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engraving in Arthur Young's volume would have been better. Then, too, we wish the editor had given a page of the Journal in facsimile. As one of the earliest of the Washington MSS., such a page would prevent such stupid impositions as the so-called "Washington's Prayers."

—A recent address to the Mississippi Bar Association by its President, Mr. R. H. Thompson, upon the changes in the organic law of that State made by the new Constitution of 1890, concerning which there was so much said during the last session of Congress, is printed in the current number of the *American Law Review*. We learn from it that Mississippi was the first State to give married women property rights. The act of the Mississippi Legislature passed as long ago as the year 1839 has been followed by nearly every State in the Union and also by England. As Mississippi was the first to remove woman's property disabilities by statute, so she is the first to guard her entire emancipation in this particular by constitutional provision. Section 94 of the new Constitution deprives the Legislature of all power to create by law any distinction between the rights of men and of women to acquire, own, enjoy and dispose of all kinds of property, or their right to contract in reference to it. Mr. Thompson adds the surprising information that the sources of Mississippi's first married woman's law were the tribal customs of the Chickasaw Indians then residing in the State, and that its author was a member of the Legislature who was about to marry a rich widow and who was himself harassed by creditors.

—At the session of the Académie des Inscriptions of January 15, M. Salomon Reinach read an interesting memoir on plastic art in Gaul in connection with Druidism. He said that after the efflorescence of art in Gaul, at the reindeer epoch, we find a long period, from the era of the megalithic monuments to the time of the Roman conquest, in which sculpture is almost wholly lacking. The passages in Caesar and Lucan which have been cited to prove the existence of carved images of the gods have been misinterpreted. They refer only to rough stone pillars, or squared tree-trunks—works quite unworthy of the advanced industry of the epoch. One is obliged, therefore, to attribute the absence of statues in Gaul to a religious interdiction. As among the Romans and the Persians, this prohibition was the work of a religious aristocracy. In Gaul this aristocracy was the College of the Druids, to the influence of which M. Reinach attributes the dolmens and menhirs. These last are not Celtic, for Druidism was anterior to the Celts, who accepted in part the Druidic religion just as the Greeks did the Pelasgic. The aversion of Druidism to representations of the gods is not attested by any formal text, but Plutarch says that it was Numæ, the pupil of Pythagoras, who forbade images to the Romans, and other writers relate that Pythagoras was a pupil of the Druids. These legends have no great authority in themselves, but they bear witness to an affinity of doctrines. Druidism, like Mosaicism, was hostile to anthropomorphism, and this explains the absence of images in Gaul down to the time of the Roman domination.

—The Academy of Vienna has just received an important communication from Prof. Kraal upon the Etruscan text discovered at the Museum of Agræum. This text was written upon a band of papyrus that covered the mummy of a woman, brought from Egypt in 1849. It was first examined by the learned Egyptologist H. Brugsch, who could make nothing out

of it, and declared it untranslatable. Then Prof. Kraal set himself at work, and his studies soon convinced him that what he had in hand was an Etruscan text very much longer than any hitherto known. It contains 1,200 words, divided into 200 lines. The ink and the papyrus are incontestably of Egyptian make. The authenticity of the text is affirmed by Drs. Bücheler, Deecke, and Paull, and these scholars have no doubt that if this precious relic shall be deciphered, we shall have at last a key to the mysterious Etruscan tongue. Herr Kraal has attempted a first reading of the fragment together with some restorations, and Herr Deecke adds explanatory notes. Another addition to Etruscan linguistics was made in a paper sent in to the Académie des Inscriptions at its session of January 31 by M. Casati of the Court of Paris. This gave an account of an Etruscan burial-place recently discovered at Castiglione del Lago, on the borders of Lake Trasymene. It consists of a certain number of tombs hollowed out in the tufa, and separated by passages about a metre in width. These tombs have already been dug into and in part despoiled, but, notwithstanding this, some fifty funeral urns bearing inscriptions have been brought to light. M. Casati gave a translation of the more interesting ones, in which appear some Etruscan family names already known. He called special attention to a termination *alisa*, which appears in an inscription. The precise sense of the termination *al* is already known from a bilingual inscription: it designates maternal descent in the first degree. M. Casati believes that *alisa* designates the same descent in the second degree. He added some interesting information as to the diggings that have been made this year at Todi, the Tute of the Etruscans, where many noteworthy objects of art and archaeology have been found—mirrors bearing figures of the male geni known as *lasas*, arms, armor, bone jewelry, etc.

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

The Man of Genius. By Cesare Lombroso, Professor of Legal Medicine in the University of Turin. [The Contemporary Science Series.] Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

PROF. LOMBROSO comes to us with a proposition not absolutely new, but which he makes claim now to prove for the first time. It is that genius is a mental disease, allied to epileptiform mania and in a lesser degree to the dementia of cranks, or mattoids, as he calls them; so that, far from being a mental perfection, it is a degenerate and diseased condition. The inevitable corollary must be, though Prof. Lombroso does not draw it, that the whole of civilization is due to insanity. If so, it is a disease like pearls, fat livers, and ambergris, which we had better try to propagate, in other words. But our Napoleons, our Pythagorases, our Newtons, and our Dantes must no longer run at large, but be confined in Genius Asylums as fast as they betray themselves.

To prove his proposition, Prof. Lombroso proceeds inductively. In order, therefore, to judge of his work, we will examine the first induction he offers with some care. This first generalization is that geniuses are, on the average, of smaller stature than ordinary men. Here is his reasoning:

"Famous for short stature as well as for genius were Horace (*epidictum hominum dicebat Augustus* [Lombroso fails to note that this implies that Augustus was himself large]), Pappus, Nerva, Alexander (Meyer: Alexander: *corpus parvum erat*), Aristotle, Plato, Epicurus, Chrysippus, Lae-

tes, Archimedes, Diogenes, Attila, Epictetus (who was accustomed to say, 'Who am I? A little man'). Among moderns one may name Erasmus, Socinus, Linnaeus, Lipsius, Gibbon, Spinoza, Haffy, Montaigne, Mézeray, Lalande, Gray, John Hunter (5 ft., 2 in.), Mozart, Beethoven, Goldsmith, Hogarth, Thomas Moore, Thomas Campbell, Wilberforce, Heine, Melançonier, Charles Lamb, Beccaria, Maria Edgeworth, Balzac, De Quincey, William Blake (who was scarcely five feet in height), Browning, Ibsen, George Eliot, Thiers, Mrs. Browning, Louis Blanc, Mendelssohn, Swinburne, Van Does (called the Drum, because he was not any taller than a drum), Peter van Laer (called the Puppet), Lull, Pomponazzi, Baldini, were very short; so, also, were Nicholas Piccinino, the philosopher Dati, and Baldo, who replied to the sarcasm of Bartholo, Minuit presentia fama, with the words 'Augebit cetera virtus'; and again Marsilio Ficino, of whom it was said, 'Vix ad iumbos viri stabat.' Albertus Magnus was of such small size that the Pope, having allowed him to kiss his foot, commanded him to stand up, under the impression that he was still kneeling. When the coffin of St. Francis Xavier was opened at Goa in 1890, the body was found to be only four and a half feet in length.

"Among great men of tall stature I know only Volta, Goethe, Petrararch, Schiller, D'Azzoglio, Holmholz, Foscolo, Charlemagne, Bismarck, Moltke, Monti, Mirabeau, Dumas père, Schopenhauer, Lamartine, Voltaire, Peter the Great, Washington, Dr. Johnson, Stein, Arago, Flaubert, Carlyle, Turgeneff, Tennyson, Whitman."

Now we remark, at once, that the thirty names in the latter list are nearly all great names; while to collect the sixty in the former list, the author has been compelled to descend to Narses, Chrysippus, Laertes, Mézeray, Lalande, Thomas Campbell, De Quincey, William Blake, Does, Laer, Pomponazzi, Baldini, Piccinino, Dati, and Baldo! Nor are the statements always accurate. As for Epictetus, his expression of submission to God has nothing to do with his stature, concerning which there seems to be no information. Ancient references to his person merely allude to the story of his master breaking his leg. It is quite unlikely that Plato was diminutive, because his beauty was such that he was believed to be the son of Apollo. The statements about Epicurus and Diogenes are very doubtful; and that about Archimedes far from certain. Attila was short, like all Huns, but not shorter than the average. Balzac, instead of being small, was colossal; Spinoza and Hunter were about of medium height, notwithstanding the measurement given of the latter; George Eliot and Linnaeus were somewhat above the average; and Erasmus, though not tall, was not noticeably short. Let us be glad that Signor Lombroso's credit for fairness is saved by one mistake on the other side, Schopenhauer being under the middle height.

Making these corrections and disregarding the insignificant names, the two lists are not far from equal. Taking, however, a list of great men* that was drawn up some years ago, without the slightest thought of their stature, and which therefore may be supposed to afford a fair sample, we have looked up the heights of as many of them as we readily could, with the following result:

Short Men.—Alexander, Archimedes (†), Aristotle, Francis Bacon, Beethoven (5 ft., 6 in.), A. Comte, Descartes, Epicurus (††), Erasmus, Faraday, Frederick the Great, Garriek, Jacob Grimm, Harvey, Warren Hastings, Horace, Howard, Kant, Thomas à Kempis, Kepler, Locke, Louis XIV., Mendelssohn, Montesquieu, Mozart, Napoleon, Schopenhauer, Wagner, St. Francis Xavier—20.

Middle-sized Men.—Attila, Burns (5 ft., 10

*That is to say, of those who make a special impression upon us in advance of any critical examination.

in.), Calvin, Camoens, Cromwell (5 ft., 10 in.), Dante, Jeanne d'Arc, George Eliot, John Hunter, Lagrange, Linneus, Machiavelli, Mahomet, Clerk Maxwell, James Mill, Milton, Rachel, Adam Smith, Spinoza—15.

Tell Men.—Alichiades, Aquinas, Balzac, Bismarck, Boyle, Caesar, Carlyle, Champollion, Charlemagne, Clive, Columbus, Constantine, Darwin, Dürer, Dumas père, Queen Elizabeth, Emerson, Fielding (over 6 ft.), Gilbert, Goethe, Hawthorne, Helmholtz, Alexander von Humboldt, Lavoisier, Leonardo da Vinci, Lessing, Abraham Lincoln, J. S. Mill, Mirabeau, Molière, Moltke, Peter the Great, Petrarch, Rufford, Schiller, Shelley (5 ft. 11 in.), Mrs. Siddons, Tennyson, Titian, Voltaire, Washington, Daniel Webster, Wellington, William the Silent—44.

This is an honest induction, from a list of instances drawn up without reference to the character for which the sample was to be examined, and seems to show that great men are a little above the average height.

It may perhaps be suspected that the above quotation does not do justice to the general run of Prof. Lombroso's reasonings; but, in point of fact, the induction examined is one of the best in the book, being quite exceptional as showing some effort, however feeble, to be fair. His ordinary method is to take up each symptom of insanity, and to search high and low for instances which may look as if some men of genius have had that symptom. Such reasoning would be rejected without hesitation were there not such a deluge of cases as must give us pause. In considering their value as premises, the first question to be asked is how many men there are in universal biography whom Prof. Lombroso would call geniuses. That his standard is pretty low, his first list in the above extract suffices to show. He never puts himself to the trouble of making the reader or himself understand what he means by "genius." He delights in repeating that by genius he does not mean talent, and finds fault with Galton for confusing these qualities. But the truth is, Galton is far too sound a reasoner to potter over the meaning of two popular words, mere accidents of language. Such categories can be of no use in reasoning until they have passed through the fire of a scientific revision such as Prof. Lombroso seems little to dream of. He covers his confusion of thought by the commonplace that "genius is original, talent not." Of course, maniacs are original enough, if the quality of the product is nothing. But to look at his instances, he does not seem to stickle for originality very much. Among his geniuses we find Mrs. Southey, whose nearest approach to brilliancy was going crazy; Nathaniel Lee, absurdest of dramatists; Bishop Dupanloup; the poet Thomson; Buhl, whoever he may be; Sir Everard Home; Ann Lee, the Shakeress; Lord Palmerston; Florence Nightingale; George Washington, a truly great man, but hardly, one would suppose, within Lombroso's category of genius; Prof. Asaph Hall, a remarkably sane mind; Talleyrand; Mrs. Stowe; William Pitt; Richard Steele. Addison and Pope are mentioned as men of genius, and in one place even as "normal" men of genius; yet when their traits do not seem to fit the theory, they are set down as men of talent, merely. In short, the author ranks almost anybody as a genius whom it happens to be for the moment convenient to reckon as such.

There is a well-known book called Phillips's 'Index of Biographical Reference,' said to contain over 100,000 names. We have set down in a list the first name on every twenty-

fifth page; and we find among these names, thirty-nine in number, no less than seven that impress us as fully as distinguished as some of Lombroso's instances of genius. Namely, these seven are: Biela, for whom a comet is named; Sir James R. G. Graham, a well-known statesman; Naumann Köprli Pasha, the last of his celebrated family; Gen. Longstreet; Alexis Piron, the French satirist; Robert Semple, the early Scottish poet; and Evelina Stading, the contemporary Swedish painter. In that proportion there should be no less than 100,000 x 74/39, or 18,000 "persons of genius," in Lombroso's sense of the term, named in Phillips's Index. But, notwithstanding the diligent researches of the learned Italian, it may well be supposed that five-sixths of these (or whatever Italian names might replace some of them) could have symptoms of insanity without his being likely to know of it; so that we will suppose he is drawing his cases from only 3,000 geniuses.

The question next arises how much insanity he finds. There are, perhaps, a thousand cases of symptoms of insanity in the book; but they are, for the most part, of the slightest nature—to show how slight, we here give the first case on every tenth page for the first hundred pages:

- (1.) Volta had the largest brain known (p. 10). The next largest was that of an idiot.
- (2.) Dante wrote:

"Son un cha, quando
Amor mi ispira, noto, ed a quel modo
Che detta dentro vo significando." —(p. 20.)

"I am one that, when love inspires, note, and in what manner he dictates within, proceed to express." This is supposed to indicate something like epilepsy.

- (3.) Boileau could not hear any one praised, not even his shoemaker, without annoyance (p. 80).

- (4.) Ann Lee saw Christ coming to her (p. 40). This is supposed to be a hallucination of genius.

- (5.) Tolstol confesses that philosophical skepticism at one time brought him to a condition approaching insanity (p. 50).

- (6.) Petrarch's love-misery was a mere pretext for writing poetry (p. 60). This is supposed to be an example of that insensibility which is said to be a common trait of genius and insanity.

- (7.) There was insanity in Baudelaire's family (p. 70).

- (8.) Swift had a softening of the brain (p. 80). This came on ten years after he wrote 'Gulliver'; and the subsequent disease is supposed to be an evidence of derangement at the time the great work was writing.

- (9.) The story-teller Hoffmann was a drunkard (p. 90).

Now, we may fairly assume that for each case of real insanity there would be at least ten cases of symptoms like the average of the above; for these would not occur all ten in one person. If so, Lombroso's thousand instances imply only about a hundred cases of insanity; and 100 cases of insanity at some time in the lives of 3,000 persons of intensely active brains, and for the most part in uncomfortable circumstances, is not extraordinary. Certainly, it by no means compels us to suppose that the whole body of them were more or less crazy their whole lives long. On the whole, therefore, the main argument of the book proves nothing and renders nothing probable. At most, it creates a problematic state of mind, and makes us wish to see the subject treated with a stricter attention to the logical conditions of valid induction.

But Prof. Lombroso presents another and much stronger argument. Namely, he shows that an unbroken series of cases exists, ranging from those where there is undoubted genius through imperceptible gradations to cases of undoubted mania, in which last the patient performs intellectual feats of which he would be utterly incapable in his normal state. Thus, he may write poetry, speak a foreign language, or play a game of chess, being unable to do the same thing in his ordinary health. A patient said to his physician, who thought him convalescent, "I am not quite cured; I am still too clever for that. In my natural condition I am stupid; wait, and I shall become so again" (p. 168). In these cases there were other symptoms of mania. But as for this disease of genius, if it consists solely in the brain functioning more perfectly than when it is well, why, what a very peculiar disease this mental disease must be! There would certainly be no difficulty in finding an unbroken series of cases passing by imperceptible gradations from cases of the working of undoubted genius to cases of the working of plain common sense. Accordingly, if the first series proves that genius is insanity, the first and second together prove that good sense is insanity.

But, after all, there is a puzzle about the matter not easily resolved; and those who are themselves visited with genius have always been ready to admit there is something like a malady about it. No doubt, our ordinary sense of behaving rationally is in the main, though not entirely, an illusion. The right hand, for instance, is connected with a certain part of the brain, and that is joined by commissures to other parts connected again with the eye, ear, tongue, etc.; and it is the structure of the commissures, medial and lateral, between different parts of the brain which determines how we shall act under given stimuli. It is true that, no matter how, we can control our actions to a certain extent; at a short notice, only slightly, but if time for preparation be allowed, a great deal. We can force ourselves to take habits, certain commissures becoming partially atrophied, while others are brought into activity under exercise. But in the main we behave as it is our nature to, like wild animals; and, as it happens that our nature is adapted to our circumstances, we take occasion to compliment ourselves upon our rationality. If the brain becomes diseased, the connection between certain parts get broken, and we begin to act in new ways. As we acted right in the main before, to act differently is to act ill. Yet it may happen, in special cases, that the breaking down of certain commissures may cause certain special actions to be done better than before; because the wave of nerve action is restricted to certain channels and its dissipation prevented. Indeed, it is probable that an excess of medial commissures, or those between the two halves of the brain, causes stupidity, deliberation becoming impossible when the thinking vessel leaks so fast. If so, we can see how disease of the brain may cause an improvement in the general intelligence.

Now, the brain of a genius, say of a great mathematician, a Gauss or a Dirichlet (of which two brains Prof. Lombroso gives drawings), is seen at a glance to be quite unlike that of a common man. It may be larger; it is certain to be far more complicated and implicated. These foldings imply that the parts are more disconnected. Its connections of parts being different, such a brain must act differently from common brains; and consequently it will in general be less adapted to the ordi-

nary purposes of life. It is not disease, but greater development; yet the unfortunate man whose shoulders have to carry it, becomes the victim of his own higher organization. Of course, there will be special things for which such a highly complicated brain will be specially adapted; and in being exercised continually on those things, as it naturally will be, it will grow more adapted to them. Such actions will not be insane; they will be like the operations of common sense, only more perfect. In doing such work, such a brain will take steps for the advancement of mankind of which ordinary heads would be quite incapable. The world will reap the benefit of it, and the unfortunate individual will have to pay for it. But, circumstances being generally unfavorable, the energies of such a brain are largely spent in vainly trying to make it do things for which it is entirely unadapted, though other brains do them with ease. The result is, that first derangement, then disease ensues, and we get the phenomenon of aberrations of genius.

MORE NOVELS.

Peter Ibbetson. By George Du Maurier. Harper & Bros.

In the "Stranger People's" Country. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Harper & Bros.

The Lady of Fort St. John. By M. H. Catherwood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An Imperative Duty. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros.

The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. John W. Lovell Co.

A Modern Aladdin. By Howard Pyle. Harper & Bros.

The Spanish Galleon. By C. S. Seeley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Prisons of Air. By Moncure D. Conway. United States Book Co.

OCCASIONALLY an author who has not developed from small beginnings beneath the public eye, by making his literary debut in a long novel justifies the rashness of his choice. This rare occurrence is perhaps the foundation for the commonly accepted belief that the art of writing is the only art for which no special training is needed. Mr. Du Maurier's remarkable book, 'Peter Ibbetson,' is a very valuable illustration in support of the argument that writing is natural to man, even as breathing—much more valuable, for instance, than the literary achievements of great soldiers, from Julius Caesar down to General Grant; men who had not first to invent their story and then tell it with more or less reference to the conditions and conventions of art, but only to narrate lucidly and exactly events in which they took a prominent part.

Mr. Du Maurier, in this his first novel, scores two successes, one through the extraordinary interest and charm with which he invests the lives of a number of people remarkable for nothing except gentle manners and good looks, and the other through the imaginative force by which he makes incredible things appear possible, if not always probable. We have nothing of its kind in fiction more refined and natural than the description of the tranquil domestic life of the Pasquiers and Seraskiers at Passy; and if there is some disappointment of expectation in the failure of the engaging Gogo Pasquier, become by adoption Peter Ibbetson, to develop brilliantly, the compensation of that just vengeance which in a moment transforms the kindly giant

into a hero and a criminal, is great. The reasons why the nephew could not help killing the uncle are so clear and sufficient that the sudden tragedy is divested of violence, even of any appearance of deliberate dramatic surprise. If it were possible for the law in meting out punishment to take cognizance of the character of the offender as compared with that of the victim, Peter Ibbetson would have been awarded a public ovation, not condemned to twenty-five years of stone walls and prison fare. The situation to which this tragedy leads is as novel as it is audacious.

We are being so thoroughly educated away from incredulity by dabblers in extra-natural and superhuman mysteries, that no theory or statement boldly advanced is so strange as not to win qualified acceptance, or at least to escape unqualified repudiation; but he who represents himself as selected for experiences still far beyond the ordinary, must not insist too much, nor invite criticism by too voluminous detail and an infinite extension of his situation. Mr. Du Maurier seems to us to have fallen into the error of over-elaboration, an error which an accustomed novelist would almost surely have feared and avoided. We accept the original conception, startling though it is. That the dream companionship endured through twenty-five years is no more marvellous than that it should ever begin. Our deep sympathy with the misfortunes of Gogo and Mimsey makes us willing to believe that they were given a shadow of happiness more complete than the substance they had missed, but sympathy doesn't stand the strain of their retrogressive incarnations and prehistoric gambols with the mammoth. Why did they stop short of a first cause and deprive us of the joy of announcing 'Peter Ibbetson' as the greatest book ever written in any age or tongue? But it is near enough to greatness to tempt one to extravagant epithet. There are no suggestions of mediocrity. The pathos is true, the irony delicate, the satire severe when its subject is unworthy, the comedy sparkling, and the tragedy, as we have said, inevitable. One or two more such books, and the fame of the artist would be dim beside that of the novelist, as in this one the artist is properly secondary. It has been said that the story is mere text for the illustrations. The expectation of such a performance is the only foundation for the accusation. Most of the drawings are cleverly illustrative, but some in which the figures are crowded have been so much reduced that they are neither explanatory nor decorative.

Zealots in the pursuit of science are notoriously cold-blooded, but seldom promoters of disorder and crime. Mr. Shattuck, the scientific gentleman in 'The Stranger People's Country,' is preëminently a man of peace, yet before the tale of his persistence in desecrating the graves of the "Leetle People" is told, the "straight-shootin'" Guthree and the desperado Cheever, with his gang, appear by comparison with him blood-guiltless. It is a very interesting tale, one of the best that Miss Murfree has told us, though if fiction really were, what many people pretend that it is, good only in proportion to its beneficial effect on a common moral sense, all Miss Murfree's stories are bad, and this one of the worst. It must be confessed that the chief interest in almost all stories of American frontier life of our mountains and prairies is a demoralizing one; that we care for the people most, not on account of their primitive and spasmodic virtues, but for their absolute contempt of law and order, their uncontaminated ruffianism. Our frail sympathies gush most warmly

towards the permanently intoxicated Col. Starbottle, or that professional exponent of the blandishments of poker, Mr. Jack Hamlin—in this instance, towards the straight-shootin' Fee Guthree. When the clatter of hoofs down the defile announces that the sheriff is after some one, our heart stands still with anxiety—not that the Sheriff may catch his man. When the ruffian stands over six feet in his long boots, rides straight and stiff in his stirrups, has fair hair and a sentimental cast of mind, Sir Galahad in competition is nowhere. Such a charmer is Fee Guthree; his romantic splendor much enhanced, his power for demoralization infinitely extended, by contrast with the correct, dull, scientific grave-rover, Mr. Shattuck.

But one thing Miss Murfree might have done to depreciate Guthree and excite a mild esteem for Shattuck—that is, to have made the latter the victim in the culminating tragedy. By choosing another course, she falls as a moralist, which is not her office, and also as a story-teller, which vocation is her birthright. A novelist may legitimately make use of all possible situations and developments of character, but we demand for our satisfaction (the reason why is deeply philosophical) that he shall choose the most probable; or, probabilities being equal, that which does not spring upon warm emotions an ice-cold shower. If some one had to be shot, it might as well have been Shattuck as Guthree. Such a catastrophe would have been humanly and artistically fitting. All along we are keenly in sympathy with the local superstition and veneration for the unknown dead, and that Shattuck should come to his death when in the act of rifling the grave would be as the lightning-stroke of vengeance from the offended gods of the long-buried Little People. The spectacle of such respectability stalking unchecked in the Tennessee mountains is exceedingly irritating, and we dismiss as arbitrary sentimentality the picture of the freakish Letitia, wearing out her bright youth with waiting for the fulfilment of a promise no sooner spoken than forgotten by the man who made it. How much closer to probability and gratifying to expectation would be a picture of Letitia (her fancy for Shattuck converted into resentment for his desertion) keeping her eye on the sacred graves and her hand on the family shotgun, for prompt reply to any one who should come "vagrantin' round inquiren' for them as be dead and done with the livin' long ago." Letitia of the last page contradicts all that goes before, and we can account for her only by supposing that Miss Murfree gave way to a rare fit of sentimentality which obscured her judgment. To the same blindness may perhaps be ascribed those final paragraphs in one of which reference is made to the heavy doom that fell upon all who were implicated in the attempted disturbance of the Little People, while, in another, we take farewell of the chief offender, Shattuck, middle-aged and prosperous, indulging in reminiscences of the Tennessee mountains, with no suspicion that his behavior there had been open to censure.

Discontent with an author whose fictitious tragedy is weak is mild compared with that excited by the author who spoils an actual tragedy by surrounding it with fictitious circumstance. About five years ago there appeared an anonymous novel, entitled 'Constance of Acadia.' This book, though defective in arrangement and style, showed study and comprehension both of the details of the feud between Charles Le Tour and D'Aulnay de Charnizay and of contemporary New England history. The remarkable character and heroic