NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF JOHN LOCKE.

LOCKE. By THOMAS FOWLER, Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford. [English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley.] 12mo. pp. 200. Harper & Brothers.

Four years ago Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne published in London, in two volumes of moderate bulk, the only complete and authentic biography of John Locke in the English language. It was a work of minute and intelligent research, directed in great measure to manuscripts never before explored; and it not only presented all the discoverable particulars of the life and personal character of the celebrated philosopher, but it set forth with considerable ability the connection of Locke with the literary and scientific movements of his age and his relation to important phases of thought in our own time. A new life of Locke cannot be written without constant reference to the labors of Mr. Fox Bourne, nor, indeed, is there any reason why a new life should be undertaken except to satisfy that craving for compressed information which nearly all book publishers are now striving to supply. Locke, of course, was needed in Mr. Morley's collection of English Men of Letters. Professor Fowler acknowledges in his preface that he has "derived much information from the biographies of Lord King and Mr. Fox Bourne, especially from the latter, which contains a large amount of most interesting documents never before printed"; and besides this general acknowledgment, which most readers perhaps interpret as applying principally to the documents, there are a few passing references to Mr. Fox Bourne in the body of the book. That gentleman complains, in a letter to *The Athenæum*, that he has been hardly used, and after an examination of the two works we have no hesitation in saying that his complaint is perfectly just. Professor Fowler's small volume consists, in the American edition, of 126 pages of biography, followed by seventy-four pages of a synopsis of Locke's principal writings. The latter division of the book is admitted to be his own, but in the biography he has made a use of the labors of his predecessor which the confession of the preface is very far from describing. He has done little more than abridge the work of Mr. Fox Bourne. For the most part he has followed closely the statements, the order of the narrative, the turns of thought and expression, and he has copied the same quotations, from published and unpublished letters and documents. But we cannot better show the nature of this sort of literary conveying than by an example, chosen at random. It is taken from Professor Fowler's fourth chapter, and Mr. Fox Bourne's ninth:

Mr. Fox Bourne.	*Professor Fowler.*
About Locke's movements and occupations during several months after his departure from England in the Autumn of 1683 we have very little information. He appears to have gone direct to Amsterdam; but we do not meet with him there until the following January, when he was present, by invitation of Peter Guenellon, the principal physician of Amsterdam, at the dissection of a lioness which had been killed by the intense cold of the winter. Through Guenellon, whom he had met during his stay in Paris, he must have made the acquaintance of the principal literary and scientific men at that time residing in or near Amsterdam. Among these was Philip van Limborch, etc., etc.	Locke must have landed in Holland in one of the Autumn months of 1683, being then about fifty-one years of age. We do not also, however, to trace any of his movements till the January of 1683-'84, when he was present, by invitation of Peter Guenellon, the principal physician of Amsterdam, at the dissection of a lioness which had been killed by the intense cold of the winter. Through Guenellon, whom he had met during his stay in Paris, he must have made the acquaintance of the principal literary and scientific men at that time residing in or near Amsterdam. Among these was Philip van Limborch, etc., etc.

It would be unfair to say that Professor Fowler has not looked beyond the material provided for him by Mr. Fox Bourne. He has found a few things not contained in that gentleman's book—getting them apparently from Lord King and other handy authorities—and in some cases where he copies one of Mr. Fox Bourne's extracts from Locke's Latin letters, he uses a different translation. But we have not observed, either in his variations or his additions, anything of moment. In his account of Locke's residence in the South of France, he says: "At Montpellier I have not been able to find any trace of him either in the library or elsewhere.' Hence we may infer that Professor Fowler attempted some independent researches; but it is remarkable that this part of his book, like the rest, follows Mr. Fox Bourne with slavish fidelity, even in the phraseology. It contains nothing not in the larger work except an additional extract from Locke's journal, which was printed by Lord King. Condensation results sometimes in curious accidents, and here is a specimen: Locke, according to Professor Fowler, "left Paris with the view of making his way leisurely to Montpellier and thence to Rome. He travelled westward by way of Orleans, Blois, and Angers. On the banks of the Loire he noticed the poverty-stricken appearance of the country," etc. Now we know that Montpellier lies almost due south of Paris, and so does Orleans. Blois, and Angers are west of the direct route from Orleans to Montpellier, and hence to say that a man starting from Paris for Montpellier "travelled westward by way of Orleans, Blois, and Angers," is not positively incorrect, though it misleads the reader or suggests that perhaps the writer was at fault in his geography. We turn to Professor Fowler's original to see where he got his unnatural and loose form of expression, and we are speedily enlightened. The journey which he sketches in two sentences is the subject of two pages in Mr. Fox Bourne, from which the following sentences are extracts: "Locke left Paris intending to go leisurely to Montpellier and thence on to Rome. . . . He reached Orleans about the 1st of July. . . . He was at Blois on the 27th of July. . . . *Travelling westward from Blois* along the banks of the Loire, Locke was disappointed by the poverty-stricken appearance of the country." This explains everything. Professor Fowler made his westing too soon after leaving port.

It is sometimes difficult to define the boundary between plagiarism and the legitimate use of published historical materials; but it seems to us that there can be little difference of opinion about the impropriety of the wholesale and practically unacknowledged appropriation of the fruit of another's labor of which this latest addition to the English Men of Letters series furnishes such a flagrant example. We say the appropriation is practically unacknowledged, for the brief and general reference in the preface is far from meeting the requirements of the case. But even if the acknowledgment had been ample, the appropriation would nevertheless have been unjustifiable. The larger biography was the result of original and laborious research, and it has not yet been long enough before the public to enable the author to reap the reward of his toil. He has certainly a moral right to insist that no man shall cut it down and make it over into a cheaper book without his consent.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. With Notes by MARIE HANSEN-TAYLOR. 12mo, pp. 345. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The pieces included in this shapely and well-printed volume are "The Prophet," "The Masque of the Gods," and "Prince Deukalion"—all of them poems which will demand the most serious consideration in the estimates of posterity upon Mr. Taylor's place in literature. "The Prophet," as Mrs. Taylor observes in the "Notes," is thoroughly American in subject and severely simple and realistic in treatment; and those who believe that the poets of the New World ought to find their inspiration in the scenes and personages close around them, recognize in this forcible work one of the most striking confirmations of their theory. Mormonism served in some measure for the historical background of the drama. "But the characters and the plot," says Mrs. Taylor, "are the poet's own, and have nothing to do with the Mormons, as he himself stated. It was, in fact, a trial for him to find that his design was misinterpreted, and that the critics would see Joe Smith in David Starr, there being indeed nothing in common between them. The prototype for his hero which the author had in his mind was rather the Rev. Edward Irving." But the dramatic poem was worked out without reference to any sect. It was intended "to represent phases of spiritual development and their external results, which are hardly possible in any other country than ours," and the tragic element in the poem "is placed chiefly in its moral and spiritual aspects, rather than in the action." Mr. Taylor's dramatic poems are so highly valued and have been so recently the theme of eulogy and of critical examination, that in our remarks upon this new edition of them we can do no better than copy further from the excellent notes with which his widow, in loving care for his memory and in sympathy with his genius, continues her pious task of editing his literary remains.

"The Masque of the Gods," though written a year before "The Prophet," is placed after it, "because of its connection in theme and order of thought with 'Prince Deukalion.' Although not intended to be such, 'The Masque of the Gods' is a concordant prelude to the larger and more important work. So close, indeed, is the intellectual kinship of the two poems that the former seems to strike the opening chords, whilst the latter sets in full-toned, and with orchestral power sweeps through its growing centuries. 'The Masque of the Gods, when it appeared, differed from anything the author hitherto had sung. It touched upon a much higher and loftier theme than had been chosen by him before, though the poem of 'Harpocrates,' written in 1865, already seemed to point in the direction that his mind and his poetic faculty were to take. This drama marks the ripeness of the new intellectual development which had been preparing itself in the author's mind. It came after his translation of 'Faust,' that had taught him a masterly handling of form, and after a long and rare season of congenial labor and study. For several years past the volume he 'loved,'—to which he alludes in the 'August Pastoral,'—'the heartful whispering pages,' 'the yearning voice from the garden in Jena,' and the 'answering voice from the park side cottage in Weimar,'

—'the sentimental echo from chambers of office in Dresden.—

Yes, and the fresher and further voices that round in the pauses,'

had been his intimate companions, and the close intercourse with this august company had opened new avenues of thought, and had imparted to his mind that largeness and universality which characterize in so high a degree the latter years of his life. . . . 'The Masque of the Gods' is the purely poetical expression of one large thought, which had taken possession of the author's imagination, and which could not rest until uttered. It paints the growth of the religious aspects and aspirations of the human mind:—its steady spiritual advancement from the worship of the rude forces of nature to a clearer perception of the Deity." Of "Prince Deukalion" we are informed that Taylor at first intended to call the drama "Eos," but he soon afterwards changed this title for the present one. "He borrowed the names of Deukalion and Pyrrha from the old Greek myth, to which he adhered in a slight manner, but he was anxious at the same time that they should not be identified with that ancient couple." In this poem the aspiration is still higher and the thought still more profound than in its predecessor, and the author was well aware that he sang no longer to his old audiences, but addressed himself to a small circle of intellectual readers. That did not vex him; and there is no doubt that, as Mrs. Taylor says, the idea underlying the poem will in time reveal itself to all thoughtful lovers of poetry. Meanwhile she contents herself with elucidating some of the poetical disguises and illusions, and throwing upon dark passages some of the informing light imparted to her by her intimacy with the work during its progress. Nothing could be better than the simple, precise, acute and modest annotations in which she has discharged this duty. Happy indeed is the poet who leaves as the guardian of his fame one who understood so well his poetic impulses, appreciated so justly the bent of his mind, shared so intelligently in his studies, and lived so close to his heart.

EMILE ZOLA ON VICTOR HUGO.

"CLOUDY DEISM AND FEVERED MONKISH DREAMS."

THE SCAVENGER'S OPINION OF THE POET—A COLLECTOR OF OLD RUBBISH.

Galignani's Translation from Zola's Article in Le Figaro.

I am disgusted by the way in which every poet, Musset and Lamartine among others, has been strangled on the altar raised to Victor Hugo. Chateaubriand is only worthy of serving as his footstool. At Balzac his worshippers laugh. To them Victor Hugo is all in all. He is hailed as a grand poet, dramatist, novelist, critic, philosopher, historian and politician at one and the same time. I merely sum up the general opinion when I say that he is regarded as himself practically constituting the whole nineteenth century. For myself, confronted by this enormity, I lose all respect and prefer remaining a man of common sense. I have no desire that if anyone reads my works twenty years hence, he should burst into a smile. Victor Hugo, *l'homme du siècle*, the thinker, philosopher, and *savant* of the present century! And that too at the very moment of his publishing *Dieu*, the incredible *galimatias* of which seems a sort of wager against French genius! Never, in fact not even in the worst periods of literature, amid the quintessences of the Hotel de Rambouillet and the periphrases of the didactic school, never I repeat, has a more grotesque production seen the light. *Tant pis!* I must break the pact, and say aloud what everybody thinks.

Let us study the "man of the century" in this phenomenal *Dieu*. The poem is something after the style of a philosophical story. An ass has gone to school and exhausted every branch of knowledge. I have put the case in a couple of lines, though the poet displays an overflowing wealth of the erudition that unearths names and facts unknown to the *bourgeois*. Have you ever heard of Eudemon, Niebuhr, Enesidemus, Xenarchus, Tiraboschi, Tornieli, Zonare, Provius, Plancarpet? No. Well, Victor Hugo knows all about them, and therein possesses an evident superiority over most of his readers. His "Ass," to proceed, has read and studied everything, has received instruction in every branch of learning, and becomes greatly exasperated against human knowledge, which he stoutly denies with all the bitterness of stupidity disturbed in the happy serenity of ignorance. How can I give an idea of the longwinded asinine discourse spreading out to something like a couple of thousand verses—the extent of a five-act drama? Try to conceive all the commonplaces uttered for many centuries past against the emptiness of science and the infirmities of man: stitch them together in any order you please, patch on the most preposterous digressions, and repeat the same old idea throughout three pages in increasingly stupefying verses, and you will produce this work—the height of trite extravagance. The poet's procedure is simple enough. He collects all the old rubbish which nobody else would dare to handle. M. Hugo's Ass, for instance, rages against pedants, colleges, the incomprehensible nonsense that stultifies children; he thunders against books, especially big books—much more guilty in his eyes than little ones; he sputters forth his indignation at the attitude toward men of genius assumed by the crowd; and finally passes a severe judgment on the conduct of man *vis-a-vis* of creation, society, and himself. All this, I repeat, is of doubtful novelty, and the worst is that the Ass brings forward no fresh or argument. We are obliged to wade through endless tautology, though we must admit that the poet's tautology is of the most sublime order. The stalest, flattest things assume the most grandiose aspect. We find a Calino disguised as Isaiah. All this would be mediocre enough if told simply, but being put in marvellously inflated language it becomes absolutely unreadable. It is positively staggering. I almost fancied that I was listening to "Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre" being trumpeted forth at "The Last Judgment."

I now get to the thinker, philosopher, and *savant*. We know the opinion of the Ass, that man is a weakling and science a poison. No doubt an animal, in this case, is giving his opinion. At the same time, we must remember that this is the medium chosen by the poet for expressing his own thoughts, as is evident from the complacent way in which the Ass is made to speak. The poet lends him his style and nods his head in approval. What an extraordinary philosophical testament the "Man of the Century" then goes on to leave us! How is this? We are struggling, laboring, and advancing with giant strides in knowledge; even in the last hundred years sciences have sprung up and increased, while a magnificent evolution has launched man forward toward the conquest of truth. And yet—this is precisely the moment that our hero has selected for conjuring up the Ass to insult Science.

The man is not one of us, he does not belong to our century notwithstanding the attempt that is being made to represent him as its unique figure, as the very incarnation of modern thought. He belongs to the middle ages, and knows nothing whatever of our beliefs or labors. Alas! my poor head! The poet calls his theories "the safety of thinkers." He must really be easy to reassure if his vague beliefs satisfy him. After having declared that none, excepting Socrates and Christ, have as yet understood "l'ascension tenebreuse de l'homme," which is as much as hinting that he himself understands it, he solemnly declares that "le bleu sort de la brume," and adds that "pas un pli du rideau du temple est perdu." In case his meaning should not have been grasped, he cries "laisse passer l'eclipse et tu verras l'etoile." It pushed further into a corner, he will explain that "le verbe a pour racine obscure les algebres," and he will even deign to remark that "du fond de l'ideal dieu serein nous fait signe." By this time, however, his reader must be considered as convinced, for we henceforward meet with no other arguments than that "un chaos est l'euf noir du ciel," and that "l'ange pour chrysalide une hydre." At whom is Victor Hugo poking fun? Will some one inform us from what Twelfth Century Monastery he has issued, with his cloudy deism and fevered monkish dreams?

And this is the strange philosopher, the eccentric thinker who has got no further than Dante's symbolic attitude, and whom *turcaret* ask us to accept as the expression of modern genius. But do we need to plant ourselves on a rock as prophets nowadays when we think we have a truth to expound? Prophets have died out with the supernatural, and only observers and experimentalists remain. Victor Hugo's case is purely physiological, and there must have been some intellectual lesion inside his cranium. The mortal has thought himself God and announced the extraordinary inanities of his senile *rêveries* as so many profound truths. I cannot comprehend, however, why certain Republican positivists can listen to them without smiling. I resolved never to touch on the religious question in this journal, and therefore content myself with pointing out the singular attitude of some *quilliards* among my acquaintances who abase themselves before Victor Hugo while they try to hunt down God and his saints. They are disingenuous enough to exalt M. Hugo as a thinker, while thinking all the time diametrically the opposite of what he thinks. The truth is that, willy-nilly, Victor Hugo is a believer after the fashion of the early ages, a chevalier of the past, utterly lost in our scientific times, whose real task or force he cannot grasp. Thinker, philosopher, or savant, he is not; but he is a prodigious rhetorician and a king of poets. Though unable to think in harmony with this century, he has filled it with a sonorous word-music such as man had perhaps never before heard. Even now, even in these works of his old age, which so dismay us, he is still the same terrible Vulcan of hemistichs, whose hammer resounds amid a din of bronze and gold.

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PORTER.—I am a young man 19 years of age, temperate, energetic, speak German, not afraid of work, and will do my best to render satisfaction wherever placed; can give good references. Please call or address LOUIS VESENDORFF, 158-th-st., Melrose.

PORTER, &c.—Situation wanted by an industrious, temperate, thoroughly reliable man, a native of Sweden, age 36 years, single, as porter or useful man in a warehouse or store; is anxious for work, therefore would work for moderate wages; can furnish first-class references. Please call or address A. W., 188 Harrison-st., Williamsburg.

PORTER or WATCHMAN.—By an intelligent, sober and reliable American, 40 years of age; is thoroughly competent and trustworthy, and has good references. Address EDWARD BILL, 210 East 25th-st.

PORTER or WATCHMAN.—By an intelligent strong and industrious man, 30 years of age, in hotel, warehouse or factory. Please call or address F. MIMAN, N., 1,056 3d-ave.

TRAVELLING SALESMAN.—In wholesale house as travelling salesman, by an active young man who has had five years' experience; references A1. Address G. W. W., 41 Fulton-st., Newark, N. J.

USEFUL MAN.—I desire a position in wholesale house, to make myself useful in any capacity; am sober, steady and reliable; can give good references. Address F. DIEHL, 203 West 30th-st.

WATCHMAN.—By a Protestant, middle-aged man as private watchman; is active, and trustworthy in every particular. Apply personally or by letter to REV. E. S. WIDDESER, No. 225 East 31st-st.

WAITER.—By a young man 21 years of age as waiter in a private family; has the best of references, or would have no objection to working in a hotel. Address M. MONAHAN, 257 East 74th-st., city.

WAITER.—In a private family by a capable man with good city references, as waiter; understands salads, &c. Address WILLIAMS, 665 3d-ave., near 42d-st.

WAITER or ASSISTANT WAITER.—By an industrious, steady young German, age 20; is willing to make himself useful; has first-class references, and desires a situation more than wages. Please call or address H. S., No. 5 3d-ave.

MINES AND MINING.

MONDAY, Nov. 15—P. M.

A large and unusually well distributed business was done in mining stocks to-day. There also was a general hardening of prices, particularly for the better class of shares. The Leadville shares were all higher: Chrysolite up to 5⅛@4.95, Little Chief to 1, and Little Pittsburg to 2¾@2½, and the others generally were from 2 to 5 cents higher. La Plata was specially strong, rising from 4 to 5. Of the Comstock shares, Consolidated Virginia was strong, but California was 15 cents lower at 1.80. The newly listed stock, Gold Stripe, brought 2.65. Green Mountain, Rising Sun, Cherokee and similar stocks were firm at full figures. Moose further advanced to 79@78 cents, Goodshaw to 90 cents and Gold Placer was strong at 70 cents. Great Eastern again yielded to 36 cents, but Calaveras recovered to 28 cents, and Silver Nugget rose to 32 cents. The market closed strong.

N. Y. MINING STOCK EXCHANGE SALES.

SECOND CALL—12:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

Chrysolite		Amie		California		Eureka	
200	4.55	300	.015	100	b10 1.90	10	1.25
500	b30 4.60	500	.41	55	1.90	Belle Isle	
750	4.65	100	.40	Tioga		200	.75
100	.83	200	.35	100	.83 .41	Buckeye	
100	.84 4.55	100	.39	100	.40	4000	b60 .20
100	4.70	100	.33	Tuscarora		Pinder	
100	5.00	200	.38	600	.14	300	.28
600	.83 5.00	600	.38	200	.12	Iron Silver	
100	5.13	800	.39	Goodshaw		100	2.85
Imperial		Calaveras		100	.89	La Plata	
900	.18	500	.27	1000	.85	100	b30
Great Eastern		500	.83	200	b30 .87	Little Chief	
300	.37	1,300	.30	100	.86	100	.90
1100	.83 .38	1000	b15 .28	300	.87	100	.83 .90
600	.38	1,000	b10 .28	200	b30 .90	Plumas	
1500	.83 .37	1500	b20 .29	Bunkerberg		100	1.60
800	.83 .36	4,200	.28	100	.10	Rappahan'ock	
300	.37	300	.33 .28	Granville		100	.22
100	.36	300	.83 .27	200	.83 .07	South Hite	
Bulwer		Climax		1000	.07	100	.61
100	.83 1.30	300	.49	South Bodie		Rising Sun	
100	1.30	Con Virginia		100	.09	200	2.00
400	1.29	100	2.55	Gold Stripe		Union Con	
100	1.27	200	b15 2.65	200	b15 2.65	23	12.50
Navajo		50	2.60	Hukill		Grand Prize	
100	.85			50	1.70	50	a10 1.60
				Sierra Nevada			
				10	7.00		

THIRD CALL—2:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

Union Con		Grand Prize		Nor Belle Isle		Great Eastern	
20	12.50	50	a10 1.60	500	.33	200	b30 .37
South Hite		50	a8 1.50	100	.40	500	.35 .37
100	.83 .60	200	1.50	Calaveras		500	.35 .37
La Plata		Navajo		500	.27	34	9 .37
615	5.00	100	.90	500	b10 .28	500	.35
Plumas		Bunkerberg		500	b5 .28	Iron Silver	
200	1.70	280	19	500	a30 .27	1000	2.05
Little Pittsb'g		La Crosse		Imperial		Con Virginia	
100	2.50	100	.29	15	.16	45	2.25
100	2.75	100	.27	South Bulwer		Gold Stripe	
100	2.55	15	.28	100	.40	300	b5 2.60
100	2.40	Chrysolite		100	.53 .42	Hukill	
300	2.50	500	5.25	200	.41	50	1.70
May Belle		200	b10 5.00	100	.40	Sierra Nevada	
100	.25	100	a10 4.87	200	.19	10	7.00
Amie		200	a10 4.75	1200	b30 .20	Rising Sun	
200	.40	100	a14 4.85	100	.60 1.05	100	.60 1.05
500	.41	100	a10 4.90	500	2.00	Gravelly	
3000	.35 .39	200	5.00	Gravelly		200	.07
2000	.38	200	4.90	California		100	1.80
4800	.34	200	4.95	100	1.90	Horn Silver	
1100	b4 .40	200	5.00	140	1.90	100	13.5
1,000	.40	Little Chief		Horn Silver		100	13.00
2000	.41	200	1.00	100	13.5		
Gold Placer		600	a3 1.00	100	13.00		
500	.70						

AMERICAN MINING STOCK EXCHANGE SALES.

FIRST CALL—10¼ O'CLOCK A. M.

Chrysolite		Columbia Con		Mineral Creek		Silver Nugget	
100	1.55	200	1.30	300	1.30	100	.30
Amie		Malachite		500 Virginia		Climax	
100	.38	200	1.60	200	2.70	10	.47
400	.39					200	.48

SECOND CALL—11 O'CLOCK A. M.

Amie		Boston Con		Crowell		Silver Nugget	
600	.40	250	1.10	500	.08	1000	b5 .31
100	.41	Climax		Mineral Creek		100	.31
100	.39	600	.50	100	1.30	13	3 .41
400	.41	Columbia Con		Vandewater		Durango	
100	.40	500	1.30	200	b 5 1.00	1000	.23
				100	b10 1.00		

THIRD CALL—12 O'CLOCK M.

Amie		Copper Knob		Silver Nugget		Vandewater	
1800	.40	600	b10 .80	50	.31	100	b10 1.00
10	.83 .39	Little Chief		100	.83 .31	100	b5 1.00
300	b5 .40	100	.86	100	.83 .30	Mineral Creek	
400	.39	Malachite		Vandewater		100	.83 1.30
Goodshaw		300	1.65	500	a35 1.00	100	.93 1.35
100	.90			100	b3 1.00	100	1.30

FOURTH CALL—