

ican people. Such a book as this is cheapened by the lack of an index.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*Poppy.* By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The sub-title is *The Story of a South African Girl*, and the best parts of the book are those which give vivid and realistic word-pictures of South Africa—the Kopje at Bloemfontein where the Kaffir-girl nurses squat and jabber under the trees, while the children play among the rocks and quarry-holes; the great rolling spaces and rushing rivers of the open veldt; the tropical gardens, luxurious cool verandahs, and gleaming sapphire sea of Durban. The natives, too, especially two old women-servants, are sketched in sympathetically and convincingly.

In other respects, the novel is foolish and unpleasant. "The best of men are half-devil, half-child, and nothing more, where a beautiful woman is concerned. You know that, don't you?" says the only white woman in the book who is neither a sensualist nor a fiend, nor both; and the author evidently agrees with all her heart. Perhaps it is hardly fair to call *Poppy* herself a sensualist, for, though passion's slave and distressingly sex-conscious, she possesses both imagination and devotion. Her wretched childhood and the hatred between her and her incredibly cruel aunt cannot but recall the opening chapters of "*Jane Eyre*," and the suggestion is an instructive one. Remembering the passion which Charlotte Brontë expressed so powerfully and intimately, the fire which consumed utterly in its heat all pettiness, all timidity, all worldly convention, but which might rage till Doomsday against the rock-fortress of unconquerable will, we see more plainly, as by the light of that great flame, the triviality and vulgarity of the earth-born, wandering fires and the smoking, malodorous torches which are the only beacons to *Poppy* and her friends.

*The Intruding Angel.* By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

One very pleasing and very convincing trait about Mr. Marriott's people is their almost complete lack of the melodramatic strain, even of that melodrama which in its highest manifestations becomes drama. It is not that the writer goes in for the drab human material in which the painters of lower middle-class English life take pleasure. He deals with people capable of a high degree of emotion, but he is at pains to show that even emotional people do not as a rule work out their destiny in outward storm and stress. Disappointed lovers plunge neither into suicide nor into despair, but go about their business quietly, and, after a while, resignedly, though the

scar shows more or less. Deceived husbands bite their lips and either make an end of things or bear things without changing their habits perceptibly. Women unhappily married and strongly tempted behave as honest women usually will, and do not even lose flesh in the process. The point is that the best kind of men and women usually pass through bitter experiences without making a row.

The story of "*The Intruding Angel*" is the story of Lydgate, his wife the fair-haired Rosamond, and Dorothea Casaubon in "*Middlemarch*"; but told without mid-Victorian reserve, and with the difference that here Lydgate is in love with Dorothea and Dorothea with him and that, having told each other so, they agree that there is nothing more to be said or done about it. Pauline Noy is not quite so patently selfish as Rosamond Lydgate, but she is more shallow and feather-headed, and out of pique and ennui, she incurs the guilt for which women were stoned by the populace in Biblical times. Her husband recognizes that originally the fault was his in marrying a woman who, he knew, did not love him and whom, as he soon found out, he did not love. Having struck the bargain, he admits that he must pay the price, and he proceeds to do so with a degree of conscientiousness that will be puzzling and possibly shocking to many an Anglo-Saxon reader. His love for the other woman, the Dorothea of the story, only braces him to the task. She is the intruding angel who brings him face to face with the sacrifice and gives him the strength to make it. Their enlightened view of morality as contrasted with the utterly material standards of the erring wife supplies the plot and the lesson of an excellently sustained study in irony.

*The Education of Uncle Paul.* By Alger non Blackwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Uncle Paul was a big, bearded Englishman who spent twenty years timber-cruising for a Minnesota lumber company. Then an aunt died, and he returned to England to live with a widowed sister. She was rather a pallid sort of person, but she had some lively and imaginative children. These latter promptly discovered that Uncle Paul was in reality as much of a child as they, only bigger. They set about penetrating the grown-up disguise he wore before them in a vain attempt to preserve a dignity befitting his age. His education consisted in the processes by which this armor of assumed maturity was torn from him by Nixie and Jonah and Toby, ably assisted by Mrs. Tompkins, the cat. He was very soon relieved of it all, and thereafter became one of them. He invented many adventures and wrote them out for the delectation of the company. They were,

as the children said, "very wonderful indeed 'aventures.'" We learn, for instance, how he and Nixie saw the wind, and how they slipped through the crack between yesterday and to-morrow, and of what befell in the land that lies there. In the end, Nixie goes on a long journey, and Uncle Paul, who has learned that his happiness lies in that of children, goes to London to do what he can for the children of the poor. Nixie comes back so often to visit his dreams that he scarcely has occasion to mourn her death.

The tale is slight, and not always real. We do not mean to imply a disbelief in fairies or a dislike for fairy stories; but it strains our faith to hear that Uncle Paul accompanied Nixie in the adventures of which he tells. In her, however, we believe absolutely. Of course she was more than a pretty little English girl, with white frocks and slim black legs and yellow hair in the state which marks its wearer as a "dapper." The author does not actually tell us so, but we are sure she was more than half a sprite. No ordinary little girl ever had such a fund of quaint, fantastical wisdom; such queer, sudden thoughts; and a charm at once so grave and so ethereal.

*Kings in Exile.* By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is another collection of animal stories done much after Mr. Roberts's usual fashion. That is to say, their substance is sometimes a queer mixture of legitimate natural history and highly melodramatic episodes in which animal intelligence is ridiculously exaggerated, together with some good descriptive writing mingled with much that is obviously fantastic and overdrawn. Mr. Roberts is fond of depicting with absurd minuteness the supposed cerebrations of wild animals in captivity, and of domesticated creatures turned loose in the woods to shift for themselves. These themes he has already worn fairly threadbare, but that does not deter him from working into the present volume the stories of "*Last Bull*," who is a bison confined in a zoological park where he bewails his fate and finally meets a tragic end; of "*The Gray Master*," which tells the same kind of tale about a timber wolf, and other yarns of the same general character. Perhaps the most ingenious one is the tale of the man who, while planning to rob an eagle's nest, tumbled over a cliff and lodged on a ledge where he stayed for about two weeks in the company of one of the young eagles which he had knocked out of the nest in his fall, and with which he shared the fish, flesh, and fowl brought to the eaglet by its male parent. As an illustration of Mr. Roberts's faculty for lugging queer natural history into his stories, there is in this last

story the episode of its hero's discovery that the "black eagle," of which he had seen only one specimen, was nothing but an immature bald eagle, of which he had seen many—an observation which loses its force when one remembers that the bald eagle does not get its full plumage until its second or third year at the earliest, and that, therefore, "black eagles" (as a matter of fact, the immature bald eagle is *brown*, not black) are, in the nature of the case, much more common than those with the white head and tail.

#### A NEW HISTORY OF ROME.

*The Roman Republic.* By W. E. Heitland, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College. 3 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.

"Is there room for another political study of the Roman Republic?" With this inquiry Mr. Heitland, who is known to classical teachers as the editor of some college texts of Cicero, Lucan, and Lucian, opens the preface of the long three-volume work under review. The answer of the general reader may possibly be different from that of the historical student, though the kindly reception given by him to Ferrero's brilliant, but fanciful and superficial, treatment of the revolutionary epoch suggests that he would join the specialist in welcoming cordially a fresh, vigorous reconstruction, in terms of present-day knowledge, interests, and problems, of the entire political life of the Romans. The question before us is, therefore, have we now such a work in our hands?

We have no right to quarrel with the author for giving us only the first half of a history of Rome; for even Mommsen waited thirty-one years after finishing his story of the Republic before making his advance into the period of the Principate. But we are filled with dismay at the outset, and with wonder as to what sort of historical company Mr. Heitland has been keeping, when we find him affirming, in flat contradiction to international opinion often expressed, that a new, and at the same time sound, reconstruction of Roman history is neither desirable nor possible. "After the labors of generations of scholars in collecting and sifting the mass of materials that compose our record, I do not see much opening," he says, "for an honest reconstruction of the whole story. I do not believe that the old-fashioned views of the history of the Roman Republic are mere delusions, and that it can and should be rewritten in a sensational spirit." We are all agreed that history should never be written in a sensational spirit; for that connotes hasty performance and uncritical exaggeration. It involves at best the bringing of legitimate ideas into all sorts of lawless connections. Thus the notion that capitalists are in-

evitably malefactors is probably playing no less havoc with the truth in some recent books than was played in 1854 by Mommsen's inclusion of the Roman Senators in his hatred and condemnation of the German Agrarians. But even at the risk of slandering a class just now unpopular, no serious historian can shirk the obligation of making and casting up again the long columns in which the accounts of the Roman agricultural and financial aristocracies are set forth in our record; for elementary justice demands that the much-abused Senate should not continue longer to answer for the sins which have been transferred to the credit or discredit of the Knights. So, too, the discovery which has been made in the last thirty years that much once thought to be characteristic in the development of Roman politics, institutions, and culture is but the Italian phase of general Hellenistic movements, is leading nowadays, in all likelihood, to an exaggeration of the dependence of Roman thought and action and to an over-depreciation of Roman achievements and influence. For this very reason, however, the whole budget of Romanism and Hellenism must be made out anew so as to satisfy the just demands of each side. How inadequate even the latest treatment in English of Roman history is in this particular every student of the third century, B. C., knows.

There can be little doubt that the German vice of turning candidates for the doctorate loose in the field of *Quellenforschung*—whence, ordinarily, none but the most catholic, experienced, and tactful scholars can derive fruit fit for historical consumption—has caused the production of many sickly weeds, and in no corner less hopeful ones than in early Roman history; but for all that, as Willamowitz points out in his charming Oxford lecture, "On Greek Historical Writing," the investigating of sources is the one great means by which the science of history has advanced in the century just ended to a position clearly superior to any reached by the Greeks or Romans in antiquity. Nor can any one who has read the Italian sections of Eduard Meyer's "History of Antiquity" doubt that the properly accredited attempts to determine the relation and value of the extant authorities, though they have reduced enormously the trustworthy sources of knowledge for the history of early Rome, have yet left sufficient genuine old materials for a new scaffolding, if not for a complete and stately edifice—like that made fifty-six years ago by Mommsen in his "History of Rome" and about forty years ago by the same author in his "Roman Public Law." In our judgment, nothing would be more helpful to English readers at this time than an honest reconstruction of early Italian history. Instead of this, Mr. Heitland gives us both

in his first volume and in his second and third, as he himself puts it, "the old-fashioned views of the history of the Roman Republic"; in other words, the Mommsenian conception of Roman history as modified and expanded in the apparatus and tradition of tutorial instruction in England. It is difficult to imagine how a question could appear on a conventional college examination paper in Roman history and antiquities for the satisfactory answer of which a student would not derive much help from Mr. Heitland's history; and when we have said this we have indicated the class of persons to which it will be most useful.

In our judgment the conception of Mommsen as modified and expanded, not in the collegiate teaching of England, but by the skilled work of the last generation of historical investigators the world over, is the only old-fashioned view that deserves restatement at the present time. This Mr. Heitland is manifestly not prepared to make. He knows Padelis, but merely through his volume of papers published in English. De Sanctis he does not know at all. He knows Beloch, to whom he acknowledges special obligations, but only as the author of the "Campanien," "Italische Bund," and "Bevölkerungslehre." Had he studied the third volume of Beloch's "Griechische Geschichte," he would have avoided many pitfalls. Eduard Meyer's work in Roman history he apparently knows only at second hand through Fowler's criticism of his paper on the Gracchi. Kromayer's "Antike Schlachtfelder," which is, of course, fundamental for any consideration of Roman "strategy on the large," he has used no more than Colin's "Rome et la Grèce." It is perfectly true that of "the modern literature of pamphlets, articles in periodicals, and so forth" he has "only been able to read a part." This part seems, further, to have dealt with a very limited group of episodes or topics, or to have been written in the *Classical Review* or some other of the British journals.

It is a pity that so large and ambitious a work as this should have been undertaken with so indiscriminating and incomplete a knowledge of the scientific apparatus, and so little actual practice in the hard, banal methods of modern historical inquiry; for Mr. Heitland is a man who has good historical sense, an easy, lucid style, and complete freedom of movement down, if not up, the Latin and Greek literary tradition. His general amateurism is the more to be regretted in that when he has taken the pains to follow a problem through to the bitter end, as in the case of the system of group-voting in the Roman Assemblies, he shows himself by no means a despicable investigator. "It may be," says Willamowitz in the lecture already mentioned, "that Mr. Dry-