

theory of the Fronde, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the political revolution of 1688. Among the myriad of interesting and important facts which fill M. Lacour-Gayet's pages, there is one which should receive especial mention as of great interest to English readers—the effect of Hobbes's philosophy upon contemporaneous French thought. So far as we are aware, this topic has not yet been treated, at least with any fulness, by any author using an English pen. In general, we have here the result of solid scholarship, based on documentary sources inaccessible, for the most part, to all except those who pursue their researches in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The work abounds in skillful analyses and appreciations of contemporary authorship; and the diligent student can no more afford to neglect it than to pass over a recent English publication of a somewhat similar nature, in part—Mr. Gooch's 'History of English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century.' We await with interest the appearance of the additional work promised by the author.

The Merchant Prince of Cornville: A Comedy. By Samuel Eberly Gross. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1899.

If originality consists in setting at defiance the elementary principles of any art, and in missing the purpose which a literary composition parades in its preface, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" must indisputably be given a high place among the most original of recent dramatic productions. Without some such assumption as this in the popular mind, the presence of the words "Fourth Edition" on the title-page remains an unsolved enigma. It is the avowed intention of the author "to present the poetic and ideal in dramatic contrast with the materialistic and commonplace spirit"; in the execution of which design a tender maiden, when on the point of being sacrificed to a capitalist by her recklessly speculating uncle, is saved by a lucky turn in the stock market which enables the guardian to restore the squandered dot, and the girl to cleave to her ideal. A Philistine would promptly conclude that the victory is really won by the ideal—plus money. Thus much for materialism. As an offset to the positive and vulgar reality represented by capital with science and letters in its pay in the shape of a professor and a journalist, a poet (Ideal) is introduced in order to prove that "the love of a high-minded and refined woman can be gained only by appealing to her poetic fancy and finer sensibilities." The heroine of the play is, in this respect, singularly easily satisfied, unless we assume that Ideal is keeping back the best of his poetical treasures, for what maiden under the blue skies was ever successfully wooed with anything resembling such pipings as these?

"Give me the wings of yonder lark,
Soaring into the perfumed dawn
Beyond the chimney's beckoning spark
That, blackening, strews the beaten lawn.

"For I, within this tree immured,
With fervent glance scan the ships
That sail and sail until, obscured,
The ivory fleet the ocean dips;

"While swarms of white-winged memories,
Like mistle-bearing doves, arise
From out the pure pellucid seas,
And float above these orchard skies."

Truly, the poet seems here to have taken his inspiration from Swift's "Love-song in the Modern Taste," or Macaulay's "Tears of

Sensibility." What conceivable *scquitar* can connect a rhymester's uncomfortable (but voluntary) concealment in a hollow tree, and his desire to soar skywards on the wings of the lark? And from the last stanza he who reads may run.

The announcement of a play as a comedy usually prepares its readers for at least a minimum of comic effect. Now, though we readily admit that the sense of humor varies in quantity and quality with age, place, sex, and occasion, the triumph of the pun, cheap or labored, has never yet been deemed among the worthier efforts of the playwright. But "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" fairly bristles with puns. "This tree hath no tell-tale bark, and I'll stay here" (p. 15). "Oh! put me in a pillory, but put no pill in me. . . . Cæsar was stabbed by the iron daggers of the conspirators, but I am slugged by an iron bolus from the hands of my friends. This is ironical. Alas! I am a pundit; for as a typical representative of the pun, e'en while the iron was in my heart I have doubly punn'd it" (p. 38). "To see a flea, you must flee the sea—unless perchance you may see a deep-sea flea, such as I have at the bottom of my basket" (p. 56). Here and there, the characters strive after somewhat deeper-seated mirth than this. Thus, positive science is ridiculed in the professorial explanation of laughter as resulting from "the juxtaposition of two incongruous yet contemporaneous images in the mind, simultaneous with contrasting and varying pressures upon the electrically charged nerves"; the modern merchant, masquerading as a knight-errant, describes his feelings as those of a "rooster in an iron nightgown"; and the duellists in a "word combat," characteristically invented by the journalist, pepper each other with such explosives as "impecunious porcupine" and "hypothesized buzzard."

But, as comedy often professes to utter opinions on the realities of life and conduct, an occasional aphorism is thrown in by way of showing how far wisdom and truth have progressed in Cornville: "Dreams do not end but oft begin at dawn" (p. 22). "A child that never ventured in the field may know a blossom when it sees it" (p. 28). "Man is like a reversed vegetable that has swallowed its roots and walked off on its branches" (p. 46). "Romance that is not perpetual, but goes by fits and starts, is not worth the reality it feeds upon" (p. 51).

" . . . While love is true,
Two doubles come, both blent in one, in love's
Bright mirror; but when falls the endearing bond
Of selfishness, the passions, then two natures
Rudely clash therein, and love sees double,
Like to an eye disordered" (p. 79).

It was from this play that the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was lately charged with having taken the suggestion for some of his most brilliant scenes.

Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers. With 400 illustrations. By F. J. Britten. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Horology is here secondary to the ornamentation of time-pieces, including mechanical marionettes and the like. The illustrations are interesting and may be useful. The general history of the art is a good compilation of no extraordinary accuracy. For example, we read, "The earth performs its revolution round the sun in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds. No account was

taken of the odd hours till the year B. C. 45." The time given is the tropical year, not the period of revolution of the earth. The second sentence should read: *Among the Romans no regular account was taken of the difference between the year and 365 days, etc.* It would be easy to give other examples.

One of the main features of the book is a list of some three thousand former clock and watch-makers, with brief notices of them. Here also faults abound. A brief cursory turning of the leaves has brought to notice the following: The Neguses of New York and the Bonds of Boston are overlooked. Jürgensen is uniformly printed without the umlaut; and the first watchmaker of the family, Jørgen, is omitted, as well as Julea Frederik and Jørgen Urban Frederik. Louis Urban is said to have been born in 1790, when (according to a right statement just above) his father was but fourteen years old. The true date is 1806. Heinrich Johannes Kessels, as eminent a clockmaker as Holland ever produced, is omitted. The celebrated Jobst Bürgi is entered thus: Bürgi, J. (De Bürgi or Burguls), Prague. The "Burguls" is evidently a corruption of the Latinized Byrgius. His much longer residence in Cassel is ignored. One of the familiar names of French horology is, in its place of entry, thrice printed Bréguet, though elsewhere correctly. The date of birth of the first Breguet is wrong, and the information about the last head of the private firm is very insufficient. That his nephew passes unnoticed is not a matter for complaint. Ferdinand Berthoud is said to have been born in 1745, instead of 1727, and Louis Berthoud is omitted. Jodin is called Jean, instead of Pierre, and a posthumous Paris reprint of his chief book is referred to where the Geneva original should have been cited. Both the dates attached to the name of Oronce Finé (printed Finé, by a common error) are wrong. Bourgeois, the maker, if not the inventor, of Vaucanson's duck, is not on the list, where we need hardly say that such names as Prasse and Steiner would be sought in vain. Of J. A. Lepante there is a nearly correct account, but no mention of his distinguished wife, brother, and two nephews. The authorship of the 'Mathematicæ Clavis' is attributed to Benjamin Oughtred, instead of to William, who was not a watchmaker. Sir G. B. Airy is said to have been appointed Astronomer Royal in 1855, when he had really occupied that post for nineteen years.

It is a pity the list should so swarm with faults; but they are almost insignificant compared with its positive merits. For London names, the records of the Clock-makers' Company have enabled Mr. Britten to make a close approach to completeness, although we are bound to note that we have met with one omission and one error in the account of an eminent family of London watchmakers. He seems to have diligently searched the London and Edinburgh Gazettes, and to have examined an incredible number of old time-pieces with unwearied assiduity. If the exercise of greater care to avoid errors would have had the effect of preventing the publication or even of greatly curtailing the list, we ought to be thankful for the carelessness, for facts substantially new are certainly more valuable than minute corrections of facts already collected, while one little correction will oftentimes involve an amount of labor that might, in a fresh field, have

been utilized for the collection of ten facts quite unknown. How much easier it is to learn that there is a sun in the heavens than to ascertain its precise diameter in seconds, and how much more important that easily acquired knowledge!

The Story of Rouen. By Theodore Andrea Cook. Illustrated by Helen M. James and Jane E. Cook. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

This book irresistibly recalls Ben Jonson's line, "In small proportions we just beauties see," a saying which applies to products of the press as well as to human lives. When travelling, we visit a hundred towns, and by residence in a few of them gain some touch of the *genius loci*. Then we leave them, and in the course of years our first delightful impressions become a recollection rather than an active pleasure. But now and then we meet with a sympathetic sketch or description which brings back to us the old charm in something like its freshness. Many are the towns whose streets and towers cry aloud for a genuine historian and find him not. Fortunately, Rouen is no longer one of these. The little volume before us, by the skillfulness of its composition and the beauty of its illustrations, no less than by its association with a striking subject, makes the past live once more in fair or sombre but always vivid forms.

Rouen at once suggests Normandy, and Normandy in turn suggests the eleventh century, when warriors went forth from the lower Seine to conquer the Sicilies on the one hand and England on the other. Knowing as we do the fondness of the Normans for erecting monumental buildings, we should expect, *a priori*, that they would have decorated their capital with castles and cathedrals like those which they built under the shadow of Monte Pellegrino and in the great Palatine earldom of the north. But the architectural paradox is that the minor towns of Normandy still possess finer examples of the Norman Romanesque than Rouen itself. In leaving the régime of John for that of Philip Augustus, Mr. Cook says: "From a short survey of the town alone, no one who had never seen Caen or Coutances would imagine that he was in the duchy which possessed a school of architecture that was developed into Notre Dame in the Île de France, and into Durham . . . in England."

And yet for its buildings Rouen stands in the forefront of European towns. Who has not heard of its cathedral and the glorious St. Ouen and the Rue de la Grosse Horloge? Not only does it abound with Gothic churches, but also with the houses and mansions of the Renaissance. Mr. Cook, whose interests are at least half architectural, traces affectionately the origin of every prominent building in Rouen down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. After that time he finds "so little of distinction and so much of average merit that my story languishes beneath a load of bricks and mortar." In the last clause the author does himself scant justice, for at no point can the story be said to languish. Where architecture is not the ruling motive, history comes to the rescue, for the annals of Rouen are set thick with pieces of rapid and crowded action.

Although we are unable to give a detail-

ed analysis of this beautiful volume, we must nevertheless reveal (so far as we can) the cause of its success in a few words. One element in the result may be brought out through the word of recognition which Mr. Cook pays to those veterans before him in the field, M. Floquet and M. Charles de Beaurepaire. "Both were scholars in the École des Chartes, the only school of accurate historical instruction in the world." Perhaps such a tribute is too terse for scrupulous accuracy, but it shows that Mr. Cook has proper standards, and when, immediately afterwards, he adds that his guides to "the principles of organized research" have been M. and Mme. Darmesteter, one can still further understand why his preliminary investigations have been so full. His style, too, is one of real literary merit, enriched by a wide range of reading, and alive with an attractive enthusiasm. Thirdly, we must mention the drawings of Mrs. Cook and Miss James, which have been reproduced in excellent illustrations. They recall the designs of M. Gaston Colindre for 'Mon Vieux Paris,' though they are, we should say, even more delicate than his.

From force of habit rather than any special sense of duty, we record one or two misprints, e. g., p. 40, the date 1108 for the assembly at Lillebonne, and p. 104, the date 1141 instead of 1143 for the death of Ordericus Vitalis. On p. 80, Robert of Bellesme occurs instead of Belesme, as Mr. Cook, in accordance with general usage, ordinarily writes. We conclude by applying to this admirable sketch of town history (for it is in no sense a guide-book) a maxim of Rouen itself. The arms of the town are a lamb bearing a banner and with one of its front feet raised. Hence has come the local proverb, "L'Agneau de la ville a toujours la patte levée," which means that the Normans are great travelers. This municipal device should have been stamped on the cover of the book to signify that it deserves a wide circulation.

The Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea. Written by Gomes Eannes de Azurara; now first done into English by C. R. Beazley and E. Prestage. Vol. II. With an Introduction. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1899. [No. C.] 8vo.

The Hakluyt Society's hundredth volume contains the concluding chapters, 41-97, of the translation of Azurara's 'Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea.' To the ordinary reader it is interesting, not so much for the information given as for the naïve way in which the chronicler describes deeds of purest savagery. Though Prince Henry's aim in sending out these expeditions was to found a commercial and colonial empire for Portugal, his captains were chiefly bent on getting plunder and slaves. Azurara, however, sees in them God's agents in rescuing souls perishing in heathenism. Each successful raid on some wretched African village is regarded as a cause for devout thankfulness, while of those who were so fortunate as to escape from their brutal assailants he says, in one instance, "Oh, if only among those who fled there had been some little understanding of higher things. Of a surety I believe that the same haste which they showed in flying, they would then have made in coming to where they might have saved their souls and

restored their affairs in this life." In his summary of the results of the voyages narrated by him, that on which he lays the chief stress is that 927 slaves have been brought to Portugal, of whom "the greater part were turned into the true path of salvation." The arrival of some of the caravels at the mouth of the Senegal, believed by the navigators of the fifteenth century to be one of the mouths of the Nile, is the occasion of some chapters full of curious lore in respect to this river.

The chronicle is rendered into excellent English. The notes are largely based on those of the Viscount Santarem. An introduction by Mr. Beazley is a scholarly account of Prince Henry's part in the exploration of the West African coast and of the maps and scientific geography up to and during his life. It sketches, besides, the history of Mohammedanism in Northern Africa and the status of that religion at the time of these voyages. The index would have been more useful had it contained references to all proper names, as Tider, Ergim, etc. There are reproductions of two interesting mediæval maps and a view of Prince Henry's statue at Belem.

Yale: Her Campus, Class-Rooms, and Athletics. By Lewis Sheldon Welch and Walter Camp. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1899.

Accepting the truth of the proverb that a little folly is relished occasionally by the wisest men, we may commend this book to Yale graduates. Every one knows the sentiment felt by students towards their college—a product of youthful enthusiasm, generous appreciation, venerable tradition, prevailing opinion, and subtle association. We know how deep it is and how shallow, and that its effusive display may be as sickening as its genuine outburst is exhilarating. We confess that we do not enjoy the high key in which this account of Yale is composed. To read page after page of strained laudation and glorification is wearisome to the most loyal graduate, if not to the more youthful student. It is well to be devoted to the alma mater, and at the proper time to express devotion; but to print a volume of this devotional matter is not in good taste.

Aside from form, the matter here presented is an epitome of college life. The customs, old and new; the follies, new only in their accidents; the local traditions and associations, are set forth here in interesting detail. There is a long account of the cultivation of athletics, with many columns of records of interclass and intercollegiate contests—figures as fascinating to many, no doubt, as they are repellent to others. There are chronologies of the different schools or colleges, tables of attendance, lists of donations, records of appointments and publications. Perhaps the most useful part of the book is that entitled "The Yale Class-Rooms," in which particular accounts are given of buildings and of the curricula therein pursued. Much information is here compacted, and some of it well prepared and arranged. In short, the book is a kind of encyclopædia of Yale, containing much that her sons will take delight in reading, omitting somewhat of matter worthy to be recorded, and suffering from the inevitable corpulency attending the encyclopædic habit. But the printers and binders have done their work well, and the blue and gold of the cover makes a brave showing.

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