THE TALLEYRAND MEMOIRS.

CONGRESS OF VIENNA—HUNDRED DAYS—RESTORATION.

MEMOIRES DU PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND. Publies avec une Preface et des Notes par le Duc de Broglie, de L'Academie Francaise. Tome III. 8vo, pp. 469. Paris: Calmann Levy. New-York: F. W. Christern.

The third volume of the Talleyrand Memoirs opens with the continuation of the Congress of Vienna, January, 1815. Talleyrand was then bringing to a conclusion, and a successful conclusion, his long and difficult task of saving Saxony from dismemberment. Even when this was accomplished, however, the work of the Congress was by no means completed. There remained several questions of a delicate nature to be determined. The attitude of Murat at Naples was disturbing, but he himself, by his intemperate folly, gave Austria the opening she had been longing for, and his last arrogant note was answered by the dispatch to Italy of an army of 150,000 men. The Swiss question also was proving difficult, and as the end of the Congress began to be visible Talleyrand perceived that the Great Powers, whose plans of aggrandizement he had thwarted so adroitly, were more and more disposed to be sulky, and that they were in no hurry to authenticate the acts of the Congress by the signatures of their representatives. At this juncture Louis the Eighteenth began to press Talleyrand to return to Paris, where his counsel was much needed. The King even instructed the Prince to leave Vienna at once; but Talleyrand knew the vital importance of finishing his work, and he remained.

While the negotiations were proceeding, on the 6th of March, Metternich received the startling intelligence that Napoleon had escaped from Elba on February 26. This news was dispatched to Paris by Talleyrand on the 7th of March, and it is curious to note how little weight he seems to have placed upon it at first. But the allies had no information of Napoleon's destination and purposes. It was thought for several days that he intended to make a descent on Northern Italy, to form a junction with Murat's troops, and to rouse the whole country to revolution. This was keenly apprehended at the Court of Vienna, and when it became known at last that the Corsican had landed in France a feeling of actual relief was experienced, for it was thought then that he had fallen into a trap from which extrication was impossible. Talleyrand, writing every day to the King, continually refers to the necessity of prompt measures, but with a certain carelessness and lightness which appear to indicate that for once his judgment of the man he should have known so well was at fault. Nobody, however, had seriously considered the possible consequences of Napoleon's prestige, and when, as he progressed toward the capital, regiment after regiment, fortified town after fortified town, went over to him, flung wide its gates, and flung out the old cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" the Court and the Legitimists generally were paralyzed as much with astonishment as fear. Talleyrand hoped, or pretended to hope, that in any event the King would remain at Paris. Louis soon found that to attempt such an heroic attitude would be to expose himself to worse straits than exile. It soon became apparent that the whole army, with exceptions too small to be of practical use, was disaffected, and that resistance to Napoleon was out of the question.

At the beginning of the Hundred Days the King ceased to answer Talleyrand's letters, and the Ambassador was left without instructions at Vienna, where the utmost excitement prevailed. Notwithstanding this, however, the astute diplomat held his own. His first move was to procure the issue by the assembled Powers of a proclamation denouncing Napoleon as a brigand and declaring him an outlaw. Talleyrand was quite proud of this piece of diplomatic pyrotechnics, though at this day it is apt to appear mediaeval in spirit and practically useless. It certainly showed that the Allies were exceedingly excited and perturbed, but it could not have had the slightest influence upon the action of the French army, which continued to go over to the "brigand," and which was as ready to fight to the death for him as when he occupied the throne. Louis fled to Ostend, and then to Ghent, and during the Hundred Days he cut a decidedly humiliating figure. Talleyrand adhered to his fortunes with a firmness which testifies to his belief that the star of Napoleon had really set, and that no matter what spasmodic efforts he might make, his empire was finally broken. After Waterloo—of which campaign there is but the briefest mention in the memoirs—Talleyrand strongly opposed the King's proposal to accompany the forces of the Allies in their march upon Paris. The statesmanship of the Prince appears to great advantage at this point. His sentiments are at once wiser and more kindly than those of his master. He dwells upon the danger of causing misapprehension among the French people, who never will consent to have a ruler forced upon them by foreign bayonets, and who, seeing Louis in the company of the invaders, will almost inevitably take that view of the situation.

But Talleyrand could not persuade Louis that it would be the wiser plan for him to establish himself at Lyons, to assemble the Council there, and to hold himself aloof from the foreign commanders. He insisted upon going to Paris, and he went. At first Talleyrand thought of resigning office, but he refrained for the moment, rejoined the Court, was appointed Foreign Minister, and entered upon the negotiations with the Allies which followed. The Allies, and particularly Prussia, had entered France for the second time, full of rancor and revenge. What they had not done in 1814 they were eager to do in 1815. At once a demand arose for the restoration of the spoils of art which Napoleon had filched from every Government that fell before him. Paris was full of these evidences of a rapacity which defied the laws of war observed by civilized Nations, and it is not surprising that the sight of these tokens of their humiliation exasperated the sovereigns who at last found themselves under no obligation to conceal their indignation or to hold their hands from redressing their own wrongs. Blucher wanted to blow up the Bridge of Jena, and Louis wrote a melodramatic note declaring that if this was done he would take his stand upon the bridge and be destroyed with it. Talleyrand takes the ground, proper enough in his position, that this cheap pretence of patriotism saved the bridge. Probably Blucher would have blown up Louis without the least compunction, but the Duke of Wellington could not be braved so easily, and he, though with much difficulty, succeeded in effecting a compromise, whereby the menaced structure changed its name, and so ceased (in theory at least) to reflect upon Prussia.

As to the return of the Museum spoils, the statues, pictures and other works of art, the negotiations soon became extremely lively. Talleyrand tried every device to change the purpose of the Allies, but for once the latter were inflexible. They declared that the goods were not legitimate spoils of war, but they had in fact been stolen, and that therefore they must be restored. It must be said that Talleyrand in this case had a poor cause to defend, and that even his ingenuity fails to present it in a convincing light. In vain he argued that the wars of 1814 and 1815 were waged upon entirely different principles; that whereas in the first the Allies were attacking France, in the second their efforts were directed against Napoleon—already a proclaimed outlaw—and his misguided adherents. In vain he argued that if the spoils of foreign museums had not been reclaimed in 1814, much less could they be reasonably reclaimed in 1815. Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington replied to such considerations with a reversion to the first principles of the case which Talleyrand found rude and almost brutal. But he was to encounter even greater rudeness on far more important matters, for when the winding up of the campaign came to be undertaken, and the Allies, after conferring among themselves, presented their bill, so to speak, to the French Government, it was of a nature to strike dismay into the stoutest heart. Talleyrand's convenient theory that the Monarchy could not be held responsible for the deeds of the Empire, and that as the Allies had entered France this time to restore the Monarchy, it was their duty to make no demands upon the latter, was disregarded by the representatives of England, Prussia, Austria and Russia in the most ruthless way.

The terms proposed were such as Napoleon himself might have offered a conquered country. It is needless to recapitulate the conditions, which have long been part of European history. The worst of them was that while Louis dared not reject them peremptorily, knowing that the Allies had the power to enforce them, he could only accept them at the imminent risk of sacrificing all his popularity with his own subjects, who were certain to hald the existing Government responsible for such a National humiliation as these conditions involved. Prince Talleyrand entered upon the work of resistance with his characteristic energy and skill, but he soon discovered, first, that the Allies were in a very unamiable and persistent mood, and, second, that Louis had no serious intention of holding out. The fact was that he was surrounded by "emigres," who were perpetually telling him that he could not afford to offend the Powers that had restored him for the second time to his throne, and the King, who was easily influenced, could not stand against these arguments. As soon as he perceived that his position had become untenable, Talleyrand lost no time in abandoning it. He was not the man to permit his name to be forever associated with a National humiliation certain to damn all directly connected with it. His ambition was to win great diplomatic successes which should redound to his personal credit. No man was less likely to sacrifice his reputation for the sake of a master like Louis; and besides, Louis could always find men to employ upon such a business. It required no diplomatic skill or experience to agree to terms framed by foreign Powers. So he resigned and withdrew into private life, despite the solicitations and remonstrances of Wellington, Castlereagh, Metternich and other plenipotentiaries—who perhaps did not express the highest sense of his patriotism in asking him to be the Minister of Europe in these circumstances.

In an appendix to the ninth part of the memoirs, which deals with the events just noted, Prince Talleyrand gives his defence against the Duke of Rovigo's charge that he was a chief agent in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and he more briefly notices another accusation, preferred by the Marquis of Maubreuil, to the effect that he tried to procure the assassination of Napoleon while he was at Elba. The statement of Talleyrand concerning the death of the Duc d'Enghien is to the effect that in 1804 M. Regnier, a Councellor of State, who was temporarily administering the general police department, the Ministry of which had been suppressed some months before, sent a report to the First Consul complaining that an organization of emigres, subsidized by England, was making Offenburg, in the electorate of Baden, its headquarters, and was there plotting against the French Government. It was the year of the conspiracies of Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, etc., and rumors of plots were in the air, and were eagerly accepted. Upon receiving this report the First Consul directed Talleyrand to demand the extradition of the accused French emigres from the Baden Government. Such a measure was already provided for by the treaty of Luneville. Talleyrand appends the letter which he wrote in accordance with his instructions. It does not mention the Duc d'Enghien, and is precisely as he describes it.

This note was dispatched on the 10th of March. A few hours afterward Talleyrand was sent for by the First Consul, whom he found "in a state of violent agitation." He was accusing M. Real, one of the police directors, of not knowing that the Duc d'Enghien was at Ettenheim with General Dumouriez, plotting against the safety of the Republic. Then he turned upon Talleyrand and reproached him, asking how it was that the Charge d'Affaires at Carlsruhe had failed to report the facts to him. As soon as he could secure the First Consul's attention, which was not easy, Talleyrand says he observed that the presence of the Duc d'Enghien in the Electorate of Baden had long been known to him (the First Consul), and that he had even instructed Talleyrand to inform the Elector that no objection would be made by the French Government to his residence at Ettenheim. As to the alleged intrigues, either they were imaginary or the Charge d'Affaires thought them too insignificant to report. The anger of Napoleon, however, was not appeased by any representations. He exhibited the reports he had received concerning the presence of General Dumouriez at Ettenheim, and he forthwith resolved to have the supposed plotters seized by French troops, who would violate the territory of Baden in carrying out this order. Talleyrand was then ordered to write again to the Elector's Minister, informing him of the contemplated step, but it was intended and arranged that the latter should not be delivered until the raid had been accomplished. These, Talleyrand declares, are the only two letters written by him having any connection with the affair, and beyond the writing of these letters he had nothing to do with it. The First Consul did not consult him about the matter, nor did he confide his intentions. Talleyrand knew nothing of the proceedings of the court-martial, the finding, the execution, until it was all over. It turned out afterward that the person taken for General Dumouriez was another man of no significance. But the presumption is that Napoleon had made up his mind beforehand to kill the Duc d'Enghien, and any pretext served. Talleyrand's defence appears to be almost conclusive as concerns himself, and, apart from this, there is in his favor the absence of adequate motive, an especially weighty consideration in the case of a man like him.

As to the charge of planning the assassination of Napoleon, Talleyrand relies mainly upon the character of Maubreuil, which, as described by him, is certainly almost as bad as it could be. Here, too, there is an obvious lack of motive, and moreover Maubreuil did not pretend that he had even so much as seen Talleyrand himself. According to him an agent of the Minister negotiated with him, and we believe that he failed to point out that alleged agent. This charge, however, must have rankled, or Talleyrand would hardly have noticed it in his memoirs. He demanded an official investigation of Savary's charge, but the King would not permit this, fearing to rake up the past at so critical a period. He, however, declared his complete confidence in Talleyrand, and as evidence of his opinions, gave orders that the Duke of Rovigo should henceforth be denied the entree to the Tuileries. Concerning Savary's own active participation in the affair of the Duc d'Enghein, there is no room for doubt, since he hardily avowed his responsibility with his own hand. The most reasonable theory seems that the First Consul resolved upon the commission of the crime with a view to its political effects. He gained nothing by it but hatred, it is true, but at the time he may have thought it a subtle and politic stroke. Probably he alone must be held accountable for the deed, though Savary and the other subordinates who carried out the details have well earned the opprobrium which follows them. Talleyrand was not scrupulous, but he has a right to say, as he does, that nothing in his career justifies the suspicion that he was inclined to be bloodthirsty.

From 1815 the Memoirs jump, with a single bound, to the Revolution of 1830. Of the intervening fifteen years of the author's life he has put nothing on record; or if he did record anything it has been suppressed by one or the other of his executors. As the case stands, however, there is no course but to follow the memoirs as they are presented, and therefore all that is to be said is that we next find Talleyrand, after the dethronement of Charles the Tenth and the succession of Louis Philippe, solicited by the latter to take the English Embassy. He says he had thought his career finished, but after a little hesitation he accepted the new King's proposition and made his preparations to reside in London. The remainder of this volume is concerned with his diplomatic work there. The European situation was at the time considerably complicated by the quarrel between Belgium and Holland, and Talleyrand found himself immediately immersed in diplomatic cares. Portugal and Brazil offered another delicate case, but the Belgian one was the most pressing and the French Ambassador at the Court of St. James was seriously embarrassed by the weakness and instability of the Government he represented. As he observes in one of his letters written about this time: "It is difficult to do anything vigorously or confidently when at any moment you may be asked—'By the way, does your Government still exist?'" In truth he did not know from day to day whether it did still exist, and even when the Government kept on its feet, the changes of Ministry were so frequent, sudden and infelicitous, that his instructions were constantly fluctuating, and he was called upon to discuss and obliged to oppose seriously the most absurd and impracticable schemes and policies.

This portion of Talleyrand's memoirs furnishes much evidence of his statecraft, adroitness and fertility of resource, though there is nothing in the volume abler than his resume of the work of the Congress of Vienna, presented as a report to Louis the Eighteenth. With all this there is little or nothing that can be called personal. Only in the Appendix concerning the Duc d'Enghein affair does Talleyrand employ any expressions denoting warmth of feeling. His remarks about Savary and Maubreuil show him a master of vituperation when he was minded to employ it, but these remarks are as brief as they are energetic. In a final Appendix are given some letters found with his papers but not inserted in the memoirs proper, and these will be found of interest. The volume brings us to the end of 1830, and it closes leaving the principal events of Talleyrand's English mission to be recorded.

SUMMER READING.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

DETTE DE HAINE. Par Georges Ohnet. 12mo, pp. 378. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. New-York: F. W. Christern and W. R. Jenkins.

A DEBT OF HATRED. By Georges Ohnet. Translated by E. P. Robins. Cassell Publishing Company.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT. By the Marquis of Lorne, G. C. M. G. 16mo, pp. 157. D. Appleton & Co.

A QUESTION OF LOVE. By T. Combe. Translated by Annie E. Ramsey. 16mo, pp. 258. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE GOLDEN GOAT. By Paul Arene. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 214. Harper & Brothers.

SUNNY STORIES AND SOME SHADY ONES. By James Payn. 12mo, pp. 268. John W. Lovell Co.

Notwithstanding the denunciation of the naturalistic critics, M. Georges Ohnet keeps the even tenor of his way, producing about twice a year a novel which at once secures a large circulation, and which goes into fifty, sixty, nay, sometimes into a hundred editions. The public, stupid creatures, will persist in preferring this incorrigible author to his more profound and psychologic contemporaries, and it is not the first time that this phenomenon has been witnessed. Meantime M. Ohnet, by steering clear of the gulf into which Bourget, Maupassant, Zola and so many others have plunged, and by offering his readers a kind of fiction which is at least clean, seems to have demonstrated that the French novel-reader really prefers that order of literature to the other, which is certainly a hopeful symptom, however it may jar upon the feelings of the new school. M. Ohnet's last story is proving not less popular than its predecessors, though it is not equal to some of the latter. "Dr. Rameau" was stronger in many respects. "Dette de Haine" is a study of a wicked woman; a beautiful creole who marries a man with the deliberate purpose of ruining him, he having killed her lover in a duel, but without knowing that the man occupied that relation to her. There is, as foil to this vengeful creole, a pretty blonde who loves, but is not loved by, the man who marries the creole, and hence complications arise. The hero, a Breton ex-naval officer, falls into the snares laid for him, and, but for the vigilance of a Jewish millionaire stock-speculator, would have been ruined as his wife intended. Here is ample room for the ingenuity of the author, who, indeed, makes a sufficiently entertaining story out of his material, and who further defies the new dogmas by making his tale end well—possibly not without an eye to its dramatization. "Dette de Haine," however, is a fair average novel. The translation, published by the Cassells, is by no means first-rate and is marred by many awkward locutions.

The novelette which bears upon its title-page the name of the Marquis of Lorne is sure to be read, and it is almost equally sure to prove a disappointment to the reader; that is, if the latter had any expectations. The Marquis means well, no doubt, but his fiction cannot be regarded as serious work. This little book is short, and that is the best that can be said of it. As to the story, it conveys the impression that it is the first essay of a very young person who has seen nothing of life, but who may have travelled a good deal. The narrative passes from Scotland to California and the scene changes from a smugglers' cave to the Chinese Theatre in San Francisco. The hero, a youth who first rushes over to Rome, and then, after becoming a Jesuit, rushes back again to Protestantism in proper time to marry the heroine, who is an American girl, is a sadly inconsequent not to say scatter-brained person, and not interesting, in spite of the author's attempt to represent him as a superior soul. The characters talk prosily and at depressing length, and their conversation can hardly be said to advance the action. Of the Marquis's style the following sentence will convey some idea: "'Oh,' he answered, in a voice that, to their Eastern ears, seemed very Californian or European, for it came from the chest, and the enunciation was different than it often is in the older States." One sees from this that it is possible to be a Marquis and a G. C. M. G., and yet to write "different than," and imagine it to be the Queen's English. Further comment seems unnecessary.

"A Question of Love" is a pleasant, unambitious and well-written love story in a rather original vein. We all know that novel in which the girl has two lovers; one poor but worthy, the other rich and prosperous, but in all other respects inferior. We all know how in this kind of novel the poor but deserving lover cuts out his rival and carries away the prize. Well, M. Combe has taken it into his head to reverse this plot, and the effect of the change is quite refreshing. His poor but worthy lover has no success at all. It is the other man who makes the running. Moreover, the poor lover does not even have the satisfaction of knowing that the girl who would not have him is unhappy. On the contrary, quite the reverse. She is very happy, and does not miss the poor and unsuccessful lover at all. There are in this story some excellent studies of old men and of an old maid. The household of sexagenarians, octogenarians and nonagenarians, with Zoe as the one spot of color to brighten it, forms a curious and artistic picture. The whole story, indeed, is written with conscientious care for details, and a finished simplicity which is very agreeable.

M. Paul Arene's "Golden Goat" is a bit of life in a corner of Provence, taken from one of those quaint and curious little communities which preserve a strain of Arab or Moorish blood with a social conservatism to be paralleled scarce anywhere else at this day. The Golden Goat is the centre of a legend connected with a hidden treasure, and with the legend is entangled a family feud which plays an important part in the story. It is all charmingly fantastic, all steeped and saturated in the golden light of the Provence atmosphere, and told with that delightful delicacy of touch which few besides Frenchmen have the secret of. A very pretty summer story is "The Golden Goat," in short, and an ideal book for the shore or the hammock.

Mr. James Payn is one of the most prolific writers of the day, and he has written many good, and many not so good, novels. The present volume appears to be a collection of his more trifling pieces. It consists of two parts. The first contains eight fairly good and amusing short stories of a cheerful character with the exception of the last, entitled "Under Sentence of Death," which is a tediously long account of the last days of a man whose sentence has been pronounced by his doctor. The second part, "Gleanings from Dark Annals," is much the best, being composed of entertaining papers upon various queer or mysterious matters connected with crime and criminal law. The illustrations here are all authentic, and it is of facts, however strange or inexplicable, that the writer speaks. What Pip used to call "the bad side of human nature" is illustrated very freely and grimly in these pages, which for that matter would furnish matter for a whole shelf full of sensational novels. The "Gleanings from Dark Annals" are very well worth reading.

A convenient and attractive guide for those who may visit Amherst College or the region in which it is placed is Frederick H. Hitchcock's "Handbook of Amherst." There are seventy illustrations, all, with a single exception, from photographs. The natural beauties of the country, the more artificial attractions of the towns and the college precinct, are carefully presented in picture and text. A marked feature is the series of fraternity houses, which show how useful the Greek letter societies have been at Amherst.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

SOME NEW CHAPTERS IN WALLACE'S WRITINGS.

NATURAL SELECTION AND TROPICAL NATURE. Essays on Descriptive and Theoretical Biology. By Alfred Russell Wallace. New Edition with Corrections and Additions. Pp. xii., 402. Macmillan & Co.

The works which are combined in this volume are too well known to require any addition to the praise which they long ago received from the scientific world. To have hit on the principle of natural selection before Darwin had formulated it sufficiently attests the acuteness of the author and the breadth of his study and observation. Few men are more thorough critics of scientific theories than Mr. Wallace. There is, however, some new matter in this volume, which is of special attractiveness in these days when man and his condition both in this world and the next are themes of extraordinary popular interest. In a chapter on the antiquity of man in North America the author has arranged the facts that have come to his notice indicating the extremely remote period in the past to which human life extended on this continent. This may be looked upon as supplementary to a chapter on the antiquity and origin of man which is here reprinted from "By-Paths in the Domain of Biology," and to others on the development of the human races under the law of natural selection, and on the limits of natural selection as applied to man. It is remarkable testimony to the fact that biology is practically at a standstill, confronted by the anthropological problem, when the author deems the papers written as long ago as 1864 still up with the times. In various places he indicates by a footnote, or in some other way, a modification of earlier views, but no such remark is made in these chapters.

In some aspects of the subject he is certainly right. There seems to be no way, save the one he has marked out, by which the opposing opinions as to whether man is one species or many are to be brought into harmony. He argues that at the outset man was of one stock and was then subject to all the influences which have modified animal life, so that races were differentiated before mankind had reached a condition of life comparable to that of the lowest savages in the modern world. But as soon as human beings reached a stage when they began in the crudest and simplest manner to meet the necessities of their environment by artificial means, then the law of natural selection, inexorable with the brute, began to lose its hold upon them; their physical characteristics ceased to change and the germs of mental and moral qualities began to be developed. "Thus man by the mere capacity of clothing himself," he adds, "and making weapons and tools, has taken away from nature that power of slowly but permanently changing the external form and structure in accordance with changes in the external world."

This is certainly an attractive theory, but he proceeds to argue that the men in this state of nascent mentality who happened to live in regions where the soil was sterile and the seasons inclement would be superior to those in more favorable climes. Modern facts lend countenance to such a notion, but all that is known of primitive life is against it. The civilization of Egypt and that of the Mesopotamian Valley on the one hand and that of the Peruvians and Mexicans on the other were sub-tropical. The evidence in the case of Babylon goes to show that the movement of civilization was up the Euphrates from regions of fierce heat toward the cooler clime. As to the Peruvians it is still an open question whether they descended from the north or traversed the sea, carrying with them a civilization of which there are still monumental relics in Polynesia. That point will have to be settled before the culture of the Incas figures to much utility in any discussion as to the origin of man.

If it were true that, as in modern times, so in primitive, the men of the colder regions were superior to their congeners who were more favorably situated, then the barbarism of Northern Europe, lasting from the glacial epoch down to a date thousands of years after the civilization of Egypt and of Babylonia had culminated, would be more unaccountable than it is—and that is hardly possible. Why should Europe have had to wait until Babylon and Egypt civilized Phoenicia, and then have had to receive gradually at the hand of Semitic traders suggestions from the Orient? For example, Schrader and Ihering agree that even so obvious a step toward civilization as that of granting the ex-tribal visitor the privileges of a guest was not taken by the Greeks without the influence of the Phoenicians. Ordinarily he was killed as a sacrifice to the gods. How great the transition was between the habit of murdering men and the less offensive habit of inviting them to dinner is hard for a modern to estimate. So, not only the Greeks, but the whole Indo-European world seems to have obtained its knowledge of gold and iron, and possibly of silver and copper, through Semitic channels. Such facts as these are, one may say, crucial tests of a theory and they certainly do not bear out the opinion that man's struggle with nature in her adverse aspects hastened the evolution of his intellect. All that can be said is that they have given the European races the dominance at last, after an interval which may have lasted anywhere from 10,000 to 500,000 years; that is, from the disappearance of the glaciers and the tertiary ocean in Europe down to the beginning of the historical record. It must be acknowledged, however, that the first uprising of Europeans—with whom the inhabitants of Western Asia Minor may properly be included, since they necessarily had much the same breeding—shows an unexpected degree of civilization. The only war that Rameses III waged, which really warranted his reputation as a great strategist, was that in which he defeated forces by land that had overrun and almost effaced the Hittite Empire, and flushed with victory had begun their march against Egypt, and then destroyed an allied force by sea that swept through the Pelusiac mouth of the Nile before it could be intercepted. In this case the European races showed—at least a century, perhaps two centuries, before the earliest possible date for the Trojan War—a capacity for organization and for harmonious action as great as that shown much later by the Gauls in their conquest of Rome, and a really startling proficiency in naval affairs. But this incident recorded on the Egyptian monuments only lengthens the European historical period three or four generations, a mere nothing to that vast emptiness, ages upon ages, which the biologists and geologists demand, and which they have as yet failed to fill with any adequate indications of progress.

Natural selection, the survival of the fittest, the preservation of favored races in the struggle for life—these are statements of a principle which not only meets the empirical tests of induction, but satisfies the mind even before a single example has been cited. But it does not explain the disappearance of "low and mentally undeveloped populations with which Europeans come in contact." Rum and the rifle have to be considered in the matter, and besides some of the stock instances relied upon, which are cited also by Mr. Wallace, amount simply to a misstatement of a fact. It is not true that the Red Indian is disappearing from North America. Taking the estimate of anthropologists as to the probable population of Europe in the period when men lived by the chase as a criterion, it may safely be said that the Indian inhabitants of the United States have doubled if not trebled, in numbers since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The loss of famous tribal names has nothing to do with the facts. Any argument from the mounds and fortifications of the Mississippi Valley would be misleading. It is an open question whether or not those extensive earthworks which seem to a modern the walls of cities ever contained anything resembling a town. If the Moundbuilders were of the same origin with the Pueblo tribes of the Southwest, then they probably built these so-called walls merely as a foundation for their dwellings, exactly for the same reason that the Assyrians, though they lived in a country where solid foundations could easily be reached, continued for thousands of years to build their houses as though these rested on the treacherous alluvium of Babylonia. The works of the American Moundbuilders were a question of time not of numbers, and a modern Pueblo would afford the best data for estimating the population of the mounds in Ohio or Tennessee. Take another notorious case—it is the European, not the negro, who is vanishing from the French West Indies. According to Mr. Wallace's application of the principle of natural selection, the negro ought to be losing numbers in the Southern States, but this is far from being the case. Turning to Asia, we may say that it is doubtful if the European can perpetuate himself in India without constant immigration.

All this is intimately connected with a problem the solution of which as offered by the experts in biology is thoroughly unsatisfactory to the layman in science, namely the differentiation of men in respect to the size and shape of the skull. The averages given by Mr. Wallace—which will serve the present purpose as well as a more elaborate list—are for cranial capacity: Teutonic peoples, 94 cubic inches, Esquimaux 91, Negroes 84, Australians 82, Bushmen 77; idiots, less than 65; gorilla—the largest example known—34 1-2. But as Mr. Wallace says, there are frequent examples of savages with cranial capacity equal to that of exceptionally large European skulls, so that practically the comparison as to the size of the skull bears no proportion to that between the intellectual conditions of given races of men. Moreover the skulls of prehistoric man, even those supposed to date from an incalculably remote period, show substantially no change. Therefore, if the size and the shape of a man's head were an infallible index to his mental powers, the European cave-dwellers must have been every way the equals of their remote descendants. Nobody believes this possible, and the author of the book in hand, while clinging to the notion that the size of the skull is of primary importance, endeavors to solve the difficulty by supposing that the savage possesses a brain in excess of his requirements, prepared in advance for the progress which he and his descendants are to make in civilization. It is a strain on credulity to expect one to believe that the post-glacial European had a big brain because his possible descendant in the nineteenth century would need all the intellect he could muster to make a living.

Briefly, the facts seem to indicate that all the elaborate disquisitions of the last ten or twenty years in which have figured to weariness such hard words as dolichocephalic, bracycephalic, orthocephalic and mesocephalic, have not enlarged knowledge on the subject of the antiquity of man a single degree. It would seem to be time to consider whether the differences indicated by these words are of anything more than secondary importance. Mr. Wallace says the size of the skull is of the highest value, and cites as proof the fact that the cranial capacity of a human being must equal 65 cubic inches, otherwise he will be an idiot. If this proves anything, it proves too much. The idiot is neither a man nor a monkey. He is not in harmony with nature whether he be classed with the superior animal or with the one inferior to him. The gradual growth of brain from the size adequate to meet a monkey's necessities to that required for a rational man must pass the point at which a man is an idiot. Built it is impossible that a generation of idiots could ever have existed, for such an accident would have precluded the evolution of humanity altogether.

It is more reasonable to put the consideration of the size and shape of the skull under the head of what Darwin called correlation of growth, thus making it of secondary importance. An increase in the size and a modification in the shape of the brain-case would naturally, though not necessarily be supposed to accompany a change in the quality and texture of the brain itself. In this view of the matter, what becomes of biology in its relation to prehistoric study? The brain of prehistoric man has departed. What little information could be obtained from the skull he has left has been worked out. Biology should, therefore, be content with a subordinate place in future investigations. The real question is, What is the relation of brain tissue to brain product? If biology furnishes an answer to that question, archaeology and mythology and philology may furnish the necessary third term—prehistoric brain product—for a plain computation under the simple rule of three, and the answer should be a scientific description of human brain tissue in prehistoric times.

The concluding chapter is a beautiful tribute to the memory of Darwin. None could have summarized so well and so briefly the debt of the world to that lamented scholar and discoverer. The eulogy is all the more delightful because Mr. Wallace might have cherished that sort of jealousy which has embittered the life of many a student surpassed accidentally at a critical moment by another worker in his field. But there is nothing here except large-hearted commendation justified by minute knowledge of facts. It is a testimonial of lifelong friendship as well as a thoughtful interpretation of a career and a personality likely to be better understood a hundred years to come than they are now.

LITERARY NOTES.

If "Realism" is only half of life as the body is only part of the Man, how can a book or a play presenting only the outside of things be true to nature and life? It is easy to picture a lean and slippered pantaloon hobbling along the crowded street; then on the paper one may see his bent back, the wrinkles in his leathery cheeks, the faded rustiness of his once black coat, the cracks in his dirty linen, the knotted veins, the enlarged knuckles of his old hands. But it takes a Balzac to show the tragedy in the man's soul—not by pasting a label on the man's breast, but by making his soul live before you.

Mr. Quaritch's visit to this country in company with some of his rarest books was not a successful one and he has returned to London with nearly all of them. Even the unique copy of the veritable folio letter of Columbus—the first printed announcement of the discovery of the New World—did not apparently tempt any wealthy American.

The complete translation of Heine's works which Mr. C. G. Leland has been making is to be published in this country by the Lovell Company. The first volume, which is in the press, contains "Florentine Nights," "Herr von Schnabelewopski," "The Rabbi of Bacharach" and "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women." "Pictures of Travel" will fill Volumes II and III.

Oscar Wilde has written a new book which Osgood is to publish. Its title is "Lord Arthur Saville's Crime."

An edition of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," intended for the average student as well as the erudite reader, is announced by Ginn & Co. It is made much more easy reading by the relegation of the Latin and Greek quotations to the foot of the page and the substitution in the text of adequate translations. The same principle is adopted in the Notes by the editor, Professor A. S. Cook, of Yale.

"De Vita Christi Meditationes" is the title of a valuable work by Thomas a Kempis, which has recently been brought to light. There is no doubt of its authenticity, and a translation is now in the press.

Mr. Howells will discuss in the next "Harper" the question whether there is a decay in the morality of our fiction, and if so, who is responsible for such decay.

The vivacious account of the journey of "A Girl in the Karpathians," written by the fair traveller, Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, is soon to be brought out here by Cassell. Miss Dowie, who is not much past twenty, travelled through the wild region of which she writes in a boy's costume.

Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy has gone abroad for a year, and may, perhaps, go round the world—which probably means another book.

A famous old name is to be revived in the British publishing trade. Mr. Archibald Constable (who is a grandson and namesake of Walter Scott's Constable) has lived in India many years and is particularly interested in Oriental literature. He therefore intends to make a specialty of the publication of books connected with the East in a series entitled "Constable's Oriental Miscellany." The first publications from his lately established London house are to be a splendid new edition of Bernier's "Travels in the Mogul Empire" and a "Hand Atlas of India." Tales of early Indian travellers will follow, and the series promises to be an admirable one.

Continental readers are to have a new periodical to be published in English and to be called "The Tauchnitz Magazine."

The late Sir Richard Burton's "Pentamerone" is ready for the press and will be followed by the second part of his notable work on "The Sword," a book about gypsies, and some records of travel.

Rolf Boldrewood, the teller of Colonial tales, will write no more. His death has just been announced—with the addition of the statement that his real name was Brown.

THE WORD BLIZZARD.

From The London Athenaeum.

I notice with some surprise that since our great recent blizzard the old English word which describes so picturesquely our English snow-blast—the wind that answers to the tourmente of the Alps, the "death-wind" of the Himalayas, and the "demon's breath" of the Andes—is spoken of by some of our journalists as an "Americanism"; and even such admirable lexicographers and philologists as Murray, Barrere and Leland treat the word as a modern Americanism. Americans are a very clever people, to be sure, but they did not invent blizzard. Long before what Mr. Moncure Conway calls the "English variant in America" was born or even dreamed of by the Old Country, the word blizzard was about as familiar a word as "fountain," and more familiar than the word "mountain," in the Midland Counties; while, so far from its being American in origin, it was not till within the last thirty years, according to Bartlett and other American philologists, that it was ever heard in the Eastern states, and in the Western a blizzard meant a knock-down blow from an argument, not a knock-down blow from a snow-blast. In support of what I have said about the Midland Counties, I quote the following from a correspondent to Notes and Queries:

"The word blizzard is well known through the Midlands, and its cognates are fairly numerous. I have known the word and its kin full thirty years. Country folk use the word to denote blazing, blasting, blinding, dazzling, or stifling. One who has had to face a severe storm of snow, hail, rain, dust, or wind, would say on reaching shelter that he has 'faced a blizzer,' or that the storm was 'a regular blizzard.' A blinding flash of lightning would call forth the exclamation, 'My! that wor a blizzomer!' or 'That wor a blizzer!' 'Put towthry sticks on th' fire, an' let's have a blizzer'—a blaze. 'A good blizzom'—a good blaze. 'That tree is blizzared'—blasted, withered. As an oath the word is often used, and 'May I be blizzerded' will readily be understood.

As an East Midlander, I do not remember the time when it was not a familiar and a favorite word with me.

Years ago the word was claimed by a famous East Anglian philologist, George Borrow, as East Anglian; but I have not myself heard it among the peasantry further East than Huntingdonshire. Capgrave was a Lynn man, and Borrow and I once searched Capgrave's "Chronicle" for the word, but did not find it. Of course, among scholars and students of English it has always been a word of great interest, for, as an instance of onomatopoeia, it mimics not only the sound of the object, but the picture too.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

FROM FAMOUS LITERARY FOLK.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The public taste seems lately to have set in largely in favor of autographs and autograph letters of celebrities; and supply and demand are having something like a neck-to-neck race. The high prices which have been realized at many of the auction sales have doubtless acted as a stimulant, inducing possessors of literary curiosities to part with treasures they would otherwise have kept. When the owner of a letter of Lord Byron sees that another letter of the author of "Childe Harold" has brought a sum of £38, he begins to think he may as well make £38 too. So, also, the possessors of miscellaneous letters of contemporary celebrities, when they learn that £21 has been paid for a few lines of Tennyson's handwriting or £60 for a collection of letters addressed to Dante Rossetti. Thus the supply is accounted for. The demand is not so easily explained; but it is quite certain that, whatever the reason, the demand has caused the high prices, just as the high prices have led to the almost excessive supply.

A new collection of autographs now on sale in Edinburgh, some of which are of no little interest, has just come under our notice, and has again emphasized the difference between the prices and the real intrinsic value. A quarter-page octavo, closely written, from the pen of Thackeray, is priced at £5. It is dated "Onslow Square, July 10, 1858," and is written on the fly-leaf of a letter from a boy, who asks an explanation of what he considers an error in "Pendennis." Thackeray writes:

Dear Sir: I think you have caught "Mr. Pendennis" in a scrape from which there is no escaping, unless, indeed, we suppose that a large passing cloud obscured the moon at the very moment when that little transaction between Pen and Fanny may have occurred. But did it? I assure you I am on that subject quite in the dark, and your very faithful servant,
W. M. THACKERAY.

Another letter from the same hand is priced at four guineas, and is also worth quoting: We read:

My Dear Leigh: I have been reading the papers just now, and I thought of a song, "Your Bessie has never been false, she declares," . . . about Brown Bess. . . . I have had a pint of Madeira at dinner—no more, 'pon my honor. . . . Thank Evans for his immense alacrity in sending me that paper I asked for about three years ago.

There are two autograph letters of Carlyle in the collection. One, priced at three guineas, consists of four closely written pages, octavo, dated "Chelsea, 5th August, 1854," and refers to certain matters connected with the history of Frederick the Great. The letter closes: "We are here all autumn; nearly drowned with rain at present, and not in any respect too triumphantly circumstanced." The second letter is a fine specimen of two pages, and is priced at forty-eight shillings. We read:

I used to know De Quincey rather well; he is here in Edinburgh, but none of his friends see him by calling; he has hardly shown face for the last two years; and is at present wholly occupied getting out what we in Scotland call a Cessio Bonorum—that is