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been, or could be, foisted upon it in the translation." To this declaration, the only reply lies in a cordial assurance of thankfulness that no such attempt was made. Of "literary quality," in the narrowest academic sense of the word, Saint-Simon has indeed none whatever; and it is precisely the absence of such quality that singles out his work in his artificial age, and places it permanently among the great books of all time. In short, the Memoirs of Saint-Simon may be taken as the most brilliant verification of the paradox, "La perfection du style c'est de n'en point avoir."

My Inner Life. By John Beattie Crozier. Longmans. 1898. 8vo, pp. 562.

What paralysis of speech prevented Mr. Crozier from affixing to his book the most attractive of all labels, that of Autobiography—when that is just what it is, neither more nor less—instead of a title both unappetizing, and inaccurate, we cannot tell. He withholds nothing of his outward life about which the reader could feel any curiosity, but only his love affairs, his struggles for moral improvement, his temptations. Much of the volume is non-autobiographical, consisting of reflections upon Carlyle, Emerson, Lord Randolph Churchill, Herbert Spencer, Macaulay, Kant, Washington Irving, Hegel, and many other prosaists. These comments are not sensationally novel; and Mr. Crozier's appraisals of literature are more sure than his appraisals of philosophy. When he speaks of metaphysicians, he is apt to be sketchy, not to say superficial. Still, what he says is in the main judicious and ably expressed. His pen is flexible and adapts itself to more than one style, which is always lively, fresh, musical, and as lucid as his thought allows. It is capable of rising to genuine eloquence. His genus is that of philosophical prose poets; but he lacks the earnestness required to rival Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, or Henry James the elder, each of whom was in the clutch of a great idea and struck with its superhuman force. He has only his own power of thought, which may be rated as superior, but not as great nor even profound. Both at once and at different periods of his life we find him laying stress upon an assortment of ideas that have no intimate bond of union, and are not all very thoroughly worked out into the light. The Upper Canadian estimations of his youth, his half-course at Toronto, his phrenological beginning, continue to show their tint through all the reading that has overlaid them. Perhaps that reading has been too large and weighty for its foundations.

None of the book is dull; some of it is richly amusing; every part of it is instructive either for its reflections or as a "human document"; while the reader is swept forward as in a novel upon his sympathy with the hero. The book has some faint perfume of 'David Copperfield,' without being, by many leagues, as good or as bad. More than in any writing where thorough acquaintance with the matter can be attained only with great labor, in autobiography the prime need is intense interest on the author's part in his subject; and that interest the autobiographer is pretty sure to be possessed of, or he would not have undertaken an exhibition from which another would shrink. The native delicacy that literature generally demands must in him have been largely obliterated before he could bring himself to make public in their minutiæ, as he will have to do if he aims at greatness in this line, the varying states of his spiritual and intellectual being and bowels. Our author, however, we are glad to find, does not aspire to pose "in the altogether" nor aim at an anatomical demonstration, whatever his ungraceful title might suggest.

Every book is supposed to do the reader some service. There are, of course, celebrated autobiographies that really do little more than entertain us; but the pretence always is to illustrate the conduct of life either by the author's extraordinary successes or, much more usefully, by mistakes which the result makes manifest enough and which the reader is virtually invited to study. Perhaps one of those of this autobiographer has been that he has led too isolated a life. He would seem never to have entirely corrected the faulty appreciations of a semi-education by constant intercourse on many sides with the world's splendid men, so as to study their methods. He has never been drawn into one of those useful and respectable associations which, when they were bearing their best fruit, received (in 1837) the nickname of mutual-admiration societies. Yet he has not burned to lay his comfort and consideration upon the altar of any idea. A writer who is equally indisposed to the one and the other of these courses would certainly seem to have one of the qualifications of an autobiographer.

Our author, in that first happy stage of development when man swims about freely and can look out for a snug hole in which to ensconce himself for life, chose to make himself a local medical practitioner in a growing quarter of London, which answered the purpose of giving him time for that great work on Development, with too typical a title, which he has always been writing. But modern methods of business, so fatal to the small and isolated, invaded his profession, and have hurried him into making friends with the public by the present publication, being already known to them by his 'Civilization and Progress.' A friend he will find in every reader.

Mezzotints in Music. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 318.

Mr. James Huneker has long been known as a brilliant writer for the press on musical topics, but he never took the trouble to gather his articles into book form. At last his friends induced him to make an effort in this direction, and the result is one of the most readable and at the same time most useful books on music ever issued in this country. Mr. Huneker is an indefatigable reader of musical literature, yet his book reflects chiefly his own experience, in studio and concert-hall, and his marvellous command of language and wide general knowledge enable him to present even technical matters in a way to interest the general reader. His book includes chapters on Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Richard Strauss and Nietzsche, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner, and an elaborate disquisition on *études* for the pianoforte.

The opening chapter is, somewhat unfortunately, headed "The Music of the Future." Fancying that it must be about Wagner, the Brahmsites will be likely to ignore it scornfully; while the Wagnerites, finding that it is about Brahms, will be apt to pass on to the next chapter in their resentment at such an abuse of language. The impulse to do so should, however, be resisted. Mr. Huneker is a sincere admirer of the Hamburg composer, and he speaks from a fulness of knowledge which few writers on music possess. He has all of Brahms's works in his memory, and his description and characterization of them are of value even if one cannot agree with the high estimate he places on them. It may be cheerfully conceded that Brahms is "the greatest variationist of his times," but it may be permitted to add that variation is an indication of the infancy of art—a kind of *Spielerei*, comparable to the effort, in literature, to express the same idea in as many different ways as possible. No poet has ever condescended to such trifling, yet musicians do it constantly. But when Mr. Huneker says that Brahms "has appropriated the Magyar spirit with infinitely more success than Liszt," he—well, it is impossible to think that he believes this himself. Liszt, born a Magyar, reared among gypsies, has introduced their fitful ornaments, together with the capricious Hungarian rhythms and tempi, into his music, in a way which absolutely reflects the lawless Magyar spirit; whereas Brahms is the very antipode of that spirit—a typical Teuton, heavy, lumbering, symmetrical, regular, pedantic, angular, ungraceful. It is true that Brahms first won fame through his Hungarian dances; but those were mere arrangements, not inventions; and even as arrangements they lack the exotic fragrance of Liszt's rhapsodies. These rhapsodies have been vulgarized and subjected to atrocious manipulations at the hands of conservatory pianists, but, when Paderewski plays them, we realize what wonderful groups of poetic folk-songs they are—musical epics that will be played long after Brahms is forgotten.

Mr. Huneker is not always consistent. On the first page he says that Brahms is "one whom Bülow justly ranked with Bach and Beethoven," yet on page 11 he declares that "Brahms is not knee-high to Bach or Beethoven." Indeed, when one gathers together all the concessions he makes about Brahms, one wonders that he has the courage to speak of his works as "the music of the future." While convinced that many of Chopin's compositions are immortal, he says, "I am not so sure that I could predict the same of the piano-music of Brahms." He admits the "muddiness and heaviness of the doubled basses of the piano music"; declares that "Brahms is not a great original melodist," that in his technics are included "the most trite patterns," that "the music of Brahms is often better than it sounds," and that the writer is "not a reckless Brahms worshipper." But his title is reckless.

Under the head of "A Modern Music Lord," Mr. Huneker gives a most interesting sketch of the life and works of Tchaikovsky, with fresh details garnered from foreign sources. The great Russian's courtship was certainly one of the most extraordinary on record—as eccentric and original as anything in his music. Our author fully appreciates the strong individuality of Tchaikovsky, his successful efforts to keep his skirts clear of Germany, and he justly remarks that, "despite his Western affiliation, there is always some Asiatic lurking in Tchaikovsky's scores." He dwells on this composer's predilection for the flute—Mr. Huneker calls it a weakness, but that is surely a wrong term. The flute is stupid as a solo instrument, but not in the orchestra, especially in groups, as, for instance, in the delightful "Nut-cracker Suite." Tchaikovsky's piano music is orchestral, and does not pay sufficient de-