

"Hunting the Elephant in Africa" (Macmillan), by Capt. C. H. Stigand, differs from the book of James Sutherland, noticed in these columns some months ago, in that Capt. Stigand is not primarily a professional elephant hunter, with an average of nearly one bull elephant per week to his score for a decade past, but an army officer, explorer, and field naturalist, who hunts elephants or other big game occasionally, as the spirit and opportunity suggest. The elephant hardly more than justifies his place of honor in the title, since above half the chapters deal either with other forms of hunting or with the natives, the natural features of the country, and various other topics naturally suggested to a writer of Capt. Stigand's keen powers of observation. The closing chapter is a spirited attack upon the theory of protective coloration in insects. Col. Roosevelt contributes a short introduction, giving a scarcely needed assurance of the author's competence in the field covered by his book, and lamenting that he is too diffident in telling of his own achievements.

It is difficult to understand how Violette M. Montagu could have written so dull a book on a subject that appeals so strongly to the imagination as does that gentle Irish priest who mounted the scaffold with Louis XVI ("The Abbé Edgeworth and His Friends," Brentano's). The narrative halts and rambles pitifully forward and backward through time and place. Yet the author doubtless believed that history should be interesting, for her brief bibliography of historical authorities consulted includes Hugo's "Quatre-vingt-treize," Dumas's "La Route de Varennes," and Balzac's "Les Chouans." The publishers have been at pains to make a thoroughly mediocre volume outwardly attractive.

The conviction that the eighteenth century in France was the century of the adventurers will be strengthened in any one who reads the new volume on "D'Eon de Beaumont: His Life and Times" (Badger). The authors, MM. Homberg and Jousselin, make plain that in this series of adventurers, D'Eon was the pure type to which his other eighteenth-century colleagues, Cagliostro, Napoleon, Mesmer, and the Illuminati generally, were but imperfect approximations. He loved mystification and adventure for their own sakes; and if, after having been a captain of dragoons and a minister plenipotentiary to England, he assumed and kept for forty years the title and garb of Mlle. D'Eon, we suspect that it was the result of nothing deeper than his incurable hanker for the sensational. The authors are inclined to exaggerate the part which the Chevalier played in the secret diplomacy of Louis XV and to explain too much on this score. Considering D'Eon's cleverness, it proves nothing that in his feminine rôle he should have imposed upon Beaumarchais, whom he tartly described as "one of those by whom one must be hated to retain one's self-respect." And if he succeeded in deceiving Beaumarchais, it was natural that Louis XVI and Vergennes, for whom Beaumarchais was negotiating, should likewise have been deceived. The author of the "Mariage de Figaro," who incidentally had himself won his spurs as an adventurer, has discussed his dealings with the Chevalier at con-

siderable length in his "Memoires." Unfortunately, however, it is as difficult to believe Beaumarchais as it is to understand D'Eon. The present authors tell us that they have based their work on documents in the Archives of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and on a collection of D'Eon's papers recently discovered. If this is so, the newly discovered papers told us nothing not previously known. The method followed is that of easy narration rather than that of rigorous history. This is as it should be, for in spite of the long and serious attempts to assign to one or the other sex this adventurer who was a credit to neither, D'Eon does not belong to history, but only to history's *chronique scandaleuse*. The acceptable translation, by Alfred Rieu, makes it an entertaining story of an amazing life.

Louis XIV made himself the exclusive centre of radiance at Versailles and succeeded so successfully in drawing all eyes towards his own person that people have paid relatively little attention to his brother. In order to focus some light on the latter, Mr. Hugh Stokes has put together in an entertaining but uncritical volume entitled "A Prince of Pleasure, Philip of France and his Court, 1640-1701" (Brentano's), a mass of references to Philip which he finds in the seventeenth century memoirs and gossip letters. Philip of Orleans was the father of the Philip who ruled as Regent in 1715, and the direct ancestor of Louis Philippe, who played the part of King of the French after 1830. His family offers interesting material for the student of eugenics. With the same parentage as Louis XIV, Philip lacked altogether most of his brother's notable characteristics; he had no dignity, no control of himself, no manners, no aptitude for politics; only in the looseness of his morals did he much resemble his royal brother. All in all, he was a contemptible prince and a foolish husband. By his first marriage, however, to Henrietta Anne of England, he became of some political importance; for Henrietta was the able sister of the restored Charles II. She was sent by Louis XIV in 1670 to arrange with the English King the shameful secret treaty of Dover and was often entrusted by Louis with secrets of state which were withheld from her shallow and suspicious husband. This was not conducive to domestic harmony in the Orleans household. Any possibility of such harmony was banished by the fact that Philip became absurdly obsessed by the Chevalier de Lorraine and lavished upon him the affection and money which he owed to his own wife. In fact, when Henrietta suddenly died in 1670, it was commonly believed that she had been poisoned by her husband and his favorite. After her death Philip married the clever Palatine princess known in literature as "Liselotte," but his life with her was no happier than with Henrietta. Besides being entertaining, Mr. Stokes shows how the personal motives and private hates in this Orleans family were allowed to influence, to a small extent, the trend of international relations in the reign of Louis XIV.

"Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen" (Dutton), collected and arranged by Mrs. F. E. Garrett, with an introduction by Philip H. Wicksteed, is a collection of certain poetical translations made by the late Ed-

mund Garrett, many of which appeared from time to time in the *Westminster Gazette*. The volume contains a complete version of "Brand," a rendering of Aase's death scene from "Peer Gynt," translations of twenty-eight of the "Digte" and of five songs from the dramas. In almost every case the metre of the original has been reproduced in English, and the work is most of it excellent. Garrett seems always to have been a careful literary workman, usually to have caught admirably the spirit of the Norse poems, and often to have become a true poet himself. Although his version of "Brand" was written very rapidly, it is in the main highly successful. In the lyrical passages of work thus hastily done he is not at his best. The exquisite "Agnes, min dejlige sommerfugl" has eluded him, as it has baffled every previous attempt at translation. The scene from "Peer Gynt," the beginning of a projected translation of the entire poem, is so good that the completed version would probably have been by far the best one in the language. It is the main body of lyrics, however, that will command the readiest interest. Garrett's versions of these poems ought to extend the knowledge and appreciation of this least-known aspect of Ibsen's genius. One feels more and more the truth of Professor Brandes's remark, quoted by Mr. Wicksteed, that at some point in the battle of life Ibsen had a lyrical Pegasus shot from under him. In one of his verses the poet suggests that he deliberately neglected his lyric gift to fight the battles of mankind:

What is life? A fighting  
In heart and in brain with Trolls.  
Poetry? That means writing  
Doomsday accounts of our souls.

In some of these lyrical translations we see the mysterious and illusive Ibsen whom we already know, as in "Spillemaend" ("Musicians"), which Garrett translates as follows:

My thoughts went out to her nightly  
The silvery summer through;  
But the path bore down by the river  
In the alder-wood wet with dew.  
  
Ha! Song with a shudder in it  
Is the spell for a woman's will,  
That through halls and high cathedrals  
Her dream be to follow thee still.  
  
I called from the pool the Kelpie;  
I sold my soul for his art;  
But when I had mastered his secret  
She lay at my brother's heart.  
  
Through halls and high cathedrals  
I played my way alone;  
And the shudder and song of the torrent  
Has made my soul their own.

Sometimes we discover a new, startlingly direct, and simple Ibsen, as in "Borte" ("Gone"):

The last, late guest  
To the gate we followed:  
Good-bye—and the rest  
The night wind swallowed.  
  
House, garden, street  
Lay ten-fold gloomy,  
Where accents sweet  
Had made music to me.  
  
It was but a feast  
With the dark coming on;  
She was but a guest,—  
And now, she is gone.

Lovers of Ibsen's "Digte," or longer lyrics, will find most of them admirably translated in this volume, and some of them

superbly—notably “Stormsvalen,” “Ederfuglen,” and the tremendous “Paa Vidderne.”

The uninstructed reader, on encountering the “Diamond Sutra,” really endorses Max Müller’s comment that “at first sight it may seem as if this metaphysical treatise hardly deserved the world-reputation which it has attained.” Its singular charm to the philosophical mind is evident, however, in a considerable number of translations into various languages, the latest of which, “Chin-Kang-Ching, or Prajna-Paramita” (Dutton), translated from the Chinese by William Gemmell, places the classic before the English reader in a convenient form accompanied by copious notes. The author of this sutra remains unknown, but its translator from the original Sanskrit into Chinese was a native of Kashgar, who became First Minister of a Chinese-Tibetan Emperor in 405. The work has always been regarded in eastern Asia as one of the two chief documents of Mahâyâna Buddhism. Like the Confucian Analects it takes the form of question and answer, but its contents are utterly unlike the ethical and biographical matter of the Chinese classic. Like the Christian Gospels this is supposed to come directly from the Master. When asked by what name the scripture should be known “the Lord Buddha replied, saying, Subhuti, this scripture shall be known as ‘The Diamond Sutra,’ the Transcendent Wisdom, by means of which we reach the Other Shore. By this name you shall reverently regard it. And why? Subhuti, what the Lord Buddha declared as transcendent wisdom by means of which we reach the other shore, is not essentially transcendent wisdom—in its essence it transcends all wisdom.” The philosophical nihilism of Buddha disclaims any idea of formulating a creed. “There is no law,” he is quoted as saying, “by means of which a disciple may be defined as one having attained supreme wisdom.” Such a statement seems to warrant Rhys David’s contention that *Dharma* is not “law” as usually interpreted, “but that which underlies and includes the law.” The process of reasoning permeating this sutra and, applied alike to names and things, inevitably disposes of them all as unreal. Thus, “What are ordinarily declared to be systems of law are not in reality systems of law, they are merely termed systems of law.” Mr. Gemmell supplies a useful introduction to his translation, dealing with the meanings of fundamental Buddhist terms. He has made a little book that every Christian missionary in eastern Asia ought to own and study.

A recent volume of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) contains Petronius with a translation by Michael Heseltine, and Seneca’s “Apocolocyntosis” with a translation by W. H. D. Rouse. There has been no complete translation of Petronius for more than half a century, during which period a great deal has been done for the elucidation of an unusually difficult and in places obscure author. Hence a new translation is welcome. This version is well done on the whole. The section containing the “Cena Trimalchionis” will at once be compared with Professor Peck’s version of “Trimalchio’s Dinner,” to which it is much superior in taste. It suffers, to be sure, from too much English slang, but slang seems to be inevitable in a translation of Petronius.

Obscene passages are reprinted in the Latin, even when the obscenity is confined to a small portion of a sentence. This gives a curious appearance to many pages, and makes an unpleasant impression, although it was probably necessary in a version designed for general use. While absolute exactness is not to be demanded in a translation, this version shows far too many quite unnecessary inaccuracies, with occasional downright errors. A single example will serve as a type. In §42 we read: “Medici eum perdidit, immo magis malus fatus; medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio.” This is rendered: “The doctors killed him—no, it was his unhappy destiny; a doctor is nothing but a sop to conscience.” Here the change in sentence structure is unnecessary, as the literal rendering would make excellent English, while “sop to conscience” is a strange blunder. The translation of the “Apocolocyntosis” by Dr. Rouse was made, as he tells us, many years ago. It has apparently not been revised, for there are too many actual mistakes for us to believe that this represents his present attitude towards accuracy. Thus at the very outset we find this curious rendering: “Si quis quaesiverit unde sciam, primum, si noluerit, non respondebo”—“Ask, if you like, how I know it. To begin with, I am not bound to please you with my answer.” And yet translation is an art! There are some unsuccessful attempts at giving the spirit of Greek phrases by pseudo-biblical reminiscences. The verse passages are often very cleverly reproduced in rhyme, but the tone is sometimes open to criticism. Altogether we might have expected something much better from this distinguished scholar.

A thoroughly charming book is “Roman Farm Management” (Macmillan), being the treatises of Cato and Varro done into English with notes of modern instances by “A Virginia Farmer.” The charm as well as the practical value of the ancient works on agriculture, both Greek and Latin, has often been recognized by cultivated farmers, as recently by David Buffum in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1911. The present book is also noteworthy because under the nom-de-plume A Virginia Farmer probably lurks the personality of Fairfax Harrison, railway president, director in numerous corporations, and financier. We have then here a proof not only of the enduring hold of the Classics, but of the little acknowledged truth that classical culture can go hand in hand with the insistent demands of modern business life. Only that portion of Cato is included which pertains to Agriculture. Varro is given entire. The translation, while free, is so good that the difference in style between the two authors can be readily appreciated. It is, moreover, in excellent taste. That, however, which adds particular charm to the volume is the use of modern instances illustrative of the statements of the text, taken from the author’s own experience or from his wide reading. A vein of humor runs through these notes which adds point to the criticisms. This is sometimes combined with practical additions. Thus at the close of the translation of Cato, as a note upon Cato’s directions for curing hams, our Virginia Farmer adds “A Virginia Recipe for Curing Hams,” followed by “A Virginia Recipe for Cooking Hams.” He says finally:

“To be thoroughly appreciated a ham should be carved at the table by a pretty woman. A thick slice of ham is a crime against good breeding.”

In “Jena to Eylau” (Dutton), Freiherr von der Goltz traces in detail, almost day by day, the disastrous retreat of the old Prussian army during the four months from October 14, 1806, to February 8, 1807. It is a continuation of his previous volume, “Von Rossbach bis Jena und Auerstedt,” and covers much of the same ground as the excellent volumes of Von Lettow-Vorbeck. But it is more readable and less technical than most military histories and contains many interesting military observations of general application. “The events of this night [after Jena] stand for all time as a warning against the mistaken kindness of sparing an army in time of peace.” “Fearlessness obtains more than subservience from the great men in history.” He explains the Prussian débâcle after Jena as due not so much to cowardice or panic as to the degenerate and artificial conception of the art of war and of the soldiers’ calling which obtained in heads of the octogenarian Prussian generals. They had underrated the danger and not made the supreme effort at the outset; when the blow fell at Jena they quickly gave up fortress after fortress in the vain delusion that in so doing they should facilitate an early peace and lessen the sufferings of the people. The lesson of the past which he draws for his countrymen of the present is that a long period of peace, like that following the Seven Years’ War or the war of 1870-71, with increasing wealth and comfort, causes military dry rot. He exhorts Germans to be on their guard against all half-heartedness in military effort, against “diplomatic generals,” and against the tendency to overvalue technical training in officers and to undervalue the importance of intense sustained effort, even in time of peace, on the part of the common soldier. These observations have weight as coming from one who was trained under Moltke and Prince Frederick Charles, and who recently reorganized the Turkish army; the fact that the latter went down to a defeat as complete as that of the Prussian army in 1806 was due in part to defects for which the organizer was not wholly responsible. In fact, Jena to Auerstedt is paralleled in more than one respect by Kirk-Kilisse to Tchataldja; it remains to be seen whether Turkey can show a moral and military regeneration through defeat comparable to that of Prussia after 1806. Capt. C. F. Atkinson’s translation is adequate, but his maps are atrocious; it is a pity that he did not reproduce the excellent maps of the German original.

In William Stone Booth’s “Wonderful Escapes by Americans” (Houghton Mifflin), a score of narratives, some of them hardly more than anecdotes, are collected. The editor’s object has been, he says, “to present an unhackneyed series of engrossing and true stories.” That they are true we cannot doubt, or that, almost without exception, they contain the material of engrossing fiction. But alas, being fact, they cannot be fiction, and their style is the hackneyed and unilluminating style to which the purveyors of mere fact, for the most part, seem condemned. Artists like Defoe