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quenchable feeling for the absurd, his unsentimental pathos, his unexpectedness of device, his resilient manner.

The series of stories entitled 'The Girl and the Governor' are to politics what Van Bibber's stories are to slumming; which is to say that they are ingenious, entertaining, sentimental under the guise of scorn of sentiment, highly imaginative under the guise of a stenographic accuracy. The tricks of low politicians are shown under an electric glare; those of the exalted ones under rosy wax-candle light—and he who reads may choose. But why did Mrs. Holland, in her reformatory zeal to separate two lovers, so arrange her dinner-table as to have four guests on one side and two on the other?

'The Expatriates' is a study in black and white, where black stands for France and white for America. The cowards who disgraced themselves at the Bazar de la Charité; the poltroons who saved themselves alone on the *Bourgogne*, the anti-Dreyfusards, are taken as representative France, and the private villanies of all the men, women, and girls of Paris are in keeping with these public depravities. As the American heroine says to some abominable young Parisian girls, "You make my heart ache with the utter decadence of your point of view." Into this abandoned Paris come whooping a party of Chicagoans and Nevadans with Southern blood in their veins, pure of heart, and slangy of speech, who, to their undoing, penetrate the Faubourg St. Germain, but eventually return to America, paterfamilias declaring that the "honest rascality of American business methods that I've fought all my life is like the teaching of the Bible compared to the slipperiness of the French." His experiences in Paris, we are bound to add, quite justified the remark. The few and only American sinners reform or die in triumphant repentance. The heroine is one of those girls of whom the woods of fiction are full, who have the world, from diplomats to gamins, not only at their feet, but also in the hollow of their hand. We have always found it hard to reconcile the popularity of these girls, their indispensability, even, to Providence, with their feeling that nobody loves them—bushels of roses, but no real affection. However, as they persist in fiction, either they are real or they will become so. Rose Hollenden saves the lives of cats and horses, and the souls of men and women. She reads Spanish war bulletins aloud to howling crowds in the streets of Paris; she demands and obtains a salute to the American flag from diplomats, Spanish and otherwise, at an official function, making brave men shiver at her daring. She can ride and drive unmanageable horses even when her French groom deserts her in danger. She understands machinery and first aid to the wounded; she can cook hard-tack in thirty ways, and she can wheedle President McKinley into giving her a paper signed, "but fortunately not addressed to any one," which asks the military authorities to give the bearer in the President's name "anything she wishes." (*Fi, donc, M. le Président!*" was that strictly professional?) Her patriotism as described by herself "goes from ancestry back to atavism, and from atavism to protoplasm, and from protoplasm to the cube root of infinity." Her lover has no saving a talent as herself. He saves [illegible] accused horse-thief in Arizona and a score or so of lives at the Charity Bazaar. He is always at the elbow of the heroine in distress, or in a tutelary call behind her. He avenges an insult offered her, by a duel in which, with the unerring aim of fiction, he shoots away the offending Frenchman's pet vanity—sundry fingers of his beautiful hands—and crowns the feat by telling without looking just the joints where the bullets went in and out. Hero and heroine united should make a strong partnership as a life-saving station with a sub-tendency to scratch, bite, and mutilate their adversaries. From this foot infer the Hercules. It remains, however, to say that among much pinchbeckery of patriotism there are some sensible suggestions as to Paris considered as a home for Americans, and some utterances of a sage, sound and true country-love, notably in the hero's declaration of faith, where he seems to realize that, as Lowell says, "our healing is . . . not in monarchies, or aristocracies or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity."

In 'A Woman of Yesterday' may be found a protracted and sombre, but catholic and not uninteresting study of the New England conscience and its theological calendar. It rises in strictest Calvinism, brightens into broader orthodoxy, beams in a pure and altruistic Socialism, and sets in self-immolation and Indian missions. The heroine, the mortal frame in which this conscience is enshrined, is ably drawn; her humanness and her scruples sitting on her so consistently as to make her completely alive, spite of her story-book saintliness. The Evangelist is more factitious in his imposing magnetism, but several of the minor characters are admirably real, as, the little lady preacher "stepping out into the fulness" and on the jauntiest possible terms with Providence.

The two small volumes of Southern sketches, done by different hands, but twins in their pretty outward garb, form a thoroughly pleasing addition to our national picture-gallery. The woman's art is that of the skilled photographer, choosing artistically and reproducing faithfully, rather than originating combinations. The man's is more dramatic in grouping and composition. In these the reader finds stories on a Southern background; in those, the South itself is the thing, the story an accessory. Both are excellently made in their differing ways; and both, in their fidelity to life, language, and landscape, furnish agreeable easychair journeys.

'The Girl at the Halfway House' is a useful contribution to the history of our Western frontier, written from a somewhat unusual point of view. While the dismal and the dreadful receive full justice, there is, furthermore, recognition of the pioneer's gloying in the "perfervid time" of the "frank barbarity of the cattle days"—an "unorganized day of waste and riotousness," a day with a fascination for "every virile, daring nature." When Ellisville becomes respectable and sinks back into the interior, the hero feels a wild yearning to follow the frontier till the West shall "sink into the sea, and even then to follow until he come to some Fortunate Islands, where such glorious days should die no more." It is the tale, not only of striving and suffering and starving and killing, but of that enthusiastic feeling for primitive savagery that we know is at the back of every man's brain. A chapter on the "Christmas of the Great Cold" contains one of the most striking pictures in a book which affords many. Their effectiveness, to be sure, is not infrequently hindered by a style which suggests the sunny South rather than the cowboy's West. Mary Ellen "stood as natural and as beautiful, as fit and seemly, as the antelope upon the hill; as well poised and sure her head as high and free, her hold upon life apparently as confident." And Ned Franklin "could not understand the sickening thought that he did not arrive, that his assertion did not convince, that his desire did not impinge."

The Individual: A Study of Life and Death. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. D. Appleton & Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. 351.

Thinkers of to-day, as compared with those of thirty years ago, are much more disposed to look at matters in a spiritualistic light, and considerably less opposed to the acceptance of personal immortality, and are anxious to have the question further sifted. So that, when a naturalist of such standing as Professor Shaler, a pupil of Louis Agassiz, too—a warrant that he must have examined sympathetically into the idealizing aspects of the question—produces a book about individual life and death, he may be sure of being read attentively. The book is interesting throughout. Many of its multitude of suggestive ideas light up this thing or that by the side of the road enchantingly. The reader will rise from his perusal feeling that he knows more of human nature than he did when he sat down, and that, too, of an encouraging and warming kind. Vileness will not seem to him so rife as it had seemed. But if one expects to find the question handled with the grasp of a master, he will be disappointed. At critical points it is almost timid, as if the author's scientific reputation had to be considered, or, may be, some responsibility connected with Harvard University. At any rate, we do not seem to have been brought one inch nearer to an opinion about personal immortality. The style and accuracy of statement can best be judged by a specimen:

"A man does not derive the muscular strength he may use in battle from the fight; he has probably gained it in some kind of profitable labor. His courage, his obedience, his endurance in the trials of a campaign are not bred in it; they are the product of his whole life, and that of his ancestors, who gave him his nature and nurture. Men must have in them all the qualities that go to make the soldier before they approach the business of war. All that discipline does is to give a certain mechanical readiness for duty; it makes practically nothing of the soldierly quality.

"Those who doubt the statements just made should look over the history of European states. They would see that the most soldierly people of that continent are the Swiss, who for a hundred years have hardly felt the touch of war. Yet judges of what makes the fighting man, feel that at any moment they would give an admirable account of themselves. Their martial nature, born of national independence and hard, patient labor, with a simple military training to give it embodiment, is enough to deter the greedy folk about them from disturbing their repose. Just beside Switzerland, that has bred its soldiers in enduring peace, we see the French, a folk of endless warring, where hardly a generation in a thousand years but has known campaigns.

We hear from them the martial note in their worship of arms and the glory that arms may win; in their trust to the test of battle for the decision of all-important personal and national matters. Surely, if a people gain in the higher qualities by the uses of war, we should find the profit here; for rarely if ever before in the history of man has there been so admirable a chance for this schooling to do its work. What do we find as the result of this age-long process of developing the higher virtues: courage; high-mindedness, patriotic self-devotion, the things for which we pay with the lives of our best youth?"

If a touch of exaggeration can be detected here and there in this passage, it is no more than a just sampling of the book would yield.

Professor Shaler ought, to be thoroughly acquainted with the present state of chemistry, physics, and dynamics, in their general and geological aspects, but he does not seem to aim at particularly precise statements about these matters. Thus, he tells us, p. 11, that "the worst stumbling-block in our endeavor to found our theory of the universe on the supposition that it is throughout an expression of energy," is action at a distance; while, in fact, it was from action at a distance that the conception of energy was derived, and there it is most readily applied. On p. 14 we are told that "from the point of view of our present inquiry, the characteristic feature of the ether is that it is undifferentiated." By this he seems to mean that it does not consist of atoms; but it has been generally supposed to do so, and with some reason. Indeed, the question whether it is not a chemical substance is on the tapis. On p. 9 gravitation is called a mode of energy, and is said to be proportional to the number of atoms there may be in any aggregate, and inversely proportional to the distance. It is rather proportional to the sum of the atomic masses—that is, to the total mass acting upon the particle considered—than to the number of atoms. As the word gravitation is used by astronomers, it is an acceleration, not a mode of energy. The energy of gravitation is greater the greater the distance of the pair of gravitating masses. Would not this be understood to be denied in saying that it is "inversely proportional to the distance"? On p. 2 we are told that atoms are commonly held to be permanent units, which hardly represents the present prevalent opinion of astro-chemists and chemical physicists. On p. 75 the fact that the sum of the energy is constant seems to be given as a reason for not admitting that an atom is a centre of energy. We will not criticise this, because we do not know that we can extract any meaning from it. There are many [illegible] equally little calculated to [illegible] physicist with the author's soul.

But it is in the biological [illegible] more the human parts of this work than the expression becomes clear and the observations interesting. It gives the reflections of a geologist and naturalist approaching old age upon human life and death—not at all, however, those of a typical geologist and naturalist, but one of marked peculiarities; a sharp observer, who has evidently always been much interested in individual men and women, and in special cases, generally. No doubt, the author seems to himself to have put forward a philosophical theory of the individual, or, at least, contributions towards such a theory. But we will not attempt to give a more exact account of a book whose chief interest lies in its details. Anybody will find it agreeable and readable.

The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama. Three Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By W. L. Courtney. New York: Brentano's. 1900.

In his preface to these lectures Mr. A. W. Pinero, who was present when they were delivered, describes in slightly florid language their effect on himself as one of the audience. If it be agreeable to listen to a highly colored tribute to one's powers, Mr. Pinero, at any rate, must have enjoyed the last lecture of the series, in which he figures as the hope of modern drama.

With Greek tragedy for a theme, Mr. Courtney is not likely to go far astray, and his first lecture is a clear and, of course, purely popular account of the Greek conception of that duel between an external fate and the individual will which is the prevailing idea of the Greek drama. "Necessity without, liberty within," is Mr. Courtney's phrase. That is, of course, the obvious view current since Schlegel, but it would be incomplete without the recognition of the truly moralist tendency in Greek drama. For the Greek, Nemesis the "Apportioner" was always at hand to punish insolence and to teach men to regard a due proportion. The Greek myths were regularly interpreted in the light of this retributive justice, and the plays of Aeschylus, especially, are a monument to Nemesis. "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport," cries Gloucester. The Greek did not admit this conception of a wantonly malicious deity.

In modern drama, from Shakspere to Ibsen, individual character is destiny. "None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of Fate. If Judas go forth to-night, it is towards Judas his steps will tend." Maeterlinck's fine saying goes back through Omar and Marcus Aurelius to the weeping philosopher Heracleitus, as Mr. Courtney might have pointed out. What is modern is the particular application of the idea to tragedy. For the main difference between an ancient and a modern tragedy is that in the former we see the *results* of the workings of a personality, in the latter the whole process is laid bare. Mr. Courtney's illustration of his saying that Shakspere "adapted the Gothic spirit to dramatic literature" is of more value to the student of literature than his somewhat trite remarks on the long-standing quarrel between philosophy and poetry and on the obvious weaknesses of Aristotle's definition of Tragedy. Shakspere's was a drama of individuals; he "put the social organism on one side." This, Mr. Courtney points out, would be impossible for a dramatist who, like Ibsen, has envisaged the modern science of sociology and all the problems that it has raised. Mr. Courtney cannot forgive Maeterlinck for "depressing the sense of human vitality and so sinning against humanity. . . . The artist must believe in his work as a free and joyous form of activity, not assuredly as a mere anæsthetic, an anodyne, a mode of sending to sleep a ceaseless grumble of indignation and despair."

Mr. Courtney does not bring precisely this charge against Ibsen, but he does not find him sympathetic. He laments in him the absence of the serene artistic temper, his frequent incoherence, but above all the provincial setting of his plays. At this point, whatever may be one's own estimate of Ibsen, one cannot but dissent from that of Mr. Courtney. In the course of a lengthy attack on the Norwegian drama, he declares that "some regal splendor should belong to those whose ruin is depicted. . . . Some world catastrophe or cosmic ruin should be suggested." The "Enemy of the People" is therefore censured for not having the grand manner of the "Prometheus." When some one protested to Ibsen that there are sound as well as diseased potatoes, he replied, "I am afraid none of the sound potatoes have come under my observation." This despair of humanity is shocking to Mr. Courtney, and that is well enough if he had stopped there. But he goes on to hold up Mr. Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as "a true tragedy in form, management, and style." It seems, then, that to suit Mr. Courtney's notion of sublime tragedy "in purple pall," we need only to transfer our diseased potatoes to London bachelor quarters and the drawing-room of a country house. We are not unfair to Mr. Courtney. He tells us in so many words that we must not look for tragedy in an unfashionable locality, that, in fact, it cannot find a place in South Hampstead, but flourishes in Carlton House Terrace. After this astonishing piece of cockney criticism, his citation of a passage in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as truly classical and better than anything in Dumas *fils* does not surprise us. We now see the real drift of Mr. Pinero's remark in the preface, that he "feels grateful, when he thinks of Ibsen drinking his daily mug of beer in the Grand Hotel at Christiania, that the tragic idea developed in a larger atmosphere than the smoking-room of a Norwegian hotel." Mr. Pinero's own "masterpiece," Mr. Courtney gives us to understand, has the true tragic atmosphere and surroundings necessary to a picture of cosmic ruin. And so, as we began with Aeschylus, we end with Mr. Pinero, and in the existence of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" we are advised to base any optimism we may share with Mr. Courtney for the future of the drama. This is a most disappointing anti-climax to an interesting series of lectures.

On page 11 Mr. Courtney hashes a line from Wordsworth which we should have thought it impossible to misquote. On page 15 he assumes the existence of a stage for the Athenian drama.

The Temperance Problem and Social Reform. By Joseph Rountree and Arthur Sherwell. Seventh edition. New York: Truslove, Hanson & Comba. 1900.

This bulky volume appears to have pleased the English public, since no less than six editions were called for within as many months. It is practically an encyclopædia of the lore concerning the regulation of the traffic in intoxicating drink by Government. In this edition considerable space is given to the experience of a number of the States of our Union. One of the authors visited this country for the purpose of examining our systems, and reports on the working of local option in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Canada; on high license in New York, the dispensary system in South Carolina, and prohibition in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. As to prohibition, it is impossible to resist the conclusion of these authors, that it does not exist—except in the statute-book—in the urban centres of the States where it is nominally maintained.