

MADRID.

The Spanish Capital Well Described and Pictured.

MADRID. An Historical Description and Handbook of the Spanish Capital. By Albert F. Calvert. With 453 illustrations. 12mo. pp. xxvii, 622. The John Lane Company.

The useful "Spanish Series" edited by Mr. Calvert, which already embraces some fifteen volumes and is to be extended by seven or eight more, is especially strengthened by this book on Madrid. Despite its modern character the city is, of course, peculiarly important to the traveler, and it is well to have, apart from Baedeker and Murray, a work constituting a kind of panorama of the Spanish capital. Mr. Calvert has never done his work better. His brief text covers the ground not inadequately and his illustrations, which are always intended to be of greater value in this series, are both numerous and well chosen. The author is skilful in holding the balance true between those extremes of admiration and depreciation in which observers of the city are not seldom inclined to indulge. The truth is that it is easy to go to either extreme. Visit Madrid in favorable weather, enter sympathetically into the life of the city, make due allowance for the errors of taste in which a modernized people have not unnatural, taken, and you come away with a charming impression. On the other hand, one who is betrayed into a sickness by a dusty afternoon wind, and who simply cannot down with the gaudy aspects of a city emulous of Parisian example, has only to witness a bullfight and his cup of disgust and wrath is full. The judicious foreigner will take pains to hold a middle course.

Mr. Calvert is wise in his observations on the Parisian ambitions of Madrid. As he says, "the city manifests the modern spirit in Spain rather than the mediæval atmosphere. It does not live upon its past like Cordova and Toledo. Madrid aspires to be a progressive, modern municipality. The streets are broad, the system of lighting is modern, there are electric trams, motor cars and London and Parisian vehicles in the thoroughfares. The streets are deluged with the fire hose three times a day, and the nuisance of the dust is thereby abated." French influence is, no doubt, to be regretted when it produces flashy architecture and positively vulgar interior decoration. But in the main it has been valuable, leading the inhabitants of Madrid toward a better standard of comfort, so that their city becomes every year more attractive and more convenient. Moreover, while the modernization of Rome, for example, will often threaten to injure or entirely efface some precious monument of antiquity, the natural development of Madrid as a progressive city of the present time rarely if ever involves the sacrifice of any priceless souvenir of the past. It was not until the sixteenth century that Madrid was made "the only court," representative of all Spain where previous capitals had been identified with specific kingdoms, and it is far from rich in those architectural glories which in other great European cities have to be protected from the march of commerce. Things like the beautiful portal of the "Latina," the hospital of the Conception in the Calle de Toledo, which is shown in our illustration, are comparatively rare.

Yet there is much that is picturesque in Madrid. The life of the city is vivid and full of movement. Mr. Calvert effectively sketches its characteristics, noting all the salient traits of the Madrileño in the street, in the cafés and theatres, at the clubs, and so on. His statement that "it is necessary to own a carriage and pair in order to figure in Madrid society" needs, perhaps, a little qualification. The grandee whose fortune has dwindled so that he cannot maintain an equipage worthy of his name will not make any effort to "keep up appearances." He will take his afternoon drive in a hired cab and still hold his own in society. In other words, while fashion holds sway in Madrid the ancient Spanish pride has suffered no abatement, and a fine simplicity maintains itself alongside all the splendors fostered at court. Mr. Calvert appropriately notes the fact that the etiquette for which Spanish society has always been noted is still preserved, but without the exaggerated rigidity which some writers still ascribe to it. He observes, too, that the opponents of the bullring are increasing in number, but he adds that they are still in a minority, and reasonably surmises that tauromachy will die very slowly in Spain. He gives some interesting pages to the ring and to the art of the bullfighter, bringing out the profound seriousness with which the Spaniard takes his favorite sport. The successful bullfighter is a national hero, but he has only to make a slip in order to bring down upon his head a storm of disapproval almost as harmful to him as a thrust from the bull's horn. Mr. Calvert alludes to the recklessness of Espartaco, who was finally killed in the ring. It was not altogether his recklessness that cost him his life. When the time came for him to kill the bull he did not step aside quickly or deftly enough on delivering his stroke. The sword did not penetrate to the heart, and the crowd showed his disapproval. His face went gray, and it was plain to one observer sitting only a few yards away that his nerve was shaken when he turned to placate his audience by fighting his battle over again.

Stress is naturally laid in this book upon the significance of Madrid as the home of one of the greatest collections of pictures in the world, and as the one city which must be visited by the student desiring to study the art of Velasquez at full length. We may say in passing that Mr. Calvert should not have mentioned Whistler among the artists who have made the pilgrimage to the Prado. He never visited Madrid. The chapters on art, literature and the drama are fair enough, so far as they go, but they do not go very far. The author does better in his notes on the Royal armoury. That is, too, a subject on which guidance is needed, and his careful survey is very welcome.

FAITH.

A Plea for Its Development in Modern Life.

THE FAITH OF A MODERN PROTESTANT. By Wilhelm Bousset, professor in the University of Göttingen. Translated by F. B. Low. 12mo. pp. 119. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this essay Professor Bousset has in mind the needs not of the complacently orthodox,

tions of public worship. It is, however, with the inner power of belief that Dr. Bousset is in the main concerned. As defined in this reverent and inspiring little book the faith of a modern man can be at once reasoned and enriching.

JULES SIMON'S MEMORIES.

A Book of Valuable Personalities Just Out in Paris.

Paris, April 2. "Figures et Croquis," by the late Jules Simon, published to-day by the Librairie Flammarion, edited and annotated by the statesman's two sons, Gustave and Charles Simon, evokes a series of vivid portraits of the foremost Frenchmen of our time. These sketches, enlivened with personal anecdotes, episodes and gossip, are documents of inestimable historic value, and are for the Third Republic very much what the famous "Mémoires" of the Duc de Saint-Simon are for the reign of Louis XIV, or the "Souvenirs of Mme. de Rémusat" for the court of the First Empire. Jules Simon introduces the reader to MacMahon, Thiers, Grévy, Jules Ferry, Sadi-Carnot, Louis Blanc,

of Ligué, in Anjou, to Lourdes, a distance of about three hundred miles, and shows that he is an attentive observer, with a keen sense of humor. "Sibylle Mère" is a daring thesis on the feminist proposition of replacing marriage by free union, and the developments of the authoress, Mme. Renée Ulmès, are original, logical and startling. "Sibylle Mère," like a double edged sword, may be made to cut either way. "La Céramique Hollandaise," brought out in the "Editions Vivat" at Amsterdam, written and compiled by M. Henri Harvard, gives a thorough history of the various wares of Delft and of the porcelains of De Weesp, Loosdrecht, Amsterdam and The Hague. The work appears in two volumes, with five hundred cuts, facsimiles of marks, signatures, etc., and is conveniently arranged for speedy reference. C. I. B.

LITERARY NOTES.

There is to be published soon a new novel by Mr. F. T. Bullen. It is entitled "Beyond," and is, we need hardly say, based on his own sea life.

Lieutenant Shackleton's promised book on his Antarctic experiences will be brought out in the autumn.

"Chateaubriand and His Court of Women" is the title of Mr. Francis Gribble's new book which will appear several months hence. Mme. Récamier was the most interesting of the ladies who were the objects of the sentimental vapors of the author of "Atala." In his young days the Brittany lad was the most bashful of beings. "I could not see a woman without feeling confused," he says in his "Memoirs." "I blushed if she spoke to me. My shyness, already excessive with people in general, became so great in the presence of a woman that I would have preferred any torture to that of being left alone with her."

Mr. Andrew Lang is not content with the few changes which M. Anatole France has made in the revised edition of his book on Joan of Arc. He says in a letter to "The London Nation":

In the "Revue Critique" of March 11 M. Salomon Reinach writes: "Evidently M. France should read it" (my book, "The Maid of France"), "pen in hand, and take account of criticisms which, though not too benevolent in tone, are indispensable for the revision of his book." M. Reinach himself contributes corrections, and hopes that these, with my own, "may make M. France's book as trustworthy as it is charming." Unhappily, M. France has not taken the advice of M. Reinach, and, if he did, the alleged facts on which he bases his estimate of the maid would vanish, and the book would need to be rewritten in a very different sense.

In his letter to you M. France says that "his good faith is perfect." Never did I challenge it or doubt it, but he might have taken the trouble to revise his book and correct the astonishing misstatements which arise from a careless reading—with an unconscious bias—of the authorities.

Another motor-car romance is coming from the pens of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson. It describes a journey through England, and is called "Set in Silver."

At the meeting held in London the other day for the purpose of furthering the movement for placing a Bunyan memorial window in Westminster Abbey, the Dean of Westminster presided. The Archbishop of Canterbury said in the course of an earnest speech that he could not conceive why the movement had waited until now. He wondered whether there was anybody else who with such scant education or opportunity as Bunyan possessed had been able to produce anything approaching the intellectual, the literary, merits which Bunyan's work possessed. Was there any one else who had produced a masterpiece of splendid, forceful English and of sparkling wit so strong as to survive the changes which the generations so remorselessly brought about in the popular estimate of written words?

Dr. Clifford pointed out that it was not due to any Englishman that they were assembled there that day—that it was the astonishment of American visitors at finding no memorial to Bunyan in the Abbey and their letters concerning the matter that had originated the movement. Out of the sum required for the memorial—\$7,000—\$2,500, it was stated, had been received or promised.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, announced for publication in the autumn, is supposed to be a sequel to the once much read "Robert Elsmere." It is rumored that the title of "Robert Elsmere Twenty Years After" has been chosen for the book.

The modern novel can hardly be said, generally speaking, to have a long life. One which appears to hold its own amid a host of successors is Mrs. Voynich's "The Golly." Her American publishers have just reprinted the book for the twenty-sixth time.

A BULLFINCH, FREED.

From The London Spectator.

Who once was held in durance vile
Now flits among the leafy trees,
Nor wit, nor will, nor food, nor guile
May lure him back to captive ease.

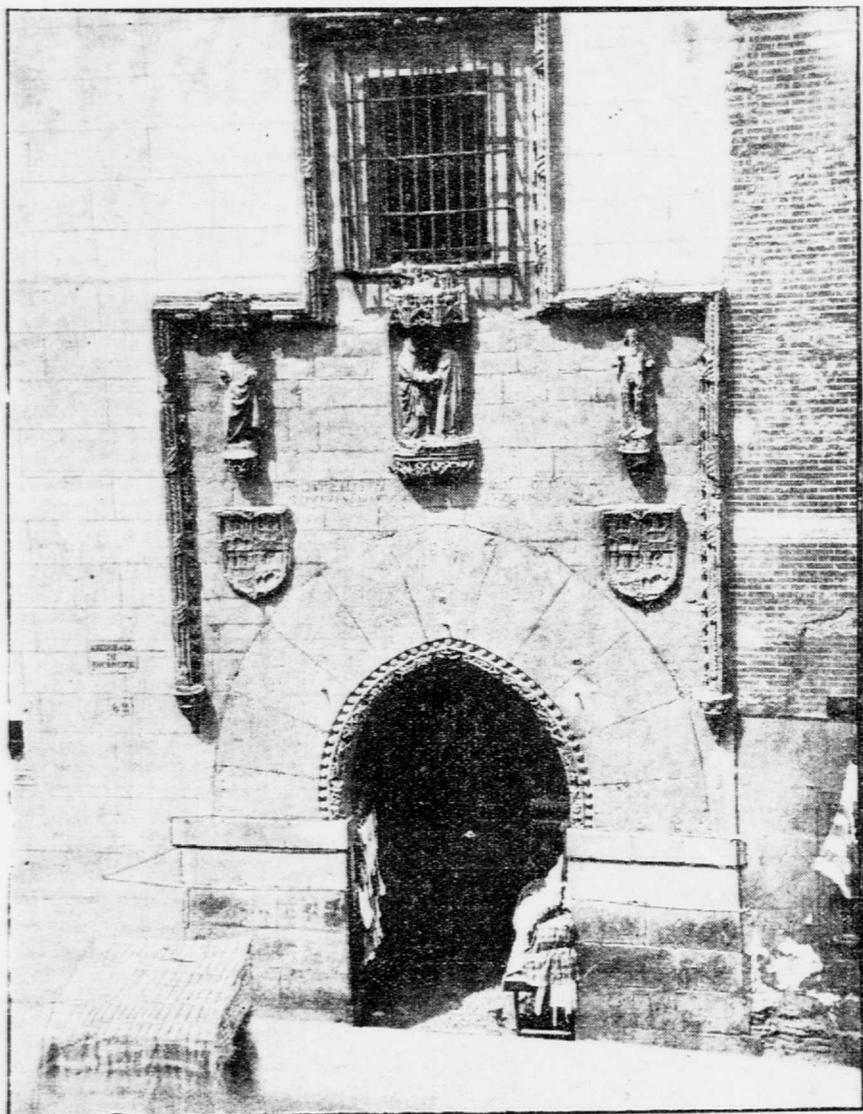
Where finches throng in buoyant flight
He dips and rises with the rest;
And the warm amber of the light
Flushes the ruby of his breast.

Among the cool of willow sedge
Where grasses droop a tawny seed,
We mark him by the river's edge,
His light weight balanced on a reed.

And it may be the while we watch
In silence, from a drifting boat,
Hid in the leaves, our ear shall catch
The small perfection of his note.

Then let him thrive the garden still
A blessed bird beyond our reach,
With all the ebon of his bill
Bright with the nectar of the peach.

And through a wealth of ransomed days
Let him uplift his wings to fly,
Let his be all the woodland ways
And the wide places of the sky.



PORTAL OF "LA LATINA," THE HOSPITAL OF THE CONCEPTION IN MADRID. (From a photograph.)

never fretted with doubt, but rather of the large company of men and women who are awakened to the criticism of life. Thoughtful natures inevitably inquire as to man's place and meaning in the midst of a mysterious reality, the universe. Some, having cast a cursory glance at the riddle of life, turn away frightened and spend themselves in trifling activities. Some would conquer fate by the almighty power of their own ego. Those of stoic tendency would combine insight and endurance. For others the escape from the burden of reality is to be sought in illusion and the vision of beauty. There remains the yet more excellent way of faith, which accepts the universe courageously and devoutly and finds in it an absolute something which gives a final support to life. Faith may approach this profoundest reality of existence and address it as "Thou." While an adequate, theoretical account of God's nature is beyond our power, the symbol of God the Father which Jesus has given to the world teaches us to think of the divine being as of the nature of personality transfigured. Such a daring faith, exercised precisely because knowledge is impossible, is justified in its venture. At the basis of all religions there is a longing for redemption, and the highest and greatest thing in the gospel of Jesus is that it makes us certain and secure of a God who forgives sins.

In his indifference to the sacramental element in the Christian religion Professor Bousset shares the feeling of not a few liberal Protestant scholars who, in their zeal against sacerdotal pretensions to magical efficacy, are failing fully to assess the values resident in the sacraments as symbols. Immanuel Kant, whom the author calls the philosopher of Protestantism, had a keener eye for the significance of the great ac-

Béranger, Charles Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, General Chanzy, Gambetta and scores of men and women prominent in politics, literature or art. The book is at times tinged with strong personal likes and dislikes, and this is admitted by the author, who says in his preface: "Although I have done my best to be impartial, I warn you that I am a somewhat biased witness in regard to Thiers or Gambetta. I was the friend and collaborator of Thiers, and I was by turns the friend and the enemy of Gambetta."

"Le Mariage de Mademoiselle Gimel, Dactylographe," a brightly written optimistic novel of Parisian life, by M. René Bazin, of the French Academy, brought out by the Librairie Calmann-Lévy, deals with the obstacles that stood in the way of a marriage between a young French officer and the attractive, sentimental and noble hearted little typewriter girl with whom he fell in love. "Aux Classes Dirigeantes. Ce que les Pauvres pensent du Riches" is a well thought out brief prepared by M. Fernand Nicolay, of the Paris bar, explaining what the working classes think of the rich. It contains data which may be of great use during the struggle between the government of the parliamentary republic and the proletariat foreshadowed by the strike of the postal and telegraph employes. "Fleur de Paris," by M. Albert Flament, better known as "Sparklet" and "Trottoir Roulant" in leading French newspapers, supplies daintily written descriptions of dinners, suppers, fêtes, theatrical rehearsals, open air frolics and Bohemian manifestations of contemporary Paris.

In "Un Séjour à Lourdes" M. Adolphe Retté finds something new and readable to say about the life of pilgrims, miraculous cures, incidents and impressions. M. Retté made the journey on foot as a genuine pilgrim from the village