

anatomy of a "tell," which this book's title accurately describes. Even London is now a tell, since some twenty or thirty feet must be dug through before the native soil is reached. Below the modern foundations would be a layer of dirty black earth, maybe a relic of the Great Fire; below that a bit of Norman zigzag molding; next a stray penny of Alfred; below that Saxon walls, Roman tiles; and, lowest of all, perhaps some bronze weapon from the ancient Briton age. From earliest times in the East, however, the use of the apparently crumbling mud and sun-dried bricks has been the means of preserving ancient cities. The upper walls, falling in, made a solid foundation and platform of earth for the next structure, four or five feet higher from its ruined predecessor. This particular mound, rounded by centuries of wind, rain, and decay, but still a hundred and twenty feet high, is Tell el Hesi, sixteen miles east of Gaza, in the rolling country lying between the mountains of Judea and the Philistian plain. It is supposed to be the ancient Lachish, founded by the Amorites two thousand years B.C., and before the Israelites settled in Palestine. Prior to this era the town appears to have already had conflicts with the Egyptians. According to Mr. Bliss's excavation (which cut away one-third of the hill to the natural height of the bluff, sixty feet over the Wady, or stream-bed), eleven towns were built on the site, the last dating from the fifth century B.C. One of them was probably destroyed by Joshua. The benefits of this special excavation go to prove that writing was not only practiced in high circles, but that each considerable city had its scribe, thus evincing a more widespread civilization in ancient days than we had supposed, while there is strong evidence to show that the Israelites supplanted a superior civilization. In one of the earliest cities a hot-air blast-furnace was found—an invention not patented here until less than seventy years ago. The furnace was probably used rather for pottery-baking than for the smelting of iron. Of the other things found, the principal were bronze tools and weapons, scarabs, relics, cuneiform tablets, pre-Phœnician, Phœnician, Greek, and Asiatic pottery. In addition to the above, Mr. Bliss tells us, in this well-printed book, of some interesting facts about his work and the conditions of climate, labor, and native races. In this latter connection the distinction between the Arabs and the fellahin is cleverly drawn. This last siege of Lachish was perhaps the longest, but, as is well claimed, was certainly the most systematic it ever endured. Mr. Bliss's advantage over Thothmes, Sennacherib, and the rest is that, whereas they took but one city apiece, he reduced and captured eleven. It is a satisfaction to add that our countryman has just obtained an imperial firman from Constantinople which gives him the superintendence of the excavations at Jerusalem. That this high honor is well deserved will be apparent to every reader of "A Mound of Many Cities." (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

In point of hand-made paper and letterpress, no magazine rivals the superb new octavo quarterly, *Bibliographica*, which the Scribners are now publishing. The price is eight dollars a year for four numbers, and subscriptions are taken only for the entire work, which is to be completed in twelve parts. The contributors are bibliographical specialists, and the subjects relate to various matters of present interest in book-lore. While all the papers may be of note to a bibliophile, three are surely so to the general reader. The first of this trinity is Mr. Elton's "Christina of Sweden and Her Books," an enjoyable glimpse, now in Stockholm, now in Rome, of the career of the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. Had she been her father, quoth this Queen, she could have drunk and ruffled with the best; as it was, she ruled as Empress of the Books. She had such a thirst for collecting that, as Ranke remarks somewhere, the Italians were complaining because ships were laden with the spoil of their libraries, and "all the appliances of learning were being carried away to the Arctic regions." But Christina persevered, and crowned her collection with the Codex Argenteus, containing part of the Gospels in the Mæso-Gothic version of Ulfilas. Christina seems to have been perfectly and philosophically delighted at the idea of abdication, and, after that event, meeting Charles II. of England at Frankfort, warmly congratulated him on his exile and the loss of his throne. Arriving at Rome, she dressed herself as a Queen of Amazons and rode her white charger astride like a man. She now became Christiana, and a favorite in the Eternal City, though she somewhat astonished the citizens by her custom of bursting out laughing in church and of contradicting the statements of cardinals. As at Stockholm, she elected always to live among her books, and after her death they were removed to the Vatican. The second of the three articles appealing to popular taste is by the ever-versatile Mr. Andrew Lang, and is on "Names and Notes in Books." After pleading for signatures and even marginal annotations, he closes with: "The curious amateur may ask whether the author of these comments writes his own name in his books, and acts

up to his own advice. No, he never does anything of the sort." The third of these popular papers is by M. Octave Uzanne, and is printed in the original French. M. Uzanne not only falls into the Frenchman's usual geographical error concerning any country but his own, but, with Gallic grace, pays our greatest inventor the following compliment: "Quelle sera l'état de la Bibliophilie en 1950? L'art de l'impression existera-t-il encore à cette date, et le phonographe aidé du kinétographe que l'ingénieur Edison me faisait voir il y a six mois à Orange Park près de New Jersey, ne remplacera-t-il pas le papier imprimé et l'illustration avec quelque avantage?"

An exquisite book both in paper and print is *The Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard*, edited by Mr. Bayard Dod. The writer of the journal was the daughter of Lewis Pintard, of New York, a "considerable merchant," as George Washington styled him. She was the wife of Samuel Bayard, who was graduated from Princeton in 1784, and who studied law with William Bradford, afterward Attorney-General under Washington. The latter appointed Mr. Bayard United States Agent to prosecute the claims of American citizens in the British Admiralty courts, a mission which resulted so successfully that "\$10,345,000 was recovered from the British Government for losses sustained by Americans from illegal and unauthorized captures of their ships on the high seas by English cruisers." The journal is entertaining reading. It gives us the sometimes cleverly expressed and always interesting opinions on life and manners a century ago, of one who enjoyed exceptional opportunities of meeting the celebrities of those eventful years. As General James Grant Wilson says: "To have known Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, and John Adams, and frequently to have seen George the Third and his Cabinet Ministers, who were opposed to those great men in the Revolutionary struggle; to have been well acquainted with many of the American generals engaged in that conflict, and with their antagonists, Lord Cornwallis, Sir Henry Clinton, and Colonel Tarleton; to have been on terms of intimacy with six of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and to have known Lords Eldon, Mansfield, and Stowell, Burke and Barré, Fox and Pitt, Sheridan, Wilberforce, and Warren Hastings, is certainly a very remarkable record for a young American of thirty." Even more picturesque and appealing are the touches of home and personal life. It is interesting to know that Mr. Bayard, returning to this country, became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, one of the founders of the New York Historical Society, of the American Bible Society, and of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Both Mrs. Bayard and her husband (as their names indicate) were of Huguenot descent. The Bayard family is a distinguished one. Of the descendants of Judge Bayard's uncle, four have for eighty years almost continuously occupied seats in the United States Senate, one was a signer of the Treaty of Ghent, another has been Secretary of State and is now Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Reserving any full consideration of the value of Thomas Paine as a philosopher and writer until the present first volume of *The Writings of Thomas Paine*, collected and edited by Moncure D. Conway (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is followed by the other three, and the entire collection of his works is before us, we may here simply congratulate Mr. Conway on his purpose and the country on the promise of its fulfillment. We are not ignorant of the nearly universal prejudice which has banished the name of this once famous author from polite circles in America, nor do we think that prejudice wholly unreasonable. Nevertheless, it is true that Mr. Paine was in his day an able as well as a popular writer on political subjects, and did perhaps as much as any man of his generation to fire the American passion for independence and to inform the American understanding as to the principles upon which alone the future well-being of the American colonies could be established. He was not a prophet, but he was sufficiently prophetic to forecast some of the more essential elements which were to and did enter into its future constitution. Nor did he lack, in his earlier writings, an apparently reverential and even religious spirit. It is, indeed, easy to accuse him of making his frequent references to justice, God, and the Hebrew Scriptures in an *ad captandum* spirit; but such is not the appearance of his references, and we prefer to take them as the expression of a genuine feeling, possibly the result of traditional education rather than of spiritual life, but none the less genuine because superficial. His political philosophy was largely that of Rousseau, and this no longer finds acceptance among scholars; and yet this philosophy is rather suggested than affirmed, and in one curious and interesting passage is placed in close connection with what seems much like an anticipation of the soberer account of the origin of government afforded by the modern evolutionary school. In Paine's time the pamphlet did the double work done in our day by both the daily journal and the monthly review; and, if Thomas

Paine's pamphlets and contributions lack something of the weight and dignity of the Review, they afford, in a literary point of view, a model worthy of study by the modern editorial writer.

In Italy a child says as instinctively of anything "*È bello*," "*È brutto*," "it is beautiful" or "it is ugly," as that it is good or that it is true. Here and in Great Britain, perhaps because of tenacious ultra-Puritanism, the good and true are indeed emphatic as nowhere else, but the beautiful as an instinct is often lacking. It is this need for a substratum of appreciation which seems to have been the motive for the publication of Mr. William Ordway Partridge's *Art for America* (Roberts Brothers, Boston), one of those volumes in which the writer's impulse and enthusiasm are so great as to make it seem quite possible that we are listening to his voice instead of reading his words. As to those words, despite all attractiveness of subject and style, we could wish that there were not so many of them. The author seems inebriated with his own verbosity. Patriotic he is to a spread-eagle degree, and finds that Americans who spend their art-lives in Rome or Paris produce only "pretty, idle, senseless statues and paintings that are neither good nor bad." What would Messrs. Story, Randolph Rogers, Park, Elihu Vedder, Bridgman, Ridgway Knight, Walter Gay, and Sargent say to this? Perhaps they had supposed that art had no country. Mr. Partridge then declares that the creative faculties of our children are starved, while the receptive ones are put to utmost tension. How about the work of the kindergartens? But an artist's talk is sometimes as good as the scenes he paints, and Mr. Partridge's is often as powerfully picturesque as his "Shakespeare" just set up in Chicago. He is equally interesting whether discoursing on "True and False Education," "American Sculpture," or "Manhood in Art," and he stands for the necessity, which the Greeks recognized better than we, that art to be art must grow with the life; it can seldom be engrafted in later years. But why was the essay on "Goethe as a Dramatist" appended to this volume, and since when has Gustav Freytag been spelling his name Freitag?

One of the most attractive books of the season is Mrs. Celia Thaxter's *An Island Garden*, which gives an account of that lovely bit of ground on Appledore, the largest of the Isle of Shoals, which for many years has yielded its best returns to Mrs. Thaxter's loving care. This bit of color on the rocks, nourished by sea-moisture and attended and watched by that genius for flower-culture which seems to be the only thing that makes flowers prosper, has been observed by all visitors at Appledore, and is remembered by them as something peculiarly beautiful. Mrs. Thaxter is an enthusiast. She knows and respects the individuality of flowers, and because she has this knowledge they respond to her friendliness by the richest possible development. Since she was a little child in her island home the garden on Appledore has been a kingdom of delight to the gardener, and, after having made it bloom for many years, she has now in a way pressed its flowers and caught its perfume between the pages of a book. The record of the summer, from April to autumn, is kept in this volume, which is a sort of garden idyl, notable for its thorough knowledge of flowers and seasons and birds, and also for its very charming sentiment inspired by garden life. The volume is handsomely printed, and is adorned with pictures and illustrations by Childe Hassam, printed in colors. The text is much better than the illustrations. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Herbert D. Ward's *The White Crown and Other Stories* (Harper & Brothers, New York) is a collection of capital tales. Of them all, the one which appeared in "Harper's Magazine," namely, "A Cast of the Net," seems the strongest, and is quite an ideal Sunday-school story. "The White Crown" itself is rather too contrary to fact, but its style is delightful, and its literal translating from supposed German or supposed French well done. "Only an Incident" is perhaps of all the most picturesque, and is dramatically told; while the tale of "The Missing Interpreter" is described with pithy phrases "right from the shoulder." Such meaningful terseness is characteristic of all Mr. Ward's work, and his story-telling is indeed a wholesome tonic in these days wherein flourish too many morbid and mawkish novel-writers.

Florence A. Merriam's *My Summer in a Mormon Village* is slight and unpretentious—not given to argument or statistics or exaggerated emotion—but it relates the personal, every-day experience of a sympathetic woman in her neighborly intercourse with Mormon women and their husbands. Its simplicity makes it effective and affecting. Some of the out-of-door chapters also are agreeably written. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Dr. J. I. Mombert's *Short History of the Crusades* is an admirable piece of condensation. It is good for reference, and

good also as furnishing a convenient and trustworthy way of reviewing quickly an important subject. The intricate threads of the history of the various crusades are united into a systematic and intelligent single story. Maps and an index are of value. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)



Literary Notes

—M. Arsène Houssaye, the French librettist and writer, is now over eighty years of age.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse will issue a new volume of verses next autumn. It is nine years since the appearance of his last book of poems, "Firdausi in Exile."

—Mr. Arthur J. Evans, the son-in-law of the late Professor Freeman, has edited and annotated the volume of the historian's "Sicily" left by the author in manuscript. The period covered is from Dionysios to Agathokles.

—The eighty-third birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was quietly celebrated on June 14 at her residence in First Street, Hartford. Mrs. Stowe is now unable to receive the personal congratulations of others than her immediate relatives.

—M. Maurice Maeterlinck has been writing an exposition of Ibsen's new play, "The Master Builder." The Belgian psychologist finds a correspondence between the works of Greek dramatists and the "play of souls" in the Norwegian's work.

—The Danish poet Holger Drachmann is now nearly fifty years old. He was for a long time a marine painter, but finally found that his profession lacked the power he must put into his pictures. In 1870 his poetic genius ripened, and his virile originality has made him a great favorite.

—Mr. Wemyss Reid, now Sir Wemyss Reid, the editor of "The Speaker," who was for a long time editor of the Leeds "Mercury," is one of the most conspicuous men in the Liberal party. His biographies of Mr. Forster and of Lord Houghton are finely done, and his one novel, "Gladys Fane," has had a fair success. Rather more than four years ago he founded "The Speaker."

—When Dr. Conan Doyle was still a mere boy he was already such a famous story-teller that his friends would offer him rewards of tarts to induce him to relate romances to them "right out of his head." To-day he is a famous author. In appearance he is big, blond, athletic, and tips the scales at over two hundred pounds. Next autumn he is coming to the United States to lecture on "George Meredith" and on "The Younger Influences in English Literature."

—A monument to the late Friedrich von Bodenstedt, the poet-author of "Mirza Schaffy" (feigned to be a translation from the Tartar), has just been erected in Wiesbaden. Bodenstedt also published many translations from the English, Russian, and Persian. Among those from our tongue, the most notable were his renderings into German from Shakespeare. It may not be generally known that for some years before his appointment as Professor of Slav Languages at Munich, Bodenstedt was editor of that reliable Bremen journal, the "Weser Zeitung."

—Berlin newspapers are coming to the fore both in numbers and circulation. The cheap new ones lead the list, the "Morgen Zeitung" edition of the "Berliner Tageblatt" having a reported circulation of 162,000 copies, while the "Tageblatt" itself has about 60,000. The "Lokal-Anzeiger" has 120,000, the "Reichsanzeiger" (the Government official organ) half that, the "Vossische Zeitung" (or "Tante Voss," as its Liberal readers love to call it) 40,000, and "Vorwärts," the Socialist organ, the same; the conservative "Kreuz-Zeitung," the "free-conservative" "Post," and the liberal "National Zeitung" 20,000 each.

—Any piece of writing, to last, must be as perfect in form as the writer can make it. We see enough of ephemeral work in our newspapers. Just think of the enormous mass of writing in every one of our Sunday papers! And what does it all amount to? It perishes in a day. In one way it is positively pathetic to think of it, though, of course, most of it is written for the hour only. I didn't begin writing till I was forty-eight, then I tried my hand at it at the suggestion of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who urged me to prepare some text for a collection of reproductions of some of my pictures that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. were going to bring out. So I wrote one sketch, and Mr. Scudder liked it so much that I did several others, and I've been writing more or less ever since. But I don't publish very much, for I work very carefully, write one page sometimes three or four times, and polish incessantly. I often spend a great deal of time on one phrase. . . . My painting I do when I am off on my vacation of two or three months each summer, and I devote a couple of hours in the day to writing. Both of these are recreations for me, and I enjoy them immensely. For that matter, I enjoy everything I do.

So discourses Mr. Hopkinson Smith, in pleasant vein, of his artist-authorship to Mr. Barry, of the Boston "Literary World." Mr. Smith's new book on Venice will appear next autumn, with both text and illustrations by himself. This new "Venetian Life" may be a rival for honors with Mr. Howells's work, done long ago, but as good a book as he has ever put forth.

[For list of Books Received see page 1211]