

the author of the 'Confessions.' He simply confounds him with Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury. He is careless even in musical matters, where we might expect extreme carefulness. Thus, p. 101, we read that in triphony the "organum," or added melody, "was doubled in the octave above, being both a fifth below and a fifth above the canto *firmiter* [sic]." Every tyro in music knows that this would separate the added melodies, not by an octave, but by a ninth, which is a discord. On p. 112 we find the startling proposition that "when the lesser contains the greater, the above terms," i. e., the names for the quantitative ratio of two notes, prefix "the word Sub-." What the author means to say is that, when proportions like  $\frac{3}{2}$ , for example, are regarded inversely, the smaller number being taken as the numerator, the names are thus modified; but who would guess it from his language?

Owing to such carelessness on the author's part, we cannot feel sure, as to many other errors, whether they should be laid to him or to the proof-reader. We have seldom seen a book so full of misprints as this second edition "thoroughly revised." In a single piece of Greek, p. 23, we find seventeen mistakes in twenty-seven words. On p. 1, "Harmonic and Monodic" is printed "Homonic and Monadic"; on p. vi., "Mongal" stands for Mongol; p. 9, "Diodorus, Siculus and Athenæus" for "Diodorus Siculus and Athenæus"; p. 13, "Pythagorus" for "Pythagoras"; p. 38, "Cæsara" for "Cæsarea"; p. 39, "St. Marcelona" for "St. Marcellina" (sister of St. Ambrose); p. 39, note, "Vales in Socrates" for "Vales. (i. e., Valesius) in Socratem"; p. 53, "the 11th c." for "the 2d century." Elsewhere we have the bilingual combination, "San Isidore" for "St. Isidore," "San Isidro," or "Sant Isidoro." On p. 54, "Council of Quereq" means, probably, the Council of Quierzy, by confusion, perhaps, with the town of Quercy. Innocent, we believe, of any council. On p. 56, "Honorious" is for "Honorius"; p. 90, "Apezzio" for Arezzo; p. 100, "de Devina Natura" for "de Divina Natura"; p. 104, "Punctus, Contra-punctum," which is nonsense, for "Punctus contra punctum," or in better Latin, "punctum contra punctum." We omit several other serious mistakes which could not be explained briefly; but we must mention the amusing statement on p. 51, that Charles the Great "posted to Milan, and, seizing all the chant and hymn-books containing the Milanese song, made bonfires of them in the middle of the city. He also carried many with him across the Alps," etc.

In spite of all these faults and all this unaccountable carelessness, of which we have omitted as many instances as we have given, there are some chapters which will interest musical readers. We would especially mention chapter v., in which Mr. Hope discusses Pope Gregory I.'s claim as the compiler of the Gregorian Antiphonary, the chapter on Measurable Music, a very good one on mediæval notation, the one on the introduction of the organ, and the chapter in which the claims of Guido d'Arezzo are examined. But, even in these, the reader will do well not to accept any historical statement without express reference to original sources, and to remember that, even when passages are cited, it is almost always in translations which may be, like one from St. Augustine on p. 41, of questionable accuracy.

*Two Years in Palestine and Syria.* By Margaret Thomas. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

One wonders, sometimes, how it is possible for all the books that are written about Palestine to find a sale. That so many are published is, perhaps, the best evidence of the intense interest which people feel in everything pertaining to the Holy Land. The present work is written from the artistic standpoint, and does not lay claim to any special Biblical or archaeological knowledge. This largely disarms criticism when we are told, for example, that "the Jews brought a taste for tombs, excavated in the natural rock, from Egypt" (p. 117); but it does not pardon such numerous inaccuracies as appear throughout the book, like "Terah" for "Torah" (p. 45); "Adonal" for Jehovah or Yahveh as the unutterable sacred name of God (p. 46); "Ecco Homo" for "Ecce Homo" (p. 130); the statements that our word "hell" is derived from "gehenna" (p. 147)—that the Jordan flows from the north end of the Lake of Gennesaret (p. 201)—that the Dead Sea is "two thousand six hundred and three feet below the level of the Mediterranean" (p. 203)—that the rocks of the Judean wilderness are lava (p. 228), etc.

The book is scrappy and somewhat inconsequent. Apparently, the two years referred to in the title were spent in Jerusalem. The author is familiar with that city, and two-thirds of the book is a description of Jerusalem, its inhabitants, its ceremonies, and the most notable sights within and about it, as far south as Hebron and as far east as the Jordan. The last third of the book is the story of a hasty trip from Jerusalem northward by the ordinary route to Damascus, from Damascus to Baalbek and Beirut, and back to Jerusalem by the coast. There is, therefore, practically nothing of Syria outside of Palestine, and in so far the title is misleading.

The charm of the book, and it has very distinctly a charm of its own, lies, not in the information which it imparts with regard to history or topography or the like (for, as already stated, it does not profess to do that), but in the artistic appreciation of the scenery and the people. The descriptions are often charming. The author saw everything of consequence at and about Jerusalem, including all the great religious ceremonies and functions. More than that, she saw what very few people do see, wonderful sunsets, moonlit mountains and valleys, plains decked with flowers, and all the picturesque effects of a most picturesque country.

At times, however, the artistic element leads her astray. The Syrians are picturesque and the Jews are distinctly unpicturesque. Hence, apparently, her conclusions with reference to the two. The Syrians "are a handsome, strong, clean, and industrious race—upright and manly, well dressed and cared for, they tread their native land as if it belonged to them; while the mean and shifty Jews, idle and cunning, creep about in the streets of Judea as if they apologized for their existence, and dare scarcely call their gabardines their own" (p. 312). She evidently met with much bigotry and superstition among the Jews in Jerusalem, but we should like to know in what language she had "a long conversation with a Jew as to his religious ideas, a subject about which little seems

known" (p. 36), and who and what that Jew was. "Jews," he said, believed in transmigration. The soul of every Jew goes to hell for eleven months. Women have souls, but infinitely inferior to those possessed by men," etc., etc.

The book is beautifully illustrated with colored reproductions of paintings by the author, and the text is also illuminated by occasional facile verses from her pen. The print is large and broadly spaced, and the paper is soft to the eye. It is an attractive volume outwardly, and, in spite of its scrappiness and inconsequence and generally unscientific character, it is an agreeable book to read, and gives one a picture of the Holy Land and its inhabitants from a point of view not commonly presented. If not a work of permanent value, it nevertheless well repays the perusal of any who are interested either in Bible lands or in beautiful scenery.

*Le Mécanisme de la vie moderne.* Ilme Série. Par le Vicomte G. d'Avenel. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1900. 18mo, pp. 340.

If the first two volumes of this work are as good as the third, which we venture to doubt, it is well worth blinding and putting on one's shelves. This volume treats of the house, of alcohol and *liqueurs*, of heating, and of horse-races. It tells all about these things as they exist to-day in Paris. For example, under the head of the house, it fully informs us concerning the different building-stones, where they come from, what precisely each kind is used for, what various defects may lessen their value, how they are tested, how cellars are dug, how long it takes a man to get out a cubic metre of earth of different kinds, how fast the wheelbarrows move, what the volume of the earth is after it is taken out, how long it takes to shovel it into a cart, where the rubbish is carried, how the foundations are constructed; all the different trades of workers in stone, plaster, and wood; the processes of stone-cutting; the laying of stones, plaster, mortar, cement, "ciment armé"; how the workmen live, how they spend their money, what they lay up, how they bathe, how often they change their sheets; contractors, their methods, their overseers, their profits, the legal requirements relative to different kinds of walls, the different styles of plastering and its substitutes, the different trades of carpenters; roofs of tiles, slate, "zinc blanc"; the locks and hardware; the marbles, paint, wall-paper, window-glass, mirrors, bow-windows, elevators, bath-rooms, closets, the dissection of the space into rooms, and so forth, with surprising accuracy. The only errors we have detected are quite unimportant. In short, the general reader will rise from the perusal knowing infinitely more about the way things are done in Paris than in New York. At the same time he will be supplied with a classified treasury of French terms relative to the arts treated of, where they can be readily recovered when they are needed for use in writing French.

Nor must it be supposed that the account is dry and tedious, for it is anything but that. As the author proceeds, he everywhere compares the present state of the arts of life with those of previous centuries in a way that evinces not only industrious

study but real research. The whole is enlivened by many anecdotes and bits of history that are at once instructive, curious, and amusing. The French art of making a book was never more consummate. It is a mass of facts and statistics dressed up to make a charming "article-Paris." The author is of the opinion that it was not during the dark ages that dirt flourished most richly, but in *le grand siècle* of Louis XIV. We confess we can hardly believe he is right about this. However, he argues that, even in the later Middle Ages, the innumerable baguets still served their original purpose, while the palace of Versailles had 274 *chaises percées* and not a bath-tub. He tells how an aged lady under the Restoration, visiting a château impregnated with bad smells, which had already at that date become rare, but which in her youth were usual in the best houses, remarked, "Voilà une odeur qui me rappelle un bien beau temps et de bien doux souvenirs!"

Chapter xi., about the house, is so much the best that we suspect the earlier volumes are not comparable to the third. Chapter xii., on alcohol and liqueurs, is, however, also very entertaining and full of information, and chapter xiv., concerning horse-races, will interest a great many readers; for, as M. d'Avenel remarks, of all topics that supply fuel to fashionable conversation, this is the only one about which one can discourse at length without danger of being deemed either a muf or a pedant.

*The Future of the American Negro.* By Booker T. Washington. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1899.

"A single school-house," Mr. Washington tells us, "built this year in a town near Boston to shelter about three hundred pupils, cost more for building alone than is spent yearly for the education, including buildings, apparatus, teachers, for the whole colored school population of Alabama." In the State of Georgia, according to a recent report of the Commissioner of Education, there were 200,000 children who had entered no school during the current year, and 100,000 who were at school but a few days. In that State the average number of school-houses, outside of towns, was sixty to a county, and their aggregate value was less than two thousand dollars. In the Gulf States not more than one black man in twenty owns the land he cultivates. It is believed that the coming census will show a negro population of ten millions; and the future of these poor and ignorant masses well deserves the anxious consideration of the country. It concerns more closely the people of the Southern States, but it will affect the welfare of the whole Union.

What that future shall be, Mr. Washington earnestly contends, will be determined by the degree of education in the industrial arts which the negroes may receive. The ordinary curriculum of the public schools of the North he holds altogether unfitted for the Southern negroes. They have not reached such a stage of development as to enable them to assimilate abstract learning. On the other hand, they are capable of proficiency in dealing with the concrete. Under slavery they were trained by their masters to be masons and carpenters and blacksmiths. Under freedom this training ceased, and the skilled workmen left no successors. The negroes have been the prey of politi-

cians and of usurers. Without capital, and without the capacity to use it, they have enslaved themselves to those who would advance them money, and all that they earn, beyond the bare necessities of life, goes to their creditors. They need to be taught to desire to better their condition, to deny themselves present gratifications for the sake of the future, and to make use of modern knowledge and methods in agriculture and the mechanic arts. The institution with which Mr. Washington is connected furnishes the desired teaching, and its pupils become independent and prosperous citizens. The higher walks of life are not open to them; but in the ordinary pursuits they are capable of succeeding and of bringing to their race knowledge of the conditions of success.

The Tuskegee Institute is, happily, too well known to require any description here. It may be said to prove Mr. Washington's case, and the simple and touching plea which this book sets forth ought to bring rich results. A greater return in the promotion of human welfare than has been obtained by a very moderate expenditure at Tuskegee is scarcely conceivable. The negroes are, indeed, terribly handicapped; but a race that can produce men having the devotion and the administrative capacity of the author of this book has not a hopeless future. Yet the rapidity of its progress must depend largely on the generosity of the race which so long thought to profit by its degradation.

*The American in Holland: Sentimental Rambles in the Eleven Provinces of the Netherlands.* By William Elliot Griffis, L.H.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. Pp. viii+403.

The sentimental journeys of which Dr. Griffis's latest book is a record, number no less than five made at various times to the home-land of the Dutchman. The author's pilgrimages are preëminently historical. His eyes, to be sure, are never closed to the picturesque, which is so much in evidence in every part of Holland, or to what is characteristic in the life of the people, but his primrose (here a red Dutch tulip) is inevitably to him something "more" in the light of its historical background, and particularly as this light reflects upon America.

It is strange that nobody has thought of doing this before. It is true that almost every book on Holland contains, perforce, this or that reference to historical places and events connecting early conditions in America with what, to an extent that we have only just begun to realize, was a mother country. Dr. Griffis's book, however, does this systematically, and, though we may have known as facts the separate details, by their combination we are given the impression of a picture that as a whole we have never before seen.

The moving sentiment, then, in the author's mind is one of piety towards our own beginnings, and his pilgrimages are in very many instances to the places of their origin. He takes us to Haarlem, to Bloemendaal, and to Breukelen, whose namesakes have carried their old names without essential change into the maze of a Greater New York. In old Amsterdam we are shown the Pilgrim's quarters and the Brownists' alley. At Beverwijk we are reminded of the original Dutch name of Albany on the Hudson. At Franeker and Leeuwarden, in

Friesland, we are told how, at a later time, the streets resounded with patriotic songs celebrating American victory, when Paul Jones appeared with his prize, the *Serapis*, in the Texel and the Zuider Zee.

It is astonishing how many and how intimate are these points of contact that appear in the author's peregrinations; and though this is, after all, but a phase of the book, to our mind it is altogether its most valuable part. Holland, in spite of some still comparatively unknown nooks and corners, is a well-travelled land, and it is in the main difficult to retell a story that has so often been told already. There is much in the book, nevertheless, even along beaten tracks, that is both new and suggestive. Particularly timely are the last chapters, vividly describing the recent inauguration of Queen Wilhelmina, of which the author had the great good fortune to be an eyewitness.

The history of the book is much surer than its linguistics. In the description of Middelburg, for instance, the statement is made, apropos of the charter granted to the city in 1253 by William of Holland, which the author says is the oldest deed in the Dutch language, that "the Dutch language in literature is fully as old as that of England, for here is a document which is not in Anglo-Saxon or in Latin, but in pure Dutch," as if this document of 1253 could prove anything of the kind. Bearing also upon the history of the English language is the statement, not generally recognized by the books, that "It is from Old Frisian 'wyl' that our word 'wife' comes." In this connection the author himself speaks of "reveries and wool-gathering among the brambly paths of linguistics." Many of the etymologies, like that, for instance, of "William," or "gild-helm," on p. 133, are more daring than those of Archbishop Trench of blessed memory in his most imaginative moments; but a climax of statement is reached on p. 252, where the author says: "Dutch is the vernacular in four of the Belgian provinces, and the burgomaster of Antwerp speaks Platt-Deutsch—the language of Erasmus, Vondel, Rembrandt [*sic*], Bilderdijk, Boerhave, and Kuenen." It may be, of course, that the burgomaster of Antwerp has learned Platt-Deutsch as a foreign language, and thus is able to speak it, but to expatriate the rest by depriving them ruthlessly of their mother Dutch is surely not justified by the facts of the case; and the thought especially of Vondel's stately periods in Platt-Deutsch is not at all an edifying one. Linguistic, again, is the slip of the pen which calls the district about Arnhem, in Gelderland, "the Swiss Netherlands," when the Dutch themselves speak of it somewhat jocosely as "the Dutch Switzerland." This latter reminds us of a single corrigendum in a book published not many years ago: "For pithless stem read stemless pith." Of a somewhat different kind is the lapse involved in putting the Anna Paulowna street at The Hague between De Ruyter and Tromp, "like Una among the lions." If we do not stop this sort of thing—of attributing to American orators well-known lines of Milton, and of surrounding Una with lions when Spenser gave her but one—we shall ultimately be accused of not knowing our classics.

As a whole, the book is thoroughly good, and of the sort, moreover, be it said, which is above treaties and diplomatic agreements

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