

other will be a conic section," it follows that "If the orbit of one particle round another be a conic section, attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance," although, in point of fact, it may vary directly as the distance. Again, he holds that our parts of speech are essential to thought, although it does violence to the majority of languages to classify their words in that way. A hundred such whimsies might be pointed out. But then logic was at a low and unpleasant ebb in Germany for the greater part of our century. Schröder's treatise, if the Germans will only go through it before they write, as they probably will, must render such nonsense impossible for the future.

No very close thinking was needed to refute Lotze's logic, at least in great part. Had it been required, and had Mr. Jones been able to supply it, it would have been impossible to set it forth in an easily readable book, in the literary way still expected in a philosophical treatise. An accurate logical discussion can no more be drawn up in such form than could a well-made balance sheet. The more elegant and perspicuous the style, the less clear would the statement be. However, in this case, nothing of the sort was needed; and the style is agreeable enough. Occasionally, points are made with remarkable neatness. Yet long successions of pages are diluted with such washings of insignificant words as we marvel to encounter from the pen of a student of poetry. Nevertheless, for the substantial result of the engagement, idealists of all stripes—and they make up the great majority of thinkers, nowadays—will opine that such deadly holes have been made in the sides of Lotze's frigate that no patching can render her seaworthy. At the same time, a goodly number will think Mr. Jones has himself some lessons to learn in idealism yet, and he certainly has much to learn in logic.

Recollections of War Times: Reminiscences of Men and Events in Washington, 1860-1865. By Albert Gallatin Riddle, formerly M. C. from the 19th Ohio District. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 380.

AN intelligent man's recollections of the war times in Washington cannot fail to be interesting and valuable, and Mr. Riddle was not only intelligent, but he had a quick eye for what was going on around him. As a somewhat radical Republican he had opportunities for seeing the inside view of things in some important junctures, and his character makes him an authoritative witness as to what he saw.

On the capital question of civil-service reform he is an involuntary witness to its necessity, for he tells in the first person the story of a promising member of Congress killed by a post-office. A young man, gifted with the fervid style of oratory which, in those days, might carry a man far in politics, he became a "favorite son" in the Cleveland district, and was nominated almost by acclamation. There were two able editors in Cleveland, Harris of the *Herald* and Cowles of the *Leader*, and, alas! there was but one post-office. In those good old days the post-office was a perquisite of the Representative, and Mr. Riddle gave it to Cowles. Implacable wrath, of course, filled the celestial mind of Harris. It is amusing, now that we look back upon it over more than a third of a century, but it was tragic then. As if most perfectly to adorn the tale, the blind devotion of Cowles to newspaper enterprise made him the fatal instrument to destroy his patron.

Mr. Riddle was one of a boy of Congress-

men who went out to the battle-field of the first Bull Run to hail the victors, but the fate of war made them part of the rabble rout hustling each other in the panic flight to Washington. The member for the Cleveland district yielded, a little imprudently, perhaps, to his literary facility, and wrote the story of the rout in some detail and with vivid pen-strokes. He told of the able-bodied fugitives who outran their regiments, and of demoralized officers who tried to force their way into his carriage. True, his letter was a private one, but it was shown to Cowles, who proved that he was an able editor, to the manner born, by sacrificing everything to the promised sensation. He "had a nose" for a sensation, and Mr. Riddle saw his composition come back in cold print, but hot to the blazing point in unmitigated denunciation of the cowards who ran from the Manassas field, with (to his eyes) great gaps of omission of his praise of those who had done well.

Harris saw that the Lord had delivered his enemy into his hand, and he (being also an able editor) regarbled the garbled letter, and the Congressman was exhibited as a Jehu crazy with fear, lashing his horses through regiments of poor wounded soldiers, and pushing headlong from his carriage-door a bleeding and fainting officer, disabled in the noble performance of duty! Which was the upper and which the nether millstone, it were hard to tell, but between the two Mr. Riddle was ground to powder. He was burned in effigy, hanged and drowned. He was denounced in public and privately; he was threatened openly and anonymously. His explanations were hooted at, and when the time for renomination came, the favorite son fared worse than the prodigal, and was left to the husks outside the public crib. Naturally disgusted, the now ex-member shook the Cleveland dust from his feet, and closed his all too brief career by removing to Washington, where he became a well-known lawyer, as he was before a genial gentleman. And now in his old age he looks back and laughs with us (a little sardonically?) over the way in which, unbeknown to himself, he was made an object-lesson in civil-service reform.

"But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil"

(if we may borrow Coleridge's couplet), was preparing for the victim of the burdens of patronage a quiet retreat near enough to the great current of affairs for rare opportunity of knowledge, whence he could disinterestedly note passing events, and write for us an attractive and useful note-book on men and things. Of the Thirty-seventh Congress and the legislation which organized the great conflict for the Union, Mr. Riddle speaks, of course, with authority. Besides this, however, he has many personal reminiscences of Lincoln, Scott, Chase, Stanton, Wade, Black, and others, which will have permanent value in making up an authentic picture of Washington and its leading men in the war time. His extracts from his own speeches and writings give something of the character of autobiography to the volume, but the whole is so closely connected with the public side of his life and duties as to avoid any narrowness of personal experience.

A very interesting episode is his visit to Cuba as representative of the State Department in January and February, 1863. He had excellent opportunities to investigate blockade-running, its methods, its risks, its profits and its losses. This is an almost unique chapter in war history. As a whole, the book is worthy of an honorable place among the personal contributions to the story of a great epoch.

St. Andrews and Elsewhere: Glimpses of some gone and of things left. By the author of 'Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews,' etc., etc. Longmans, Green & Co.

"BOYD, who writes," was Carlyle's succinct indication of the author of these recollections. Long, long ago there were those who at first liked his 'Recreations of a Country Parson,' and then got tired of them, but "A. K. H. B." has never wearied of much writing; this is his thirtieth volume, and he is proposing to celebrate, next September, the thirtieth anniversary of his settlement at St. Andrews with another volume covering the period since his 'Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews' was written. It is likely to be as meagre as the 'More Memories' of Dean Hole, for in this volume he seems not only to have reaped but to have gleaned the field. All of his usual characteristics are here in full force: his abounding egotism; his dwelling upon trifles; his twittering sensibility to the honor of having known this or that distinguished person, and especially of having entertained them in his own house. His egotism would be more endurable were it more naïve, but it is intensely self-conscious. He tries to avoid the appearance of the evil by speaking of himself in the third person and calling himself "one."

"One soon saw ten or twelve clerics listening more or less critically; the younger of them probably thinking they could have done it better themselves. For that, one did not care at all. But really when, after service, one of the most outstanding Bishops of the Anglican Communion walked into the vestry and introduced himself in the most brotherly way (the very pleasantest of men), even a man long past the days in which self-conceit is tolerable could not but think that it had been well the Prelate had heard one for the first and last time when more like one's self."

It is extremely funny when, finding himself getting badly tangled in this artifice, he breaks through into the joyous freedom of the first person singular. There is much depreciatory quotation of the praise he has received, and this is sometimes sickening, as where an extempore prayer is lauded by the local press; but in general it is more amusing than any other feature of the book, even the stories, of which there are many, and some of them very good.

The book will fail of its purpose if it is not widely read, and especially by those who have from time to time said disagreeable things of Dr. Boyd. All these have their appropriate comment. He pleads guiltless to the charge of having preached in lavender kids, and confounds the wretch who accused him of preaching the same sermon twenty times. Yet, though much is made of little, it is evident that Dr. Boyd has had a wide range of ecclesiastical acquaintance, including some persons of importance who have discounted his foibles in view of his substantial qualities of mind and heart. We may laugh at him more than with him, but his book is certainly entertaining, with the exception of fourteen of the shorter chapters under the general heads, "That Peaceful Time" and "Things Left." Could we imagine Dr. Boyd as thinking anything he had written too poor for publication, we should imagine these had been withheld until the need of padding had overcome his scruples. The closing chapter celebrates the writer's intimacy with Froude. The best thing in it is Froude's comment on a certain Roman Catholic archbishop: "Ah, he thought highly of Christ, did he? I venture to doubt whether that favorable opinion was reciprocal." In the same chapter Dr. Boyd sounds the praise of Dr. Holmes. "He did not care

P 00602

the clergymen. As it is, they wear their rosemary with a difference, but none have reason to complain. The industrial growth of the city has no adequate treatment in the body of the book, but this lack is in part made good by a statistical appendix. There is no such confession, but it is evident that Brooklyn has suffered in many ways from her nearness to New York, but with great compensations. A careful statement for and against consolidation would have been a natural and agreeable climax to the book, as we have not had one yet from any quarter; but for some unknown reason it has been withheld.

The Church in America (National Churches).

By Leighton Coleman, S.T.D., LL.D., with map. James Pott & Co. 1895.

THIS volume, we are told in the first words of the preface, "belongs to a series intended to give a comprehensive history of National Churches." The writer frankly anticipates that "it may be difficult to convince some of [his] readers of the propriety of calling the Protestant Episcopal Church the National Church of America"; but that he is justified in doing so will, he hopes, be acknowledged "when it is remembered that in the beginning what is popularly known as the Episcopal Church was by charter and law established in the older colonies; that, more than any other ecclesiastical organization, she had to do with constituting the nation, and, in the period of the civil war, with its maintenance and reunion; and that, while conservative and catholic in her character, she is yet distinctively American in spirit." But these theses are left standing, for the most part, as if they were self-evident propositions, and they fall short of being this by several degrees. However it may have been *de jure* in the colonies, *de facto* the Episcopal Church had but a feeble grip on them, and such as she had was that of the Church of England, not the Church of America. Then, as to "constituting the nation," a series of events known as the War for Independence, or the Revolutionary War, had much to do with this, and over this Dr. Coleman passes lightly with a *suppression veri* which comes very near to being a *suggestio falsi*, if it does not overlap. It is true that there were Episcopalian clergymen and laymen of fine parts and lofty character on the American side, but the clergy as a body were faithful to their oath of allegiance to the Crown, and nothing in their lives became them more than their fidelity. To pretend that the Episcopal Church, as such, took a conspicuous and honorable part in "constituting the nation" is, to speak plainly, ridiculous.

Equally ridiculous is the claim of splendid service rendered to the "maintenance and reunion" of the nation in the civil war. This claim is briefly argued in chapter xii., and the specifications urged in justification of it are (1) that "after a long and brilliant debate" in the Convention of 1862, "a series of resolutions was adopted susceptible of a favorable interpretation on either side of the house"—in Dante's phrase, "neither for God nor for his enemies." (2) "The efforts of the majority were directed to prevent, so far as possible, anything being said or done to hinder a spontaneous reunion of the Church," an anchor to windward more suggestive of self-interest than of patriotic devotion. (3) At the Convention of 1865 ("The God of peace and love Himself presided there"), "when the Southern bishops asked to be excused from attending the service of thanksgiving, the Convention

agreed to strike out from the report of the joint committee words to which they had objected, and which some thought had political bearing"—naturally, as they expressed gratitude for the destruction of slavery. On this subject Dr. Coleman's book is as silent as the General Convention. The reader not otherwise informed would not imagine that the civil war had anything to do with slavery, or that there was any such social institution implicated in our national life.

In chapter xxii. the rapid growth of the Episcopal Church is urged as another reason why its claim to be the American Church should be allowed. But if numerical preponderance is to decide, it will be long before the Episcopalian overhauls the Methodists and Baptists, and when they do so, their church will be as far from being national as it is now, seeing that a national church is one which is formally united with the State, and this is something which no church in the United States will ever be.

Apart from its particular absurdity, Dr. Coleman's book has the disadvantage of being extremely dull—a chronicle of desiccated facts from which all of that moisture which is called humor has been pressed out, and, as far as possible, all human interest. Those who have read Dr. S. D. McConnell's "History of the American Episcopal Church" will have no occasion to read this, and, if they attempt it, they will wonder how the later writer could feel called to write so flatly and heavily what was already written so well and so delightfully. The endeavor to minimize all differences has resulted in a lack of definite impression, and a monochromatic wash obscuring all the natural color of events.

The American Congress: A History of National Legislation and Political Events (1774-1895). By Joseph West Moore. Harper & Brothers. 1895. Pp. xii, 581.

THIS rather bulky and rather showy volume is rather a good book, but it cannot honestly be called very good. It recalls the classic endorsement of Artemus Ward's labors addressed to those who liked that sort of literature. It may be that some persons want a new History of the United States, written as if by one who had lived at our successive seats of government ever since the first Continental Congress, becoming familiar with the members of Congress and other public men, and the successive customs of the halls of state, competent to give neat personal descriptions and concise biographies, abstracts of great debates, and analyses of stirring public questions. Some of this work, whether recasting old and familiar matter, or bringing into light what has been forgotten, is well done. But as it is a familiar remark that persons who live and move and have their being exclusively in Washington know very little of the real state of the country and public opinion, so this history, written from the point of view of the Capitol, shows no true proportion in its insertions and omissions. There are several long lists of prominent Representatives and Senators at different periods in Congressional history, but these are so chosen as to combine members belonging to different national generations, and to leave out many quite as important. For instance, Charles Francis Adams is named only as the arbitrator at Geneva, though in his short Congressional service he was very conspicuous, and his diplomatic services in England are never alluded to, though those of the Pinckneys and others under Adams and Jefferson are detailed. The election and succession of

Presidents is generally given, but Monroe's first election is passed over entirely, and likewise the succession of Fillmore by the death of Taylor. These are but a few instances of a general want of principle in selecting whom and what to commemorate.

In the same manner, while much of the book is scrupulously accurate, there are here and there very bad mistakes. As amusing a one as any is transferring Mr. Emerson's lines about the "embattled farmers" to the field of Lexington (p. 42); for which the author must be prepared to meet the shots of embattled Concord. Lyman Hall appeared as an independent delegate at Philadelphia from the Midway Parish before the Colony of Georgia made him her delegate (p. 51). Napoleon's Decrees are spoken of as if called out by the Orders in Council (p. 202); but the most offensive of these was in retaliation for the Berlin Decree. The British soldiers at Bladenburg are called "veterans of Waterloo," which was not fought till nearly ten months later (p. 208). The Holy Alliance was not formed till after the Bourbons were restored (p. 229). The signer of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was not Sir Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton), but his brother, Sir Henry (Lord Dalling) (p. 233). The President's power of removal was seriously contested in Jackson's time, thirty years before Johnson (p. 419). A different kind of carelessness is shown in calling the columns of the old Hall of Representatives variegated marble (p. 212). Among other delicacies of style may be pointed out a most gratuitous change of "and to prove it" as written by Washington, into "and to prove which" (p. 155). Also, "avonched" for "averred" (p. 258). Narciso Lopez (p. 351), and Conners (p. 428), are prominent misprints. The author has earnestly tried to betray no party leanings which might prevent his doing justice to all. But he cannot help calling the Mugwumps of 1884 "apostates" (p. 480).

The Source and Mode of Solar Energy throughout the Universe. By I. W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1895.

DR. HEYSINGER writes charmingly, and has made a better book than any mere crank could ever make. Nevertheless, we do not read far in it before we find he has not the knowledge his difficult problem requires. The following indiscriminating sentence, which we come upon at the beginning of the third page, is conclusive as to that:

"The authorities cited in this work include many illustrious names: Proctor, Tyndall, Helmholtz, Langley, Huggins, Newcomb, Young, Flammarion, Balfour Stewart, R. Kalley Miller, Herschel, Nichol, Lord Rosse, Urbanitzky, Crookes, Fraunhofer, Ball, and many others, all of whom are known throughout the world as among the master minds of science."

The theory is not perspicuously stated, but some features of it are plain enough. Dr. Heysinger, while not utterly rejecting the condensation theory of the sun's energy, thinks that there are only slight condensations and expansions of the sun. These answer the purpose of a fly-wheel or governor to keep the radiation uniform. He holds that the instrument for the collection of energy in the sun is an electrical instrument. The total amount of energy spent is only that absorbed by the planets, for the rest is put in bank—that is, the thermal radiation into vacuum space becomes converted into electrical energy. How does that portion which is spent get replenished?

We should suppose by the retardation of the orbital motions of the planets, since Dr. Heysinger argues, and with no small force, that they must be influence machines. But he seems to think influence machines work at the expense of the energy of the air, though everybody who has ever turned the handle of one is conscious of doing more work as the machine comes into action. However that may be, the electricity thus collected flows, says Dr. Heysinger, to the sun, and its energy is there converted into heat.

This conflicts at several points with opinions that are backed by pretty solid considerations. It supposes, for example, the planetary spaces to be filled with ordinary vapors. Why, under those circumstances, the sun does not withdraw the atmospheres from the planets, is a problem the author ought to have worked out before coming before the public. That the resistances, mechanical and electrical, would not be too great to be admitted, is not shown. The calm way in which aqueous vapor at the "temperature of the planetary spaces is talked of is startling. Its pressure might be something like that of Crookes's tubes—what are called "high vacua." In fact, the difficulties are multiform. At the same time, there is hardly room for doubt that electricity does play a part more or less important in the solar system, and speculations of the same complexion as Dr. Heysinger's, but more exactly reasoned, will be much heard of in the near future. The book is certainly not with-

The latest in the Buckram Series.

THE MASTER-KNOT AND ANOTHER STORY.

By CONOVER DUFE. Narrow 16mo. 75c.

"Whoever has written these two stories has a delicate touch and a keen insight. . . . Very cleverly told, indeed, and the uncertainty kept up to the very latest moment. . . . A precious little book, dealing with worldly people who can be unconventional and loyal, and consistently American."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

HENRY HOLT & CO., N. Y.

Yale Mixture.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

You won't know the luxury of Pipe-Smoking until you use Yale Mixture.

A two-oz. trial package, postpaid, for 25 cents.

MARBURG BROS.,

The American Tobacco Co., Successor,
Baltimore, Md.

GUILLERMO DOBLACHE'S "Picarillo" (natural, unsweetened, unfilled table sherry), bottled in Port St. Mary's, Spain, and shipped in cases of one dozen bottles each. For sale by PARK & TILFORD, New York, and all wine merchants. Send for price list.

FOR SALE—A COMPLETE FILE OF
the Nation. First six years bound. Price \$100.00.
Address H. W. S.,
Standard Office, Syracuse, N. Y.

out interest as suggestive of points some of which may be sustained.

The last chapter but one is occupied with a minute verbal examination of the Hebrew form of the Chaldean cosmogony.

In Stevenson's Samoa. By Marie Fraser. Macmillan & Co.

MANY more instructive and pretentious books of travel have been written than the little sketch called 'In Stevenson's Samoa,' but few so pleasing and unaffected. Miss Fraser happened to be among the last Europeans who saw Mr. Stevenson often and intimately, and this fortuitous circumstance may lead many to look at her book who will gladly read it through for other reasons. As a matter of fact, she touches the novelist lightly, rather avoiding the appearance of airing an acquaintance with a great man. What she does say about him is in the best possible taste, and confirms the impression that Mr. Stevenson's death is a greater loss to his friends even than to letters.

Miss Fraser has the happy knack of a clever, fresh girl who wants to tell people about what she saw in a strange and pleasant land, indulging in few reflections and not concerned to draw instructive inferences. She describes her search for a house at Apia; the house after it was found; the servants; the food and the manner of cooking it; her visitors, their manners and customs, or lack of it; the daily life

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

Religious Doubt.

Its Nature, Treatment, Causes, Difficulties, Consequences, and Dissolution. By the Rev. JOHN W. DIGGLE, M.A., Vicar of Mossley Hill, Hon. Canon of Liverpool. Crown 8vo, 383 pages, \$2.00.

The Life and Writings of Turgot,

Comptroller-General of France, 1774-1776. Edited for English Readers by W. WALKER STEPHENS. With Medallion Portrait in photogravure. 8vo, pp. xiv + 331, \$4.50.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in "The Meaning of History," says: "These two years, from 1774 to 1776, are at once the brightest and the saddest in the modern history of France."

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price by

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS.

15 East 16th Street, New York.

Why Not Spend Your Vacation

this summer or fall in
THE MOST HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE
REGION EAST OF THE ROCKIES?
Exquisitely illustrated, charmingly written little booklet just issued by the Passenger Department Chesapeake and Ohio Railway will tell you all about it. Mailed free upon application to
H. W. FOLLER, G. P. A., Washington, D. C.

of the people, and all the native foasts and functions that she happened to assist at. She enjoyed it all thoroughly, and makes us feel that no one is truly happy but the Samoan who squats in the sun, dressed in fresh-plucked flowers, smoking and gossiping all the year round.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Belley, U. J. *Der Praktische Deutsche.* Wm. R. Jenkins, \$1.
Berthelot, J. *Le Roman d'Éme.* Paris: Armand Colin & Co.
Campbell, W. W. *Mordred and Hildebrand: A Book of Tragedies.* Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.
Chilton's Marriage. *Hurst & Co.*
Clements, G. E. *The Road Rights and Liabilities of Woodmen.* Chicago: Callaghan & Co.
Deschamps, G. *La Vie et les Livres.* 2e série. Paris: Armand Colin & Co.
Dix, Gertrude. *The Girl from the Farm.* Boston: Roberts Bros., \$1.
Gates, L. E. *Selections from the Prose of Cardinal Newman.* Henry Holt & Co. 90 cents.
Jackson, F. G. *The Great Frozen Land: A Winter Journey across the Tundra and a Sojourn among the Samovids.* Macmillan. \$1.50.
King, Capt. Charles. *The Story of Fort Frayne.* F. Tennyson Neely.
Littell's Living Age. Vol. 205. April-June, 1895. Boston: Littell & Co.
Mull, Sir W. *Mahomet and Islam.* 3d ed. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.
Nixon, Dr. O. W. *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon.* Chicago: Star Publishing Co. \$1.75.
Ole Lauprune, L. *Ce qu'on va chercher à Rome.* Paris: Armand Colin & Co.
Rabbeo, Prof. U. *The American Commercial Policy: Three Essays.* 2d ed. Macmillan. \$3.25.
Samelson, Moses. *The Way out: Exemplified Philosophy.* The Irving Co.
Stuart, Esme. *Harum Scaram: The Story of a Wild Girl.* International News Co.
The Cathedrals of England and Wales. London: The Builder.
Weldner, Prof. R. F. *An Introduction to Dogmatic Theology.* Based on Luther. F. H. Revell Co. \$2.
Westworth, G. A. *A Mental Arithmetic.* Boston: Ginn & Co. 35 cents.
Winter, W. *Shadows of the Stage.* 3d series. Macmillan. 75 cents.

Copeland and Day,

69 Cornhill, Boston.

JUST PUBLISHED.

MEADOW GRASS.—A book of New England Stories. By ALICE BROWN. Cloth, octavo, \$1.50. Twenty-five copies on hand-made paper, \$3.00. Cover design by Louis Rhead.

"Miss Brown's reputation in the literary world is a steadily growing one, and has been confirmed by her recent strong stories in the January *Atlantic* and in the February *Century*."—*The Bookman*.

AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE. By CHRISTOPHER CRAIGIE. A Novel.

Octavo, \$1.25.

"A delightful little volume is 'An Old Man's Romance.' It has sufficient plot to make it interesting from the story standpoint, and its pretty bits of sentiment, of a healthy character, which runs all through the volume, will make it a welcome addition to the summer books."—*Boston Journal*.

Copeland and Day.

GOLDEN SCEPTRE.

PERFECTION FOR THE PIPE.

Send 40 cents for 4-oz. sample to

SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.