

# The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

VOLUME LVII

FROM JULY 1, 1893, TO DECEMBER 31, 1893

NEW YORK

THE EVENING POST PUBLISHING COMPANY

1893

P 00514

could write to him of Calvin as "the Genevan turnspit" and be certain of his smile. If he was slow to give up old methods and beliefs, he was eager for new light. He made his own the saying of Clerk Maxwell, "I assert the Right of Trespass on any plot of Holy Ground which any man has set apart to the power of darkness." Fundamentally he was as much a rationalist as Jonathan Edwards or Theodore Parker—a strange but not unwarrantable conjunction of great names.

*A Wild-Sheep Chase: Notes of a Little Philosophic Journey in Corsica.* Translated from the French of Émile Bergerat. Macmillan & Co.

Not a few books, in the translator's hands, get out of their own language but never get into any other; they remain there in a mysterious sort of neutral region, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. M. Bergerat's journey, instead of being "little philosophic," was superabundantly philosophic, in his fashion, so that he may not even care very much about the naïve over-literality, as above, that reverse the meaning of his title and aim to blunt his witticisms—aim but do not always succeed, for his points are generally good tangible ones, the humor is often in situations rather than in witticisms proper, and, with one language or the other, we understand him. Émile Bergerat belongs with Aurélien Scholl and the rest in that set of out-and-out boulevardiers who conceive it their mission to keep alive the old sceptical, devil-may-care Gallic gaiety; they must continue in popular form the irony of Rabelais and Voltaire, and what Maupassant calls "the prodigious laughter of Molière." Their occupation would seem to be to go everywhere in Paris and have an exceedingly good time, to bring out occasionally a little theatrical piece—Bergerat has produced his at all the theatres, from the Comédie-Française to the Théâtre Libre—to fight an occasional duel, to chat for hours at the more luxurious boulevard cafés, and then to go off and write up a sprightly chronicle about it all for some newspaper. They succeed best apparently when they have least to say. This type of man being borne in mind, the character of the new book may be understood without going largely into details. It is the *chroniqueur* gone to Corsica, and he laughs and makes skits about the things there that are unlike his boulevard.

He is evidently a good fellow, and good fellows are in demand. Prince Roland Bonaparte asked him to join him in a little trip to Corsica, and he did so. They had, besides, the Prince's librarian, his secretary, and a photographer. It will be remembered that Prince Roland is one of the later scions of his great name, who married a daughter of the proprietor of the Casino of Monte Carlo. The Prince of Monaco devotes himself quite seriously to deep-sea dredging; this other magnate of the roulette dynasty does not go quite so far as that, but it is pleasant to see that he abates the enormity of his ill-gotten millions a trifle at least by taking an interest in 'Colomba.' We are assured that Mérimée's charming story was the motive-power of his journey. He went to Corsica, not to revisit the homes of his ancestors—though of course, incidentally, he did that too—but to see how the island had progressed since the time of 'Colomba.' The author, truthfully enough in the main, sums up the result of the inquiry in this way (it is a good example of his lively style of putting

things): "Corsica, since the time of 'Colomba,' has progressed as far as—'Colomba.'"

It must not be forgotten that they put their guns on their shoulders, too, and went more or less in search of the moufflon. But this chase for the all but apocryphal animal, about which it is a controversy whether he be not quite as much of a wild goat as a wild sheep, was only a facetious one. They never saw him, but what matters your moufflon, they say, so long as you have the chasing of him? M. Bergerat thought the Government did not really want to abolish the vendetta, "because this romantic nonsense attracts travellers to the island, and consequently brings capital." His own tone towards the gentry outlawed on account of these unpleasant affairs is even more liberal. He would speak of a certain district not as infested by bandits, but as infested rather by gendarmes; and he made interest to go and call on the famous Bellacoscia in his stronghold. A great chance for a writer of the realistic sort was here thrown away; this one giving only the sort of statement that might have been made up—by a vague imagination too—without ever leaving Paris. This was all in 1887, and important things have happened in the island since, which leave the account already somewhat antiquated. Paoli's ruinous house has been restored and made his mausoleum, the old Bellacoscia has been semi-amnestied and deported to the mainland, and escaped again and returned, probably to die in his *maquis* in peace. The railroad has been built across the island, and will probably be a potent factor in putting an end to disorders.

*Camp-fires of a Naturalist:* The story of fourteen expeditions after North American mammals, from the field notes of Lewis Lindsay Dyche, A.M., M.S., Professor of Zoology and Curator of Birds and Mammals in the Kansas State University. By Clarence E. Edwards. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.

PROFESSOR DYCHE has passed an interesting life, and his adventures, though not exciting, are full of the romance always associated with out-door activity and the pursuit of wild animals. The son of Western pioneers, nursed by a squaw, pursuing a frontier life without education to the age of sixteen, our naturalist educated himself, and finally attained his present university position. This interesting human document is comprised in a chapter of four pages; the rest of the book is devoted to stories of hunting adventures, told without great art—and containing little incident, and much less matter at all instructive to the student of natural history than the book's title would lead one to expect. Prof. Dyche has followed his pioneer instincts and pushed into the deepest woods and most rugged mountains to find his game, led on, if we may judge from what he says, quite as much by a sportsman's instincts as by love for his chosen study. He is evidently a good shot and a good woodsman, and his skill in mounting animals is probably greater than would appear from the accompanying illustrations, presumably taken from specimens of his work. The narrative is written in a rather exaggerated style, which magnifies a thunder-storm into a cloud-burst, and the usual misadventures of camp-life into hardships. A little frontier wit is inserted with scant success, and an attempt made at vernacular which is a distinct failure. Some statements are at least inexact. In speaking of bears the editor makes Dyche say that they do not hibernate in the ordinary sense of the

word: "They do not become torpid." Bears certainly do become torpid to a great extent, so much so that it is regarded as no feat by Western hunters and trappers to go into a bear den in winter and kill the occupant. There is a very interesting account of a hunting trip in company with Chippewa Indians, containing a good many suggestions of Indian customs and character.

To sum up, Mr. Edwards may have made the most of his material, but in any case a hunter's field-notes offer a severe test of literary skill as a foundation for a story like this.

*L'Ennemi des Lois.* Par Maurice Barrès. Paris. 1893.

ANOTHER book by the new light, Maurice Barrès. From behind the stalking-horse of a story, slender, nebulous, unreal, unnatural, unpleasant, and Parisian, intended to be Wilhelm Meister-y in flavor, the author aims to make converts to his social theories, by vague reflections upon laws, upon young ladies of the new intellectual type, upon Russian princesses highly emancipated, upon the French reformers St. Simon and Fourier, upon the German reformers Lassalle and Karl Marx, upon Louis II. of Bavaria, upon dogs as companions and as educators of children, upon vivisection, and upon feeling versus thinking. The book produces an artistic impression, but could not well be feeble. One wonders by what courses the author, after he had once resolved to put forward his ideas, could have managed so to reduce his powers of persuasion below the average of thinking men, or, if there be any people whom he influences, what excessively peculiar persons they must be. The doctrine may be classed as sentimental individualism. The proposition is that the time has come to throw off laws—not merely those which are enforced by the tribunals, but every means by which the ideas of the public are made in any respect to dominate the conduct or ideas of the private individual. Especially, all that is traditional should be broken up. The use of language is not disapproved; still, it is traditional, and those only should teach who cannot speak—that is, the "hairy," and particularly dogs. As all thinking rests more or less upon common notions, individual feeling is much to be preferred to thinking. The conduct of people is to be made social through their sensibilities, but is not to be governed by the public will. The last words of the book are:

"For these persons other egos exist just as much as their own, so that the conditions of others' happiness are at one with the conditions of their own; they crush not the flowers they love to breathe. That they should suffer would lessen their own joy. Their refined sensibility suppresses every immorality."

All this is set forth in exaggerated and shocking language. Yet as the author never says he would carry out the principle to its furthest possible limit, nor ever says how far he proposes to carry it, except that he means to carry it further than we now do, there is really nothing new in the substance of the book, nor anything (except an extravagant tone) but what multitudes of sober-minded people would be quite disposed to admit. The truth is, that the essence of what he wishes to inculcate is nothing but a tone, and that tone he contrives to render as disagreeable and as repugnant to good sense and to good taste as the Enemy of Laws' worst enemy could desire. Excessively one-sided works, vigorously executed, have many times done much good by stimulating reflection. They can never do much harm, be-

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cause they convince nobody; they can at most cause those who already entertain the same opinions to speak out. But the present volume can hardly have any effect at all, beyond that of amusing a few people who may like to listen to the praises of Louis II., to analyses of modern libertinism, and to twenty-page dissertations upon St. Simon. The admirers of M. Barrès think him startlingly brilliant and original; his detractors treat him as little better than a vulgar *poseur*. The truth is, he has nothing definitely new to say, but often succeeds in imparting to old ideas a pretty well-emphasized tenor of expression. Here is a specimen or two.

"I say things abruptly, as I feel them. Besides, I agree with everybody who feels anything. No matter for the formulas by which we express our emotion, the important thing is to be warmed by life. If that lady interests herself in what does not interest me, what right or propriety would there be in substituting my feeling for hers?"

"Many of the ideas of St. Simon have filtered into modern Europe; but they have not been improved in their renewal. The industrial system of which he dreamed is just our moneyed society against which the reformers of to-day revolt."

"Clara Pichon-Picard, wonderfully intelligent, saw less accurately into life than the frivolous Marina, who decided all questions under the guidance of a sensuality which is precisely the sense of life."

"They slept, and met in dreams. There was an orchard surrounded by a high hedge, and they walked in procession towards the rising sun, amid children and animals, under the direction of Hairy the Second [a dog], their monitor. All busied themselves with burning their material humors in the open air. To expel the useless, to keep the essential, there lies the whole secret."

"Kennel, stable, hen-house, fish-pond clustered about a peaceful house, a copy of the Museum laboratory [a laboratory of vivisection], but a reversed copy. Here the problem is, not to destroy humble beings for the joy or material benefit of augmenting the sum of knowledge! Here, in an atmosphere purified of all dead ideas, are formed young persons who breathe nothing but what is living, and who develop that new sensibility which the new aspect of the world requires. Yes, here in the open air is a laboratory of sensibility."

*The American Girl at College.* By Lida Rose McCabe. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE writer of these observations and reflections upon girls at college is an optimist. "Eventually—a system [of college gymnastics] compatible with the best development of American physique will be evolved, leading to a race like the Greek prototypes," she remarks. Even this is not all. "As these opportunities broaden, fewer bookworms will infest our colleges, and careless or indifferently dressed able women will be numbered among the traditions of the past." The opportunities that promise this delightful consummation are for nothing less than more "social contact with the flower of Boston courtesy," and still more "vital touch with Philadelphia's most exclusive social life." A certain measure of the last-named felicity is said to be already provided for a fortunate few by women of social culture to be found on the "Board of Bryn Mawr." According to the published circulars of Bryn Mawr College, there are as yet no women on its board of trustees, but this is a mere matter of detail. More important to note are the lapses pointed out in the educational system in general. Thus, "when nature has not given a woman taste in dress it is the duty of education to supply it. The college that overlooks it does not discharge its whole duty." Again, "more attention to the speaking of the Continental languages is an imperative need in American

education. There is certainly something radically defective in present methods, otherwise greater results would be secured." Moreover, there are "able educators and many laymen" who would eliminate the scientific course entirely from women's colleges. In the meantime, however, the sciences remain, so that the author is able elsewhere to observe tersely that of the classical, scientific, and literary courses at Barnard and other colleges, "the first leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the second to Master of Arts, the third to Doctor of Philosophy."

It would appear, too, that those captious persons who have been insisting on Harvard's injustice in thus far granting Annex students no more than an insubstantial certificate, or charging Johns Hopkins with interested inconsistency in leading women to its dissecting-tables while still forbidding them a seat in literary or historical class-rooms, have, after all, been tilting at windmills. Harvard and Johns Hopkins, no less than Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, are here roundly declared to "have opened their degrees to women on equal footing with men, as quickly as the girls developed the disposition and proved the capacity to meet the requirements of the university curriculum." To attribute wrong intentions to the propounder of these airy fabrications would, however, be entirely erroneous. The head and front of her offending is nothing more than a sublime incapacity to understand the alphabet of what she writes about. Ignorance of educational methods and aims is compatible with many virtues, even with some degree of literary skill, though none is discoverable here; the only condition under which it becomes an unpardonable sin is when it exposes itself to the length of a volume.

*A Japanese Interior.* By Alice Mabel Bacon, author of 'Japanese Girls and Women.' Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

MANKIND, for purposes of travel, may be divided into two classes. There are the selfish, unthinking, fault-finding people, who know no point of view but their own, enjoy being miserable wherever they live, and will pick flaws in the management of heaven if ever they enter its portals. There are also the intelligent, sympathetic, self-contained people, who know something of the variety of human life and can recognize real virtue and real vice in whatever garb it is concealed, who can measure humanity in different lands by universal standards, and not by the Pharisaic tests of their own nation, creed, or clique. To the former belongs one who has this year finished a month's tour in Japan, to whose astounding lucubrations we shall not give an unmerited publicity by mentioning his name in these columns. To the latter belongs Miss Bacon, whose little book is the most real picture we have yet seen in print of Japanese ways as observable by a foreigner. It contains, as her preface intimates, no profound conclusions, no eloquent descriptions, no careful research. But it furnishes what is in this field even rarer than profundity, rhetoric, or research—an unbiased and lifelike chronicle of all that one may see and hear in a year's sojourn in that most enjoyable of cities, Tokyo. Space would fail if one were to quote the passages in which one meets just the comment or conclusion which the occasion merits. It is enough to say that the returned sojourner from Japan (provided he is somewhere within the circle of the second sort of people above mentioned) will

nowhere find pages in which he can live over again with such relish the experiences, pleasant and unpleasant, of his Japanese holiday. In the spirit of the writer could be communicated to all Americans (we do not add "and English," for that would be hopeless) who intend to travel, the sum of the world's happiness would be much increased.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Annual of Photography. Scovill & Adams Co. \$1. D. Lothrop Co. \$1.25. Battershall, Fletcher. A Daughter of this World. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25. Benton, G. W. A Laboratory Guide in General Chemistry. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cents. Blackmore, R. D. Lorna Doone. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. \$6. Blennerhassett, Rose, and Sleeman, Lucy. Adventures in Massachusetts. Macmillan. \$2.50. Bolton, C. F. Susanna, the Wife of Rembrandt. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50. Booth, Josiah. Everybody's Guide to Music. Harpers. 75 cents. Bridges, Robert. The Humours of the Court, and Other Poems. Macmillan. \$1.25. Bridgman, L. J. Old Business: High Art in Fun, etc. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. \$1.25. Browne, E. G. The New History of the Bible. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. \$3.50. Bryant's Poems of Nature. Illustrated. Appletons. \$4. Carlyle, Thomas. Sartor Resartus. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1. Carpenter, Prof. G. R. Exercises in Rhetoric and English Composition. Boston: Willard Small. Carroll, Rev. H. K. The Religious Forces of the United States. Christian Literature Co. \$2.50. Cartwright, Julia. Madame: A Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I. Scribners. \$3.75. Chubb, W. O. The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving. Harpers. \$10. Colby, F. M. Brave Lads and Bonnie Lassies: Stories of Young Folks who have Helped to Make History. Hunt & Eaton. \$1.50. Commons, Prof. J. R. The Distribution of Wealth. Macmillan. \$1.25. Coppee, Prof. Henry. General Thomas. [Great Commanders.] Appletons. \$1.50. Crandall, C. H. Wayside Music. Putnam. \$1.25. Creighton, Louise. A First History of France. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25. Cummins, Ella S. The Story of the Files: A Review of California Writers and Literature. B. Westernmann & Co. Daven, D. L. The Seeker in the Marshes, and Other Poems. 2d ed. Philadelphia: Rees Welsh & Co. \$1.50. Derrile, John. Route of To-day and Yesterday. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$2.50. Dobson, Austin. Proverbs in Prose. Illustrated. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2. Dumas, A. The Chevalier de Maison Rouge. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents. Elliott, Frances M. Old Court Life in Spain. 2 vols. Scribners. \$7.50. Fly, Prof. R. F. Outlines of Economics. Hunt & Eaton. \$1.25. Esplanade, Francis. Literary Recollections and Sketches. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4. Evans, M. A. B. In Various Moods. Putnam. \$1. Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$8. Fife-Cookson, Lieut.-Col. J. C. Hannibal and Kathana: A Drama. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Putnam. \$1.25. Gaulot, Paul. A Friend of the Queen. Appletons. Gooden, W. H. Roman and Medieval Art. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. Gouin, F. A First Lesson in French. London: George Philip & Son; New York: Scribners. 90 cents. Grant, A. J. Greece in the Age of Pericles. Scribners. \$1.25. Guild, Curtis. From Sunrise to Sunset. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Harper's Young People. 1893. Harpers. \$3.50. Haynes, Rev. E. J. None Such? There Will Yet be Thousands. Boston: North Publishing Co. \$1.25. Hill, F. S. Twenty Years at Sea; or, Leaves from my Old Log Books. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00. Hucker, George. The Tell-Tale Watch. Robert Bonner's Sons. \$1. Holland, Rev. H. S., and Rockstro, W. S. Jenny Lind the Artist. 1820-1851. New and abridged edition. Scribners. \$2.50. Holmes, Kate R. Pictures from Nature and Life. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50. Ingelwood, Jean. A Motto Changed. Harpers. \$1. Kennedy, Walker. In the Dwellings of Silence: A Romance of Russia. Dodd, Mead & Co. Kennelly, A. E. Theoretical Elements of Electro-Dynamic Machinery. Vol. I. D. Van Nostrand Co. Kermahan, Coulson. A Book of Strange Sins. Ward, Lock & Bowden. 50 cents. Kimball, R. B. A Student's Romance. G. W. Dillingham. 25 cents. King, J. H. Man an Organic Community. 2 vols. Putnam. \$4.50. Kinkel, Gottfried. Tanagra: An Idyl of Greece. Putnam. \$1.75. Kipling, Rudyard. Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. New ed. Macmillan. \$1.25. Kestromitlin, J. The Last Day of the Carnival. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Lee, G. R. Jerusalem. Illustrated. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mawson, Swan & Morgan. Lent, W. B. Gypsying Beyond the Sea. 2 vols. Randolph. \$4. Lord, Rev. John. Two German Giants: Frederic the Great and Blumark. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1. Ludlow, Rev. J. M. The Captain of the Janizaries. Harpers. 60 cents. MacLean, Prof. G. E. An Old and Middle English Reader. Macmillan. \$2. Marshall, Mrs. Emma. Penhurst Castle in the Time of Sir Philip Sidney. Macmillan. \$1.50. McKay, Mrs. Alfred A. A Latter Day Saint. F. H. Revell Co. \$1.50. Michel, Emile. Rembrandt: His Life, his Work and his Time. 2 vols. Illustrated. Scribners. \$15. Morin, L. French Illustrations. Scribners.