

Raiders" is merely made up of other books: it has its full share, and more than the usual share, of freshness and vigor and originality; and when once we lend ourselves freely to its spell, we are lost in the fascination of the story. For good stories of adventure are few and far between; and that this one is good the most captious critic must admit. It possesses a mingled strength and simplicity that are at times absolutely Homeric. The interest never for an instant flags, and even rises frequently to the very heights of emotion. Each scene stands out before us with the utmost vividness, and one at least—the taking of the bridge by the maddened, frantic cattle—is a veritable masterpiece. The dramatic action, at times almost too hurried for us thoroughly to grasp one situation before we are swept along to another, is at others so protracted as to render the suspense almost unbearable; yet this very quality renders the book wonderfully effective. So, too, although we would willingly know more of what happened to May Mischief after her capture by Hector Faa, the leader of the gypsies, yet even this reticence heightens the mystery that always lurks about that strange race. "The Little Minister" taught us that gypsy and Egyptian were terms synonymous in Scotland, yet how many of us were aware that their chief, John Faa, was by James, King of Scotland, belted "Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," and that an edict went forth from the King's own hand to the effect that all the sheriffs and bailiffs of his realm should (in the words of the old proclamation) "assist our louvit Johnne Faa in punessing all that rebellis against him, and in the execution of justice upon his company and Folkis, conforme to the lawes of Egypt"?

But a book like this is of the kind that baffles criticism. Its more obvious merits and defects are, after all, the least part of it; it is filled with the elusive charm of the old mediæval epics; the indefinite, indefinable spirit of the "Nibelungen Lied" and the "Chanson de Roland" lives once more in it; and, as we read, our heartbeats are quickened, our souls are stirred, and not until the last word of the book is reached do we return, dazed and reluctant, into this nineteenth century.

Miss Edgeworth's Novels¹

Miss Edgeworth is one of the old-fashioned novelists whose work is likely to live by reason of its intrinsic interest. She has not the literary charm of Jane Austen, but she has the vital quality, and she was fortunate in the field which she entered and which, in a sense, she possessed. "The Absentee" and "Castle Rackrent" are likely to live as pictures of manners quite apart from their interest as stories; just as "Cranford" is likely to be preserved because of its portraiture of old-time English provincial life, quite aside from the delightful charm with which it invests that life. It is a long time since Miss Edgeworth began to write, for in the postscript which Scott added to "Waverley" he said, referring to three or four of these novels, which were well known at that time: "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable taste which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I feel that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which she has so well achieved for Ireland." In the judgment of posterity, Scott was altogether too modest in thus giving his own work a lower place than that of Miss Edgeworth; for, after a lapse of seventy years, it is still clear that Scott is one of the great original forces in literature, and that Miss Edgeworth is, at the best, only a gifted delineator of the old-time life and the old-time people. She is still to be read, however, with hearty interest, and no one who desires to know English fiction can pass over "Castle Rackrent," "The Absentee," "Ormond," or "Ennui." It is very pleasant to find these old-time novels in this charming new edition, which has the artistic quality of the best book-making. This edition is reprinted from the collected edition which appeared in 1832 in eighteen volumes, and which con-

tained all that work except "Helen," which was published two years later. One attractive feature of this edition is the reproduction of the illustrations from the earlier edition—illustrations of genuine force and artistic quality. One misses the portrait of the author, but one sympathizes heartily with Miss Edgeworth's repugnance to the portrait-painter. The present edition is put into twelve volumes, and omits the "Moral Tales for Young People," the "Popular Tales," and the "Short Stories." Miss Edgeworth's first novel was "Belinda," which appeared in 1801, followed five years later by "Leonora." Then came "Ennui," the first of the "Tales of Fashionable Life," which was in turn followed by "Vivian" and "The Absentee." "Patronage" appeared in 1813, "Harrington" in 1817, "Ormond" in the same year, and, after a long interval, "Helen," the last bit of serious work in fiction which came from Miss Edgeworth's hand.



English students of the Bible will welcome the English translation of the *Diatessaron of Tatian*, the earliest life of Christ ever compiled from the Four Gospels, literally translated from the Arabic version, and containing the Four Gospels woven into one story, with a historic and critical introduction, notes, and appendix, by the Rev. J. Hamlyn Hill, D.D., of Cambridge, England. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The Arabic manuscript of the "Diatessaron" dates from the twelfth, or, more probably, the fourteenth, century, and was published from the Vatican in 1888 in the original Arabic, accompanied by a Latin translation, from which this English translation has been prepared. But though the manuscript is late, the "Diatessaron" itself is early. Tatian was born about 110 A.D., and is supposed to have issued his harmony of the Four Gospels about 160 A.D. This harmony proves that there were four Gospels, and indicates that there were only four recognized as authoritative in the Church in the early part of the second century. Of course we cannot tell positively what modifications in Tatian's original work may have been made by copyists between its original publication and the fourteenth century; but coupled with the condition of other early manuscripts of the Gospels, the "Diatessaron" offers a reasonably conclusive evidence that the Four Gospels existed, in the condition in which we now possess them—including, the reader may observe, the Gospel of St. John—early in the second century. Apart from the testimony which this book offers to the authenticity of the Gospel narratives, it is of great interest as being the first attempt at a complete life of Christ composed of all the Gospels. The freedom which Tatian exercises in removing the passages from their setting and bringing them into connection with other parallel passages, and in disregarding the order of events implied by one of the Gospel narrators as inconsistent with the order implied by another Gospel narrator, indicates, as do the writings of other early Fathers, that he had no such conception of the inerrancy of the Scriptures, in minor respects, as has been insisted upon as a test of orthodoxy in our own time. The introduction and appendices to this volume have been very thoroughly prepared.

After a period of senseless bigotry in music as regards the outside world, especially the Teutonic, Paris has apparently settled down to be again an Alma Mater to composers of whatever birth. Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, and Donizetti are the men who once came across the Italian boundary, and Gluck and Meyerbeer across the German, to feel the kindly influence of other days in the French capital. After them came the long deluge of pseudo-nationalism. Now, happily, the Gauls are behaving like men again, and the revival of the Paris opera, in the broad sense of embracing much that is not national, has helped critics everywhere to appreciate contemporary French composers themselves at their truer value. Art knows no country, and the proof that free trade is better than protection in the world of music is found in the fact that, by comparison with Germans and Italians, the real leaders of the French school stand out in far bolder and better relief than before. After short notices of Bizet, Lalo, Franck and Leo Delibes, Mr. Arthur Herve, in his *Masters of French Music* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), proceeds to make that relief still more distinct in his chapters on Gounod, Thomas, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Reyer, and Bruneau. Not that such master-works as "Faust," "Mignon," "Samson et Dalila," "Manon," "Sigurd," and "Le Rêve" (which are perhaps the operas which best represent the above composers) could ever be other than famous, but the welcoming of Wagner's immortal music-dramas to Paris, after long years of ingratitude and contempt, has not only shown that tone-truth is mighty and will prevail; it has also shown that so-called secondary achieve-

¹ Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12 Vols.

ments of French masters, such as "Roméo et Juliette," "Hamlet," "Ascanio," "Le Cid," "Salammbô," and "Kérin," in operas, and, what is of far more account, their oratorios, cantatas, and symphonic poems—in fact, all their orchestral, chamber, vocal, or piano works—often possess a sustained expression and a startling originality unobserved before. The volume is fairly well printed and bound, but it is strange that a collection of well-considered criticism and character-sketches should be cheapened by such poor portraits and facsimiles of autograph scores.

Professor Goldwin Smith is sometimes irritating, but he is always interesting. Readers of *The Outlook* have not forgotten that charming little book, "A Trip to England," the reading of which is distinctly the best preparation for visiting that country which any American can make. Professor Smith has now prepared a kind of companion volume in *Oxford and Her Colleges*; a dainty little book which can be read through in two hours, and which describes, characterizes, and traces the historical development of Oxford with great clearness and felicity. It is the charm of both these little books that there is no element of the dry-as-dust fact-gatherer in them. Their special quality is the vitality with which they invest their themes and the skill with which they seize the salient and characteristic features. Oxford, in its long history, its beautiful architecture, its scholarly traditions, and its illustrious figures, lives again in this little book, and the reader who looks down upon the old university town from the Radcliffe library, with Professor Smith to tell the story for him, will have an hour of the rarest pleasure. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

It is difficult to believe that any one who can read the English language can successfully resist the appeal of the *Ariel Shakespeare*, so alluring are these little books to the eye. As they come from the press, the beauty of this edition becomes more apparent. The latest installment, including "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Measure for Measure," "Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labor Lost," "Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," presents the comedies of Shakespeare in as compact and fascinating a form as they were ever given to the public. The special features of the *Ariel* edition are the small size of the volumes, which may be slipped into a coat-pocket; the clearness of the type, which makes the little book as easy to the eye as a big book would be; and the excellence and beauty of the binding and printing. It would be difficult to overpraise this latest form of the great dramatist. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage appears to grow more radical in his books with every new publication. Dr. Savage is a brilliant man, if not a great scholar. He always interests us and stimulates our thought even when we most dissent from his utterances on spiritism and the New Testament. *Jesus and Modern Life*, by M. J. Savage, with an introduction by Professor Crawford H. Toy, is a live book, but, in our opinion, the preacher has taken undue liberties with the text of the New Testament, not warranted by the present state of critical scholarship. It is well enough for Dr. Savage to emphasize the "divinity of man and the humanity of God." We object to his rejection of the Johannine Gospel; we think that he might have taken the witness of the late Professor Ezra Abbot on its genuineness. (George H. Ellis, Boston.)

Readers who remember the Rev. James S. Stone's "Heart of Merrie England" and "Over the Hills to Broadway" will know what to expect in his *Woods and Dales of Derbyshire*. Mr. Stone has a most happy gift of being leisurely, of rambling off from his main narrative into by-paths of anecdote, character-drawing, rustic folk-lore, and historical reminiscence. He has seen Derbyshire in every aspect, and what he has to say about it is pleasantly told. One longs to take a month's vacation strolling about these charming vales and "peaks," visiting Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and a score of less famous but almost as interesting places. The book is beautifully made—a well-bound quarto of broad page, with many finely reproduced large photographs. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

The latest republication by Mr. J. M. Dent is, in selection and workmanship, one of the most charming pieces of book-making which has yet come from his admirable press. It is *The Temple Shakespeare*, to be published at the rate of two volumes monthly, a volume to be devoted to each play; the text that of the Cambridge Shakespeare, edited by Mr. Israel Gollancz, with notes and glossary. The books are of pocket size, but the page is square; the text rubricated and printed from a large, clear type, each volume containing a photogravure frontispiece. These little books are, in their way, models of artistic book-making. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—The entire first English edition of Mr. Hardy's "Life's Little Ironies" was sold in advance of publication.

—Over two thousand magazines are published in Great Britain, of which about one-fourth are of a religious character.

—The Russian painter Verestchagin has written a romance of war life, which will appear simultaneously in Russian and German.

—Mr. Blackmore's days are devoted to gardening or to rowing on the Thames, and only his evenings are given to novel-writing.

—New neighbors of Tennyson's "Haslemere," in Surrey, are Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, when in London, live in Russell Square.

—Dr. Conan Doyle's new novel is to be called "The Stark Monro Letters." The author promises a collection of medical stories for next autumn.

—Mr. Lecky, the historian, has been elected to fill the place on the Committee of the London Library made vacant by the death of Watkiss Lloyd.

—"Gyp," that clever but unpleasant French novelist, is the daughter of the late Comte de Mirabeau, and a grandniece of the great statesman and parliamentary orator of the Revolution.

—Professor Felix Dahn, of Breslau, whose sixtieth birthday was celebrated last month, is better known as the author of the popular "Kampf um Rom," which has gone through twenty editions, than as the producer of any other of his ninety volumes.

—Mr. G. W. Smalley makes the excellent suggestion that American and English publishers should adopt the French custom of printing first, second, and third "thousand" on their publications, instead of the unmeaning "edition," which may indicate anything from three hundred to a thousand copies.

—The most powerful work of the Parisian literary season just past has been "Demi-Vierges," by M. Marcel Prévost, a young novelist brought out by M. Brunetière, the new editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The book has even been compared with the works of M. Alphonse Daudet—rather high praise for a beginner to receive.

—Maarten Maartens, or, to be more exact, Mr. J. M. H. van der Poorten Schwartz, the Dutch novelist, whose last story, "The Greater Glory," appeared in the columns of *The Outlook*, has been spending the winter at the Château de Sully, near Vevey, Switzerland. His new tale will be published in "The Graphic" during 1895.

—A readable and laudable little monthly paper is now being issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company, entitled "Books and Authors." Reviews of the firm's own publications naturally occupy a prominent place therein, but some space is given to the books of other houses. The special field of this paper will be in the discussion of religious books.

—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has English, French, Scotch, and Irish blood flowing in his veins. He was born and educated in Liverpool. While an accountant's clerk, he published "My Lady's Sonnets" at his own expense. He then became private secretary to Mr. Wilson Barrett, the actor, before adopting literature as a profession. Mr. Le Gallienne's last book, "The Religion of a Literary Man," has brought him more fame than all his other efforts put together.

—Ex-President White has purchased and presented to the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell University the Spinoza collection, which includes all works by the Dutch philosopher himself, and nearly all by Spinozists, none of any value being lacking. The list of complete editions is without a break, thus for the first time bringing together the four editions of Spinoza's monumental work, "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus." Finally, the collection includes all the known portraits of the philosopher.

—Among the books announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city, is a translation of a new book by the French writer Charles Wagner, whose "Youth" is now in its second edition. The title of the new book is "Courage." The same publishers will issue "Links in a Chain," a story by Miss Briscoe, the author of "Perchance to Dream," and one of *The Outlook's* contributors; it consists of five short stories, distinct, and yet connected like "links in a chain" into a whole with unity.

—Two of the younger members of the French Academy, the Vicomte de Vogüé, who has done so much towards the Neo-Christian movement in France, and Professor Lavisse, whose lectures and histories have so developed a genuine and unhistorical Gallic patriotism, were main forces in inducing the recent election to the Academy of Ferdinand Brunetière, the new editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," whose splendidly elaborate course on French literature-history, given annually at the École Normale, has combined with the two foregoing movements the present reaction against naturalism.

[For list of Books Received see page 602]