

mad, it is true, along with his eternally valid religious ideas, had in him the germs of all kinds of superstitions, but assuredly he would never recognize the present saint-ridden, formalized, lawyer-driven Islam as any creation of his. If he were to appear, the canonists, the commentators, the mystics and the darwishes would be scourged out of the Ka'ba in quick time. To have put their finger on the present nuisance and the menace to all social organization in the darwish fraternities, and on the extent to which thoroughly alien superstitions have completely obscured the original Islam, is a long score to the credit of the present authors. But it is to be feared that the picture of a gentle, tolerant Muhammad which is further drawn, is not in accordance with the facts. Muhammad was of the Old Testament, and would have hewed the priests of Baal in pieces before the Lord; this picture comes from the Gospels. Nor will other of their historical conceptions stand: the early Muslims did not live in the idyllic conditions here suggested, nor was it only with the crusades that the fanaticism of Islam blazed out. The early leaders were possessed by corruption and jealousy like their successors, and Islam was a fighting faith from the capture of Mecca on. Another rock for this thesis lies in the nature of the traditions from Muhammad. In that enormous mass, mostly forged as it is, any one can find support for any dogma, and his opponent can find equally good ground for its rejection. A well-read member of the 'Ulama would have little difficulty in tearing to pieces all that side of this book. He need only choose what traditions he will quote. Finally, it will be long before the above interpretations of the Koran, though undoubtedly often correct, will make headway against the united authority of the commentators. Belief in the doctrine of the annulment of kindly verses by later ones of the sword will be far too strong. In Christendom rather than Islam will these results be first accepted. But, whether favorable or not, our hearty good wishes must go with such views and purposes as these.

Robert Browning and Alfred Domett. Edited by F. G. Kenyon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

This volume contains some thirty letters from Browning and Joseph Arnould, afterwards judge of the Supreme Court of Bombay to Alfred Domett-Waring, who notoriously, in 1842, "rather than pace up and down Any longer London Town," went as a colonist to New Zealand. There he remained for thirty years and held several important administrative offices, being premier of the colony in 1862-63. The letters are letters of friends and are chiefly occupied with the personal doings of the writer and expressions of anxiety and sympathy for the emigrant, whose first years of sojourn in the colony were anything but easy. The Browning student will find some interesting bits, such as Arnould's account (an eyewitness's) of the episode of Macready's production of "A Biot in the Scutcheon," and one highly significant letter from Browning, of July 13, 1846. Domett had sent the poet some

cautious words about his obscurity and imperfect expression, which Browning admits. "As for the necessity," he writes, "of such endeavor [to rid himself of those defects], I agree with you altogether; from the beginning, I have been used to take a high ground, and say, all endeavor elsewhere is thrown away. Endeavor to think (the real thought), to imagine, to create, or whatever they call it—as well endeavor to add the cubit to your stature! *Nascitur poeta*—and, that conceded to happen, the one object of labor is naturally what you recommend to me, and I to myself—nobody knows better with what indifferent success. But here is, without affectation, the reason why I have gone on so far, although succeeding so indifferently: I felt so instinctively from the beginning that unless I tumbled out the dozen more or less of conceptions, I should bear them about forever, and year by year get straiter and stiffer in those horrible cross-bones with a long name, and at last parturition would be the curse indeed. Mine was the better way, I do calmly believe, for at this moment I feel as everybody does who has *worked*—in vain? No matter, if the work was real." A sound and encouraging philosophy, not for poets alone!

Browning's own letters are supplemented by those of Joseph Arnould, which, indeed, seem to have been preserved quite as much for what they tell of Browning as for anything else; in some cases the album in which the letters were kept contained copies of only such portions as dealt particularly with Browning. But his letters have still their own interest in telling of his own early career as a barrister, and giving many glimpses of life among the small circle of friends in Camberwell: Browning, Arnould and his wife, Joseph Dowson and his wife, the last-named being Domett's sister. No great doings, indeed, nor much high thinking, but little traits, little incidents, such as life is made of. Two characters stand out more or less clearly: the absent Domett, whom they all hold in cherished memory, talk about, drink a health to, and hope will return; and Browning, the young Browning, frank, warm-hearted, affectionate, "a glorious fellow," as Arnould once calls him. In the last letters in the volume we find the old Browning, the man of the world, the literary personage, much preoccupied, but still the same warm-hearted, affectionate friend.

The Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe. Written by Himself. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.

This makes the third autobiography of an English pupil of Bunsen, though one of the three never actually worked in that master's laboratory, and the reminiscences of another, a really great chemist, have only been privately printed. Roscoe, if not great, has been unquestionably eminent in inorganic chemistry. His memoir on vanadium is perhaps the most complete and admirable study of an element that has ever been made; for although it was made forty years ago, nothing additional of serious consequence has since been contributed to our knowledge of the chemistry of that metal, excepting the existence of certain compounds belonging to that class of complex inorganic acids which were first ex-

plained and as a class discovered by Dr. Wolcott Gibbs. We must not, however, forget the recent application of vanadium carbide to the production of steel having desirable properties. The photochemical researches of Bunsen and Roscoe are likewise deservedly famous, forming as they do one of the foundation stones of modern chemical dynamics. The interest of the present book, however, lies chiefly in the account it gives of the development in England of scientific education; for it has been in this and other public services that Sir Henry's life has been most valuable.

He joined the faculty of Owens College in its darkest hour in 1857, and labored for it through twenty-eight years, until largely—we may say, chiefly—by his effort, it had blossomed out into the University of Manchester. Subsequently, when the London University needed to be remodelled, he was called to its vice-chancellorship, and under him it took on new and better life. He was who carried its home from Burlington Gardens to South Kensington. He has done a vast amount of truly patriotic work on several royal commissions on technical education, on secondary education, and on matters of hygiene. He sat in Parliament as an adherent of Gladstone for some ten years, and gives an interesting account of the great man's ascendancy and of its causes. In short, though Roscoe is a very different man from Playfair, and quite opposite to him in several characteristics (among which, we must warn his intending reader, is that of his anecdotes), yet the interest of his volume, beyond the picture it affords of a certain scientific circle, is mainly its carrying on further the narrative of English progress in scientific ideas that is contained in the Memoirs of Lord Playfair.

Mr. Galton has more than once noticed the strongly marked resemblances among the descendants of William Roscoe, author of the Lives of Lorenzo de' Medici and of Leo X., as well as of a monograph upon the Ginger-Arrowroot-(Banana?) family of plants. He was Sir Henry's grandfather. Stanley Jevons was his cousin and intimate friend. He himself has decidedly the traits traditionally attributed to Englishmen (minus insularity, however), and, more specifically, of the Lancashire man, who is rather a downright, outspoken, uncompromising person, apt to air his peculiarities, yet easily taking the color of his environment. But even more than other Lancashire men, Sir Henry has always been a sympathetic and highly popular personality.

The dress of the book, like all Roscoe's publications, is pleasing. It contains over seventy reproductions of photographic portraits and views, which are exceptionally perfect as reproductions, as photographs, and as likenesses. The index, on the other hand, is so meagre as to be almost worthless.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Louis A. *The Drama of Blood.* Published by the author.
Bernard, Ferdinand. *The First Year of Roman Law.* Henry Frowde.
Boyce, Robert. *Yellow Fever Prophylaxis in New Orleans, 1905.* London: Williams & Norgate.
Briggs, Emily Edson. *The Olivia Letters.* Seal Publishing Co. \$2.
Buchanan, H. B. M. *A Country Reader.* I. Macmillan, 40 cents.
Chapin, Carl Dejos. *The Masculine in Religion.* Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Dawson, William Harbutt. *The German Workman.* Imported by Scribners. \$1.50 net.

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