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and Juliet," by Mr. Stanley Philp. But this is not all. Living up to their motto, "Society is the happiness of life," ("Love's Labour Lost," act iv., scene 2), the enthusiastic members will also meet at eight o'clock on Friday evenings, to read the plays of Dekker and Lyly. The meetings are held at Toynbee Hall. Any Americans who may wish to join the society can communicate with the Honorary Secretary, Mr. James Ernest Baker, 22 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, London.

The Royal Geographical Society proposes to have a special meeting in London during its present session, in connection with the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Cape Route to India by Vasco da Gama in 1497.

The London *Daily Mail* continues to be a most successful venture in half-penny journalism. Its circulation has recently advanced by 50,000 a day, and now reaches 375,000. It is a bright little paper, and has made its way not only among humble folk, but among the well-to-do classes likewise.

Henceforth all women who wish to pursue their studies in the University of Göttingen must either show by satisfactory testimonials, or prove by an informal examination (a so-called *colloquium*), that they have the necessary preparation. The professors then make a report to the prorector, who gives his decision. Other German universities are adopting similar regulations, the object of which is to exclude those who are not fitted to enter with profit to themselves or with honor to the institution. These more rigid rules are a sign of progress, since they indicate a tendency to place women on the same footing as men in their relations to the university.

—We have often spoken of the usefulness of the fiction catalogues issued by the Boston Public Library, and their value is so widely recognized that it is perhaps unnecessary to comment on the announcement that a list of the novels added since 1893 (including many old books) has been published. There are, however, changes of taste in selection to be noted, as well as in methods of cataloguing and printing. As regards the last, we observe a serious deterioration in that, contrary to the almost universal practice, titles, authors, and explanatory words are all printed in the same type. Moreover, we find the cumbersome octavo page retained, though the Brookline experiment has proved the great superiority of the smaller form. Among the blunders which have caught our eye is entry of two books ascribed in the last edition to A. S. Hardy, under Shepherd, S.W. They were written by Mrs. Weitzel, the wife of the late assistant pastor of Plymouth Church. A similar error is putting the books of "Christian Reid" under Fisher instead of Tiernan. Marie Corelli is given the name of "Minnie Mackay," though she protested against being so honored in a letter to the press published in January, 1892. On the other hand, "Leslie Keith" (Miss Johnston) is accepted as a real name, while the two ladies who write as "E. D. Gerard" are entered under Gerard and an incorrect spelling of the name of one of them. Alexandre Dumas the elder and Alexandre Davy Dumas are given as distinct persons. But the oddest statement, considering the criticism which the location implies, is the classification of Gilmore's "Advance Guard of Western Civilization" as a novel. We notice, also, that many well-known works, though on the shelves, are inaccessible through the title-list. Among these are "Gil Blas," "Verdant Green," "Joseph Andrews," and "David Grieve."

—In noticing the successive volumes of the "Jesuit Relations" (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) we have so far neglected to comment upon the excellence of Mr. Thwaites's prefaces. It would be absurd to expect an index with each instalment; and until a general table of names and matters is furnished at the end of the work, this brief epitome of the narrative answers perfectly well. Volume ix. brings down Le Jeune's Relation of 1636 to the end of its first part, and covers the closing months of Champlain's life. We look to these letters for something more than a record of missionary progress; we look to them also for a description of the Indians; for notes of natural history, and for tidings of colonial growth. Heretofore we have confined attention pretty closely to what the Jesuits say of the natives and their conversion. The subject-matter of the present volume encourages us to turn towards those social aspects of Canadian life which are illustrated by the Relations. Le Jeune cannot be accused of concealing the real difficulties of the undertaking from his superior at home. He has already in the most graphic manner described the perversity of the savages and the extent of the language difficulty. But at heart he is hopeful, and when anything fortunate happens he makes the most of it. In this case his eighth chapter deals with "The Present State of New France on the Great River St. Lawrence." His first sentence is a *Te Deum*: "Il me semble qu'en contemplant le progrès des affaires de la Nouvelle France, je voy sortir une Aurore des profondeurs ténébreuses de la nuit, laquelle embellit de ses rayons dorez la surface de la terre, se change à la parfin en ce grand Océan de lumière que le Soleil apporte."

At first the country was a mere storehouse for the skins of dead animals. The subject of private title was unsettled in France; famine and the English equally molested the few colonists; in a word, "les Lys y mouraient en leur naissance." Now, however, the calamities of that time are forgotten in the midst of a mild and peaceful prosperity. Many settlers have come in, the soil along the river is fertile, and in most respects the conditions of life are easier about Quebec than in France. A few libertine spirits have made their appearance, but apparently none so drunken or blasphemous that a short time spent on the *chêralt* proved a futile corrective. Le Jeune is always enthusiastic over the St. Lawrence. One panegyric of Champlain and another of the beaver are among the striking passages of his report for this year.

—There has been much dispute about the authorship of the curious little Latin treatise called "A Question of the Water and of the Land," generally attributed to Dante. It upholds, with thoroughly medieval arguments, the proposition that "the earth is everywhere higher than the surface of the sea." It came to light only in 1508, when it was published in Venice, under Dante's name, by Moncetti, an Augustinian monk with some pretensions as a mathematician and astronomer. No manuscript of it is known to exist, and Moncetti, who took the liberty of correcting Dante's handiwork

diligenter et accurate, was a tricky flatterer, whose word has no value whatever. That the treatise was really written by Dante, however, is the ground taken by Charles Hamilton Bromby, who is the first to translate it into English (London: David Nutt); and his view is in accord with the trend of the latest opinion among scholars. Gaspari, in his "Italian Literature" (i., p. 522), says that "a forger of the sixteenth century who could so write in Dante's manner and with Dante's words," seems to him a great wonder. Still more recently Dr. Edward Moore, whose opinion in these matters has always great weight, has indicated, in his "Studies in Dante," a feeling that the manner of using Aristotle and other authorities in this little treatise is so similar to what we know to have been Dante's, as to raise a strong presumption in its favor. The work has therefore now more interest for Dante students than it had a generation ago, and it is a favorable time for a translation of it to appear. We cannot say that we think Mr. Bromby has made the most of his opportunity. To be really valuable, such a translation should have been accompanied by an abundant apparatus, at once expository, historical, and scientific. Mr. Bromby's attempts in these directions can hardly be called serious. The translation appears to be generally accurate enough, though it is in places intelligible only after references to the original (but this is a fault of how many translations!). All Dante's works, great and small, have now been printed in English versions, and we hope some publisher of a good translation of the "Divine Comedy" will undertake to collect them, and issue them in an edition uniform with that of the great poem.

—A work that for nearly a thousand years—say from A. D. 850 to 1750—enjoyed a popularity almost unparalleled, appears (who knows but for the last time?) in an English dress. It is "The Consolation of Philosophy of Boethius," translated into English prose and verse by H. R. James (London: Elliot Stock). It is on the whole a satisfactory piece of work, though the versification is hardly easy; and makes a pretty book, which anybody will like to put on his shelves. Mr. James mentions that before his there have been "nearly a dozen" English and Anglo-Saxon versions. This statement is probably based on an inspection of Watts and Lowndes, but we can enumerate more: First, King Alfred's; second, Chaucer's; third, that of John Waltonem, or Walton, 1525; fourth, Lydgate's, 1554; fifth, that of "George Colville, alias Coldewell," 1556; sixth, that of I. T., 1609; seventh, that of S. E. M., 1654; eighth, that of H. Coningsby, 1664; ninth, that of "A Lover of Truth and Virtue," 1674; tenth, Lord Preston's, 1695 (revised 1712); eleventh, Warburton's partial translation; twelfth, W. Causton's, 1730 (improved by Bellamy, 1768); thirteenth, that of the Rev. Philip Rildpath, 1735; fourteenth, R. Duncan's, 1783; fifteenth, that of J. S. Cardale, 1829 (from Alfred's paraphrase). In English no one version has gone through many editions. In French, that of Père René de Ceriziers, published in 1636, appeared in its twelfth edition in 1647, and was the leading one for very many years after that. The translation of Léon Colesse was also often reprinted. That of the dramatist J. de Mirandol received a prize from the Academy in 1861. In Italy the translation of the poet Varchi was printed every few years

from 1551 to 1798. In Spain that of Villegas, 1665, is highly extolled. Of versions earlier than Chaucer's, two, into High German and French, are of great linguistic importance. There was one into Hebrew, and a second into French by the author of the "Roman de la Rose." Leibniz abridged the work for his private edification. But even Leibniz evidently found the first two of the five books the best, the later ones being too much occupied with metaphysical-logical subtleties. By a noticeable coincidence, along with Mr. James's edition we receive from David Nutt, London, a sumptuous yet modestly tasteful reprint of our No. 5 above, viz., Colville's "The Boke of Boecius, called the Comforte of Philosophie, or Wysdome," but without "the Latin added to the mercurialis." The style is simpler than most of the Elizabethan of a generation later, and is pleasing. The metres are in prose; but the translator's marginal glosses afford some compensation. This elegant volume is the fifth of the "Tudor Library," and is edited by Ernest Belfort Bax. Two hundred and fifty copies of it have been printed at the Chiswick Press. Mr. Bax, in an introduction, seems to think that the Christian books attributed to Boethius may have been written by his son. They are, however, almost unquestionably earlier than the celebrated Boethius, and are probably by that Boethius whose wife was Elpis.

—Carlo Tivaroni has completed his critical history of the Italian Risorgimento by the publication of the second and third volumes of his "L'Italia degli Italiani" (Turin: Roux, Frassati & Co.). We noticed the leading characteristics of this work on the appearance of the first volume, and need only repeat here that it is indispensable for any one who wishes to have the latest material concerning the history of Italy's struggle for independence. Tivaroni preserves throughout a critical and sober spirit, and is able to deal with Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi without the prepossession which usually converts Italian writers into blind partisans of one of them and equally blind enemies of the others. Likewise, he has not allowed the epic qualities of that romantic struggle to divert his attention from its practical and often unideal details. He brings his story down to the entrance of the Italians into Rome in 1870, and then devotes 400 pages of his last volume to a series of monographs on the men of the Risorgimento, including some thirty of the leaders of second rank, besides Victor Emanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. We must again express regret that the usefulness of so valuable a work must be greatly restricted owing to its lack of proper indices, headlines, divisions into chapters, and other appurtenances of intelligent publications. Tivaroni belongs to the school of historians who affect to disdain putting their material in artistic form, and who abhor the quality of readability, as men of science abhor being "popular." It is indeed strange that conscience, which impels such men to spare no time or fatigue in collecting their material, deserts them when they come to present it. They forget that the moment they sit down to write, they place themselves within the sphere of literary laws which will not budge for all their claim of being impartial and scientific. Sig. Tivaroni carries his method out to the smallest details. Ignoring footnotes, he wedges into his text the titles of the books he refers to,

but usually fails to give the necessary volume and page. We have come upon one sentence thirty-three lines long (about 350 words), punctuated only by commas, and consisting of original and quoted descriptions of Cavour's personal appearance (iii., 413-14). For a writer to be content with so primitive and awkward a style is to throw away all the helps to perspicacity which the art of writing has invented. We fear, therefore, that, although Sig. Tivaroni's history is a real storehouse of information, it cannot be easily consulted, and will never be widely read; but students must perforce labor through it. It should be added that his "L'Italia degli Italiani," embracing the years 1849-70, completes his still more extended history, which goes back to the middle of the eighteenth century. The whole is the most important monument of historical erudition produced in Italy in our time.

RECENT BRITISH POETRY.

It is interesting to find Mrs. Browning, in her lately published letters (under date of October 1, 1844), defending the American poets from the charge of effeminacy, and pointing proudly in their vindication to the now forgotten Cornelius Mathews and his "Poems on Man." Even at that day, it seems, there was a demand for something "virile" and "masculine"; and the poets of fifty years ago, who created American literature and who knocked down slavery, were not considered to meet this demand. "Emerson," says Mr. J. J. Chapman, "undoubtedly sent ten thousand sons to the Civil War," and it would be difficult to tell how many more were sent by Whittier and Lowell, while a single such poem as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" educated a generation in courage; but it is not apparent that the poetry of the whole race of "masculine" poets, from Mathews to Whitman, ever furnished a recruit. Every real art-critic from Joubert to Ruskin has pointed out that the test of great works must be in combining delicacy with power: *Où il n'y a point de délicatesse, il n'y a point de littérature*. Those who fail to see this are like those foreigners who pass by the masterpieces of the world as brought together in the Salon Carré at the Louvre, and go into ecstasies over the row of bulky and florid Rubenses in the gallery just outside.

Mr. George Meredith is one of the poets habitually approved for the "masculine" quality. It is to his credit that he has banished from his "Selected Poems" (Scribners) the most exaggerated and fantastic. To get rid of large words and involutions is beyond him, but these are at least minimized, and the work stands at its best. His exquisite observation of nature is here, and his yearning after a high philosophy of life; yet the result is not adequate, for he has neither the joy of the poetist nor the placidity of the philosopher. Browning and Tennyson, each in his way, scored a triumph and attained to peace. Mr. Meredith does not attain it, but he at least points out the way towards it. We must accept science, must look facts in the face, must tolerate no lies; and this is as far as we can go; we must accept things as they are and talk no nonsense. If this seems insufficient in an age which has produced Emerson's "The Problem" and Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra," that is not Mr. Meredith's fault; he does what he can. In one thing only he has

equalled or even surpassed Browning, the continuous and absorbing movement of a narrative, and this in only one poem, doubtless his masterpiece, "The Nuptials of Attila." That this takes its movement and even its form out of Hodgkin's rhymed version of the Latin prose of Jorandez, is perhaps no more of a reproach than for Shakspeare to borrow the theme of "Hamlet" or Goethe the tradition of Faust; although it doubtless brought some shock to those who for the first time came upon the original. We have long since paid tribute to this fine poem, with the bold sweep of its opening—

"Flat as the eagle's eye
Earth hung under Attila."

As if to show that the strong can give forth sweetness, the author himself selects also the following example of the domestic muse (p. 61):

MARIAN.

I.
She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

II.
Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who rest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie,
Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

III.
Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden;
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

'Poems by the late John Lucas Tupper, selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti' (Longmans), form the memorial of a young poet and artist who was a member of the once-famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. His poems, such as they are, do not now carry the weight which they perhaps bore to the readers of the *Germ*, but the following wild, imaginative picture (p. 15) is worth giving, as having been extremely admired by Dante Rossetti, who declared that if Poe had written the poem it would have enjoyed world-wide celebrity. It seems curious, however, that Rossetti did not miss Poe's music:

EDEN AFTER SIXTY CENTURIES.

There are rows of poplars
Down the garden walks;
There are cedars standing
On the dewy lawns;
They have walked many
Mornings of the Spring;
Many swallows fly there,
Many birds sing;
And now is Summer.

Here be great white lilies
Leaning down their stalks.
The roses, like lamps,
Standing on their stems,
Burning out their spirit
From morning unto even,
Are dying and born,
And all the perfume given
Is given to waste.

The flowers upon the trees
Are mixed with withered flowers,
And black shrivelled seeds
Of last year's growing.
There is no knowing
How long time ago—
If there were hours
And flowers did grow—
A hand took the flowers.