

Books and Authors

Archbishop Walsh on Bimetallism¹

This quickly read volume ought to be republished in America by one of the Bimetallic Leagues, and circulated wherever intelligent men are beginning to think upon this question. Nothing so good has anywhere appeared to introduce bimetallism to those who have been somewhat prejudiced against it. Archbishop Walsh was driven to its consideration by seeing the price of produce in Ireland rapidly fall until the rents fixed by the State are now practically as heavy as the rack-rents which the public of Great Britain condemned as iniquitous. So long as silver is shut out from the currency, this appreciation of the value of money must go on, and the burdens resting upon Irish tenants, as well as those resting upon debtors of every description throughout the world, must increase. What makes this volume peculiarly readable is the fact that its arguments are presented in the form of an interview; and, in fact, the book grew out of an interview. The questions asked are those which an intelligent monometalist would ask, and the Archbishop's answers are clear and direct (as answers are apt to be in private conversations), yet as careful in their statements of fact as is possible in a scientific treatise. One strong feature of the book for an American audience is that it brings out the difficulties which merchants and manufacturers experience under an appreciating currency, as well as those experienced by the farmers. In this country, owing to the fact that the bimetalist agitation has come to us from the West, the evils suffered by the farmers have been given a disproportionate prominence.

In England the agitation has come largely from the manufacturers of Manchester, so that the other side of the medal is shown. Archbishop Walsh quotes this striking statement from Mr. Samuel Smith, a Member of Parliament, who has written most ably upon this question: "The factory-owner, the mine owner, the ship-owner, who thought it safe twenty years ago to borrow half the value of his plant in order to find capital for his business, now finds that the mortgagee is the virtual owner. Nearly all the profits go to pay the mortgagee's claim, and in many cases he has foreclosed and sold up the unhappy borrower, ruined through no fault of his own, but solely through the extraordinary sinking of prices. . . . The discouragement this state of thing produces is intense. After it has gone on for several years a kind of hopelessness oppresses the commercial community; all enterprise comes to a standstill, many works are closed, laborers thrown out of employment, and great distress is felt both among laborers and the humbler middle class." Just such a book as this is needed to bring home this question to the merchants and manufacturers of the United States. We believe there are comparatively few of them who will lay down this volume without being convinced that the continual fall in prices from which all of them have suffered is the inevitable result of the single gold standard.



Essays on Questions of the Day. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Mr. Goldwin Smith is one of the very few living writers in Greater Britain from whom a volume of miscellaneous essays is welcome. No man can have special information upon many subjects, and it is only the gift of style, with all that that implies, which makes such volumes tolerable in this age of specialization. But Mr. Goldwin Smith has this gift of style in a very high degree, and we read with keen enjoyment essays in which it would be hard for us to say whether the information or the prejudices exhibited by him have been the narrower. His essay on prohibition, for example, particularly his description of its relaxing hold upon Canada, has been rendered not a little absurd in the light of the recent election returns, in which prohibition has carried one province after another by majorities of two to one, three to one, and even four to one. The essay gives about as much misin-

formation upon the subject as it is possible to condense into as many pages; but, for all that, the intensity of Mr. Smith's prejudices and the keenness and the force of his incessant thrusts at his opponents make the essay easy and exhilarating reading. His essay on the Jewish question has the same virtues of style without the same faults in the statement of facts. The statement of facts is, indeed, partial, as all Mr. Goldwin Smith's statements are, but it is partial to the side which the reading public has not heard. He is the attorney in defense of the Russian Christians who have persecuted the Jews, and he really demonstrates that these persecutions have not only been infinitely less horrible than the Jewish refugees have represented, but also that the case of the Russian peasants against their Jewish creditors is a strong one. Toward woman suffrage Mr. Smith exhibits the antipathy that one would expect from his general conservative bias. Toward disestablishment, however, he is as friendly as old-school liberalism would lead any of its consistent advocates to be. His thorough knowledge of history, especially of that social history which comes to one from the reading of biographies and letters rather than from the reading of what is generally called history, enables him to bring out most strikingly the influence of State support in undermining the Church and the influence of disestablishment in strengthening it. Part of the essays are upon social and industrial questions, and here we find that Mr. Smith, though intensely prejudiced against the currency and land and anti-monopoly reforms of the day, has had the common sense to admit that his beliefs have far less hold upon the public than they had a generation ago. He even declares that "no man with a brain and a heart can fail to be penetrated with a sense of the unequal distribution of wealth."

In the discussion of the social question the world wants light, not heat. In *The Christian Society*, by George D. Herron, D.D. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), the author gives us heat, not light. He has some fine ideals and a passionate earnestness, but his earnestness is too passionate. He does not seem to understand the meaning of words, and abuses them in the endeavor to express his inexpressible passion, and he does not correctly see what are the obstacles in the way of realizing his ideals, nor what is the way to realize them. Thus his exaggerated statements produce an inevitable reaction in the readers. "The control of industry" is not "in the hands of the cunning and strong;" it is in the hands of the strong, some of whom are cunning and selfish, some of whom are wise and unselfish. It is not true that we are suffering under "an industrial despotism, the thrones and chains of which, though invisible, are yet the wickedest and bitterest the people have ever endured." If this were true, Christianity would have accomplished nothing in its eighteen centuries of endeavors toward the emancipation of man. The same passionate earnestness that leads Dr. Herron into such exaggeration leads him into perversion of terms. Take, for instance, his definition of inspiration: "Inspiration is always the passion for righteousness in human relations, and the passion for social righteousness is always inspiration." Inspiration is the influence which one personality has upon another. It may be true that a passion for righteousness is a condition of receiving such inspiration; it may be true that such an inspiration, when coming from God, always produces a passion for righteousness; but to confound a passion of righteousness with inspiration is simply to misuse language. So again: "The mill, the mine, the place of bargain and exchange, are methods and sacraments of life with God." A sacrament is an oath or pledge, and the Lord's Supper is a sacrament because in it the soul pledges itself to serve God and work with him, and God pledges himself to work with the soul and to help it in its life. "The mill, the mine, the place of bargain and exchange" are not such pledges. What Dr. Herron means is that these are places in which this pledge is to be carried out, which is another matter. To confound the place of business with the sacrament is to obliterate real distinctions, and to lower the religious quality of both the mill and the sacrament. There is so much that is admirable in Dr. Herron's aims that it is a matter of serious regret to see his work robbed of its power by these fatal defects.

Whether in composing American circus-posters or in starting the Roman folk-lore "*Società delle Tradizioni Popolare Italiana*," in barricading Paris streets in '48 or in becoming an authority on Rabelais, in producing the ever-delightful "*Hans Breitmann*," in writing a life of Lincoln, or in patiently pioneering practical education, is there anything impossible to the varied talents of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland? It is in this last field, that of step-by-step teaching, that we have now a new evidence of his productive and assimilative power in the book called *Metal Work*. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) In the domain of industrial art it is not without predecessors from Mr. Leland's pen—"The Minor Arts," "Wood-Carving," "A Manual of Design," "Leather Work," etc. The present volume is an ex-

¹ *Bimetallism and Monometallism.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. Browne & Nolan, Dublin. Price 6d.

planation of the processes, not of melted, molded, and brazed metal-work, therefore "hot;" but of that which is "cold," such as band, strip, ribbon, sheet, stencil, nail, and repoussé work. The book's type and illustrations are excellent. From Venice come some drawings showing bent-iron effects in strip or ribbon, and from Nuremberg some showing the shearing, chiseling, fret-sawing, and pressing necessary in flat-sheet metal-work. Florence furnishes good examples of molded-sheet processes in niello and also of repoussé. When the author comes to describe rude ornamental silver-work, whether made by the Indians of America or by the blacks of Nubia, his gypsy wanderings serve him in good stead. He has by no means, however, intended the book "for amateurs to pass an idle hour," but to awaken the constructive faculty of all students, even of children in elementary schools, to develop their ideas of design and its application in this special province.

For the understanding of the composite character of the Book of Genesis we have found nothing so helpful as "Genesis of Genesis," by Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D. His *Triple Tradition of the Exodus* (The Student Publishing Company, Hartford) is the second volume in this course, which carries the Jewish history down to the death of Moses, and includes an analysis of Exodus, Numbers, and part of Deuteronomy. Leviticus and the Deuteronomic code are omitted, because the present volume concerns itself not with the law but with the history of Israel. The Book of the Covenant, as being a part of the history of Sinai, is included in the analysis. The preface contains a partial promise of a third volume, containing a similar analysis of the books of Joshua, Judges, and part of Samuel. Mr. Bacon has so recently given to our readers the principles upon which such analysis is based, in his article on the "Composite Character of the Hexateuch" in *The Outlook* for March 17, that we may refer them to that article for the statement of those principles. We need here only add that if the analysis of this volume is not so easily comprehended as the analysis of the Book of Genesis, it is because the problem is more complicated and difficult. We do not think that anywhere the Bible student will find the result of modern criticism, as applied to the problem of the nature, original and constituent elements of the first books of the Bible, so clearly presented as in these two volumes of Dr. Bacon's.

Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, of our valued contemporary the "Observer," writes easily, pleasantly, and often shrewdly of our wonderful Western coast in his *Beyond the Rockies*, which is the record of a spring journey to California. This year is one in which public interest has been particularly directed to California by the great Midwinter Fair, and at all times that interest is strong enough to make such a book welcome to a large and growing class of readers. Climate, fruit-growing, flowers and floral show, tourists' needs and troubles, hotels and their deficiencies, the Lick Observatory, the Chinese question—such are a few of the topics touched on. Several chapters are devoted to non-Californian subjects suggested by the journey through the South and West. There is a good seasoning of fun and incident, and the book is thoroughly readable. It is handsomely illustrated. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mrs. William Starr Dana, who aided the education of so many people last summer by her wise and well-timed book "How to Know the Wild Flowers," has recently published a smaller book on a different line, but of equal interest, entitled *According to the Season*. This dainty volume is a kind of calendar of the flowers, in familiar and entertaining chapters, which report the order of their appearance in the woods and fields. The little book covers the year from April to autumn, and puts one in the way of knowing what wild flowers to expect and where to find them. The writer also furnishes an index which adds immensely to the practical usefulness of her little volume. Those who found "How to Know the Wild Flowers" stimulating and valuable will find this book a companion of the utmost interest and use. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)



Literary Notes

—During the past two months one of the best-selling books in the shops has, naturally, been Lord Rosebery's "Pitt" in the English Statesmen Series.

—Last year in the United States the whole number of books issued was twenty-eight hundred; in England, fifty-one hundred; and in France, thirteen thousand.

—Londoners have been amusing themselves by tracing resemblances to Messrs. Morris, Champion, Arnold Toynbee, Walter Crane, and Keir Hardie among the characters in "Marcella."

—Mrs. Humphry Ward's present country-seat at Tring was

formerly the home of Edmund Waller. The dividing line between Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire runs through the garden.

—The largest collection in existence of the smallest books in the world is that owned by M. Georges Salomon, a Parisian amateur, of whose seven hundred little volumes none is larger than one inch wide by two high.

—Mr. Meldrum, the author of "The Story of Margrédel," is a young man of only twenty-eight years, and has been the editor of "Rod and Gun." His first story, "Rathillet," was published in "Blackwood's Magazine."

—In Mr. Andrew Lang's new book there is applied to ghost stories the same method which enhanced the value of the author's study of myth and folk-lore. The title of this last work is "The Cock-Lane Ghost and Common Sense."

—Concerning the illustrations in "Trilby," the "Critic" asks: "Have you ever noticed what an important part eyebrows play in Du Maurier's faces? No matter how small the face, the eyebrow stands out as the most characteristic feature."

—The home of Edna Lyall is with her sister, the wife of a clergyman in Eastbourne. For serial rights this novelist is said to command "top prices." The proceeds of her first story were given to the purchase of a chime of bells for the church where she worships.

—That the world is far from outgrowing the novels of Sir Walter Scott is shown by the fact that for the past thirty years the famous Edinburgh publishers, the Messrs. Clarke, have had at least thirty hands constantly engaged in the production of these works. For three weeks after Tennyson's death it was necessary for this firm to keep twenty-three machines busy in printing the Laureate's books.

—In connection with the woman-vote movement in New York State, it is interesting to read that Miss Beatrice Harraden, who has just arrived here, is a suffragist. The author of "Ships that Pass in the Night" and "In Varying Moods" expects to go soon to California to pass several months with some English friends who live at San Diego. She hopes that her sojourn in this country will be of great benefit to her delicate health.

—Dumas fils has recently written to the Bishop of Autun a spirited letter on the subject of negro slavery, in which he frankly remarks: "A reader like myself, who has only to go back four generations to find negro slaves among his ancestors, could not remain deaf to this eloquent appeal. It is, therefore, not only for our brothers, from the Christian point of view, that I thank you, Monseigneur, but perhaps also for some real relatives whom I may still have on board the slave-traders' vessels."

—Maurice Jókai's most popular novel has been translated from the Hungarian, and will soon be issued in an English edition under the title "In Love with the Czarina." In the original there is now an *édition de luxe* of Jókai's works, the whole of which has been sold to special subscribers, and half the proceeds, namely, seventy-five thousand dollars, given to the author. This sum ought at least to keep the wolf from the door. Jókai's books now number in all over two hundred volumes.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has sent to President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, the original interlineated copy of an unpublished poem on Francis Parkman. This treasure will be added to the collection of autographs which is to form a feature of the new McCoy Hall. In a recent conversation Dr. Holmes is reported to have said, in speaking of his autobiography: "I work at the memoirs an hour or two each day, and am making satisfactory progress. That is, I have about one-half completed of all I shall write. Then I shall place the manuscript in the hands of my publishers, and they will keep it in their safe until I shall have passed away. My belief has always been that a man's memoirs should be distinctly posthumous, and I shall carry out that belief in my own case."

—In the May "Atlantic" we read the following pleasant gossip concerning Edward Lear, that clever author of nonsense-rhymes:

He was a warm-hearted, affectionate man, with a craving for sympathy expressed in his whole manner, and which was no doubt heightened by his having no more of home life than was afforded him by his old Albanian man-servant and his tailless cat Foss. He loved children, as his nonsense-books so abundantly bear witness; and many of his songs and stories were either written for this or that child, or given to him or her, written in his own handwriting and with his own inimitable pictures. One of my nieces had his "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," and one of my sons "The Duck and the Kangaroo" and "Calico Pie," in what may be called the originals—one of them in a letter signed "Yours affectionately, Derry-down-derry-dumps;" and my daughter has a series of heraldic representations of Foss, proper, couchant, passant, rampant, regardant, dansant, a-untin, drawn for her on the backs of letters. His letters to his grown-up friends were embellished in like manner. When he wrote to ask me to inquire about a new hotel above the Lake of Como, where he had thought of spending the summer till he heard a report that there was smallpox there, he illustrated the inquiry by a sketch of himself covered with spots. And when writing to ask where he could hear of some friends who always traveled with a lapdog, he represented the dog overtopping the whole of the party.

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