

offered without too close regard to what is beyond the pale (e. g., all American verse). Five of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" stand for the whole number. It is noticeable that, after Herrick, Lander contributes more pieces than any other poet save Tennyson, who likewise has ten. Byron is outnumbered by Wordsworth.

F. Marion Crawford's 'Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South' forms one rather heavy volume out of two in its reissue by Macmillan. The always interesting illustrations made a glazed paper inevitable, but the sheen is not excessive.

Harry Graham's 'More Misrepresentative Men' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) shows no exhaustion of his satiric vein, and Malcolm Strauss's portraits are clever caricatures, while retaining the likeness. Past and present celebrities, from Euclid to Henry VIII. and Alton B. Parker, are dealt with. Here is a stanza from the Burns:

"Men were deceivers ever! True,
As Shakspeare says (Hey Nonny! nonny!),
But one should always keep in view,
That 'tout comprendre' c'est tout pardonner";
In judging poets it suffices
To scan their verses, not their vices."

'Girls' Christian Names,' by Helena Swan (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a reprint of a work that appeared several years ago. There has been, however, no attempt to bring its information up to date, so that the Princess of Wales is still referred to under "Alexandra" and the Queen under "Victoria." Miss Swan continues to offer the reader a mass of useless information, as on page 470, where, under "Sarah," she tells us that "in the seventeenth century there lived an unfortunate girl, named Sara Williams," who was accused of being possessed of the devil; under "Angela" we are told that this is the Christian name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; under "Rachel" we have five pages describing the career of Rachel, Lady Russell. It is a book that should be in the hands of every parent about to christen a daughter. We hear much in these days about the responsibility of parents, and never before were children so safeguarded by public opinion. But parents still have a free hand to blast a child's career, or at least seriously affect its comfort and self-respect for life, by inflicting on it a name with ridiculous associations or so colorless that no vitality can live it down. Belmontina Methuena Jones exists, and no doubt does well enough now that she has dropped Modderina, her first name of all. But she has no more redress than an animal who has been registered in the stud-book. Miss Swan's index will perhaps prove by its length that no parent need coin a name for his daughter with the help of the daily paper. We hope that mothers with an instinct for correctness will not insist on christening a child "Crelldyddidd," who, but for Miss Swan and the Celtic revival, might have been content with the milder (Sassenach) version, "Cordelia."

'Red Fox,' by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts (L. C. Page & Co.), is the history of a hero fox of singular beauty and strength, united with rare intelligence, adaptability, and foresight. Such a fox, Mr. Roberts tells us, might come into existence once in a while, and every incident of his career, however surprising, has been recorded of some fox, somewhere, at some time; so we accept Red Fox as the flower of his race,

even though he may belong to the order *Compositae*. His range was the forests, rocky slopes, and backwoods farms of the Ringwaak country in Eastern Canada. Here he ran the full gamut of fox-experience, both with his fellows of the wild and with the men and dogs of the settlement, leading a joyous and adventurous life till the brightness of his renown made him a shining mark for capture. Then, taken by a trick formidable from its simplicity, he was sent to the States to make a Roman holiday for a fashionable hunt club, but escaped by almost supervulpine sagacity and found safety in the mountains. Even the seasoned reader of animal stories is moved to hearty admiration of Red Fox and pleasure at his escape. Mr. Roberts appears to tell his story chiefly for its own sake, but he impresses us quite as deeply as if he had tried to enforce it by didacticism. We feel, for instance, with the rabbit and the mink, the barbarity of trapping, and take the fox's point of view when we see the field of scarlet riders and hear the loud-mouthed pack on the trail.

Mr. William J. Long, in his latest book, 'Northern Trails' (Ginn & Co.), leads us into Newfoundland and Labrador to study the life-history of unfamiliar animals in the light of explanations that he suggests for some of their ways: "why, for instance, the big Arctic wolf spares the pull caribou that attacks him wantonly; why the wild goose has no fear at home; why the baby seals are white at birth; how the salmon climb the falls which they cannot jump, and why they hasten back to the sea when they are hurt; how the whale speaks without a voice; and what makes the fisher confuse his trail, or leave beside it a tempting bait for you when you are following him." Mr. Long assures us of the accuracy of his data, and maintains the reasonableness of his inferences. In these stories, as in his earlier books, he argues that the intelligence of animals is akin to man's, and is developed, as in man, by early training and later experience, and that the actions of animals, therefore, should be studied in the light of what man knows of his own motives and feelings. However this may be, even the makers of what Mr. Long calls "mechanical natural history" will find interest in these sketches, particularly in the half-dozen studies of Waycees, the white wolf. Here is the life of a wolf family drawn with sympathy and spirit—the play of the cubs under the mother's eye; their comical early hunting; their long training; and their full maturity when, fitted for the needs and perils of life, they range the woods and caribou barrens, and visit the Indian villages for scattered food when famine bites. The book shows something of the life of Northern Indians; but the Indians are less vivid than the fisher, the salmon, and the wolf.

'A Little Garden Calendar,' by Albert Bigelow Paine (Philadelphia: Henry Altamus Co.), gives to little folks a chatty, and truthful account of many of the most interesting phases of plant-life. The subjects of dispersal and its advantages, of movements, and of pollination and the like, are briefly and well-treated. The account of the servants which work for the flower is admirably presented, although at times the author goes perilously near the edge of the unknown. A captious critic might

well object to the page in which the flower is made to appear almost to reason, but the statement is pretty well guarded by this saving clause: "Perhaps it doesn't really reason, but it does something exactly like it, and there are people in the world who would be happier if they could do the same thing." This is almost as far as any one would dare to go in ascribing thinking powers to plants. It would be safer to recall to mind the often-quoted expression of the vegetating fisherman loafing at the shore, "Wall, there, sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I jest set." It is highly probable that plants just "set."

The German 'Daheim-Kalender' for 1906 (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), a bound volume, presents the customary album literary miscellany and useful information. Many of its abundant illustrations are in color, as in connection with the article on the decorative art movement. Attractive theraps are pictorially displayed also in Buss's 'Characteristic Features of the First Empire' and Bremen's 'Jena.' A great array of portraits attends the Necrology and the roster of European sovereigns.

The third volume of Dr. Shields's 'Philosophia Ultima' has appeared posthumously (Charles Scribner's Sons). The whole work is a discourse about science from a mind whose incapacity for scientific thought was almost phenomenal. But he was a man of learning, in a certain obsolescent way, and the work may be used to advantage by others than psychologists, for whom it should be a document. The present volume contains a portrait and a biographical notice by Professor Sloane. One portion of Dr. Shields's share in this volume, dealing with "scientific problems of religion," has a serious value; for those problems need a new treatment which they have not received. There is a very judicious review and defence of Butler's 'Analogy.' The greater part of Dr. Shields's new pages seems to have been written to meet President White's 'Conflict of Science and Theology.' He endeavors to show what an aid the traditional view of the Bible has been to science. As a specimen of the author's candor, we remark that, far from representing that all anthropologists without exception have been decidedly in favor of resting their science largely on Biblical testimony, he expressly admits that "Leidy, Cope, and Marsh may have left no directly religious testimony." Observe the fine caution of the subjunctive.

Prof. Henry Burchard Fine's 'College Algebra' (Boston: Ginn & Co.) is the most practical and at the same time the most truly mathematical of all the elementary books on the subject that ever came under our notice. It is quite worthy of the author's illustrious ancestor, who, early in the sixteenth century, came to Paris from the terrific Briançon precipices, so suggestive of all that is difficult and grand, and gave its first impetus to French mathematics. Oronce Fine was his name. Though the new text-book is as elementary and as easy as can be—easier than one would believe possible—it carries the student further than other college algebras do, and it is preceded by an elegantly worked-out exposition of the modern mathematico-logi-

cal doctrine of numbers. Professor Fine was a personal pupil of Georg Cantor, to whom (especially through his conception of the "well-ordered" series) our present understanding of this curious subject is almost entirely due. If it has not much to do with algebra, it is at any rate as excellent a lesson in the logic of necessary reasoning as could possibly be found, if it be not better than any other, as Sylvester deemed it.

The fifth fascicle of Postgate's 'Corpus Poetarum Latinorum' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) brings the second volume to an end. It contains Martial, edited by Duff, Juvenal by Housman, and Nemesian by Schenkl and Postgate himself, who for this poet's 'Cynegetica' has freshly collated the principal Paris manuscript. Mr. Duff acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Lindsay, whose labors upon the manuscripts of Martial have recently given us an accurate knowledge of them for the first time. For Juvenal, Mr. Housman, holding that respect for the codex of Montpellier has too greatly overshadowed the other manuscripts, has chiefly devoted himself to the consideration of what is to be found of value in these inferior manuscripts. In his *apparatus criticus* they are therefore frequently cited, and he has himself inspected seven in the British Museum which have not heretofore been used. The resultant text will be a surprise to many, to whom this editor has stood as the antipodes of a conservative. Thus, in the first satire, his text differs from Bücheler's of 1893 Owen's of 1902 in only three passages: it, 145; *guttur*, 156; *trae*, 163; and all of these readings used to stand in the vulgate from times before Aldus down to Jahn.

Especially noteworthy, in view of the previous English neglect of philological journals, is the announcement of the *Modern Language Review*, a quarterly journal devoted to the study of mediæval and modern literature and philology, edited by John G. Robertson and published by the Cambridge University Press. The first number, dated October, contains articles ranging from Shakspeare to Shelley, and forthcoming articles both in English and in German will deal with the principal literatures from different periods. One of the most interesting of these is a hitherto unpublished seventeenth-century comedy by George Wilde, edited by F. S. Boas. Book reviews and notices are to form a leading feature of the new publication, and all longer reviews will be signed. The subscription is 8s. 6d., post free.

The Panama Canal is the main topic of the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester gives a brief sketch of the part taken by the navy in the exploration of the isthmus, and narrates some incidents of the work of the De Lesseps company, of which he was an eyewitness twenty years ago. He then describes at length the plan recommended by the Canal Commission and the engineering constructional plans. Incidentally, he refers to the fact that the property transferred by the French company is much more than the partially dug canal and the railroad: it includes scores of machine shops, 2,500 wood, stone and metal houses, capable of accommodating 15,000 to 20,000 people, and hospitals extensive in number and size. The editor, in an account of the progress of the

canal, shows that the question of sanitation has been thoroughly solved by the fact that the death rate, which in 1881 was 66.8 per thousand, was, among the 10,000 employees in May, June, and July of this year, 'but 2.6 per thousand. Of 12,000 men at work during August, 301 were constantly sick, or only 2.5 per thousand. There are some interesting full-page illustrations, and a large map of the isthmus in five colors, showing the location of the canal recommended by the Commission of 1899-1902.

The geographical bibliography for 1904, in the September number of the *Annales de Géographie*, contains over a thousand main entries, being more than in any previous year. The works relating to France and its colonial possessions occupy naturally the largest place with some two hundred titles, while there are but forty-nine for the United States and eight for Japan, scientific works only. A possible prophetic forecast may be found in the heading "République d'Australie," "république" being apparently the only French equivalent for commonwealth. The list, with its numerous and instructive characterizations of the works contained in it, would be more helpful for reference if there were an index of subjects as well as one of authors and travellers.

It is announced from Stockholm that hereafter the awarding of the Nobel prizes will be divided between Sweden and Norway. The prize for literature and science will be in charge of the former country, and the peace prize of the latter.

Among the prominent deaths recently reported from Germany is that of the Berlin bookdealer, Albert Cohn, at the age of seventy-eight. He was one of the leading Shakspeare specialists in the Fatherland, and some years ago published in English an excellent volume entitled 'Shakspeare in Germany.' At the time of his death he was engaged on a systematic 'Shakspeare-Bibliographie,' which is nearly completed, and which, according to the *Berlin Neue Presse*, is to be published.

"C. L. F." writes to us:

"The *Nation* gave lately, as authority for the fact that from 70 to 84 per cent. of Oyama's army was affected by that most disabling disease, *kuké*, or beri-beri, the name of Miss McGee. By this was meant, no doubt, Mrs. Anita Newcombe McGee, whose work in the Japanese hospitals during the late war, with the assistance of a body of trained American nurses, is well known."

—It is not too late to quote from Massey's 'History of England' (1855, vol. 1, pp. 76, 77) the following passage as bearing upon Japan's claim for indemnity after not only having made war by striking the first blow, but without a declaration:

"If the comity of nations requires that hostilities should be preceded by formal notice, it is plain that the belligerent who has violated this rule cannot justify the retention of any acquisition so obtained on entering into a treaty of peace. In fact, no prize court in Europe would condemn a capture taken under such circumstances. Civilized warfare would cease to exist, and nations would descend to the practice of pirates if no distinction was to be made between conquests seized before, and those which have been made after, a regular proclamation of war. The unconditional restitution of these captures would seem, therefore, to have been an affair which concerned the honor of England rather than that of France. Had the question been determined on its own merits, it is hardly to be conceived that the high-minded probity of Pitt could for a moment have hesitated as to the course which it became him to take."

—'Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico,' by Mr. C. William Beebe, curator of ornithology in Bronx Park (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), relates the experience of the writer and Mrs. Beebe during a winter in camp near the volcano of Colima. Mr. Beebe is an enthusiastic traveller as well as a trained biologist, and writes with a wide-angled scope, which includes not only birds, but mammals, lizards, insects, flowers, scenery, incidents of the trail and camp, and glances at the natives along the way. He has aimed at an interesting running narrative and commentary, rather than an exhaustive study; but, considering the shortness of the time spent—from Christmas to Easter—he may justly be proud of the information gathered on the habits of birds. He has added considerably to our somewhat scanty knowledge of the food-habits of Mexican species, a subject to which he gave particular attention. We may mention that he found a diminutive kingfisher catching insects, a flycatcher diving after fish, and humming-birds feeding on grasshoppers after the manner of turkey-gobblers. The deep, shaded drainage ditches between cultivated fields were, like Northern hedgerows and thickets, a place of vantage for studying the food of both seed-eating and insectivorous birds. Here is a suggestive anecdote from the Chapala marshes: "We of the North have neglected the egrets until well-nigh the last survivor has been murdered; but here, in this wild place, where, outside of the towns, a man's best law and safeguard is in his holster, these birds have already found champions. Short tolerance had the first plume-hunter—an American—who began his nefarious work in the Chapala marshes. The rough but beauty-loving *caballeros* who owned the haciendas surrounding the lake talked it over, formed—to all intents and purposes—an Audubon Society, ran the millinery agent off, and forbade the shooting of these birds."

—Of the many books upon Italian villas that have lately made their appearance, it is safe to say that none is so profusely illustrated as Charles Latham's 'Gardens of Italy' (Scribner's). As a photographer of architecture, and especially of gardens, Latham stands among the ablest. His work has for years furnished to that interesting English weekly, *Country Life*, its most important feature. He avoids with studious care the eccentricities of focusing and printing that characterize so much of the work of the more advanced school of photography. He belongs, in respect of the distinctness and sharpness of his negatives, to an older time. He secures by the directness of his methods a result which, if it leaves little to the imagination, satisfies every demand for a clear report. In the selection of points of view, he is a past-master. The exact spot from which to secure the most effective grouping of mass or contrast of light and shade rarely escapes him. Mr. Latham has done his work *con amore*. Whether his subject be the sumptuous gardens of the Villa Albani, with their antique fountain-basins and their long ranges of ancient statues and columns set against solemn backgrounds of cypress, or the more intimately charming and not less beautiful gardens of the Villa Lante, his art is equally assured and convincing. Some descriptive text by E. March Phillips accompanies the pictures. It is