

But Dr. Nansen's generalizations are altogether too broad, and his tone is rather supercilious than argumentative. The book is admirably printed, bound, and illustrated. It is an acquisition to the library of adventure. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

A History of Crustacea: Recent Malacostraca. By Thomas R. R. Stebbing. International Scientific Series. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) "The ambition of this volume is that it shall be one to which beginners in the subject will naturally have recourse, and one which experienced observers may willingly keep at hand for refreshment of the memory and ready reference." The group of Crustacea is a large one, with species wonderfully various in form, color, and habits of life. Nowhere in our language is there a book of similar dimensions to the one before us that gives a general view of the class. Not that the whole class is here considered, for only the sub-class Malacostraca is treated. For that the treatment is fairly complete, although the Amphipoda are omitted on account of necessary limitation of the size of the book. The characteristics determining the divisions of the sub-class are given, the nomenclature discussed, nearly every genus characterized, and many species described. The book is not intended for general reading, but bits of interesting matter are abundantly scattered through it—cases of commensalism, protective coloring, parasitism, geographical distribution—which are attractive even to the ordinary reader. For the student of the Crustacea, however, the volume will be quite indispensable, and its value is enhanced by its many excellent illustrations.

Modern novel-readers are not drawn to Miss Burney as they are to Jane Austen, but the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia" is an extremely interesting figure in her own diary, and by no means without interest in her own works. The recent edition of "Evelina," which bore the imprint of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., has been followed by a companion edition of *Cecilia*, in three volumes. This story was published in 1782, and went immediately into the third edition. It is a work of greater maturity, of more deliberation, and, in certain ways, of better construction than the earlier novel, but it is less fresh and spontaneous than "Evelina." It is not, however, less vivid and trustworthy in its portrayal of eighteenth-century customs, manners, and affectations. The modern reader may still say, with Burke, in his letter to Miss Burney after reading "Cecilia," "There are few, I believe I may say fairly there are none at all, who will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of information enriched, by reading your 'Cecilia.' . . . The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by it. You have crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters, most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other." (Macmillan & Co., New York. 3 Vols.)

It is a pity that Mr. Howard H. Russell, LL.B., did not retain the original title, "Trial of the Gospel," to his clever little book just published by the Fleming H. Revell Company (New York) and called *A Lawyer's Examination of the Bible*, with an Introduction by Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D. Mr. Russell has taken up the Gospel narrative, and, following the common methods of a trial before court, he demonstrates by the rules of legal evidence and forensic logic that there is no valid reason for any one to object to accept these books of the Bible as a sufficient foundation for faith in God and in Jesus Christ. Mr. Russell makes a clear and orderly statement of his case, and it seems to us that it would convince the unprejudiced doubter and agnostic—that is, if argument had much to do with the matter.

One special feature of the Rev. Dr. Broadus's *Harmony of the Gospels* (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York) is that it abandons all further attempts to solve that apparent discrepancy about the three or the four Passovers in the public ministry of our Lord, and it merely settles the certainty of the last; the other distinctive feature is the use of the Revised Version. This version also is supplemented with notes designed to indicate at places a closer approach to the meaning of the original Greek. In addition to this there is an appendix of notes by Dr. A. T. Robertson treating of special difficulties, such as the genealogies of Christ, the probable date of his birth, the date of the last Passover, the hour of the crucifixion, and other like matters.

The Literature of Philanthropy, edited by Frances A. Goodale, is a volume in the beautifully printed and bound "Distaff Series." This volume is made up of essays by "representative women of New York in periodical literature," writing upon social questions. As a discussion of the subjects from women's point of view the essays must excite a somewhat permanent interest and have an acknowledged positive value. It is possible that the writings on the anti-slavery question, however forcible and fine, might have been omitted as obsolete. The other reform ques-

tions are all of them living problems, and are ably handled. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Allegretto, by Gertrude Hall, is a collection of little poems in the exact vein indicated by the title. They are really charming in manner, and quite individual in conception. The drawings fit the poems admirably, and the cover design is equally suitable and pleasing. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Dr. A. J. Gordon's devotional book, *In Christ; or, The Believer's Union with His Lord*, which was first published twenty years ago, and has always had a corps of appreciative readers, has now been reissued in attractive cover and pocket size by the Fleming H. Revell Company, of this city.



Literary Notes

—"The Dawn of Astronomy" is the title of Mr. Norman Lockyer's latest book.

—From the sales of the foreign rights of each of their new books it is said that Daudet and Zola receive each about \$6,000.

—A new volume of lyrics, entitled "Astrophel," and dedicated to William Morris, will soon be put forth by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

—A Chinese encyclopædia, which in the Chinese comprises 5,020 volumes, is about to be added to the library of the British Museum.

—To the first number of the new "Rivista delle Tradizioni Popolari Italiane" Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland has contributed his version of two Etruscan legends.

—Mr. R. R. Bowker is editing the series of papers in "Harper's" on great American industries. In the coming number the article will be on "A Bar of Iron," in which the Edison magnetic process will be described.

—They are telling the tale in Boston that a bluestocking there recently said that she thought Mr. Aldrich effeminate. The remark was repeated to the poet, who replied, "So I am, compared with her."

—The niece of Guy de Maupassant has inherited all his MS. and note-books. Last year the copyright royalties on the works of the dead novelist produced \$8,000. It is estimated that they will yield about \$6,000 annually.

—Mr. Frederick Wedmore, the editor of the English edition of Michel's "Rembrandt," is the art critic for the "Standard" and the dramatic critic for the "Academy." Mr. Wedmore's best-known books are his "Pastorals of France" and his "Studies in English Art."

—Professor Charles Sprague Smith is delivering the series of lectures on "The Artists of Barbizon," to which reference was made in these columns lately, at the Berkeley Lyceum Theater, in this city, on succeeding Mondays, beginning January 15, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

—Ernst Eckstein, the well-known writer of humorous and historical romances, has authorized Professor Charles Bundy Wilson to edit his "Preisgekrönt" for American students. This story, which is in an entirely different field from that of his romances, will be published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

—Messrs. Hunt & Eaton (Cincinnati) have published a college edition of Richard T. Ely's "Outlines of Economics," reviewed in these columns in the issue of January 6. The college edition contains additional chapters upon public revenues and public debts and upon the history of the development of economic ideas, together with a very valuable bibliography of economic science.

—Mr. Edward S. Mead, of the well-known publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city, died at his home in Southampton, Long Island, on Wednesday of last week, after a brief acute illness. Mr. Mead graduated from Yale College in the class of 1869, and became interested in the publishing business three years later. For a long time past he has had charge of the literary department of the business of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., and the remarkable advance and expansion of the list of that house during the last few years were largely due to his activity and good judgment. Mr. Mead was especially fond of French literature, and during the occasional periods of enforced leisure of the past few years busied himself with the work of translation, for which he showed a remarkable aptitude. Mr. Mead was for many years an invalid, but he refused to accept the immunities from work or the privileges of ease which invalidism generally brings with it. Up to the very end he showed indomitable energy and performed an amount of work from which many a sound man physically would have shrunk. The quiet courage and good cheer with which he faced death for so many years, and the unbending resolution which held him to his work, gave his character, to all who knew him, a heroic tinge.

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The Spectator

For two or three days reports had been handed round that a flock of wild duck was on the lake, its numbers being variously placed at from fifty to a hundred birds, and the local gunners had taken advantage of the drizzling, misty weather—which rendered observation of them under the glass impossible—to attempt to stalk them in boats and otherwise, the only positive result of their pains being the bagging of two out of three lesser scaup which innocently attempted to run the gauntlet of several guns hidden in the scrub along the neck. It was when this state of affairs had continued for two or three days that a morning broke dry and sunny, and the Spectator—aware that no sportsman would be likely to attempt to stalk them on such a day—set out with his glass in the hope of finding them still upon the water. But on arriving at the lake no signs of the birds were visible at first, and the Spectator drove along the little-frequented road above its western edge until he reached a point where the whole sweep of the lake was open to his glass, with the exception of the neck along which he had driven, which was now hidden by the wooded rising ground. Save a blue jay in the poplars, however, no feathered thing was visible, and the Spectator closed his glass under the impression that the ducks had left the lake, and turned his horse's head for home. But, happening to speak rather sharply to the animal while returning along the neck, the sound of his voice was followed instantly by the rush of lifting wings, and a flock of about forty greenheads rose suddenly above the slubby flat where they had been feeding, and wheeled off towards the further shore. Here they took two or three turns up and down above the woods, alighting, presently, directly opposite the spot from whence they had been flushed, and proceeding to distribute themselves about the shallow water, evidently intending to return to the feed. As soon as they were settled the glass was brought to bear, and the flock made out to be composed of about three dozen of the common greenhead wild duck, with three or four specimens of the dusky or black variety.

There is something singularly interesting in the demeanor of the wild ducks, with their involutions and evolutions, their deployments and retirings, like the tactics of infantry on a parade-ground. Upon first dispersing in the water the flock spreads itself out in a V-shaped wedge with the point in front, the wings gradually extending themselves until they form almost a line with the leading bird, and then breaking up into straggling groups according to the lie of the bottom and the distribution of the feed, but reassembling instantly in a compact mass upon the slightest suspicious occurrence—a habit which occasionally gives the gunner a great advantage in firing into the pack. This morning the ducks seem aware that the light is a protection, for they spread themselves out in the sunny shallows, feeding hither and thither, and diving and deploying, as if their sole anxiety were the enjoyment of the hour. They feed down-stream with their heads towards the dam—perhaps because they are aware that this is the point of danger—and ever and anon leave the water for the shore, upon which they squat contentedly for a moment, almost defying the Spectator's glass, or waddle along with that wavelike motion familiar to us in the domestic bird, though more gracefully and more airily, as befits their freedom and their slighter build.

These rests and wanderings, however, are of short duration, and the ducks are back upon the water almost before the Spectator has made certain of their vicinity. Then there is a sudden accession of sportiveness and activity; the mallards and ducks plunge and dive, the pale gray crissums of the female showing plainly in the sun as they almost turn a somersault, and the speculums of both sexes flinging out a shower of light from their purplish metallic sheen. One knows of few sights among the plumage of our birds more striking than the contrast of the lustrous greens and blues of the upper surface of the mallard with the exquisitely mottled brown and gray of its shoulders and under parts. Presently the ducks catch sight of the shifting sunlight as it falls from the Spectator's glass, and instantly there

is an apprehensive gaggle and a rushing together in commotion, precisely as upon the advent of danger among ducks in a farm-yard pond. A few of the more startled ones leave the water with a sudden swish, hovering over their comrades with spread and pendent tails and low-hung wings, exactly as in the pictures by Mr. Millais; but these, apparently, are young ones, for, receiving no encouragement to decamp from the wiser number, they settle back upon the lake and recommence to feed.

While making its swiftest progress through the water, the wings of the wedge of ducks are drawn together, thus elongating the V and decreasing the resistance; and the birds swim with lowered and slightly outstretched necks, bringing their backs and hind heads almost into line with the crests of the ripples they create, and so rendering themselves at times invisible, even to one whose glass has been upon them every moment. This morning the Spectator frequently lost sight of them for half a minute, owing to their thus aligning themselves with the surface of the lake, the winking of the eyelid being sufficient to afford them the opportunity to escape his vision; and upon one occasion he rediscovered them only after several minutes' search, squatted quietly upon the shore where they had gone in the interval without detection.

Upon re-entering the water, the leaders strike out boldly in the Spectator's direction, as if bent on crossing to the hither side. At first the wedge widens out a little as the ducks find themselves in shallow water, and here and there a bird near the rear begins to feed. Slowly but firmly, however, the leaders maintain their westerly direction, reaching presently the deeper channel, where the laggards drop into line and the wedge recovers its elongation; and from this point on, every bird swims straight ahead, their crests well up (for there may be danger in the underbrush), and the wake breaking away from the two wings in ever-increasing circles, like the wash from some heavy boat. It is a sight one seldom sees in such perfection; for at this time the Spectator has left his buggy, and climbed the fence, and walked to within a hundred and fifty yards of the water's edge, and the ducks are coming towards him a little obliquely, but nearer with every stroke, as oblivious to his proximity as though he were miles away. Presently they draw up in a little cove where the water is without a ripple; the wedge is broken, and the birds distribute themselves and commence to probe among the feathery weeds. The Spectator drops upon one knee, and the glass reveals to him every turn of their necks as they stretch them hither and thither, though the distance is still too great for the irises to be well made out.

The Spectator is curious to observe the effect upon them of the human voice, and speaks once or twice in a conversational tone, but without exciting their attention; it is probable that he is not heard. Presently he whistles two or three times quite shrilly; whereupon the ducks pack at once, though apparently as much in curiosity as in apprehension, scattering as if about to resume their feeding when the whistle dies away, but packing quickly again when the whistle is repeated. They are a beautiful sight as they sit upon the water at the point of the little promontory, every head uplifted as if in interrogation, their feet paddling slowly, but every sense alert and every muscle ready for an instant rise. The Spectator is in open view about a hundred yards away, just above the upper fringe of the brush which lines the neck; but he is quite unable to determine whether or not he is seen by the birds, even when he whistles, the pack returning, when he ceases, to its position exactly as if he were not there. Suddenly, however, he dashes two stones together with a quick report not altogether unlike a pistol-shot; and the ducks are up and away before he can drop the stones, wheeling along against the background of the woods like a flock of dunlin, the lightness of their under-plumage at one moment flashing brightly in the sun, to be succeeded at the next by the darker hues of their backs and upper wings as they reverse and go down the wind. It is the very perfection of concerted action, each bird wheeling at the appropriate moment precisely as if some subtle influence were guiding the evolutions of the whole.