Literary News and Criticism

Some New Light on the Character of the Third Napoleon.

Paris, June 12.

M. Germain Bapst, in the fourth volume of "Le Maréchal Canrobert, Souvenirs d'un Siècle," recently published by Plon-Nourrit, presents a valuable contribution to history. The true mental, moral and physical condition of Napoleon III has perhaps never before been exposed with such precision of detail or with such picturesqueness. Already in 1866 his health was so undermined that he entirely lacked energy and initiative. From his own observation he knew full well that the Prussian forces, long before Custozza, were greatly superior to those of Austria and Italy combined. Nevertheless, he was incapable of resisting the counsel of the Empress and of those courtiers who predicted that the campaigns of 1866 would result in a "triumphant victory" over the Prussians. It was the insistence of the Empress that prevented Napoleon III from carrying out his idea of placing an army of observation on the Rhine. This measure would probably have averted the war, which was a crushing defeat to France quite as much as to Austria.

On another occasion it was the Emperor's ill health that kept him from punishing Bazaine for his intrigues in Mexico and his treachery toward Maximilian. Instead of acting upon his original intention and summarily recalling Bazaine, he waited until too late, and was at last obliged to scuttle out, as best he could, under the threat made by Secretary Seward that unless the French forces were withdrawn from Mexico the armies of the United States, set free by the collapse of the rebellion, would crush them. The news of the execution of Maximilian reached the Emperor under peculiar circumstances. The Universal Exposition was in full swing. The Sultan had succeeded the Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia as the guest of Napoleon III. Abdul Aziz is described as a man of rude, uncouth manners. He refused to offer his arm to the Empress. At the dinner table he continually glanced to the right and to the left to see how his neighbors handled their knives and forks, and he turned up the sleeves of his tunic, all covered with gold embroidery, so as not to soil them. The distribution of awards at the exposition, a ceremony at which the Emperor and Empress and their Oriental guest were to preside, was fixed for July 1. The night before, at a late hour, a cipher dispatch had arrived at the Quai d'Orsay. The minister was absent, and the only attaché on duty was Count Antoine de Gontaut-Biron. The telegram was from the French Minister at Washington, and announced that Maximilian had been shot on June 19. Monsieur de Gontaut-Biron hastened at once to the Tuileries and handed it to the Emperor, whom he found in bed. After having read the dispatch, and without betraying the slightest emotion, Napoleon III said: "You and I are the only persons who know of this catastrophe. To-morrow the ceremony of the distribution of prizes takes place. Until that ceremony is over you must not open your mouth to living soul about this message." The Emperor then took the telegram and put it under his pillow.

Next morning at 8 o'clock the Empress, who had been confidentially informed of the news by her husband, dressed herself in black and called one of her young ladies, Mlle. de Marion, daughter of the General commanding the cavalry of the Guard, to-day the Countess Clary. Accompanied by her, and without disclosing the secret, she proceeded to the Church of St.-Roch, and there, kneeling in front of the pillar which supports the altar of the Virgin, and holding her head between her hands, she remained in prayer for half an hour. At the time announced for the ceremony the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial and the Sultan took their places on the dais in the centre of the Palais de l'Industrie. Scarcely had they been seated when an aide-de-camp brought to the Emperor a dispatch announcing that the captain of an Austrian frigate had telegraphed from New Orleans to the Austrian Minister at Washington that Maximilian had been executed, and that Juarez had refused to deliver up his body. Marshal Canrobert, who was seated near Napoleon, observed that the latter hastily wrote a few lines in pencil on a page of his notebook which he tore off, folded, and sent to the Prince and Princess Metternich, who were present. The Austrian Ambassador, after reading the message, rose and with the princess left the place. The ceremony then commenced. As soon as the hymns and speeches on behalf of "the peace and happiness of nations" were over the awards were given and the proceedings came to an end. Just at that moment copies of the "Indépendance Belge" appeared in the streets, giving the first public intimation of the news.

The morale and discipline of the officers of the Imperial Guard in Paris at that time are disclosed by a curious incident which Canrobert related. The Minister of War had demanded certain accounts from the Colonel of one of the regiments. This officer not having replied with sufficient promptitude, a formal injunction to make haste was addressed to him. This message, as well as its predecessor, was received by the Major of the regiment, and his Colonel, who had been absent for ten days, had left word that he was "on no pretext whatever to be disturbed." The last order, however, was so peremptory that the Major went to the house of his superior officer and there delivered it. The recalcitrant Colonel was profuse in his thanks and excused himself in these words: "I have been so terribly busy these last few days that I have not had a moment of my own. Cora Pearl, who is about to make her debut at the theatre of the Bouffes as Cupid in 'Orphe aux Enfers,' has a most terrible English accent, and she pronounces the word 'Cupidon' as if it were spelled 'Cuioupidoune.' I have been wearing myself out trying to correct this awful pronunciation." This excuse was duly transmitted to the Minister of War, and, according to Canrobert, the Colonel, a favorite at Court, was not even reprimanded.

Napoleon III, in 1868, fully appreciated the fact that the Prussian army was in an admirable state of efficiency, and that its masters were thoroughly prepared for war. He was also painfully aware of the lamentable condition of the French forces. But he lacked the nerve and energy to get ready for the struggle that he realized was inevitable. Singularly enough, the very men who came to the front after the fall of the Empire were those who had offered the bitterest opposition in the Corps Legislatif to the reorganization of the army. When Marshal Niel did his best to persuade Parliament to vote the funds for the Garde Mobile he was interrupted by Jules Favre, who shouted: "You are trying to transform France into a barracks." The marshal turned slowly toward his critic and replied in a low, solemn voice: "And you! Take care that you do not turn France into a cemetery!" It appears that Napoleon III had a very poor opinion of Bazaine, and said of him: "He is merely a brave, narrow minded soldier, utterly ignorant of the art of war and incapable of understanding any treatise on strategy." The Emperor nevertheless yielded to his wife and appointed Bazaine to the command of the Army of the Rhine at the most critical moment of his reign. This incomprehensible lack of determination is set forth in the most striking manner by M. Bapst. His latest volume gravely deepens the reader's sense of the weakness of Napoleon III.

The Duchesse de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, was an exceedingly interesting woman, in spite of occasional bursts of ill temper. Her granddaughter and biographer, the Princess Radziwill, in the second volume of that "Chronique de 1831 à 1862" which she is putting through the press, has somewhat dulled the edge of her brilliant memoirs by seeking to make her an instrument for toning down the irreverent, scoffing character of Talleyrand. This editor's efforts seem to be concentrated upon the demonstration that the famous Bishop of Autun, who threw his mitre over the windmill to plunge into the Revolution, and was never hampered by religious scruples, finally became penitent and died "at peace with the Church." Apart from this, however, one finds in the "Chronique" many interesting sidelights on the Paris of Louis Philippe, and some entertaining glimpses of the English court when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. The Duchesse de Dino was really more at home in England than in France. In an exchange of confidences between her and the Princess Lieven, wife of the Prussian Ambassador and intimate friend of Metternich, this lady remarked: "The Queen? She is simply too astounding! If at eighteen she has such extraordinary force of will, for Heaven's sake what will she be at forty?"

Perhaps the most interesting chapters in this volume are those which describe Talleyrand as an old man. Even to the last he retained his statesmanlike grasp upon European politics, and his remarkable intellect, his brilliant conversation, seemed as fresh and fascinating as ever. He always preserved the pleasantest impressions of his journey to the United States and had a high opinion of President Jackson. On the occasion of Jackson's famous message to Congress in 1834, when the claim was made against the government of Louis Philippe for the immediate payment of the promised indemnity of five millions of dollars, the Duc de Broglie, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, complained to the King that the message was a piece of impertinence not worthy of attention. It was Talleyrand who set matters right, much to the annoyance of the Minister, by explaining to M. Thiers and the King that, after all, Jackson was right, and the American claim was amply justified. He insisted that it would be a stupid blunder for France not to keep her engagements with the United States.

C. I. B.

SOME ENGLISH LETTERS

Political Affairs and Opinions in the Last Century.

GEORGE CANNING AND HIS FRIENDS. Containing Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Jeux D'Esprit, etc. Edited by Captain Josceline Bagot. Illustrated. In Two Volumes. 8vo., 423-463. E. P. Dutton & Co.

These two volumes contain a mass of hitherto unpublished letters, the greater part of which would seem to have been preserved among the papers of the Bagot family. They include a large number of epistles from the pen of George Canning—epistles which give significant glimpses of the man and the politician. While these cannot be said to form a connected story of his career they are exceedingly useful contributions to the full and competent biography which is yet to be written. Much the same may be said of the accompanying letters written by his friends, men whom he loved and trusted and who stood in close relations to him—and some of whom served under him in the Foreign Office. Among these long time friends was Sir Charles Bagot, who, when British Ambassador at St. Petersburg and at The Hague, conducted much of the interesting correspondence here reproduced.

Canning was, we know, an eloquent speaker, and the Duke of Wellington is quoted as saying that he thought him to be readier at writing even than at speaking. His letters and other documents printed in these volumes reveal the high qualities of their writer—they are remarkably clear, acute and easy in expression, and masterly in marshalled statement. They are the natural utterance of the type of man described by Cyrus Redding: "There seemed to me about him . . . something of the character of his eloquence, classical, tasteful, candid and conscious of innate power. A handsome man in feature, compact in person, moulded between activity and strength. . . . His countenance indicated firmness of character, with a good natured cast over all." Irish humor often bubbled through the statesman's grave instruction and sober recapitulation. The editor takes occasion to present the correct version of the story of Canning's last joke, the famous "rhyming dispatch" sent by the Foreign Secretary to Sir Charles Bagot, then ambassador at The Hague. Negotiations between the British and other governments with regard to duties to be levied on ships and goods had resulted in the making of a satisfactory convention with France. The Netherlands government failed to evince any readiness for reciprocity and the exasperating attitude of Falck, its representative in London, resulted in the levying of an extra duty of 20 per cent against Dutch shipping. In an official dispatch couched in the most formal and stately terms, Canning communicated this intelligence to Bagot. This proper dispatch having been duly forwarded, the Secretary's irresistible spirit of fun came to the surface; it had often been stirred, no doubt by the provoking Falck. He sent to Bagot, the same day, a "separate, secret and confidential" dispatch in cypher which greatly worried the ambassador, who had not in his possession the particular code in which it was written. The whole embassy, apparently, toiled over it in vain, and it was not until the anxious Bagot had begged for the code which at last arrived that the troublesome communication was read:

Sir:
In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.
The French are with equal advantage content,
So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.
(Chorus)—20 per cent, 20 [per] cent.
(Chorus of English custom house officers and French *Douaniers*):
(English)—We clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.
(French)—*Vous frappercz Falck avec 20 per cent.*

"You have fretted me to fiddlestrings," wrote Bagot to Canning in a private letter, "and I have a great mind not to give you the satisfaction of knowing how completely your mystification of me has succeeded. . . . Tierney and I were up by cockcrow to make out *la maudite dépêche*, and it was not till after an hour of most indescribable anxiety that we were put 'out of our fear' by finding what it really was and that 'you Pyramus' were not Pyramus, but only 'Bottom the weaver.'" The ambassador records that he got some fun out of it himself: "I afterward put the fair de-cypher into Douglas's hands, who read it twice without moving a muscle, or to this hour discovering that it was not prose, and returned it to me, declaring that it was 'oddly worded; but he had always had a feeling that the dispatch must relate to discriminating duties.'" Perhaps the quaintest phase of this affair is in the popular belief that the rhyming dispatch was the sole communication made on the subject to the ambassador at The Hague. Even J. A. R. Marriott, Canning's biographer, gives—apologetically—this view of it. The publication by Captain Bagot of the formal official dispatch leaves the matter clear at last.

Early in his diplomatic career Charles Bagot acted as British Minister to the United States. On hearing that he had accepted the appointment Canning wrote to him (in July, 1815) that "the hardest lesson which a British Minister has to learn in America is not what to do, but what to bear." That Bagot thought that he had a great deal of discomfort to bear is shown in various letters from Washington quoted by his descendant. He writes to his friend Sneyd concerning his new house in "Squashington" that it is built of unseasoned wood, "that it rings like a vault, that the doors won't shut and the windows won't open, and that it stands in a wilderness of brick kilns." He adds:

A pint of American summer would thaw all Europe in ten minutes. Sir, it is dreadful—it is deleterious—it leads to madness. Ice houses take fire and scream because they cannot bear it. There is no enjoyment here—all I can hope to do is to prevent being unhappy, and that I shall manage by looking forward, or upward, or backward—anyhow but Yankeeward.

It is odd to read in these days, in this very letter, Bagot's conviction that the United States "will not be a great nation," "will never attain to healthy maturity as a nation." He heartily believed that "a government founded on Jacobinical principles is an absurdity." That was a long time ago, as the dates of the letters in these volumes draw toward the '30s the tone of the various English diplomats in writing of America changes greatly. Rarely do we come upon anything as tart as W. H. Lyttelton's description of the President, whom he calls "John Squintz Adams." He writes to Bagot in 1827:

I also have very similar feelings to your own about J. S. A. himself, who, of all the men whom it was ever my lot to accost, and to waste civilities upon, was the most doggedly and systematically repulsive. With a vinegar aspect, cotton in his leathern ears, and hatred to England in his heart, he sat in the frivolous assemblies of Petersburg like a bulldog among spaniels; and very many were the times that I drew monosyllables and grim smiles from him, and tried in vain to mitigate his venom. So I came away, satisfied with having put him in the wrong—the second best result. When he came afterwards to London I made some fresh attempts to thaw and sweeten the caitiff's temper but fruitlessly. He passed for, and I believe was, a scholar, a Greek one—scarce, I should think, on his side of the Atlantic. An elegant scholar I think it impossible he could have been, but faith! he gave me no exceeding sparing a share of his conversation that I am but an ill-qualified judge if it were merely from that circumstance.

A CURIOUS NOVEL.

Mr. Galsworthy's Latest Satire on English Society.

FRATERNITY. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, pp. vi, 386. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is important for the social satirist, especially when he is writing fiction, to know his own mind and to keep his temper. Is he actuated solely by blind impatience with things as they are, or is he moved rather by thoughts of better things to come, criticising with a constructive purpose in view? In short, where precisely does he stand? The reader is bound to ask these questions, and whatever else the novelist's answer may be it must at least be clear. Mr. Galsworthy's reply to the interrogation raised by each of his novels leaves us a little in doubt. We wonder if he altogether knows his own mind. Sometimes his humor seems a little more than sardonic. It suggests something like a grudge against society; not, of course, a private grudge, but just the hard and bitter resentment of an observer hopelessly out of tune with his surroundings. Then, again, this writer's touch seems more that of the compassionate healer, the man who looks on life with wistful sorrow but dreams bright dreams of possible progress. He has never left a more strangely mixed impression than he leaves in "Fraternity."

There is a kind of perverse fascination about this book. Like the "shilling shocker," which it resembles in no other respect, it fills the reader with a desire to know how the plot will be wound up. But if we find this appeal as bizarre as it is strong it is because, from beginning to end, Mr. Galsworthy violates our sense of the credibilities and makes the violation the more surprising by working up his situation in the midst of what ought to be a thoroughly credible world. His people are members of a fairly prosperous London family, two brothers and their wives, and several other figures. The married couples are representatives of "class." One of the women is a painter and she uses as a model a girl who falls in love, in a dumb, adoring way, with her husband. That individual is totally innocent of even the faintest thought of infidelity, but he presently finds himself in the fantastic position of a man with a jealous wife. Humanly speaking, the misunderstanding created by the young model could not endure for more minutes than it would take two rational beings to exchange a few sentences. But in that case Mr. Galsworthy would be without his story, or, rather, without his indictment of "class." Bent upon satirizing the subjection of his countrymen to an unemotional and conventional code of intercourse, whether in society at large or in the intimacy of family life, he carries his men and women from one distressful posture of affairs to another. The result is that he makes you feel the dreary comedy to be a factitious thing of his own devising, not the outcome of a genuine interplay of character among normal human beings.

We surmise that he has his dreams. There is a venerable philosopher in the book who is all the time interjecting oracular ideas bearing upon the brotherhood of man. Yet we cannot quite take this mystic seriously, for the author himself does not hold him in a firm grasp. The book is a curious welter of half formed ideas. Mr. Galsworthy has been dwelling too long on his grievances as a social philosopher. His scorn of British dulness amounts to an obsession. "Fraternity" discloses a vague discontent, warping the novelist's art. He attaches, perhaps, too much significance to his reflections. He is a clever man, and it would be good for his talent if he were to work for a time in more objective mood.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

George Meredith earnestly wished that no official biography of him should be undertaken, but it is quite possible that, as in the case of Thackeray, his wish will be disregarded. His banking friend, Mr. Edward Clodd, is to compose a series of articles embracing his recollections of Meredith's table talk, and out of these a book will probably be made.

A characteristic note from the hand of Meredith has been sent to the London "Spectator" by Mr. John Dennis. When walking one morning, thirty years ago, through Covent Garden Mr. Dennis ventured to suggest to the novelist that his want of popularity "might in part be due to eccentricities of style." This criticism was received in a friendly spirit by Meredith, but his critic was uneasy and apologized afterward for his frankness. Here is the letter which the apology evoked from the novelist:

Dear Dennis: Be assured that I have no other feeling than thankfulness to one who can take notice of my work without seizing me by the collar to shake me and then pitch me upon Covent Garden's cabbage leaves. I have found it rare to be treated otherwise in the land of bulls and bulldogs. But you spoke in the tone of criticism, and if not wholly, I could partly agree with you. When I think of what I say of others, I fully accord the right of the world to have its reply upon me; and all that I pretend to do is to write as well as I can. Faithfully yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

It is recorded that one of Meredith's admirers once wrote to him asking for a little light upon "The Shaving of Shagpat." This was his answer: "The author's masquerade was assumed with Occidental earnestness under an Oriental gravity, but I fancy that he did incline to play with ideas behind it."

Still another novel left by Mr. Marion Crawford is to see the light. Like "The White Sister," which we reviewed only a short time ago, the story promised by the Macmillan Company for the autumn will have a Roman background. "Stradella" is its title, and it is built up about certain romantic passages in the life of the seventeenth century Italian musician of that name.

The Macmillan Company, by the way, has already announced divers other interesting volumes for the fall. One of these is "The New New York," written by Professor John C. Van Dyke and illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. Another work of a topographical nature will be "A Wanderer in Paris," by Mr. E. V. Lucas. That clever Englishman has also compiled a new anthology, "The World of Men," a companion to "The Ladies' Pageant," and he has in preparation a book of essays. One of the most important of all the new books announced by this firm is the work on "Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom," upon which Mr. Abbott Thayer, the painter, and his son, Mr. Gerald H. Thayer, have been laboring for a number of years. In text and picture these authors are expected to make valuable revelations.

A work entitled "Documentary History of American Industrial Society" is announced for publication in the autumn. The bureau of industrial research and the Carnegie Institution have been long engaged upon the preparation of these volumes, which are intended to be exhaustive in their dealings with industrial conditions and with the relations between capital and labor and like questions. Details briefly presented are as follows:

The series will comprise a preface by Professor Richard T. Ely; an introduction by Professor John B. Clarke; Volumes I-II, Plantation and Frontier, by Professor Ulrich B. Phillips; Volumes III-IV, Labor Conspiracy Cases, 1806-182., by Professor John R. Commons and Professor Eugene A. Gilmore; Volumes V-VI, Labor Movement, 1820-1840, by Professor Commons and Helen R. Sumner, Ph. D.; Volumes VII-VIII, Labor Movement, 1840-1880, by Professor Commons; Volumes IX-X, Labor Movement, 1860-1880, by Professor Commons and John B. Andrews, Ph. D. Volume X will also include an exhaustive analytical index.

Those who own any relics of Dr. Samuel Johnson are invited to lend them to the Mayor of Litchfield to be included in the exhibition of such objects, which will be held during the projected celebration of the Johnson bicentenary in that town. All articles will be adequately insured. There are doubtless mementos of the famous doctor which are cherished in this country.

The most amusing anecdote associating Dr. Johnson and Americans was related apropos of Gilbert Stuart. The Englishman called one day upon Benjamin West, the painter, desiring to converse with him upon American affairs. "After some time Mr. West said that he had a young American [Gilbert Stuart] living with him, from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued (Stuart being thus invited to take a part in it) when the doctor observed to Mr. West that the young man spoke very good English; and turning to Stuart rudely asked him where he had learned it. Stuart very promptly replied, 'Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary.' Johnson seemed aware of his own abruptness and was not offended."

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is the editor-in-chief of a forthcoming formidable compilation which is to bear the general title of "The Best of the World's Classics." It will be complete in ten illustrated volumes. The prose extracts have been taken from the writings of the ancient world as well as from the works of modern authors. All selections from languages other than English appear in translations. Mr. F. W. Halsey is associated with Senator Lodge in the preparation of these volumes, and Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls will publish them.

In his brief discussion of the dogma of "The Atonement" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Rev. James Stalker adheres to that interpretation of it to which the writers of the New Testament were committed. Many Christian teachers know only a Christianity which makes the good better, not one that makes the bad good, and herein the author sees the reason why the atonement is so obscure to the minds of such teachers. He quotes with approval the saying that all heresies spring from an inadequate sense of sin, and he reminds us that there has never been any Christianity as an actual power in this world except the Christianity of the resurrection.

Professor Robert W. Rogers, in his letters on "The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria, especially in its relation to Israel" (Eaton & Mains), has treated a rather formidable subject so cleverly that even the much patronized "intelligent layman" need not err therein. By way of introduction Dr. Rogers tells the story of the excavations, since 1811, at Nineveh and Babylon by means of which an ancient civilization has been plucked from oblivion. The work of the pioneers at the mounds—Rich, Botta, Layard, Rassam and Jules Oppert—was matched in patience by the efforts of Grotefend and other scholars who set themselves to deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions, bricks that seemed at first determined not to testify. Comparing the Babylonian sacred literature with the Hebrew writings, Professor Rogers does not see how a casual reader could fail to discern a dependence of several Old Testament passages on the older mythology. The influence dates from the occupation of Canaan by the Israelites. Even the name Jahweh was an inheritance from Babylon. The name only, however, for the Hebrew people had a conception of God to which the great thinkers in Babylonia never attained. It was ethical monotheism that gave Israel its spiritual supremacy, and the origin of that superior faith can be found, says the author, in nothing short of a personal revelation of God in human history.

The Putnams have done well to add to their reprints of the writings of the late Leslie Stephen one of "The Playground of Europe," that book in which the staid philosopher and critic showed that he could write of Alpine climbing with something of the enthusiasm of a boy. Stephen's mind was filled with a rather cold, dry light, and not even his love of the mountains could make his prose at all fervid. If they stirred him to poetic emotion he nevertheless wrote about them as a practical man. This, however, only makes his Alpine pages the more useful, and, though his descriptions of wild beauty have nothing magical about them, they are at least vivid, and they are animated by his zest for life in the open air. This edition is illustrated with halftones from admirable photographs.

The relation of remote ethnic myths to the developed Christian teaching regarding sin, a Saviour and salvation is the subject of a scholarly piece of research by the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley in "The Evolution of the Messianic Idea" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Primeval myth, innocent and childlike in character, was the mode of God's self-revelation to man at a time when from the nature of the case no other was possible. It was in the elemental human emotions of fear, the sense of dependence and the desire to be happy that some of the earliest of these pictorial statements of truth had their rise. Dr. Oesterley shows that there is some justification for believing that the myths embodying these elemental characteristics were pristine forms of those which in their Old Testament guise may be designated the Tehom-myth, the Jahve-myth and the Paradise-myth. Making use of material which had been floating for millenniums the Hebrew writers adapted it to yet higher spiritual uses.

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THE HOMERIC TANGLE.

What Was the Civilization the Poet Described?

Andrew Lang in The London Morning Post.

Was there ever such a puzzle as the problems which are connected with Homer and with the early history of mid-Eastern Europe and the Ægean coasts? Till the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century we knew nothing about this unwritten history, and now the more we know in the way of facts the less we feel certain in the way of theory. When I was an undergraduate my tutor, Mr. Jowett, felt by no means certain that the civilization, arts and mode of life described by Homer were not the creation of poetical fancy. Now, as the result of the labor of the spade, in regions from the Danube Valley to the northern coast of the Black Sea, from the Greek mainland to Crete, Egypt, Palestine, Cyprus, and the western coasts and inland of Asia Minor, we know that Homer described actual civilizations and spoke of what he knew. But the trouble is that his descriptions, though they all deal with veritable actualities, do not fit into any theory of the history of this great region as revealed by excavations. . . . The great Ægean civilization which we have described has left no relics in iron: no iron was found in the graves of Mycenæ which were so rich in remains of Ægean art. Now, if the Ægeans had no iron and were conquered by the iron swords of Northerners, and if these Northerners were Homer's Achæans, why does Homer never even name an iron sword or spear head? His men's ancestors conquered the Ægean societies of Greece by pitting iron against bronze, so why does he always arm his men with bronze, which had gone out, for weapons, long before his date? We might as well look for bronze weapons in the Anglo-Saxon epic, such as "Beowulf," as in Homer, if the remote ancestors of his Achæans conquered the Ægeans of Greece with iron. Of that conquest he has no tradition; his tradition speaks of the conquest and eviction of wild mountain tribes.

The difficulty is only beginning. Though in Homer the art is always demonstrably Ægean, like the chariots, the bronze weapons and the enormous shields, in all other respects he describes a civilization that is not Ægean, that is x, an unknown quantity; or at least a quantity which is not Ægean, and has left no known proofs of its existence in Greek soil. The religion is not Ægean as far as we can gather from Ægean art, but is that of classical Greece, of Zeus and the Olympians. The burial rites are not Ægean; the Ægeans always buried the dead with rich grave goods in deep shaft graves, or in a tholos, a stone built circular edifice. Homer's people are always cremated, and the bones are placed in urns covered with a linen sheet, and placed in the chamber of a high earthern cairn. All this, down to the linen wrapping of the urn, was the European mode in the Bronze Age, and later, in Scotland, for example. This is the Homeric method—but no such cairn has ever been found on Greek soil. To explain this it has been supposed that the Achæans, when they migrated to Asia, burned their dead and built cairns over the bones, that these in their golden urns might not be desecrated by the hostile natives. But this is incredible, because burial in deep shaft graves would have concealed the site of the remains (it has done so to our own day in many cases), whereas cairns merely invite robbers. The Northmen looted every cairn in Sutherlandshire. Where, then, are the innumerable cairns which the Homeric age ought to have left in Greece?

Again, the costume of Homer's men and women is wholly unlike any that Mycenæan art represents. The men merely wear smock and mantle, the Celtic smock and plaid; but where are there pictures of such men on the gems and painted vases of, say, 1200-900 B. C.? There is in Homer a great break away from some Ægean manners; others, the art, shield, and war-chariots, are familiar to Homer. In burial he is of the Mid and North European Age of Bronze; in religion and mainly in costume he is of classical Greece; in art, shields and chariots he is Ægean, and, when we examine his knowledge of the uses of bronze and iron, he is Palestinian! His weapons are of bronze; his tools are of iron. Now, for example, in the great grave-stead of Hallstatt we see iron creep in gradually, very gradually, for weapons. Helbig could not believe that the Homeric period of iron for ploughshares, axes, adzes and knives, with bronze for weapons, ever existed. Poets of the Iron Age, he thought, followed a poetical tradition of bronze weapons, but gave themselves a free hand in the use of iron for tools. Yet, if they followed the poetic tradition derived from the Bronze Age, tools as well as weapons should have been of bronze in the poems. That the Homeric usage, bronze for weapons of war, iron for tools, has actually prevailed, was proved when Mr. Macalister excavated the mound of Gezer, in Palestine. To the tools of iron and the weapons of bronze found at Gezer Homer's uniform description exactly applies. This stage of the metals was at Gezer a genuine stage, but in Greek graves of, say, 1000-900 B. C., we find iron weapons and bronze weapons all intermixed. How did Homer know of the Gezer state of affairs and why, as it existed, has it never been found in Greece?

Scholars who busy themselves with this old puzzle of the Homeric age do not seem always to understand how perplexing it is and how little any explanation yet given explains it. The poems describe manners and ways of living which are all real, yet are not known ever to have existed. Some things described are found in existence beneath the soil of Greece; others are found, but not in Greek soil.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

THE WATER COLORS OF J. M. W. TURNER. With articles by W. G. Rawlinson and A. J. Finberg, and foreword by Sir Charles Holroyd. Illustrated in colors. 4to, pp. vi, 42. (The John Lane Company.)

The special spring number of "The International Studio."

THE ENGLISH HOUSE. How to Judge Its Periods and Styles. By W. Shaw Sparrow. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xiv, 348. (The John Lane Company.)

A history of English dwellings from the Norman period to the present time.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MASTER JOHN HUS. By Count Lützow. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 398. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The story of the career of a Bohemian reformer of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries.

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS. Some Passages by the Way. By Henry W. Lucy. With portrait by J. H. Sargent, R. A. 8vo, pp. xii, 450. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Memories of an English journalist.

FICTION.

TEMPERED STEEL. A Romance. By Herbert S. Mallory. 12mo, pp. 426. (E. F. Fenno & Co.)

A tale of old England.

THE QUIRT AND THE SPUR. Vanishing Shadows of the Texas Frontier. By Edgar Rye. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 363. (Chicago: W. B. Conkey Company.)

THE WHIRL. A Romance of Washington Society. By Foxcroft Davis. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher and B. Martin Justice. 12mo, pp. 306. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

A story of political intrigue and love making.

EZEKIEL. By Lucy Pratt. Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele. 12mo, pp. x, 354. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The story of a little colored boy.

THE BLACK FLIER. By Edith Macvane. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. 12mo, pp. 382. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

An automobile story.

HISTORY.

AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE MARPRELATE TRACTS. A Chapter in the Evolution of Religious and Civil Liberty in England. By William Pierce. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xx, 350. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

JUVENILE.

FRIENDS OF THE HUNTED. By John Howard Jewett. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 116. (Dodge Publishing Company.)

Stories of the little creatures of the field and wood.

LITERATURE.

OLD FRIENDS. Being Literary Recollections of Other Days. By William Winter. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 409. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

Memories of Longfellow, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Dickens, Wilkie Collins and other literary personages, including a number of letters and an interesting collection of portraits.

SIX MASTERS IN DISILLUSION. By Algar Thorold. 8vo, pp. xiii, 163. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Fontenelle, Prosper Mérimée, Ferdinand Fabre, Huysmans, Maeterlinck and Anatole France are the writers studied in these essays.

THE CLAIMS OF FRENCH POETRY. Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets. By John C. Bailey. 8vo, pp. xv, 313. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

Studies of the work of Marot, Ronsard, La Fontaine, André Chénier, Victor Hugo, Leconte de Lisle and Heredia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POWER OF SELF-SUGGESTION. By Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 12mo, pp. 50. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

HOW TO BECOME A LAW STENOGRAPHER. A Compendium of Legal Forms for Stenographers and Typewriter Operators. Compiled by W. L. Mason. 8vo, pp. 165. (Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Containing a complete set of legal documents accompanied by explanations and directions for arrangement on the typewriter.

LESSONS IN THE PROPER FEEDING OF THE FAMILY. By Winifred S. Gibbs. 8vo, pp. 42. (New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.)

THE MORAL ECONOMY. By Ralph Barton Perry. 12mo, pp. 267. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES. By Olive Green. 16mo, pp. v, 642. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

AUCTION BRIDGE AND HOW TO PLAY IT. By Captain Browning. 16mo, pp. xv, 191. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE MENTAL MAN. An Outline of the Fundamentals of Psychology. By Gustav Gottlieb Wenzlaff, M. A. 12mo, pp. 272. (Charles E. Merrill Company.)

NATURE STUDY.

THE BALANCE OF NATURE AND MODERN CONDITIONS OF CULTIVATION. A Practical Manual of Animal Foes and Friends. For the Country Gentleman, the Farmer, the Forester, the Gardener and the Sportsman. By George Abbey. With 150 drawings. 8vo, pp. xiv, 278. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

WILD PASTURES. By Winthrop Packard. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. 16mo, pp. x, 242. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

A group of essays on the New England countryside.

POETRY.

MAYFLOWERS TO MISTLETOE. A Year with the Flower Folk. By Sarah J. Day. Illustrated by Zulma de L. Steele. 12mo, pp. viii, 115. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

AD MIRIAM. By Frederick Hank Law. 16mo, pp. iv, 129. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

REPRINTS.

THE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN OF THE UNITED STATES. An Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. To which is appended a chapter on the pottery of Mexico. By Edwin Atlee Barber, A. M., Ph. D. Third edition, revised and enlarged. With 335 illustrations. 8vo, pp. xxviii, 617. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

NO REFUGE BUT IN TRUTH. By Goldwin Smith. Second edition, enlarged. 16mo, pp. vii, 92. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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TRAVEL.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER. Its History, its Myths, its Scenery, its Commerce. By William Denison Lyman. With 80 illustrations and a map. 8vo, pp. xx, 403. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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