THE VIKINGS.

HEATHENDOM AGAINST CHRISTENDOM.

THE VIKINGS IN WESTERN CHRISTENDOM. A. D. 789 to A. D. 888. By C. F. Keary, M. A. F. T. A. With Map and Tables. 12mo, pp. xl-571. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The period with which Mr. Keary has to do is one of the most difficult to treat historically. The records of that time of struggle between Christendom and Heathendom are fatally defective. All of them proceed from one side, and it is only from the Christian chroniclers, mostly monks or priests, that any data can be obtained concerning the Vikings, whose fierce onslaughts came more and more to terrify Western Christendom from the ninth century onward. When we consider, moreover, that those were days when all unknown regions and peoples were invested with a supernatural atmosphere, the trustworthiness of the old chronicles becomes still more doubtful. They were writing of enemies, not only to themselves, but to their religion. In fact, the hatred of the Northern pirates to Christianity was the dominant note in their proceedings. Wherever they landed their first act was to plunder and burn the churches and monasteries and kill the priests and monks. The religion of the North was not less aggressive than that of the West, and as pitiless. Charlemagne, in his German wars, showed that the spirit of the Old, rather than that of the New Testament, inspired the champions of Christendom in that age; and the Norsemen, with all their ferocity, could not have waded deeper in blood than did their adversaries when opportunity offered.

Because of the mist and fog which overhang the genesis of the Northern raids, it is impossible to present even a conjectural view of their movements which is not liable to serious anachronisms, and which does not rest mainly upon the representations of their bitter and ill-informed foes. Moreover, such a presentation must be gleaned largely from more or less fragmentary and casual references; for the internal affairs of England and the Continent so absorbed the historians of the period that, notwithstanding the ever-growing importance of the Viking raids, they are alluded to only cursorily, and as side-issues. Mr. Keary has made a courageous and laborious effort to break through the obscurity of the Viking age, and to make the action and influence of the Northern people upon Christendom clear. Nothing can exceed his industry or the patient thoroughness of his research, and if the results are not all that could be desired, the reader should ascribe any falling short to the insuperable difficulties inherent in the subject. For it must be realized that the sources of information regarding the history of Christendom during the ninth century are only less imperfect than those concerning Scandinavia. After the death of Charlemagne the whole continent tended to anarchy. The Empire crumbled. Usurpations, rebellions, revolutions, conspiracies, treasons, battles, murders, massacres, succeeded one another in a confused and endless procession. To disentangle all these elements of disorder, to distinguish purposeful misrepresentations from true reports, to keep track of the Viking raids in the crowd of other raids which were not made by the Vikings, is often impossible.

Take, for example, the case of Ireland in the ninth century. There were certainly Viking raids during this period; but Ireland was rent with civil war at the time, and so exactly did the methods of the Irish kings and those of the Vikings resemble one another that even in the case of plunderings of churches and monasteries and slaughter of missionaries and monks Mr. Keary often finds it impossible to say whether these things were done by foreign invaders or domestic factionaries. The case of Ireland is no doubt an extreme instance, for nowhere else did anarchy reach so wild a pitch. But nowhere, save perhaps in the England of Alfred, was there any enduring security from invasion or civil war, and the normal state of Europe may be said to have been that of conflict. Whether there really was at any time danger of the overflow of Christianity by Heathenism remains an open question, we think, though Mr. Keary appears inclined to think that the possibility existed. Of course the Teutonic Heathenism must be considered, as well as that of the Vikings, but the former was the less aggressive of the two, and fought generally in self-defence alone. Whether, indeed, there was any thought of proselytism in the Viking raids is at least problematical. They were not a religious race, and, while they always attacked Christianity when they encountered it, it may easily be believed that their primary object was the rich plunder they had learned to look for in Christian churches and monasteries. As for killing the priests, they killed everybody. No distinction of persons is known to have been made by these red-handed rovers, to whom every stranger was a foe.

It may have been necessary that the blood of these pirates should mingle with that of our ancestors to constitute the civilization of the present; but it will have to be admitted that a more repulsive people never figured in history, and that the bravery which seems to have been their sole virtue was neither more nor less than the bravery of the red Indian. They appear to have first organized their raids on being expelled from Scandinavia as surplus population. When the Norsemen found their numbers increasing beyond the means of subsistence they banished a percentage of their young men, or turned them out to shift for themselves, giving them free pasture over the rest of the world. The emigrants had a simple programme. They took ship, made for the nearest land, went on shore and killed, burned and harried the surrounding country. Later, some of them elected to stay where the new conditions seemed hopeful. Colonies were thus started along the Irish coast, and also in England. After a time the Norsemen ceased to fight with the natives, and intermarried with them, and so the amalgamation proceeded. But at the outset the Vikings thought of nothing but blood and pillage, and so terrible were their arms that they became a terror as well as a curse to all Europe. It is evident that there was one way whereby they might have been checked, and the tide possibly turned, but no Continental ruler seems to have thought of this. Our English Alfred was the one man who did think of it. He built a navy, met the pirates on their own element, and beat them there so badly that for many years they let him alone. The successors of Charlemagne could have done the same, but they were all fighting among themselves, and the feudal chiefs who were rising into greater prominence every year cared nothing about the sufferings of the people, who, as a rule bore the burden of the Viking descents. Charles the Bold was the first to make any serious attempt to check these raids, by throwing bridges over the Seine at Paris. But it is one of the most curious signs of the times that so little effort was made to arrest the steadily growing evil, the significance of which was so completely missed that in the civil broils the Vikings were actually enlisted as allies, now by one side, now by the other.

The Norsemen themselves failed in their first attempt to conquer England, though they came dangerously near success, and Alfred alone stood between them and the attainment of their object. Twice or three times they took and sacked London, and nearly all the monasteries and holy places fell to them at one time or another. Sometimes, during their initiate, so to speak, they allowed themselves to be bought off by a heavy ransom. Later, when they had learned their strength, they laughed at such proposals. For a time they grew tired of invading Britain, for they found that there were more hard blows than treasure to be had there, and even Vikings sometimes grow tired of fighting. So they diverted their fleets to the Continent, where, save in Germany, and not always there, resistance was feebler and opportunities were greater. But it was a trait of the Vikings that no defeats seemed to stop them. On many occasions great bodies of them were cut to pieces. At times they were all but exterminated. Yet the next year a fresh fleet and army would appear in the same place, and all the fighting would have to be done over again. Clearly they were a most difficult people to deal with, and clearly the Continental rulers made little efforts to check their invasion. Their ships explored all the navigable waters of France and Holland and Germany—that is, of the countries now so-called. They captured most of the towns lying on the river banks, plundered and destroyed them. Only once did they sustain a severe check, and that was at Paris, where Charles's bridge and its defences proved too strong for them.

One effect followed the Viking raids which does not appear to have been sufficiently considered. At this time the most important shrines, monasteries and cathedrals were situated near the coast, or on rivers which could be easily ascended. This was especially the case in Ireland and Britain. Now this custom exposed the ecclesiastics, including the leaders of the Church, to the sudden blows of the Northmen, and as a consequence the mortality in this class was very great. Bishop after Bishop was slain or abducted. The most able and eminent missionaries fell under the sword of the heathen. Even Hulmas, the strongest Churchman of his time, narrowly escaped them on one occasion. The losses by plunder were moreover enormous. The Vikings had a vulture's scent for rich shrines, and as they were professional robbers they left nothing of value behind them. It is evident that the Church must have been sensibly weakened by these constant and heavy blows. Its best men were killed and its most opulent treasuries emptied, and this not only once or twice, but at short intervals through generations together. There is another rather interesting consideration, namely, what became of the immense amount of plunder taken from Christendom during all these years? The Vikings are supposed to have carried the bulk of it home to Scandinavia. No doubt a certain percentage of it was lost at sea, and lies to this day on the bottom of the ocean. The greater part, however, must have reached the home ports, and that is the last we hear of it. Scandinavia never was rich, either before or after the Viking Age. It would almost seem that the Trolls must have got hold of this mighty treasure, and that they have kept it from human use ever since after the manner of the treasure of the Nibelung.

What the Vikings learned through their bold adventures and explorations was that Christendom was in many parts quite defenceless. They had sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and had essayed the coasts of Mahometan Spain; but the Arabs were not to be caught napping. They possessed powerful fleets and armies, were magnificent fighters and keen watchers, and in every case they drove off their Norse assailants with heavy loss. Elsewhere no such dangers were to be feared. Continental Europe was chaos. Absorbed in its civil wars, it had no time and no inclination to protect its coasts and rivers, and the pirates could sail along the one and up the other and take whatever suited them, commonly without even having to fight for it. If this was the formative period of European States, it is difficult to understand how they ever passed out of it. In fact, they only passed out of it by sacrificing much of their former individuality, by absorbing or being absorbed by the elements which had threatened to destroy them, and at a cost of blood and wretchedness which makes one sick to think of. To the witches' cauldron of this dreadful period the Vikings contributed a ferocious virility which insured the perpetuation of itself, but which did not promise any more civilizing element. Christendom was to come from the fiery ordeal changed and in some respects purified. Mr. Keary has written a deeply interesting book, though it is not always an easy one to read. His learning, industry and perseverance, however, entitle him to high praise, and he has covered a most obscure period perhaps as well as it is likely to be covered.

BALZAC IN ENGLISH.

THE STORY OF URSULA.

URSULA (URSULE MIROUET). By Honore de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo, pp. 358. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Balzac's "Ursule Mirouet" was originally published in 1841, just fifty years ago; and it is an interesting and curious circumstance that it is, in one particular, quite in touch with the present day, while in more than one respect Balzac's treatment of the subject to which we have reference will be found abreast of the most modern and scientific thought. The story of Ursula is in itself a strong one, and it exhibits the author's distinctive literary traits with more than his usual emphasis. In the portraiture of persons and places it is remarkably fertile. From the opening pages, which set in sharp relief the face and figure of Minoret, the gigantic and rapacious postmaster, to the end a rapid succession of vivid pictures passes before the eyes of the reader. One comes to know all these people of Nemours; all these greedy and suspicious heirs who can hardly wait until the breath is out of the poor Doctor's body; who spy upon him and Ursula, noting every outgoing and incoming, every purchase, every change of habit, on the part of both of them, and interpreting everything so noted from the sole point of view of its bearing upon the inheritance problem that absorbs them.

Never did Balzac more powerfully and pitilessly show forth the meaner traits and tendencies of a half animal bourgeoisie. Old Minoret, Zelie (his wife), Massin, Cremiere, Goupil, the notary's clerk, and all the circle to which they belong, may be said to typify the worst side of the provincial character so hideously caricatured by Zola. Here we see wholesome thrift degenerated into shameless covetousness; family ties perverted into the bonds which unite a gang of thieves; blood relationship construed as a license to plunder the richest member of the family. Here, too, the state of provincial thought concerning religion in the post-Revolution generation is strikingly and ingeniously illustrated by the fury of the Doctor's heirs when they learn that from being a materialist he has become a Christian; a fury engendered by the apprehension that the good man's conversion will redound to the worldly advantage of Ursula, whose pious love has been the instrument of the Doctor's change of heart. But never did Balzac create a more charming, pure and tender creature than Ursula herself. Such a conception in fiction, like that of Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, is a benediction. This young girl, who has been brought up by three old men—an abbe, a soldier and a physician—and has been guarded and guided and taught with a truly religious devotion by all of them, is a masterpiece of naturalness, nobility, truth and modesty. The courtship between her and young Savinien de Portenduere is a delightful episode, moreover, in which the girl's fresh and innocent soul is most delicately and beautifully exhibited.

Perhaps some readers may boggle over the chapter entitled "A Treatise on Mesmerism," in which the old Doctor Minoret has experience of the wonders of "clairvoyance." But it is precisely here that, as before observed, Balzac is most singularly in touch with modern thought, and the proof of that assertion must not be withheld, inasmuch as it will add to the interest of the story for all thinkers. Not two months ago there was published in Paris a treatise entitled "Therapeutique Suggestive, son Mecanisme; Proprietes diverses du Sommeil Provoque et des etats analogues," the author being the distinguished physician and hypnotic adept, Dr. A. A. Liebeault. This book, which discusses the therapeutic applications of hypnotism, is largely concerned with the power of mind, with the energic capacities of thought, and, incidentally, with considerations of thought as a force, superior to, but analogous to, those cosmic forces with which physical science busies itself. Now, in this volume of Dr. Liebeault's there is a remarkable chapter on "Lucidity," in which "Clairvoyance" is discussed, and there are whole passages in this chapter which go on all fours with Balzac's observations, while the cases in illustration cited by the modern writer actually exceed in marvellousness the fancy of the romancer. Take for example the example of Madame Lenormand's prediction, or the case of the message delivered at the point of death. The latter would unquestionably fall within the scope of those cases collected by Messrs. Myers and Gurney, in their "Phantasms of the Living." The former is employed by Dr. Liebeault to point an argument for the capacities of human thought, which really in its logical implications goes far beyond the propositions of Balzac. Why, asks the modern inquirer, should not the penetrative power of human thought not only equal but surpass that of light, heat, elasticity, magnetism? These forces, we know, span the interstellar spaces, pierce even material obstacles, and pass everywhere. Shall it be concluded that human thought, whose potency in the moral world we know to be virtually infinite, and whose dominion over matter is being daily made clear through researches into the influence of mind upon body—shall it be concluded that this subtile and tremendous agency possesses less range than the far coarser, the unintelligent elemental forces? And why should it be incredible that thought, engendered by some great mental or physical crisis or convulsion, endowed with special energy by the occasion, may so infringe upon a distant sensitive intelligence as to produce a recognition and realization of itself? This would be clairvoyance, and this, argues the learned doctor, is scientifically demonstrable and not less scientifically acceptable.

So it is not after all a very far cry from 1841 to 1891 in this matter. Neither does Dr. Liebeault stand alone as sponsor for the revival of an old doctrine. He is but one representative of a school which is rapidly extending, and which already numbers such distinguished names as Beaunis, Liegeois, Ochorowitz, Dussard, Gibert, Richat, and perhaps we might add Charcot. Experiment is to-day regarded as the best foundation for belief, and no hypothesis which attempts to put a limit to possibility is respected or deferred to. Balzac had opportunity to study animal magnetism and clairvoyance under specially favorable conditions. About the time he was writing "Ursule Mirouet," the famous Alexis Didier was flourishing, and amazing all Europe with demonstrations of lucidity which have never been surpassed since. The English medical school, at whose head Dr. Ashburton stood, was exploiting mesermism with no less care, skill and ingenuity than have been shown recently at Nancy and the Salpetriere. There was really but one marked distinction between the two investigations. The one at the beginning of the century was conducted by men of science who were also Christians; the one at the close of the century is conducted by men of science who are thorough-going Materialists. In all other respects the course of the inquiry into hypnotism is merely a "rechauffe" of the inquiry into mesmerism; and the older inquest went further and secured greater proofs than the younger has hitherto obtained. But the most significant fact is that the two are constantly drawing together, and that materialist science is more and more compelled to accept the conclusions first reached by science which was not material. The novel-reader pure and simple must not, however, imagine for a moment that "Ursula" is other than a fine novel. Bulwer's "Zanoni" and "Strange Story" dealt with occult subjects, but were none the less magnificent works of fiction; and "Ursula" has only two occult episodes. All the rest is action and utterance such as every one knows; only action and utterance recorded and expressed as no other man than Balzac has done it. It is a work of genius throughout, indeed, and it should be as popular as any of the noble array of the same author's works which have been so faithfully and brilliantly rendered into English by Miss Wormeley.

NEW NOVELS AND TALES.

A FRESH AND INTERESTING WORK.

JERRY. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. 12mo, pp. 473. Henry Holt & Co.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Herman. 12 mo, pp. 254. Macmillan & Co.

MY LADY NICOTINE. By J. M. Barrie. 12mo, pp. 265. Cassell Publishing Co.

MADAME D'ORGEVANT'S HUSBAND. By Henry Rabusson. Translated by Frank Hunter Potter. 12mo, pp. 255. Dodd, Mead & Co.

AN ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT. By E. W. Howe. 16mo, pp. 188. Atchison, Kan.: The Globe Publishing Co.

DREAMS. By Olive Schreiner. 16mo, pp. 182. Boston: Roberts Bros.

A MYSTERY OF THE CAMPAGNA and A SHADOW ON A WAVE. By Van Degen. 16mo, pp. 203. Cassell Publishing Co.

"Jerry" was published in a magazine anonymously, and even in that form—which lessens the merits and magnifies the defects of a story more than all others—it excited much interest and curiosity. The character of Jerry, the poor Southern "white trash" waif, and his curious development under the joint influence of Joe and the Doctor, evince care, thought and unusual creative power. Perhaps the author has hardly shown with sufficient force the extent of the underlying egotism in Jerry's nature; for had he been the boy he appears at the beginning it is questionable whether he could have become the man he is at the end. The story, however, is that of an originally crude and coarse nature, altered, but not clearly improved, by a partial education. The effects of this partial education are of two kinds. At the outset the lad is impressed with a compassionate sense of the degradation and misery of the mining population around him, and is moved to attempt socialistic reforms. Then the naive conspiracy of his patron and friend, Joe, awakes in him the greed of gain, and he pursues aims which bring him to the second and final stage of his development. The contributory incident is generally well described, though there is some haziness as to the dialect of the miners, and some error concerning the habits of mining camps in the West. The idea that Jerry could have gained the reputation of a fighter by merely knocking Morris down with his fist, and by constantly flourishing a pair of pistols, is certainly not realistic. To obtain such a position in such a community he would have had to kill a man or two. We think many readers will be more in sympathy with Joe than with Jerry. The former is, in fact, the higher nature of the two; a man capable of the most comprehensive self-sacrifice, and quicker than his better educated protege to discern the fatality of the pursuit of gold, which at first he had thought the one worthy enterprise. All the scenes in Durden's mine are excellent. The mystery and the terror of the old workings are indicated with decided power, and the description is graphic and impressive. The fulness with which the processes of Jerry's mind are examined and recorded sometimes lends an air of prolixity to the tale and interferes with the movement, and this is a defect in a work of fiction. Psychological analysis is good in its place, but it must be in due proportion, and not so dominate a novel as to make it heavy. After making allowance for all deficiencies, however, it may be said that "Jerry" is a really fresh, vigorous and highly interesting story.

"He Fell among Thieves" is one of the new copartnership novels, Mr. David Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman sharing the credit for it. It is not a work of genius, and hardly worth so elaborate a machinery to produce it. The hero, who falls among thieves, so acts at the beginning as to suggest a doubt whether the company may not have been congenial to him. A youth who, having no means, gambles and incurs debts he cannot pay, and who then jumps at a proposition to raise funds by buying expensive jewelry on credit and pawning it, is not far removed from the moral status of a thief himself. Nor is his subsequent course, in retaining the name of a dead stranger for whom he has been mistaken, much more upright and straightforward. The catastrophe introduces a really new idea in the shape of a means of murder, and perhaps the lovers of sensation will consider that this atones for all shortcomings. The paralyzed convict who figures as the principal villain is rather interesting, and has touches about him which recall Wilkie Collins now and then. The story as a whole, however, belongs to a distinctly low grade of fiction. It is essentially a novel of action, and not much superior to the average "shilling shocker."

Mr. Barrie has written a book about smokers and smoking which it is rather difficult to classify. It may be said to embody a sort of comic philosophy of tobacco in a series of short stories, all of which spring from and turn upon the weed. It can hardly be expected that women will appreciate these incubrations, though there is really much that is amusing in them. Perhaps the most skilful touch is the author's prefatory assurance that he has given up smoking; whereas every line in the book shows him to be a passionate lover of "My Lady Nicotine." The sketches of the Arcadia Club, with its marvellous smoking mixture, are extremely good, and the general idea and its execution are praiseworthy on the score of originality.

Rabusson's "Madame d'Orgevant's Husband" is a study in morbid pathology of a certain kind, being the story of a young man who, while not being what is commonly called a bad man, yields to strong temptation in early life and commits an embezzlement. There are, of course, many such cases in real life, and it depends upon circumstances how they end. Detection commonly means ruin and a life of crime. Escape from detection may result either way, according to the character of the malefactor. In the case supposed the nascent scoundrel secures immunity, but none the less does disaster follow his offence, and the author has used much art in showing how and why this disaster befell. Of course there is a love-story—in fact, there are two. It is, moreover, a novel which leaves nobody happy unless it be those who had taken such positions beforehand as to be able to say, "I told you so!" to the sufferers from their own blindness and weakness.

We do not like Mr. E. W. Howe's "An Ante-Mortem Statement." It is supposed to have been written by a man who kills himself as soon as he has finished it, and who must have been as mad as a March hare, though he is continually insisting upon his sanity—a common trait in madmen, by the way. The whole burden of his complaint is that his wife had been engaged to another man before she married him. The thought of that engagement, of her having been made love to by another, so works upon him that, though according to his own statement she was a perfect wife, he drives her from him after two years of morbid misery on his part—and after she has gone laments her absence until he concludes that life is not worth living. All the rest of the book is taken up with a homily addressed to women, adjuring them not to be engaged more than once, not to let their lovers be in the least degree familiar with them, and so forth. It is a strange, weird, half-crazy book, in short, and not interesting in spite of its absurdity.

Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" is a collection of very beautiful and tender little allegories, in which the course and vicissitudes of Life and Duty and Love are symbolized. There is a remarkable loftiness and as remarkable a descriptive force about all these sketches. They are not to be glanced through and flung down, but to be studied over and again, for the high and deep thought that is in them.

In the "Unknown Library" we have "A Mystery of the Campagna" and "A Shadow on a Wave." The first is an uncompromising vampire story, hardly modernized at all by the author's effort to give it the semblance of possibility. It might have been taken bodily from the "History of Vampires," written 200 years ago, and this being the case it is rather "too strong an order" for the end of the nineteenth century. The other story is rather a slender Venetian fancy, of a disagreeable turn.

LITERARY NOTES.

Tennyson has written a number of autobiographical notes to accompany a second edition of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke's book, "The Poetry of Tennyson."

William Morris intends to bring presently from his Kelmscott Press a reprint of Caxton's "Golden Legend; or Lives of the Saints," originally printed in 1484. In the reprint the text of 1484 will be rigidly followed, no variations being adopted but such as are absolutely necessary in making use of the Kelmscott type in place of the Gothic type used by Caxton. Mr. Morris has had much trouble in getting the beautiful paper he wanted for the productions of his Press; but has at last succeeded in procuring paper made after the old process from linen rags.

Mr. Morris will soon issue from his Press a volume of his own miscellaneous poems.

Joel Chandler Harris's new book of stories entitled "Balaam and His Master and Other Stories" is coming from the Riverside Press.

That good fiction will no longer be cheap when the new Copyright bill goes into operation is the conviction of "The American Bookseller." When publishers are obliged to pay the foreign novelist of high rank a good percentage they will not be apt to bring out his book at 20 cents. Therefore the cheap fiction of the future will be cheap in every sense. Thus "The Bookseller";—which goes on to say, "There may be exceptions to this in cases where there is a fortunate discovery of some unknown author who is willing to part with his work on easy terms, for the sake of becoming known." We are inclined to think that these exceptions will be so few and far between that they need not be counted upon. Authors are beginning to realize that a valuable or popular book is as much property as is a house, a horse, or a handsaw, and they will more and more govern themselves in accordance with this knowledge. Those, by the way, who believe that a genius should not concern himself with filthy lucre, would oblige the world by giving a good reason why the gift of authorship should be maintained by half-pay and destroyed by full pay.

Two interesting letters—one written by Thackeray, the other by Dickens—were sold in London the other day. Thackeray's letter contained this characteristic bit concerning Bulwer:

I have no sort of personal dislke (not that it matters much whether I have or not) to Sir E. L. B. L., on the contrary, the only time I met him, at the immortal Ainsworth's years ago, I thought him very pleasant; and I know from his conduct to my dear little Blanchard that he can be a most generous and delicate-minded friend. But there are sentiments in his writings which always anger me, big words which make me furious, and I can't help rebelling. My antipathy don't go any further than this, and it is accompanied by a great deal of admiration.

Victor Hugo and his wife are thus sketched by Dickens:

"I was much struck by Victor Hugo himself, who looks a genius, as he certainly is, and is very interesting from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman with flashing black eyes, who looks as if she might poison his breakfast one morning when the humor seized her."

Mr. James Schouler is reading the proofs of the fifth volume of his History of the United States, and it is to be issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the autumn. This volume covers the period from 1847 to 1861, bringing the work down to the beginning of the Civil War and completing it in accordance with the original plan.

It is noted that the spring publishing season in London is duller than usual this year. Our copyright bill is one cause of this; many good books are being kept back until after July 1 in order to secure a copyright here. Two of these are Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Life of Robert Browning" and the new issue of Ruskin's poems.

In the late Richard H. Dana's unpublished journal there is a graphic sketch of a "Voyage on the Grand Canal of China"; and this is to be given to the public in the pages of the next "Atlantic."

The memoirs of Prince Napoleon, in keeping with the wishes of the dead man, will be edited and published by Frederic Masson. According to a recent statement of M. Masson, the Prince left more than five trunks full of important papers. These he intends to examine carefully before publishing them. He hopes, however, to give the prospective work more the character of a history, showing the true character, plans and hopes of the Prince, than that of a mere book of memoirs. The papers of the Prince are at present at Prangins.

The city of Frankfort will soon acquire a valuable manuscript of Schopenhauer. The manuscript is the original of the second volume of "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung." It is now in the possession of Mrs. E. Hofmann in Darmstadt. The price to be paid is 1,500 marks. The manuscript with the exception of the last page, is perfect.

Professor Edmund T. James, who has been elected president of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, in place of Provost Pepper, resigned, has written much of value on political science and public policy. He was born in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1855, and studied at the Northwest University, and later at Harvard. He afterward went abroad, took courses at Berlin, Leipsic and Halle, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the latter institution in 1877. On returning to America he taught awhile in Evanston, Ill., as the principal of the High School. Then he served the Illinois State Normal School, in charge of the classical department. After four years there he was elected professor of public finance and administration at the University of Pennsylvania, a place he has held ever since. Twice he has refused offers to leave Philadelphia—one the presidency of a Western university, the other, just last year, a professorship at Harvard. Professor James is the president of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the Editor of the "Annals" of the academy, a quarterly journal of economics; past vice-president of the American Economic Association, and vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Mr. Labouchere says in "Truth" (London) that, in his judgment, the time has come when the box containing the authentic documents and correspondence respecting the marriage of George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert should be opened. This box was deposited with Messrs. Coutts by Mrs. Fitzherbert in 1833, and it was sealed with the seals of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Albemarle and Lord Stourton. When Lord Holland's memoirs were published, in 1854, Mr. Langdale, the brother and legal representative of Lord Stourton, was anxious to open the box, but the other trustees were not willing to break the seals. It is probable that these documents and letters are of great historical interest, because George IV made several attempts to obtain possession of them, and the last of these (in which Sir William Knighton was concerned) so much alarmed Mrs. Fitzherbert that she at once took measures to place her papers in safe keeping.

COLORED STATUARY.

From The Boston Herald.

That modern archaeological research is exerting great influence upon thought of the present day, that the closer the past is brought to us and the less mysterious its art, literature and religion appear the more sympathetic the present becomes, receives constant illustration. One of the most significant forms of recent influence from the past is found in the remarkable exhibition made by the Department of Classical Art in the Museum of Fine Arts. Illustrating the predominance of color in Greek art, its suggestions will completely revolutionize modern statuary if our sculptors continue to imitate the Greeks and become colorists. For years the unsatisfactory nature of pure white statuary and its failure to adapt itself to the conditions of our modern interiors have had a depressing effect upon the development of sculpture, but it was produced because it was considered classical and true. The recent archaeological investigations of Dr. Schliemann and others have shown that the Greeks were far from producing white statuary, and that they were even more imbued with delight in color than the moderns, for they decorated the outside of their buildings in elaborate colored patterns and united the art of decorative painting with that of architecture and sculpture. Two striking restorations at the exhibition of the Museum of Fine Arts will undoubtedly create much discussion. Following the evidence of archaeological discoveries, a cast of the familiar head of Hermes has been colored a rich, tawny red color, with dark eyes and bronze hair. The head of the Venus de Medici is of a brilliant white and pink, with gilded hair, red lips and blue eyes. The contrast which these two colored pieces of statuary make to the conventional white casts is striking, and cannot fail to startle observers used to the conventional purity of the modern statuary. As our first sculptors imitated the statues from the Greek, as they were unearthed deprived by time of their color, the sculptors of to-day are already beginning to color their statuary according to the truth of archaeological investigations, and a prophecy of colored pieces of sculpture for the future is founded upon actual art developments.

DE MINIMIS.

MR. FURNIVALL AND "LIKE" AS A CONJUNCTION—POINTS OF PUNCTUATION—"CHRISTEN" IN ITS PROFANE USE.

London, April 8.

The astonishing Mr. Furnivall has reappeared in the arena in defence of "like" as a conjunction; or rather, since he prefers attack to defence, to do battle against all who decline to accept his doctrine in favor of the conjunctional use of this particular part of speech. It were better to have the proverbial millstone about your neck than Mr. Furnivall against you when a point of philology or linguistics or any related subject is in dispute. He ought to have lived in the golden age of Shakespearean warfare, when critic set lance in not against critic, or, more probably, clove his head with a battle axe and smashed it in with a mace.

To differ from Mr. Furnivall is arch-heresy, and you will be told of it in language more energetic than elegant. It is a "vulgar error" that "like" cannot rightly be used as a conjunction. Every decently taught school boy knows it; "journalists of forty," whoever they may be, are to be excused for ignorance; whether because they are forty or because they are journalists, is not quite clear. Still, our "brethren of the press"—in Mr. Furnivall's mouth a term of bitter contempt—ought not to make "absurd statements," or inflict upon "students of English"—an antithesis to "brethren of the press"—the "irritation of seeing nonsense put forth as truth." Shakespeare, whose name Mr. Furnivall misspells, "has instances of the original use of 'like' with 'as' and with 'to'", and we are referred to Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, to save us from making absurd statements.

The rapid newspaper reader might understand Mr. Furnivall to cite Shakespeare as an authority for this use of "like", and I dare say he does mean the rapid reader to understand this. But not one of the instances in Schmidt is decisive or unequivocal. Other authors are appealed to, rightly or wrongly, I know not, nor does it matter. Is it not enough to have Mr. Furnivall tell us, in his modest kindly way, that "'like' is just as good a conjunction as it is a preposition"; even though "popular writers, in the insolence of their ignorance, have set themselves up to declare that 'like' has no right to be a conjunction?

The "popular writer" thus held up to execration and general contumely is none other than Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang's letter in reply to Mr. Furnivall is such a model of good sense and good humor and good manners and of delicate irony that I will just quote the whole of it:

"I do not know English literature like Dr. Furnivall does, but surely I may have an opinion about the modern use of 'like' as a conjunction. No doubt it was used by Shakespeare, Shelley, Mr. William Morris, and other classical authors; who denies it? The only question is as to whether it is at present sanctioned by the majority of good writers. As far as I have remarked, it is now almost peculiar to some lady novelists. Would Dr. Furnivall recommend a young author to write as they do, or to conform to a harmless but popular prejudice by writing as they don't? Idioms come and go; this particular idiom has nearly gone, and about idioms as about words, one may take the advice quoted by Aulus Gellius, from Julius Caesar, I think. But anything for a quiet life. Rather than ruffle Dr. Furnivall I would write like Mrs. Henry Wood wrote."

Probably it would be wrong to commend this to young writers as an example. Mr. Lang needs no commendation of mine, and besides, if grammatical controversies are to be conducted on one side in this amiable light spirit, what will become of the sledge hammer disputants like the always astonishing Mr. Furnivall, or like Mr. Frederic Harrison? To men of amiability or lightness of spirit Mr. Furnivall seems to have an antipathy as violent as he has against writers who do not agree with him and Mrs. Henry Wood in the use of "like." "Confound their impudence," says the fierce Mr. Furnivall.

There is a point which Mr. Lang does not care to make. The colloquial use of "like" as a conjunction is, I think, altogether confined to England and is not in use in the United States. Does anybody in New-York or Boston ever say "like I did"? It is common in London, and it must not be called vulgar because it is to be heard in the best society. Who, now that Thackeray is gone, dare say that the best society, or any usage which it sanctions, is vulgar? Society does not care much for Shakespeare, and says what it chooses to say, with little regard, I fear, even to the decrees of Dr. Furnivall; of whom, perhaps, many of its members never heard. It is in America, as we all know, that so many Elizabethan and other good English phrases and locutions, here forgotten, survive. To deride them as Americanisms does not alter their true history.

It might be hard to say why such discrepancies in the use of English should become so firmly fixed on either side of the ocean which divides the mother country from our own, but they do. No complete list of them has ever been made. One or another of them is noted from time to time, then forgotten. Some attract no attention. Has anybody, for example, dwelt on the English habit of using "an" before such words as "hospital" and "hotel," or, which is a stronger instance, before "Union"? Do you ever say in New-York "an hospital," "an hotel"? Here they never say anything else. Is "an Union" American? It is certainly English. Mr. Lecky always uses it, and other writers use it. It may be optional to treat "h" as an aspirate or otherwise, but when "u" has the force of "y" and does duty as a consonant, is it in America treated as a vowel?

R. W., who wrote you lately on the subject of punctuation, touched a subject on which—the same thing may be alleged of most other subjects—much remains to be said. He wants more punctuation than he gets, and in one of his two examples is clearly entitled to it. In the other he asks for too much or for not enough. But the general comment I should ask leave to make on his letter is of a different kind, namely, that current English prose is, for the most part, over-punctuated and not under-punctuated. It is a matter in which we are very much in the hands of our friends the printers and proof-readers. Sometimes they are our friends and sometimes our enemies, but I prefer to call them friends.

There are authors who settle this matter for themselves, or try to. There are others who commit their manuscript, with or without a preliminary exercise of prayer, to the tender mercies of the compositor. Now, printing offices vary in their customs and usages; whence it follows that the sense of an author may depend very much upon his choice of a printer; or upon the choice which his publisher makes for him. The Scottish printer has a passion for punctuation, and finds his chief relaxation from toil in interjecting commas into sentences which could support their own weight very well without these crutches. Mr. Earle who, in his very serious book on "English Prose," has treated Punctuation and some parts of Rhetoric together under the heading "Some Mechanical Appliances," thinks that the use of commas has considerably diminished in the present century. Perhaps it has, yet the present century could supply him with crops of commas equal in richness to any he could reap in books of a hundred years ago. Some of the best-known printers are among the greatest offenders. Talboys of Oxford, who printed for Pickering, was one. Open at random any volume of the so-called Oxford English Classics and this is what you find: "My vanity, or my kindness, makes me flatter myself, that etc." It is one of the blots on Mr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's Johnson that he has preserved Boswell's punctuation. This act Mr. Hill speaks of in his preface with a kind of pride, but it is unscholarly. Neither punctuation nor spelling—the spelling, too, he keeps, because Boswell wished it—was at that period well settled; nor is it now. And since usage is so fluctuating, that of the date of publication might be followed when no historical purpose is to be served by reproducing the old. Boswell had no such authority in literary technicalities as should entitle him to this deference.

As I was saying, this century can, on occasion, equal or even surpass its predecessor. The following sentence, stops and all, is from "The Times" of April 6—day before yesterday. I had marked it as a curiosity before I saw R. W.'s letter:

"The rulers of the United States, having a surplus with no immediate claim upon it, have, not, perhaps, unwisely, resolved etc."

Here are five commas after five successive words; more than even R. W. could really want. Mr. Earle thinks the over-punctuation of the eighteenth century is to be connected with the extremely logical bent of that age, and he notes how the reprints of Greek and Latin texts were over-punctuated. Logic could do without commas and colons, as the Greeks and Romans themselves did. Mr. Earle states the case more freely on the next page:

"It is possible to get into a habit of composition which is so dependent upon the punctuation that without the stops the syntax might be ambiguous. This is a weak and a bad habit. In a well-written paragraph the syntax will be found to dictate the place of the stops, and not to be dependent upon them."

This last sentence is golden, and there is much in Mr. Earle which is, if not always gold, of excellent metal. I should say, in parting with R. W., that a treatise might be written on the Superfluous Stop, and since he thinks it worth while, as it is, to write you on a matter which some great minds deem trivial, he might ask himself whether he really likes being impaled on the points with which the over-punctuated sentence bristles. If, for want of a comma, he now and then reads a clause twice over, that is a habit which in these days of hurry deserves to be encouraged.

There are, it may be said, many ways in which a man may prove himself a purist or pedant in the use of language. The ecclesiastical is one. It is chosen by a writer who, signing himself Layman, addresses to a leading Conservative paper a protest against the use of the word "christen" in the launching and naming of a ship. Prince Henry of Prussia committed this sin this very week, and the Queen (who can do no wrong) committed it some weeks ago at Portsmouth in baptizing the Royal Sovereign. The "actual meaning" of the word is to this Layman's mind a reason against employing it in this manner. No doubt he refers to the etymological derivation of it. But we cannot be tied down to etymologies. "Christen the thing what you will," says Bishop Burnet. "I am most certain that is the first example in England since it was first christened," says Jeremy Taylor. These are the first two instances given in the first dictionary I turn to. With two Bishops against him—one of them a great theologian and both eminent in literature—our "Layman" might as well retire. G. W. S.

THE WORM TURNS.

RECIPROCITY IS A GREAT THING.

Tudor Jenks in The Writer.

The editor pushed her manuscript and the accompanying letter wearily aside, seized a rusty falcon pen which wrote spasmodically, watered his ink until it was indistinguishable at three paces, selected some highly glazed and very flimsy paper, and wrote