

make possible this Cambridge edition. If the legacy of Dr. Bosworth had had no other fruitage than the giving aid to the completion of this work, it would have been more than justified.



Following Mr. Hervey's excellent volume on French Masters comes a similarly bound and printed book on *Masters of Contemporary German Music*, by J. A. Fuller Maitland (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). The leader of contemporary masters in Germany is, of course, Johannes Brahms, and there is none too much space given to the portrayal of his life and work. Between the latter and Browning's poetry a clever analogy is drawn. With both the thought is the paramount thing, its expression an infinitely secondary matter. Max Bruch is placed midway between Brahms and other German composers. Let it be said, in all justice to the author, that both intervals are made wide. In the career of each of these masters we see the benefits accruing to artists from the maintenance of the petty German courts. If Brahms had not been Kapellmeister to the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, and if Bruch had not held a similar post under the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen—fairly lucrative and secure occupations, along with opportunities to develop their powers—the art-world would have been distinctly poorer. Karl Goldmark is next taken up, and an interesting account is given of his Mendelssohn fever, with which racial instinct may have had something to do, and of his later Wagnerian period. We are furthermore told that the dramatic method of his "Merlin" shows as much advance upon his "Queen of Sheba" as the style of "Parsifal" does on that of "Lohengrin." Next comes Josef Rheinberger, and with his solemn organ-fugues there is a return to a Bach-influenced classicity. Kirchner, whose music is modeled on Schumann's; Reinecke, whose work is inspired by Mendelssohn, and Bargiel, a far more perfunctory musician than the others, occupy one chapter. This is followed by a still more interesting one on the two living composers who are also illustrious instrumental performers—namely, Joachim and Clara Schumann. Herzogenberg, Hofmann, Bruckner, and Draeseke are the "Little Masters," and, according to our author, the "coming man" may be found among four names—Nicodé, Sommer, Kistler, or Richard Strauss. An increase in the number and quality of the portraits would greatly add to the enjoyment of this timely work.

Men whose speeches and writings have been of such permanent interest as to merit preservation have in some degree written and spoken their own biographies. This was the case with the late Governor Booth, of California; and hence the book introduced and annotated by Mr. Lauren Crane, and called *Newton Booth: His Speeches and Addresses* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), means not only that the voice and pen of the Pacific statesman are still of influence, but also his very personality. Statesman, we say; he was no politician. Never as the aim, but merely as the incident, of life did he accept office. In this book we gain his noble idea of the offices he filled, we have the real account of how matters stood "out West" during the war and since, the position of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and Booth's energy as leader against its aggressions—in short, his course as publicist in California. Almost all is told in his own words, and the editor's work is light, for the ex-Senator's orations, speeches, and lectures are so many self-revelations. As to the facts of his life, he was born in 1825 in Indiana; in 1846 he was graduated from Asbury (now De Pauw) University, and in 1849 was admitted to the bar. The gold-fever was running high then. He went out to California by the Nicaragua route, and engaged in business in Sacramento. As he never speculated in mining stocks, it is not surprising that his mercantile enterprises were successful. In 1862 he was elected State Senator, in 1871 Governor, and in 1873 United States Senator. His must have been a rare character in those earlier days on the Pacific slope—a man of such innate dignity that, in a land where it was the custom to salute roughly, not often did any one dare to greet him other than as "Mr. Booth." The work is well indexed, and is a distinct contribution to the rapidly increasing volumes of American biography.

Whether or not the inspiration of Holy Scripture be still "a theory in solution" is not settled by the late T. George Rooke, in his *Inspiration and Other Lectures*, now posthumously published. President Rooke put forth what he terms "the Comprehensive theory," or the theory of "Sufficient Knowledge," or the theory of "Gracious Purpose," which means that the writers of the books of the sacred canon were enlightened in the sphere of their spiritual consciousness sufficiently to disclose God's gracious purposes to man, and that though "a divine element is present in every part of the book, every part is not equally valuable nor equally authoritative." In order to expound this

theory, which the author admits is not free from dangers and difficulties, though he thinks that it is preferable to any other yet formulated, he furnishes a course of lectures on psychology, wherein he explains his theory of the inner nature of man. Dr. Rooke finds in man three spheres—the animal, the rational, and the spiritual. Inspiration is the quickened consciousness in the spiritual sphere which gives insight and intuition into God's nature and grace. A beast must be born again in order to discern things in the rational sphere; so a man must be born again in order to discern things in the spiritual sphere. He quotes with approval Dr. Ladd: "To have a revelation of truth is one and the same thing with having inspired insight. And the divine activity which produces the insight may be called either inspiration or revelation." On the whole, President Rooke, while admitting the active as well as the passive meaning of the Greek word translated "inspired" in 2 Timothy iii., 16, leans to the passive meaning, and holds that Biblical inspiration was special both in kind and degree. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Sonnets and Other Verses, by Mr. George Santayana (Stone & Kimball, Chicago), is a book of poetry. The term is used advisedly. These are not the mere recondite rhymings of the Instructor in Philosophy at Harvard. They are worth reading over and over; they are worth living with and kneading into the bread of life. In short, they have both head and heart worth, and endow the reader with some of their musical and spiritual philosophy. More striking even than the sonnets are these lines entitled "Cape Cod:"

The low sandy beach and the thin scrub pine,
The wide reach of bay and the long sky-line,—
O, I am sick for home!

The salt, salt smell of the thick sea air,
And the smooth round stones that the ebb-tides wear,—
When will the good ship come?

The wretched stumps all charred and burned,
And the deep soft rut where the cart-wheel turned,—
Why is the world so old?

The lapping wave, and the broad gray sky
Where the cawing rooks and the slow gulls fly,—
Where are the dead untold?

The thin, slant willows by the flooded bog,
The huge stranded hulk and the floating log,—
Sorrow with life began!

And among the dark pines, and along the flat shore,
O the wind, and the wind, for evermore!—
What will become of man?

The memory of the late Dr. Benjamin Griffeth is cherished by the members of the Baptist Church, in which he was for many years a diligent and effective worker in all the foremost plans for the extension of that Church and for its realization of the Gospel in good works. Through his family relations he was placed in a position of power and influence which he used as a good steward. His wise counsels in the Publication Society did much to enlarge the usefulness of that great institution and to centralize its forces. *Benjamin Griffeth: Biographical Sketches Contributed by Friends*, edited by Charles H. Banes, A.M., is a happy thought in the way of memorial book-making. There are eighteen chapters, written by as many different hands; this gives variety and liveliness to the volume. These sketches are not so much in the form of eulogies as of appreciative accounts of the periods of the Rev. Dr. Griffeth's life and work, each of them by one who was intimately acquainted with the period which he has undertaken to delineate. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

It is at least venturesome, to put it mildly, for any poet to take up such a subject as the "Idylls of the King." Prejudice, if not antagonism, is at once excited in all Tennyson-lovers. Hence, *Under King Constantine*, by Katrina Trask (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York), may meet with a scornful reception. Yet it is a good, if a somewhat "goody-goody," book of verse. The stories of "Sanpeur," "Kathanal," and "Christalan" are told in lines which in their decasyllabic meter attempt to be statuesque and sometimes succeed. The thought is often epigrammatically expressed; it is always vigorously chaste, and is fairly well suited to the archaic Arthurian times and their picturesque glamour. The scenes are laid in that obscure period following the destruction of the famous "Round Table," when, says Sir Thomas Malory in the "Morte d'Arthur," "Sir Constantine, which was Sir Cadors son of Cornewalle, was chosen King of England: and hee was a full noble Knight and worshipfully hee ruled this realm."

The strong, instinctive impulse to confess sins that was brought out in some of the Brontë novels, and which the records of criminology indisputably demonstrate, ought not, as has been

done by some Protestant churches, be entirely ignored in the consideration of moral theology or ethics. The impulse is general, and it is a fact. What are we going to do about it? This is the question that Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson took up in a tract which he now republishes under the title *Absolution in the Light of Primitive Practice*. (T. Whittaker, New York.) How the ancient exhomologesis, or public confession, altered into auricular confession is a matter clear enough. Of the rite of exhomologesis only prayer-meeting testimony remains, and that is in danger of becoming a snare. The real difficulty is about absolution, and that, upon examination, turns out to be not a strictly sacerdotal power.

The late Professor Pease, of Andover, was of an uncommonly attractive personality, and his early death, which is still mourned by many, is fittingly followed by a volume containing memorial sketches and specimens of his writings in prose and in poetry. This is *The Christian Ministry: Its Present Claim and Attraction, and Other Writings*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Professor Pease's talent was from the first distinctly literary; it was natural for him to write. Some of the verse in this volume will plead strongly for high rank in American poetry. He was a wide and careful reader as a student of literary form, and the result of his culture is evident in the few prose pieces in this book. We wish that there could have been more, for there is in them a virginal purity of taste and thought that is rare in these days of decadence.

Dr. M. Kayserling has written an interesting historical study of the element of Judaism in the discovery of America. He shows how far the money and the sympathy of Israelites were given to Columbus in the furtherance of his great project. From this account it appears that had it not been for the Jews Columbus would never have surmounted opposition and obstacles and got access to the royal ear. Professor Charles Gross, of Harvard College, has translated from Dr. Kayserling's manuscript, and, through Longmans, Green & Co., of this city, put forth, this book, *Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries*. There is a valuable appendix containing historical documents which throw light upon these matters.

Joanna Traill, Spinster, by Annie A. Holdsworth, is a novel with a purpose, and the purpose is wholesome and inspiring. An old maid takes a waif from the streets and reforms her by loving devotion. There is a pathetic turn to the story which hurts those who prefer poetic justice. It would have been more cheerful if death had not come to Joanna, and she had married Boas, who at length had found out that he loved her. The match would have been perfectly suitable, and we should have been pleased to receive cards. It is always a pity to kill off good people, for it renders some readers discouraged, and others cynical and tempted to rail at Providence. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.)

The type of the transition period between Chaucer and Spenser is Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and as such the work deserves closer study than it has hitherto received, for it is at once a linguistic and a literary monument. The results which have been obtained from a general examination of what has been loosely called the language of Caxton are quite insufficient, says Mr. Charles Sears Baldwin, Tutor in Rhetoric in Columbia College. Hence his book, *The Inflection and Syntax of the Morte d'Arthur: A Study in Fifteenth-Century English* (Ginn & Co., Boston), is destined to be of much service for reference and comparison, both for those engaged on this special period and for all students of English syntax.

Major Joshua, by Francis Forster (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is a novel of English military and provincial life, written with some cleverness and directness. At first the women of the story believe "it is to people's personal advantage to be entirely selfish." They discard religion and live colorless lives. All this is thought to be "reasonableness." They are offset by four men-characters, two of them devoted Romanists, and the others materialists. The conflict between the two extremes goes on with success for both sides, but the result is happier and higher than might have been expected from such a beginning.

The *Back Country Poems* by Mr. Walter Foss are, most of them, in matter and manner truly from the Back Country. That is not saying, however, that some are not well worth reading; for instance, the sonorous and impressive lines on "Memorial Day," or those, in lighter vein, on a "Poet at Play." Nevertheless, the majority of these rhymes smack of the evanescence of a country paper's "Poet's Corner." The illustrations are absurd. (Potter Publishing Company, Boston.)

Literary Notes

—Professor Max Müller is preparing for the press a new edition, in four volumes, of his "Chips from a German Workshop." The books have long been out of print.

—It is declared by some students of English history that in "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" Mr. George Meredith has followed in part the history of the great Earl of Peterborough and Anastasia Johnson.

—It is announced that the "Saturday Review," edited by Mr. Walter Pollock, has been sold by Mr. Beresford-Hope to Mr. L. H. Edmunds, a wealthy barrister. Mr. Edmunds says that he will not change the policy of the paper.

—Mr. Julian Ralph has gone to Japan, where he will make studies of the war for "Harper's Weekly" and "Harper's Magazine." He will be met at Yokohama by Mr. C. D. Weldon, the artist, who will co-operate with Mr. Ralph in his new labors.

—It is a curious coincidence that Walter Pater's last publication, "The Child in the House," in containing reminiscences of his own early years, should deal particularly with his first impressions of death. He tells us how the desire of beauty only intensified his fear of death.

—Now that Leconte de Lisle is gone, M. José Maria de Hérédia is the only Academician who may properly lay claim to being such an eternal and never-satisfied polisher of sonnets as was the author of the "Poèmes Barbares"—what a title for any verses by Leconte de Lisle!

—We acknowledge the receipt of a handsomely bound volume of "The Critic" for January-June, 1894. This book contains more reading-matter than the volume for the first half of 1893. It has also fifty capital illustrations, among them being the portraits of such prominent new writers as Miss Barlow and Miss Harraden. Over eight hundred books are reviewed, and all the regular departments are ably maintained. This volume thus proves once more that the "Critic" has long been our leading literary weekly.

—The "Independent" reports that M. Paul Sabatier, author of "The Life of St. Francis of Assisi," has had an interesting experience with the Vatican authorities. The Index Congregation, consisting largely of cardinals, has placed his work on the list of prohibited books. It now appears, however, that the work had already obtained the blessing of Leo XIII., to whom a copy had been sent, and that the papal blessing had been conveyed to the author by Cardinal Rampolla, who doubtless was not aware of the fact that M. Sabatier is a Protestant pastor.

—When Karl Gutzkow brought out his novel, "Die Ritter vom Geist," he received an unstamped letter from a lady whose acquaintance he had recently made, which said that "as she was fortunate enough to enjoy the personal acquaintance of the celebrated author, she was naturally anxious to see his latest work; but, having tried in vain to obtain it from the different booksellers in her town, she requested the esteemed writer to lend her the novel for a short time, and send it to the inclosed address." Gutzkow saw the real truth of the situation at first glance, and replied:

Dear Madam: In the town where you reside there appears to be a lack of all sorts of things which are easily procurable elsewhere; not only my recent work in all the book-shops in which it is applied for, but also the postage-stamps for letters. I have in my possession, it is true, the book which you desire to obtain, as also the stamps to pay its carriage; but, to my regret, I am without the necessary string to make it into a parcel. If you can supply me with a piece, I am at your service. Yours very respectfully, K. G.

—Mr. W. D. Howells thus concludes his delightful account of his "First Visit to New England" and of his meetings with Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Emerson, in the current "Harper's Magazine," by drawing the following portrait of the last-named author:

I think it was Emerson himself who opened his door to me, for I have a vision of the fine old man standing tall on his threshold, with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the doorstep below him. He would then have been about sixty, but I remember nothing of age in his aspect, though I have called him an old man. His hair, I am sure, was still entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, chiseled to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eyes, which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, but sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld, and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth. . . . It was his great fortune to have been mostly misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellow-men after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal, and his countenance expressed the patience and forbearance of a wise man content to bide his time. It would be hard to persuade people now that Emerson once represented to the popular mind all that was most hopelessly impossible, and that in a certain sort he was a national joke, the type of the incomprehensible, the byword of the poor paragrapher. . . . But we are still so far behind him in the reach of his far-thinking that it need not be matter of wonder that twenty years before his death he was the most misunderstood man in America. . . . I do not know in just what sort he made me welcome, but I am aware of sitting with him in his study or library, and of his presently speaking of Hawthorne, whom I probably celebrated as I best could, and whom he praised.

[For list of Books Received see page 361]