen, a good sort of plot for this sort of story; and the historical part of the tale, the picture of that perturbed and finally obsessed Paris of the Revolution, is managed with a good deal of vividness.

The Illustrious Prince. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The first few pages of Mr. Oppenheim's latest production promise a detective story of thrilling quality. At the very start, a mysterious American traveller, who has sufficient influence to command a special landing when the Lusitania is unable to put her passengers ashore at Liverpool, and to conjure into being a special train for the run from Liverpool to London, is murdered in that train in a peculiar manner, and to the bewilderment of the guard. Only a chapter or two further on, another murder in a London taxicab thickens the plot, and makes the lover of the detective story settle down more comfortably in his easy chair. But his hopes are dashed, for from this point the story seems to go to pieces; motives spring up apparently without reason, characters develop to fill vacancies with surprising readiness, and all the while the reader, being entirely certain of the identity of the criminal, is only annoyed, not mystified, by the attempt to divert suspicion to new characters.

Meanwhile the heroine falls in love with the paragon of all heroes, Prince Maiyo of Japan, after first believing that she hates him; and even when she realizes her true feeling, she becomes engaged to an athletic young Englishman. Under these conditions she is scarcely the proper champion of the Prince's cause, whom all the while she believes to be the murderer!

Altogether Mr. Oppenheim has given us an unsatisfactory and disappointing book, which is not saved as a detective story by an ending which lacks conviction. It is possible that it was not meant for a detective story at all, but for a serious warning to England to beware an alliance with Japan. Evidently the Prince is made the spokesman of the author's theories of European politics, as he denounces the death of true patriotism in England—due, he says, in

large measure, to the British love of "sport"—and predicts the world domination of Japan and China, when the United States shall have been fought and conquered.

The Messenger. By Katharine Holland Brown—*The Lifted Bandage.* By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though by different writers and not in the same volume, these are companion stories, and the publisher has recognized the fact by printing them in almost identical form. They have to do with the same theme: the hunger of the modern skeptical or worldly mind for a belief in the hereafter. In the first tale, a young widow struggles in vain to feel that death has not cut her off forever from her husband. They have never talked of death; she does not know what he has believed about it. Her quandary has become almost an obsession, when chance brings to her proof that he has been absolutely certain of a future life; with the knowledge, the cloud lifts from her spirit, and she feels herself once more united to her dead.

Mrs. Andrews's sufferer from doubt is an old man whose dead son has been accused of murder by a coroner's jury. In default of a belief that he is to be reunited to his wife and son, his only possible reason for continuing to live would be a belief in the son's innocence of the charge. But he admits the evidence, and is on the way to madness when a sudden revelation comes to him of the continued existence of those he has loved, and of the beneficent nature of things which have hitherto seemed to him cruel and unjust. Both stories are effectively told; curiously enough, the style is so similar in the two tales that they might easily have been written by the same hand.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The History of the Confederate War. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 2 vols. \$4 net.

Mr. Eggleston has here set himself the large task of telling the story of the civil war with "absolute loyalty to truth." He believes that the time has come when this may be done, and that no fair-minded American desires any longer a perversion of facts. The implication that some, at least, of the host of previous historians of the war have inclined to distortion or suppression of facts is, unfortunately, not without foundation, though whether Northern or Southern partisans have been on the whole the more culpable is not apparent from these pages. Be that as it may, Mr. Eggleston himself has sought to lay aside prejudice, to forget the chagrin of defeat and the joy of

victory, to reckon no participant as either friend or foe, and to set down, in the clear, dry light of nearly a half-century of peace, the history of the greatest of all wars as that history really is.

It would, indeed, be gratifying if criticism could give to the substance of these well-printed and attractive volumes as high praise as must be accorded to the spirit in which the writing of them was undertaken. That the book is readable goes without saying. In the appraisal of the motives and conduct of the South and its leaders, there is notable restraint, and the really heroic character of the Southern resistance, both in the field and on the lonely plantation, is so delicately touched as hardly to do full justice to it. If Mr. Eggleston has had any expectation that his book will warm the Southern heart, or make the present generation prouder than it now is of the deeds of the fathers, we fear that the response will be less enthusiastic than he has hoped; for the balance of commendation, if balance there be, inclines to the North.

As a serious contribution to history, however, the work cannot be called weighty. The absence of footnotes makes it, to be sure, impossible to say what authorities Mr. Eggleston has used, but the text gives no evidence of special research, nor even of an altogether careful study of secondary narratives. From time to time, we are assured that this or that view of the matter in controversy is sustained or disproved by the "documents"; but since the conclusions of the author do not differ from those already familiar in the pages of other historians, one cannot help questioning whether Mr. Eggleston has examined the authorities for himself. Some loose and inaccurate statements could have been avoided had even the secondary authorities been more carefully followed. The claim of impartiality, too, must at times be challenged. The administrative incapacity of both Federal and Confederate officials is severely scored, though with little apparent recognition of the difficulties, political and other, which attended the conduct of the war on both sides; while the denunciation of Halleck, especially for his treatment of Grant, is so insistent as to pass the bounds of scholarly disapproval.

In its discursiveness and emphatic iteration, Mr. Eggleston's writing suggests the later manner of Mr. Roosevelt. The inevitable antithesis of good and evil is heightened by a strenuous application of adjectives. Neither men nor actions appear in simple, unadorned relations, but as "absolutely" this or "unquestionably" that. All the great are colossal, all the small contemptible. There are a few good descriptive passages, but, in general, the accounts of military operations, though commendably clear, are not inspiring; while the

most touching scene among them, the surrender of Lee, is not described at all. Of other than strictly military matters, the narrative as a whole takes only incidental notice—an omission the more regrettable because of Mr. Eggleston's intimate acquaintance with Southern life, both before and after the war. The summary account of American history down to 1861, with special reference to slavery and the relations of the sections, which fills nearly half of the first volume, might well have been dispensed with in favor of a fuller treatment of economic and social conditions.

The value of Mr. Eggleston's work consists in its exposition, first, of the inevitableness of the war, in view of the divergent history and interests of the two sections; and, secondly, of the sincerity of those who fought for the success of the Southern cause. While for legal purposes the struggle is perhaps best described as a rebellion, it was rebellion of so large and fundamental a sort as to elevate the contest to the plane of public war, and give to it the character of a war for independence. Mr. Eggleston would have us believe that those who fought to disrupt the Union were, after all, patriots, and entitled, now that the strife is over, to be held in honor for their principles, as well as for their courage and constancy. We cannot take this view, but we can at least rejoice with him that slavery was abolished and the Union saved, and praise the chivalry that essays a story which the victor may read without glorying, and the vanquished peruse without pain.

Central America and Its Problems: An Account of a Journey from the Rio Grande to Panama, with Introductory Chapters on Mexico and Her Relations to Her Neighbors. By Frederick Palmer, F.R.G.S. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2.50 net.

In these days of subsidized official "boosting" one cannot help being grateful for the presentation in book form of Mr. Palmer's Chicago *Tribune* correspondence. Let it be admitted at the outset that the book has the defects of its journalistic origin. Snap judgments, brilliant generalities, and startling emphasis are not the qualities which go to make a standard work. At the same time, Mr. Palmer is a clever writer and a discerning observer, and his book is decidedly readable and entertaining. The first two hundred pages, devoted to the narrative of his hurried journey from one Central American capital to another, are really fascinating. Nothing so interesting has been written about Honduras since Richard Harding Davis's "Three Gringos" journeyed across that debt-laden republic. It is a pity that Mr. Palmer thought it necessary to fill out his volume with so much theorizing

and preaching about matters for which his short trip did not qualify him to speak with authority. Nevertheless, many of his observations show good judgment and keen penetration. Such remarks as the following deserve repetition: "Waste your money in any way you please, but do not put it in a rubber plantation in Mexico"; "Let it be repeated without equivocation that anybody who invests in any land or plantation scheme south of the Rio Grande, when he has not seen the property or does not know his men, may consider his money lost"; "Too frequently the American concession-hunter judges the country's possibilities by its natural wealth, rather than by the human handicaps."

Apart from these astute warnings, the most noticeable work which Mr. Palmer has done is the presentation in a graphic fashion of incidents and conditions which lead him to the conclusion that if we are going to stand by the Monroe Doctrine we must take the consequences. The diplomats we send to tropical America should be the ablest men in the service and their hands should be strengthened, not weakened, by a badly informed State Department. It should be their aim, says Mr. Palmer, without arousing local animosity, to keep the bellicose republics from falling foul of each other and to prevent the inevitable dictators from taking advantage of our protection to give their tyrannical tendencies free play. Without for a moment implying that we should annex any of that territory, the inference is that we must do something to make it possible for the unfortunate inhabitants of Central America to enjoy the blessings of civilization which have been denied them hitherto as one of the results of our dog-in-the-manger policy. In a word, we must face squarely the responsibilities which logically follow our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine in the form in which it has been put by recent presidents. Mr. Palmer has done a distinct service to the cause of Pan-American peace by enabling his fellow-citizens to see this side of the question more clearly. His book deserves to be widely read.

The Life of Mary Lyon. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

One catches in this enthusiastic book bare glimpses of an ardent personality, a teacher of apostolic hopefulness and energy, a prophet of sound and practical education for her sex. Yet somehow the individuality only half defines itself. There is nothing in her letters and very little in the notes that rapturous students took of her Mount Holyoke talks to explain the spell that Mary Lyon cast upon her contemporaries. This deficiency cannot be laid wholly at the biograph-