

French Lorraine, and the *pré salé* of Normandy and Brittany to the wild mountain mutton of Asia Minor; who holds that the sweet breath of the lettuce ought to be contaminated with that of onions, instead of being wafted to the empyrean on the cherub wings of garlic; who praises what is coarsest and indigestiblest in the "American cuisine," and overlooks the many delicacies that abound on humble tables scattered through our remote districts—from such a writer we can content ourselves with receiving but a meagre nosegay of his gastronomic decisions. His erudition, on the other hand, is boundless, or bounded only where print is bounded; and some of his chapters must perforce have resulted from his own researches, since there are no secondary authorities from whom they could have been drawn. He need not fear that any reader can fail to appreciate the range of his acquaintance with the books. In giving passages from Dionysius of Sinope, from Cratinus the Younger, from Philemon, from Hegesippus (whom he calls *Hegesander*), from Artemidorus Aristophanous (whom he calls *Artemidor*), and from other such, there was no occasion for assuming an air of having searched their writings through, since the learned and the simple will otherwise be sufficiently impressed with the author's industry, while everybody particularly interested in gastronomy will know perfectly well what the single source of all those fragments is.

The work is one of real value; but if we are asked whether or not it is accurate, we shall be reminded of a question and answer once overheard in a Nahant barge: "Is Asy's wife plous?" "Well, she's *piscopal-plous*." So of this book, we may say that it has an after-dinner accuracy. Brillat-Savarin is referred to throughout as "Savarin," and in one place it is formally stated that the name was Brillat de Savarin. Now, while we make no pretension to private information, and while we are quite aware that persons who wished to speak flatteringly of him used, sometimes to call him M. de Savarin, just as one might call Fouquier-Tinville M. de Tinville, if that could conciliate him ("Hé, bon jour, M. de Corbeau"), yet we believe the name was as it is universally given. Presumably, the male stock had originally borne the name Brillat, to which Savarin had been added as a sort of quartering, as with thousands of such bourgeois designations. Berchoux's sprightly poem is said to have been published in 1801, although Mr. Ellwanger must be familiar with the fact that it went through three editions in 1800. But probably at the moment of writing the sentence he had in mind some statement that it appeared in the first year of the nineteenth century. The most celebrated of all taverns, *Aux Trois Frères Provençaux*, is, on page 213, called "The Provincial Brothers," as if they were *provinciaux*. The story about the knighting of the sirloin by Charles II. is given without any warning against the ridiculous derivation of a word in use in English, as Wedgwood shows, from the time of Henry VI., and still older in French. Of course, the prank may have been actually played by Charles II., but it is more likely to be fabulous. On page 23, Cælius Apicius, the writer of the cook-book, is spoken of in immediate juxtaposition to the famous

Marcus Gabius Apicius, in such a way (both being called simply Apicius) as to convey the idea that they are one person. Further on (p. 41), the relation of the one to the other is correctly explained. Nicomedes is called King of the Babylonians, instead of King of Bithynia. The Greek coccotte Barsine appears as Bariné, as if she were a hetaïra of Paris. The early Greeks are said to have been in the habit of taking four regular meals a day; but another statement about them is eminently true; namely, on page 9 we read: "Coffee, of very remote use in Abyssinia, was unknown to the early Greeks and Romans." These are merely a small selection from the illustrations we have noted of the kind of accuracy of the work.

The volume is a very beautiful and tasteful one, printed with Caslon-like type and the blackest ink, upon paper which, though calendered, is not too heavy. There are some three-dozen charming illustrations reproduced from old prints, with delightful vignettes and ornaments. It is so sumptuous that when one finds it entertaining and instructive enough to be well worth having in any dress, one is quite taken by surprise.

NOVELS, AND NO END.

Jethro Bacon, and the Weaker Sex. By F. J. Stimson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Diary of a Saint. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

John Gayther's Garden, and the Stories Told Therein. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Housewives of Edenrise. By Florence Popham. D. Appleton & Co.

An Old Country-house. By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Harper & Brothers.

The Biography of a Prairie Girl. By Eleanor Gates. The Century Co.

Mr. Stimson rightly names his two stories "Studies of New England Strength of Character." Possibly he is weary of New England's cinnamon roses and codfish. At all events, if there be any readers on whom this literary health food has palled, they have here a chance to see what a passionate pilgrim for material may find in Boston and on Cape Cod, of Balzac-like situation and darkly melodramatic episode. Tragedy suits the lonely sand dunes, and there we seem to be at home with her. But Mr. Stimson has further domesticated the grim Muse within the white gates and behind the green blinds of New England, with sordidness and sin as her handmaidens, even as they flourish in tales of the Latin Quarter. In the second story, the city surroundings take away in part the surprised shock imparted by the powers of darkness. Against the background of slums and crime stand out radiantly the characters of the skipper parson and the hero woman. This is a bearable tragedy. Both are of unmistakable power; but the story of *Jethro Bacon*, from its very nearness to Nature's open air and its intrusion on ground possessing other associations, weighs like lead on the consciousness, which yet perforce acknowledges the harsh, painful truth of the picture.

A further proof that New England is decidedly emerging from her gingham pinafore days in fiction is afforded by Arlo

Bates's new story. Behold herein a frankly agnostic heroine, the child of parents whose agnosticism was not negative but militant. The iron-bound theologies that surround Ruth Privet in her country town are by her own admission out of date in cities; but Tusquamuck still held to the oldisms and horrors, and many of Ruth's experiences led her into puzzling encounter with them. The motive of the story is the portrayal of the saintliness that may abide in a woman who is at once unselfish (almost to the point of miracle), large-hearted, clever, well bred, full of humor, and free from entangling alliances with all revealed religion. Her year's experiences with herself and her neighbors, good and bad, make an interesting story. With all her sweetness and breadth, she has the illogic of her logical convictions, as when she says of prayer: "I wondered if I should be happier if I could share this belief in the power of men to move the unseen by supplication, but I reflected that this would imply the continual discomfort of believing in invisible beings who would do me harm unless properly placated, and I was glad to be as I am." Here is surely an undistributed middle. The triumph of Ruth's convictions would be greater artistically and theologically were there, as pendant to her portrait, even one character who should possess both religion and charity.

Many of the stories in Mr. Stockton's volume recall the old-time flip of surprise and conjecture and the sense of a new sense, that he ushered into fiction. The diver who breathes for two hours the sixteenth-century air of a submerged galleon and comes up "as a man who swashbuckles," is an instance. All Frank Stockton's lovers and lamenters will read the book with increased love and lamenting. "The stories are all told. The winter has come," is his own fitly spoken good-by to the garden where the story-tellers met.

The tale of an English village, its matrons, maids, and the siren who rents the vacant house, is told glibly and with some originality in "The Housewives of Edenrise," a place whose society is described by the siren as consisting of the "old-fashioned, sitting-hen kind of woman, their bald and highly respectable husbands, enlivened by one milk-and-water curate." The usual incidents of such a community are related with a fair amount of humor, and now and then a pungent epigram. It must be added that some discussion of intimate topics goes on which might with advantage have taken place behind closed doors. The book is too serious to be called flippant, too full of common sense to be called silly, yet not so clever as to inebriate, and hardly so wholesome as to cheer.

A very beautiful volume as to printing, outer dress, and illustrations is Mr. Le Gallienne's, and an altogether charming one as to contents. Lovers of old houses, old gardens, old books, old sundials, and lovers of lovers old and young, may spend a fragrant hour among its pages. The chapter on "Perdita's Simple Cupboard" is a pure delight. Think of her among her books on herbs "turning the leaves—I had almost said petals—of a precious first edition!" The closing chapter, showing how Perdita kept Christmas with old observances of carols, Yule log, and the gigantic pie trundled about the table and then from cottage door to door, gives the volume a reasonable

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force of sympathy, its conclusion has the accent of long conviction.

"Emerson's mysticism . . ." says Mr. Stephen, "reveals at any rate the man himself, the pure, simple-minded, high-feeling man, made of the finest clay of human nature; the one man who to Carlyle uttered a genuine human voice, and soothed the profound glooms of dyspeptic misanthropy; nobody could be more fitted to communicate the 'electric shock' to his disciples, because of his keen perception of the noble elements of life, in superiority to all the vulgar motives and modes of thought, which were not the less attractive because he could not see his way to any harmonious or consistent system of thought."

From Emerson to Stevenson is a far cry, which Mr. Stephen takes with the ease of the practised hunter of men. In his dealings with Tustala the "Lockist" is soundly in evidence. To the true genius of Stevenson, the supremacy of "mind-stuff" in him, the cling of his style, the valor of his spirit, Mr. Stephen is accessible and just. In his final estimate he expresses certain truly English considerations which have rarely been better expressed. Stevenson, he thinks, was "the rapid, vivid sprite, the natural Bohemian." And, as he observes very justly, "The Bohemian . . . the man who looks from the outside upon the ordinary humdrum citizen, may be a very fascinating personage, but he really lacks something." What it is that such an one lacks is not hard to see. It is, precisely, a ripe humanism—the result of kindly and reflective intercourse with one's fellows, seeking in them, even though they be fools and bores, the fellowship which inheres in "the general heart of man"—the trait, that is, which, partly by predisposition of mind, partly by his long labor among the human records of the "Dictionary of National Biography," is the conspicuous power of Mr. Stephen himself.

Illuminating, but less personally significant essays upon Southey's Letters, "New Lights on Milton," and Anthony Trollope, need not detain us. The final paper in the series is an undercutting comment upon M. Joseph Texte's recently translated "Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature." Neither M. Texte nor Mr. Stephen is much concerned with that comprehensive view which considers all Christendom as a single federation working out in an age-long travail a world-literature. Rather, the point at issue involves that literary cosmopolitanism which, about the middle of the eighteenth century, appeared in the intellectual commerce of England and France. Without going to the lengths of that stout old Tory gentleman who held that "foreigners were fools," Mr. Stephen is inclined to discredit M. Texte's elaborate theory of the growing interinfluence of the North and the South: he is disposed to take refuge behind his bulwark of narrow seas, and assert the integrity of national literatures. He would not deny to them many cosmopolitan affiliations—such, for example, as the response which the sentimentalism of Richardson met with in the hearts of three generations of Frenchmen—but he would consider this the result rather of the apt expression of an international mood than of any blending or decay of racial types. It is, of course, quite impossible now, in mid-movement, to predict infallibly the direction and end of our literary progress. Mr. Stephen wisely leaves open the question of the effect of

democracy upon letters. He recognizes that democratic literature "may represent wider sympathies and more genuine enthusiasms"; yet he also has a fear that will not down lest democracy may, in the end, come to mean a society in which the individual is lost in the mass, occupied with a petty round of interests, and "incapable of appreciating refinement or high intellectual powers." If such is to be the case, he thinks "there can be no doubt that literature also will become commonplace and vulgar, and so far alike throughout the world." The history of past republics scarcely tends to give ground for this belief, yet the difference between the past and the probable future of democracy is so vast that debate upon this point is beside the mark. Whatever the end, no one is likely to dispute that in its present literary manifestations "the cosmopolitan spirit" is a source more often of weakness than of strength. It is this state of affairs that gives importance to Mr. Stephen's sturdy reassertion of the impenetrability of the inner spirit of a national literature.

Sundials and Roses of Yesterday. By Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. 461.

Mrs. Earle gives reproductions of a selection numbering well over two hundred of her photographs of sundials, with a smaller number of those of roses, which, by the way, do not take so well. She has joined to the pictures first-hand information about the originals, has touched upon the subject of dialling, and glanced at sundry other topics *à propos de bottes*. The attractive element of the volume is the antiquarian-embellished-poetical perfume that lingers about the dials. A charm there certainly is about almost any sundial. Still, something like a collector's mania must be added to the ordinary interest in sundials before a person can read Mrs. Earle's volume right straight through without flagging. She seems herself to feel that this is so, and endeavors to lend variety to the subject by chapters about roses, about Rosicrucians, about rural saints and prophets, with desultory passages not a few. But it is not the question whether a book has some dull pages or not, but how enjoyable it is at its best. As somebody says of a poet, it is not how many of his arrows go astray that counts, but whether any of them has struck the Dordonian oak, and sent a resounding shiver through all its limbs and branches. On the contrary principle, how many of the most delightful books—including all the old ones—would have to be condemned! It is always the reader's privilege to skip.

"Sundials and Roses of Yesterday" is much of it very interesting reading to anybody, and all of it to somebody. The authors could not have furnished us with a livelier variety and still have described as many individual dials as she has done, without which the devotees of dials would have been dissatisfied. To our thinking she has been unduly afraid of being heavy and dry. As long, for example, as she deemed a chapter on dialling called for, why would it not have been better to procure its preparation from some adept in descriptive geometry? If Miss Charlotte Angus Scott or Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin could have been

persuaded to lend this help, the elegance of their exposition of a problem—after all, not so rebarbative as it may be supposed before being fairly scanned—would have added a new grace to the book. To be sure, as it is, two rules are given for constructing a horizontal dial, of which the first is neat, were the rationale of it only made plain. But there are no directions for any other form of dial than that least interesting, least beautiful—and we should add least useful one, were the ratio of zero to zero more intelligible. The second rule given in the book is intended to bring the art of dialling to the level of the comprehension of Southern plantation negroes, and is a deplorable failure. It not only requires the poor fellow to know what latitude is, but also to lay off an angle equal to that latitude. Neither requirement was necessary; and after all he won't get a good dial. Mrs. Earle tells of simple dials that give the time without danger of more than four minutes' error, as experience shows. But does she remember that the penumbra always causes the reading of the time to be about a minute too near to noon, an effect that diffraction considerably increases, while refraction always acts in the same direction and may add two minutes more to the error; that the equation of time sometimes exceeds sixteen minutes, and that the difference between local and standard time may be half an hour? Let all these act in the same way, as they sometimes will, and they foot up to more than four minutes; but, of course, the readings can be corrected.

Nowadays, when there are railway trains to catch and dentists to pay for any unpunctuality on our part in keeping our appointments with them, and the fashion originally set by time and tide of waiting for no man has been generally followed, the sundial has been degraded to an educational device. It is true that if, instead of observing a shadow, one observes an image formed by a lens, and observes it with a microscope, and, in place of the sun, uses a number of stars, high and low, correcting for level, azimuth, and collimation, then indeed our dial becomes a modern astronomical transit, and is the most precise possible instrument for correcting a clock or chronometer, though not exactly handy for direct use in catching a train. For that purpose, a good watch that has recently been compared at noon at any telegraph office is preferable.

Very tolerable clocks had for centuries been in common use when Galileo first watched the swinging lamp in Pisa Cathedral. Yet it was not until the nineteenth century that mean time (in contradistinction to every variety of sun time) came to be universally employed; and no mechanical clock or watch could keep pace with the inequalities of the sun in any satisfactory manner. Consequently, when we see an old wall dial, though its age be but two centuries, we may be reasonably sure that it had, in its day, an honest utility. It is an individual to be respected. But what, pray, is a horizontal dial in the garden of a modern gentleman of business but a despicable lamp of affectation? Does he permit any member of his household, if he can help it, to esteem time of so little worth as to be measured out in hours?

The author's extreme dread of being dry

or heavy is illustrated in the chapter on Rosicrucians, concerning whom, she informs us, she has read very much, and concerning whom so little that is really solid has ever been written—enough, however, to make it the business of any chapter on the subject to present the proof that this brotherhood owed its origin to a lie concocted about A. D. 1600 by Johann Valentinus Andrea, alias Basilus Valentinus, alias Florentinus de Valentia, etc., and Johann Thölde of Frankenhäusen. With all her learning on the subject, Mrs. Earle should have known that something like this was the case; but the glamour of mystery has been sweeter to her than the plain truth. From something said in the preface, we were led to hope that this chapter would be ushered in by a reproduction of the rare and fine bookplate of the "Heblische Bruderschaft des himmlischen Rosenkreutz" of Andrea and Thölde, with its view of heaven and hell. But we found only a decorative rose.

Two on their Travels. By Ethel Colquhoun.

With eight colored plates, sixteen full-page and numerous text illustrations by the Authoress. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. xvi., 242.

The motive of this bride in describing her wedding journey is "to add a tiny bit of mirth and enjoyment from my own superabundant store to that of less favored folk." With such an aim, and in the full tide of that new happiness which invests even familiar scenes with an unwonted charm, she would have been successful if she had not left her native shores; but when it is "the golden window of the East" which she opens to her "shut-in" readers, their enjoyment is assured. She has other qualifications for her task, however, than that of an unselfish motive. Possessing both literary and artistic skill in an unusual degree, her bright, vivacious word-pictures are accompanied by numerous sketches, some of which in color are exceedingly attractive. Naturally she leaves the discussion of the serious topics which a journey in the East inevitably suggests, to her husband, the well-known traveller and author, Archibald Colquhoun, and dwells upon the trivial, every-day sights which, after all, constitute the chief enjoyment of a visit to foreign lands. Digressions, grave and gay, are numerous, but even when they take the form of severe criticism, as of American manners, an underlying mirthfulness is always evident. Altogether, "Two on their Travels" has that indefinable charm which the companionship of an entertaining woman who has seen much of the world always gives.

After a somewhat startlingly familiar introduction of herself and "Andrew" to her readers, her narrative takes them from Singapore to Java, "the garden of the East," and from thence to Borneo, the Philippines, "the land of sunsets," and Japan, "the playground." She is mostly occupied with amusing descriptions of scenery, costumes, her fellow-travellers, life in inns and on the sea, and several adventurous experiences. Now and then there is a remark of a more serious nature, as that the Dutch in Borneo, "a country rich in oil, coal, diamonds, gold, timber, gutta, and many other valuables," seemed a great failure. "There is a sleepy, decadent, stagnant, rotting air everywhere." In the Philippines she is surprised at the

size of the towns "and the number of good houses they contained. One provincial town has as many as four large churches, two colleges for boys and girls (all well built of stone), a theatre, made of wood but elaborately decorated inside to simulate marble, and a fine public building." The religion of the Filipinos is "little more to them than superstition and pageantry. At one place we saw one of the saints from the church, which, in honor of the Americans, had been rudely dressed to represent the statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Spikes of gilded paper were round its head, and one absurd wooden arm was raised, holding a *báton*." A more encouraging sight was a village school with its rows of little girls with small brown faces and twinkling dark eyes, with clean and freshly starched clothes, and the American soldier teacher, who "called on one damsel after another to translate alternately in Spanish and English the stereotyped remarks about uncles, nephews, gardens, wives, pens and ink." Mrs. Colquhoun's general impression is apparently summed up in the statement that "the United States is leavening the whole lump with the spirit of utilitarianism and progress."

Two American girls were her companions during this part of her journey, and as they were the first

"to pass through the islands after the American occupation, and as many of the young officers at distant stations had seen no women-kind for eighteen months or more, they fell easy victims to the charms of the sisters, who left a track of bleeding hearts behind them. Usually, on returning from a visit to the shore, they were followed by detachments of orderlies bearing curios of all kinds, of which the young fellows stripped their quarters to present to the belles. On one occasion Sadie returned almost empty-handed, and, in reply to my question as to 'loot,' said scornfully: 'These men are not the giving sort; they're only the promising sort. Still,' she added pensively, 'I left my address.'"

Her enjoyment is at its height in the " quaint, beautiful, picturesque country" of Japan; and the descriptions of its life, and particularly of the women, their dress and occupations, are among the most interesting in the book. In an account of a pottery manufactory Mrs. Colquhoun contrasts the fine and dainty old Satsuma with the work now turned out in carloads for the "European and (especially) American markets." In a "terrible modern show-room . . . monstrosities are ranged in rows, and gold is piled on gold, blue shrieks against blue, and yellow quarrels with magenta, till one shuts one's eyes and hurries for relief into the next room, followed by smiling Japanese, who say, 'Yes! it is all velly bad, but sell velly much!'"

The homeward journey was by the Siberian Railway, and if Mrs. Colquhoun is to be trusted, eastern Siberia is not prosperous. The harbor of Vladivostok, "which used to be dotted thickly with vessels, was almost devoid of them and trade was being driven to Tallenwan." In the interior were some isolated towns, and "here and there a few log huts, twenty or thirty people, and a few cattle, and then for miles silence and emptiness. . . . The people live the lives of brute beasts, have no education, no amusement, save perhaps to listen to a crazy accordion or musical box, and but one change of clothes in the year. Their chief distraction is the consumption of vodka." Even Irkutsk, "as

night approaches, . . . takes a forbidding air, for all windows and doors are shut and barred, the shops with great iron clamps like those of a prison. Few people are seen about, for the streets are still unsafe in this convict city, and only here and there a shaft of light from an upper window tells, one that the place is really alive." Conditions improve as the Urals are approached. "Many brown wooden towns—better built than any we had seen before, with little flower-gardens and plots of vegetables—are scattered over this country," and the two days' journey in European Russia to Moscow was through one enormous cornfield. Mrs. Colquhoun takes her readers back with her to London, and closes her genial chronicle with a kindly wish to her friends, "known and unknown," that they may have "voyages as fortunate as ours, and hearts as light to enjoy."

China and the Chinese. By Herbert Allen Giles. Macmillan Co. 1902.

The Columbia University was fortunate in securing the foremost living English scholar in Chinese to inaugurate the foundation, by Gen. Horace W. Carpenter, of the Dean Lung chair of Chinese. Without pretence of advancing Chinese scholarship, but rather to arouse interest in a subject of increasing importance, the English professor of Chinese at Cambridge sends forth this volume at the request of the authorities of Columbia University.

The study of the oldest and most populous empire on earth suffers from the same disadvantage as does the earlier history of New York as treated by Diedrich Knickerbocker. The ludicrous side of China and her civilization was the one which first attracted the attention of foreigners, and to a great extent it does so still. The study of similarities and identities with the facts of ancient European life and with the modern Occident not only shows more and more the common humanity of the peoples East and West, but demonstrates that, from similar circumstances and forces, similar results will issue. On this principle Dr. Giles has proceeded throughout. Happily, he is thoroughly familiar with Chinese literature as well as with external conditions. Indeed, he handles every one of his chosen subjects with such consummate ease that we imagine some of his readers will suspect the depth of his scholarship; yet many a writer might envy his absolute mastery of his themes. This book makes easy reading, even for a boy or girl.

As for the ludicrous situations, they often occur in China because Chinese customs are violated by ignorant foreigners. For example, the invariable cup of tea served to a visitor on arrival is not intended for ordinary drinking purposes, for which wine is usually provided. To drink this tea is to give the signal for departure. Hence Chinese servants, unless previously warned of the funny ways of the alien, will at once give a shout to the bearers to be ready with the sedan chair. Indeed, when the time is up and the host has engagements elsewhere, he may, without breach of good manners, be the first to drink, thus delicately dropping a hint to his guest that time is valuable even in China. Some other things it would pay the expectant visitor to China to read in the delightful chapter on Chinese manners and customs. With