SOME NEW BOOKS.

Do Monkeys Talk?

Mr. R. L. GARNER, who has undertaken a journey to the west coast of Africa to prosecute researches into the language of the higher apes, has published the results of preliminary investigations in a book entitled *The Speech of Monkeys* (C. L. Webster & Co.) The subject of his studies is, as he says, an unexplored one; he had no precedents to guide him and no literature to consult. In the first part of this volume are set forth the records of some of his experiments; in the second part we find a definition of the word "speech," the deductions drawn from the author's experiments, and an exposition of the characteristics that distinguish the utterances of monkeys from mere automatic sounds. It will be convenient to reverse the author's order of treatment so far, at least, as his definition of speech is concerned.

Speech, in the sense which Mr. Garner ascribes to the term, is the form of materialized thought confined to oral sounds when they are designed to convey a definite idea from mind to mind. To fall within the limit of speech the sounds must be voluntary, and be intended to suggest a certain idea, or group of ideas, more or less complex. The idea is one factor and sound the other, and the two conjointly constitute speech. Empty sounds alone, however modulated, having no intellectual value cannot be speech; nor can the concept unexpressed be speech. Separately, the one would be noise and the other would be thought, and they only become speech when the thought is embodied in oral sounds. Again, sounds which only express emotion are not speech, for emotion is not thought, although it is frequently attended by thought and is a cause of which thought is the effect. Music expresses emotion by means of sounds, but they are not speech, even though the sounds may impart a like emotion to the ear. To be regarded as speech the expression must be preceded by consciousness and the desire to make known to another that which prompts the expression. As the impulse can only come from within, it is evident that emotion may be one of the sources from which thought is evolved; the natural issue of the thought so evolved is speech. Desire gives rise to a class of thoughts having reference to the sensations which produce them, and such thoughts find expression in such sounds as may suggest the supplying of the want. As the wants of man have multiplied with his changing modes of life and thought, his speech has drawn upon the resources of sound to meet the increased demand for expression. The function which speech discharges being the communication of ideas, its growth must depend upon the expansion of those ideas; in all conditions of life, and in all forms of the animal kingdom, the uses of speech are limited by the desires and concepts of those using it. Its extent is commensurate with requirement. Among the tribes of men whose modes of life are simple, whose wants are few, and whose knowledge is proportioned to their primitive condition, the number of words needed to convey their thoughts is small. Among some savage races there are languages consisting of only a few hundred words, while as we rise in the scale of civil and domestic culture languages become more copious in correspondence to more numerous wants and more complex conditions of life. As we descend from man to the lower animals we find the types of speech degenerate just in proportion as we descend in the mental and moral plane.

Such being the sense in which the term speech is used by Mr. Garner, let us see whether and to what extent it is possessed by monkeys.

I.

It seems that Mr. Garner began to make experiments in a consecutive way about eight years ago. At that time visiting the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden he became deeply interested in the conduct of a number of monkeys occupying a cage in conjunction with a huge savage mandril whom they manifestly feared and disliked. Every movement of the mandril was closely watched by the monkeys that were in a position to see him, and instantly reported to the others. The author watched them for hours and came to the conclusion that they had a form of speech by means of which they communicated with each other. He observed that a certain sound would invariably cause them to act in a certain way, and in the course of his visits he discovered that he could himself tell by the sound the monkeys would make just what the mandril was doing—that is, he could tell whether the mandril was asleep or moving about in the cage. Having interpreted one or two of these sounds, the author was impressed with the belief that he could learn them, and at the outset looked upon this task as very much the same as learning the speech of some strange primitive race of mankind—more difficult in respect of its inferiority, but less in respect of volume. Year by year, however, as new ideas were revealed, new barriers to comprehension arose, and the difficulties of the task were more thoroughly appreciated. One difficulty was to utter the sounds heard; another was to recall them, and yet a third to translate them.

Nevertheless, the author continued his studies as best he could in the zoölogical gardens of Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia, and after being baffled for some years by the obstructions mentioned, he conceived an idea which seemed to promise eventual success. He went to Washington and proposed to act as interpreter between two monkeys. To this end he procured a phonograph, by means of which to record the sounds made by the subjects of his experiments. He began by separating two monkeys which had occupied the same cage for some time, and placed them in different rooms of the building, where they could not see or hear each other. He then arranged the phonograph near the cage of the female, and by various means induced her to utter a few sounds, which were recorded on the cylinder of the instrument. The machine was then placed near the cage containing the male and the record repeated to him and his conduct closely studied. The male gave evident signs of recognizing the sounds, and at once began a search for the mysterious monkey doing the talking. The familiar voice of his mate would induce him to approach the instrument, but the squeaking, chattering horn of the phonograph was a phenomenon which he could not comprehend. He traced the sounds, however, to the source from which they came, and, failing to find his mate, thrust his arm into the horn quite up to his shoulder, then withdrew it, and peeped into it again and again. Mr. Garner next secured a few sounds of the male's voice and delivered them to the female, who showed some signs of interest. But the record was imperfect, and her manner seemed by comparison to express indifference.

In this experiment, for the first time in the history of language, was the simian speech reduced to record, and although the results were not wholly satisfactory, they served to animate the experimenter to further efforts. Having convinced himself that each of the two monkeys had recognized the sound made by the other when delivered through the phonograph, the investigator felt assured of the possibility of learning the language of monkeys. The more extended records subsequently made of the utterances of various specimens of the simian race, he repeated to himself over and over until he became familiar with the sounds and learned to imitate a few of them, mostly by the use of mechanical devices. After having accomplished this Mr. Garner visited a small Capuchin monkey in Chicago whose record had been his chief study. Standing near the cage he imitated a sound which he had at first translated "milk," but from further tests had concluded must mean "food," which second opinion has again been somewhat modified by later experiments, leading Mr. Garner to believe that the monkey uses it in a still wider sense. It is hard to find any formula of human speech sufficiently broad to serve for an equivalent. Although the Chicago Capuchin used it in reference sometimes to food and sometimes to drink, the observer was unable to detect any difference in the sound. This particular monkey also seemed to connect the same sound with every kindly office done him, and to use it as a kind of shibboleth. More recently, however, Mr. Garner has detected in the sound slight changes of inflection under different conditions, and he is now inclined to believe that the meaning of the word depends somewhat on its modulation. The phonetic effect is rich and rather flute-like, and the word for food somewhat resembles our word "who." Its dominant is a pure vocal "u" sounded like "oo" in "too," which has a faint initial "wh," both elements of which are sounded and the word ends with a vanishing "w." The literal formula by which Mr. Garner has represented it is "wh-oo-w." The word which Mr. Garner would translate "drink" begins with a faint guttural "ch," glides through a sound resembling the French diphthong "eu," and ends with a slight "v" sound as in "ve." So far the author of this volume has not found any trace of the English vowels "a," "i," or "o," unless it be in the sound omitted under stress of great alarm, in which is discernible a close resemblance to the vowel "i," short as in "it."

II.

After having acquired a sound or two, Mr. Garner considerably extended his field of operations, and began to try his skill as a simian linguist on every specimen of monkey with which he came in contact. We cannot follow him through his interesting experiments, but pass at once to his exposition of the Capuchin vocabulary, so far as he has been able to compile one. Up to the present time he has managed, it seems, to determine with a fair degree of certainty nine words, or sounds, belonging to monkeys of the Capuchin species, some of which sounds are so inflected as to have apparently two or three different meanings. We have said that the sound originally translated "food" was subsequently discovered to have a much wider meaning. The author found that one form of this sound is employed for food in general, but when modulated in a certain way it seems to specify the kind of food. He observed that this sound also seems to serve for a salutation, or peace-making term, which is attributed to the fact that food is the central thought of every monkey's life, and consequently the word expressing it is naturally the most important unit of his speech. Last winter Mr. Garner ascertained that still another modulation of this word expressed a wish to obtain a thing, and appeared almost equivalent to our verb "give," when used in the imperative mood. We are told that the author has frequently succeeded by the use of this word in inducing the monkey named McGinty, in the New York Central Park collection, to give up a part of his food, or to hand from his cage a ball or plug that he had been allowed to play with. In a word, the experimenter is convinced that the sound translated "food" is shaded by monkeys into several allied meanings.

The word translated "drink" seems to be more fixed, both as to form and meaning. The author of this book has not yet been able to detect any difference in the sound whether water, milk, or another liquid be desired; this, however, is but natural since there is but little variety in the beverages with which monkeys are acquainted. Mr. Garner is not sure how far the sound which he thought meant "weather" or in some way allusive to the state of the weather, may be relied upon as a separate word. It is so closely connected with the sound expressive of discontent or pain that he has not succeeded in separating the sounds, but recalling the conditions under which it was pronounced, and the peculiar conduct of the monkey uttering it, the inference that he had in mind the state of the weather is considered reasonable. A fourth sound has been translated "love," but the latter term is here only used in the sense of firm and ardent friendship. An oral expression of love between the sexes Mr. Garner has not yet been able to detect with certainty, although he has seen cause to believe that a few sounds made under certain conditions bear upon the subject. As regards terms indicative of alarm, we are told that among the Capuchin monkeys three words have been distinguished which, while unlike as mere sounds, are closely allied in meaning. One of these sounds is used under the stress of extreme fear, or in case of assault. It is a shrill, piercing note, very loud and very high in pitch; it is this in which the experimenter has detected a close resemblance to the vowel sound of "i" short. It can be imitated by placing the back of the hand gently on the mouth and kissing it with great force, prolonging the sound for some seconds. The imitation, however, is imperfect, and the difference in quality is noticeable when analyzed on the phonograph. The second monkey word allusive to alarm is spelled "e-e-g-k," and is used only to express apprehension or warning of the approach of an object of faint fear or dislike. The third of these kindred words, which is a guttural whisper, is employed merely to call attention to the approach of something which the monkey does not dislike or fear. This Mr. Garner would spell "e-h-l." The author has also distinguished a sound used for calling, which was employed by a female monkey when attempting to dissuade a person she was fond of from going out and leaving her alone. This is a peculiar sound something like a whine, but very plaintive and suggestive. The experimenter has been unable to represent it in letters.

There are many other sounds made by this species of monkey about which Mr. Garner is still in doubt, and some shades of meaning corresponding to different modulations of the same sound are not yet clear; but the sounds described constitute the greater part of his knowledge of the Capuchin tongue. The author of this book, however, has not confined his investigations to the Capuchin but has extended them to other simian species. More than a year ago he made a careful record of the sounds uttered by two chimpanzees in the Cincinnati collection. From a careful study of a cylinder containing a record of these sounds, he was able to discern as many as seven different phones, all of which fall within the scope of the human vocal organs. One of these sounds the author learned, and on a subsequent visit to Cincinnati he succeeded in attracting the attention of the female chimpanzee and eliciting from her a response. She would come to the lattice door of the cage by which he was standing, and when he would give vent to the sound she would press her face against the door and answer it with a like utterance. But his opportunities of studying these apes were so inadequate that he does not venture to translate the sound. Chimpanzees will figure, we are told, among the chief objects of Mr. Garner's studies in tropical Africa, as he believes them to possess a higher type of speech even than the gorilla, although he is aware that this view is not in strict accord with that of Prof. Huxley, who assigns to the gorilla the highest place next to man in the order of nature and puts the chimpanzee next below him. One of the author's aims in visiting tropical Africa is to study the gorilla and chimpanzee side by side in their native wilds, and to record if possible, by means of the phonograph, the sounds of their voices in a wild state. In the observations already made he finds ground for the belief that all the vocal sounds made by the higher anthropoid apes may be uttered by the human vocal organs.

III.

While prosecuting the primary inquiry whether monkeys can talk to one another, Mr. Garner was incidentally led to form certain conclusions regarding their reasoning power and their capacity of distinguishing number and quantity. Here, again, we should properly begin with the author's definition of the verb "to reason," which means, he says, to think methodically and to judge from observed facts. "When," he asks, "a monkey examines a given situation and acts in accordance with the facts, doing a certain thing with the evident purpose of accomplishing a certain end, in what respect is this not reason? When a monkey remembers a thing which is passed and anticipates a thing which is to come; when he has learned by experience a thing which he avoids through memory and the apprehension of its recurrence, is it instinct or reason that prompts his conduct? When a monkey shows clearly by his actions that he is aware of the relation between cause and effect, is it instinct or reason that guides him?" The answer to these questions dictated by the outcome of the author's observations and experiments is that "if there be a point in the order of nature where reason became an acquired faculty, it is somewhere far below the plane occupied by monkeys. Their power of reasoning is far inferior to that of man, but a faculty does not lose its identity by reason of its feebleness." When the same causes under the same conditions impel man and ape alike to do the same acts in the same way, looking forward to the same results, it is certainly hard to understand why the impelling force in the one should be called reason and in the other instinct.

We now proceed to cite some instances brought forward from Mr. Garner's experience, with the view of enabling the reader to judge whether the acts of the monkeys were prompted by reason or by instinct. Of a female monkey called Nellie we are told: "I taught her to drink milk from a bottle with a rubber nipple. While I would hold the bottle it was easy for her to secure the milk, but when she tried to hold the bottle for herself she failed to obtain any milk from it. What puzzled her was how to get the milk to come up to her end of the bottle. She turned it in every way and held it in every position she could think of, but the milk always kept at the other end of the bottle. She would throw the bottle down in despair, and when she would see the milk flow to the end having the nipple she would go back and pick it up and try again. For a long while she could not understand that the position of the bottle, or the location of the milk in it, had anything to do with the trick. In the course of time, however, she learned to hold the bottle so that she could drink the milk." Another example of reasoning power was furnished by a little monkey described by the name of Jenny. When one would throw a nut just out of her reach, she would take a stick which had a nail in the end and rake the nut to her. She never took the wrong end of the stick and never placed the nail on the wrong side of the nut. Her master assured the author that she had not been taught this, but had found the stick and had applied it to this use. The same monkey, when she did not want any one to play with her or handle her, would coil her chain up and sit down on it to keep any one from taking hold of it.

We are further assured that it is no uncommon thing for monkeys to discover the means by which their cage is kept fastened, and they have frequently been known to untie a knot in a rope or chain, and thus loosen themselves. Mr. Garner has known a monkey that learned to thrust his hands through the meshes of the cage and withdraw the pin which fastened the hasp and thus open the door and get out. He has frequently seen a monkey gather up his chain before jumping and measure the distance from where he stood to the point at which he expected to alight with the skill and accuracy of an engineer. A gentleman of Mr. Garner's acquaintance recently related that during a sojourn of two years in the island of Sumatra he had in his service a large ourang. This ape did numerous chores about the place, and performed many simple duties as well as the domestics did. On one occasion he was induced to go on board a steamer, which lay in the harbor. The purpose was to kidnap him and carry him to Europe. Either through fear, instinct, or reason he jumped overboard and swam ashore, although he was naturally afraid of water. From that time until the end of the narrator's residence in Sumatra, the ape, whenever a steamer made its appearance in the harbor, would fly to the forest, where he would stay as long as the vessel remained in sight.

For another exhibition of the reasoning faculty the author can personally vouch. It seems that a few years ago he saw on board the United States receiving ship Franklin a bright little monkey which was kept chained in a temporary workshop on the gun deck. Her chain was just long enough to allow her to reach the stove. The day was a trifle chilly. The little monkey descended from the sill on which she usually sat and carefully felt the top of the stove with her hands. Finding it slightly warm, although the fire had died out, she mounted the stove and laid the side of her head on the warm surface. She would turn first one cheek and then the other and continued rubbing the stove with her hands. Not finding it warm enough, she jumped down on the floor, opened the stove door with her hands and slammed it two or three times. She then picked up a stick of wood lying within reach and tried to lift it to the stove. The stick was too heavy for her to handle, so she would lift up one end of it and drop it heavily on the floor, with the evident purpose of attracting the attention of her master. Again she would open and slam the door, lift up the end of the stick and drop it and utter a peculiar sound, showing in every possible way that she wanted a fire. She finally picked up a small stick and stuck the end of it into the ashes in the front of the stove. She knew that it was necessary to put the wood into the stove; she knew where to put it in, and while she could not do it herself, she knew who could. So much for what Mr. Garner personally saw. The monkey's master told him that she would gather up the shavings from the floor when they came within her reach, and pile them up by the stove. He also said that he frequently gave the monkey a lighted match when he had prepared the fuel for building a fire, and that she would touch the match to the shavings and start a blaze. He added that she never ventured to get on the stove without first examining it to ascertain how hot it was.

IV.

Before marking the capacity of monkeys to distinguish numbers and quantity, Mr. Garner has something to say about their choice of colors. He took, he tells us, a piece of pasteboard, and having placed on it a few bright-colored bits of candy, watched to see whether the monkey would select a particular color or not. In this experiment he generally used two colors at a time and changed their places now and then, in order to determine whether the monkey selected the color by design or by accident. After having ascertained which of two colors the animal preferred, Mr. Garner would substitute a third color for the one least cared for, and continue thus until he had exhausted the list of bright tints. The outcome of these experiments was the discovery that all monkeys do not select the same color, nor does the same monkey invariably select the same color at different times. The author found, however, that bright green is generally a favorite with the Capuchins, their second choice being white. They exhibit the same preferences in selecting their toys. When artificial flowers are set before them, they choose as a rule a flower having many green leaves about it. It may be that they associate this color with some green food which they are fond of.

In his efforts to ascertain the arithmetical capacity of monkeys, the experimenter would take in one hand a little platter containing one nut, or one bit of something edible, cut in the shape of a small cube. In the other hand he would hold a small platter containing two or three such articles of the same size and color. Keeping both platters just out of reach of the monkey, changing them from hand to hand, the author would observe that the monkey would try to reach the one containing the greater number. He readily discerned which platter contained one and which contained two or three pieces. It long seemed doubtful whether he distinguished by number or by quantity, and Mr. Garner first determined that he could tell singular from plural by making the one piece larger and sometimes of a different shape. From the selections subsequently made by the monkey, the author was convinced that he could distinguish by number. An attempt was next made to find out how far in numerals his comprehension reached, and to that end the following simple plan was adopted. The experimenter took a little square wooden box and made a hole in one side just large enough for the monkey to insert his hand with a marble in it. He then took three marbles of the same size and color and gave them to the monkey to play with. After a time the marbles were put in the box and the monkey was allowed to take them out, which he could do by withdrawing only one at a time. This preliminary proceeding was repeated several times so as to impress his mind with the number of marbles in the box. The author then concealed one of the marbles and returned two. On taking these out the monkey evidently missed the absent one, and arose and looked around where he had been sitting. Then he would put his hand into the box again and look at the experimenter, but finally, failing to find the missing marble, he became reconciled and began to play with the two. One of these being abstracted the monkey began to search for it and seemed quite unwilling to play without it. He would put the one back into the box and take it out again, as if in hope that it might find the other. This experiment having been repeated until the author felt quite sure of his subject's ability to count three, the number of marbles was increased to four. When one of these was abstracted the monkey sometimes seemed to miss it, or at least to be in doubt, but would soon proceed with his play and not worry about it; he rarely failed, however, to show that he was aware that something was wrong.

It should be understood that in his experiments with monkeys Mr. Garner only professes to have laid a basis for the study of the higher anthropoid apes, which he has now gone to tropical Africa to prosecute. M. W. H.

Gossip of the Century.

The latest contribution to the reminiscent literature of our day is presented in two large octavo volumes of some 450 pages each, under the title of *Gossip of the Century* (Macmillans). The compiler of these personal and traditional recollections is the anonymous author of "Flemish Interiors" and "De Omnibus Rebus," and all that we positively know of him is that he can remember events and persons belonging to the reign of George IV. (1820-30), and that from that day to this his opportunities of meeting distinguished people in England seem to have been equal to those which the author of "An Englishman in Paris" enjoyed in France. We shall return perhaps more than once to this repertory of anecdote, but for the moment we shall confine ourselves to what the author has to tell us about certain literary celebrities whom he met during the first half of his life.

I.

The author begins his reminiscences of men of letters with a traditional reference obtained through his father to Thomas Day, whose story of "Sandford and Merton" is familiar to young readers even to this day. When one considers that the story is a type of the commonplace in fiction, one is surprised to learn that the author's life abounded in interesting and picturesque incidents. Day was, it seems, a most eccentric character, although all his eccentricities were amiable and practically philanthropic; in fact, if an exemplification of altruism were wanted, no better instance of it could be pointed out. He had, we are told, a handsome face, but his figure did not correspond to it; he walked badly, held himself worse, and was altogether unprepossessing in appearance. He had idiosyncratic ideas about women, especially in the capacity of wives, and after an early disappointment, finding none conformable to his notions, he set himself to the task of forming one to his own liking. That is to say, he instituted for his own purposes an English edition of "L'École de Femmes." With this view he went to Shrewsbury, and from an orphanage there selected a young girl whom he judged fit for his experiment. Being, however, a man of resources and desiring to have two strings to his bow, he also picked out another in a London pauper institution. One was fair, the other dark; their ages the same—about ten years. One he called Sabrina Sydney (after Algernon Sydney), the other Lucretia. These two children he proceeded to bring up together. He travelled with them, took them to Lyons, where he spent a great deal of money judiciously as well as liberally, in assisting the needy. Thence he went to Avignon, where he thought to settle and carry on the education of his children. But they turned out more troublesome than he had expected; they quarrelled, and also set themselves against learning even the French language, so that the task he had set himself proved difficult. As he could not marry both, his intention was to choose the one who lent herself the more readily to his plans of education, and to provide for the other. After nursing them through the measles, and saving their lives when upset in a boat on the river, he was fain to acknowledge the improbability of reaping any reward for his labors. Lucretia was found to be so hopelessly untrainable that he had to give her up, but put her to school at Avignon, where he left her, afterward apprenticing her to a milliner, and ultimately portioning and marrying her to a French hosier.

Having returned to England with Sabrina, he began upon her a course of practical experiments destined to determine her suitability for the life he intended his wife should lead. To ascertain whether she was possessed of courage, fortitude, and philosophical indifference to suffering, he dropped hot sealing wax on her arm, fired off pistols suddenly in her hearing, woke her up in the middle of the night, and, in short, invented the most ingenious tricks to learn the real value of her character. Unfortunately she was not made of the stuff required for accepting this kind of treatment, against which she finally rebelled so violently that he had no choice but to abandon his benevolent designs upon her, and she, too, was packed off to a boarding school. A friend of Day's, Dr. Picknell, who used to frequent his house, fell in love with her, and Day, who always behaved handsomely, portioned her off as he had his other adopted child, and she married his friend, to whom she made a very good wife. Meantime Day, who was bent on matrimony, notwithstanding these and other failures, and found he could not enter that holy state on his own terms, made the acquaintance of the two beautiful Misses Sneyd—Honora and Elizabeth. Day did his best to win Honora, who, however, treated him with utter disdain. He then transferred his addresses to Elizabeth, but does not seem to have understood the full meaning of the rebuff with which she bade him go mend his manners and appearance. Taking her literally he set off for Paris, where he underwent a severe physical training and drilling, learned fencing and dancing, and came back quite trim, expecting to be rewarded for his devotedness. Alas! Elizabeth was as saucy as her sister; she remained obdurate, tossing her pretty head, and cruelly telling him, with a contemptuous laugh, that she "thought, on the whole, the blackguard was less objectionable than the fine gentleman."

Day must have had considerable elasticity of feeling, for after a time—spent wholly in philanthropic works and the practise of severe self-denial—he met with another lady, by name Esther Milnes, who became so devotedly attached to him that after two years' acquaintance she not only married him, but consented to share his self-imposed privations and to join in carrying out his abnormal ideas. His plan was to live in the simplest way, entirely sequestered from society, to allow himself and his wife no luxuries, and to dispense entirely with servants. If ever a question arose as to spending more money than usual Day would come down with his veto, "How can we allow ourselves luxuries when we know how many people are starving?" The affection of Day's wife for this strange husband was boundless, and she never recovered from the grief caused by his death. It appears that his mother, or rather stepmother, was still living and at no great distance, and that Day went frequently to visit her. One day he started to ride over to her house, mounting an unbroken colt—in conformity with his theory that it was contrary to nature to break in a horse—and great was the shock experienced by his wife when, some hours after he had left her, the horse returned without him. Search was at once made, and his body was found lifeless beside the road. Mrs. Day took her loss so deeply to heart that she declared that she would never again see the light, and, like Queen Louise de Vaudemont, shut herself up in a darkened room, where she died two years afterward, in 1701. The details of this singular man's life would fill a volume, and the phases of his character are all so original, and some so exemplary, that they deserve the study which the author of this book has devoted to them. Day was remarkable for his merciful consideration to animals; he would not allow an insect to be killed unnecessarily. Sir William Jones was among his admirers and friends. One day when they were breakfasting together a spider suddenly appeared on the table. "Kill that spider! Kill that spider!" said Sir William. "No," said Day. "I shouldn't feel justified in killing a harmless insect. A lawyer is much more objectionable than a spider, yet he wouldn't like to hear any one call out: 'Kill that Sir William Jones! Kill that Sir William Jones!'" Day who had much common sense, wrote several political pamphlets. Among other national errors he denounced the inconsistency of Americans in blowing the trumpet of freedom and boasting of their independence while encouraging the servitude of the black race and enriching themselves by slave labor.

II.

It was, as we have said, through his father that the author of this book obtained the reminiscences of Day. But he was personally acquainted with George Eliot and George Henry Lewes, to whom he allots several pages. He has retained, he tells us, a most agreeable impression of The Priory, where Miss Evans and Mr. Lewes lived. It was, he tells us, a quiet, simple, unpretending, yet elegant villa, where one seemed to breathe an atmosphere of literature. The almost classic drawing room, half library, had a pleasant outlook into the garden, and was so entirely the recognized abiding place of its occupant that one knew intuitively before being shown in that as soon as the door was opened the pair would be "discovered." George Lewes in his easy chair on the right hand side of the fireplace as you faced it, and George Eliot on the left; you were equally sure of a cordial reception from this gifted couple, whose Sunday "at homes," though certainly not always lively, were always interesting. They brought together literary and artistic celebrities and their Mæcenases—mostly men, of course. Still, as it was always a chance gathering, there was much uncertainty as to the materials of which it would consist. These reunions, therefore, varied in brilliancy and attractiveness.

George Eliot, it seems, was by no means startling in conversation; indeed, her social attributes were rather heavy, almost Johnsonian in order, and her remarks were often sententious, though apparently not designedly so, for there was obviously no intentional arrogation of superiority, though, perhaps, an almost imperceptible evidence of self-consciousness. The impression she left was that of seriousness and solid sense, untempered by any ray of humor, scarcely of cheerfulness. She spoke in a measured, thoughtful tone, which imparted a certain importance to her words, but her speech was marked rather by reticence than by volubility. Now and then she would utter an epigrammatic phrase which seemed almost offered as a theme for discussion, or as a trait of originality to be perhaps recorded by her commentators. The author remembers, among many remarks of this kind, her once saying in a reflective tone: "Many suicides have greatly surprised me; I find life so very interesting." Lewes, on the other hand, was really witty, interspersing his conversation with natural flashes of humor, quite spontaneous in character, which would continually light up his talk; even when he said bitter things he had a way of putting them amusingly. Lewes added to the charm of eminent scholarliness and wide knowledge of classical literature the polished manners of an accomplished man of the world. Besides being master of German, he not only spoke French with a scarcely perceptible English accent, but wrote it with ease, correctly and even elegantly. Though essentially literary, both Lewes and Miss Evans enjoyed pleasures from other sources. George Eliot was well versed in botany, and one of her greatest delights whenever out of London was collecting the flora of all the spots she visited; George Lewes was a keen entomologist, and when at the seaside would interest himself in searching out marine creatures of all kinds. In our author's opinion both George Eliot and Lewes were singularly unencumbered with personal attractions, nor had either of them recourse to the adventitious aid of dress to compensate for the deficiency; but both were remarkable for a courteous and winning manner, and they received with much grace. We find mentioned in this book an incident not generally known, namely, that George Eliot published in London a poem called "Agatha;" it was first tried with the American public, with whom it did not take; in England it was never circulated. It now has a value, however, for in January, 1888, a copy fetched at a book sale the extraordinary sum of £10 10s.

III.

We hear in these recollections something about Macaulay and other professors of omniscience. The author's testimony confirms other memoirs of the time as to the crushing effect of Macaulay's presence on Rogers, who felt himself "nowhere" as long as the brilliant, ceaseless, and unstemmable gush of the former's rich and unfathomable knowledge poured into the tide of conversation. Even Rogers, while irritated beyond measure, was forced to listen and to admire. Macaulay's memory was phenomenal, and apparently retained everything that had ever been impressed on it; it seemed impossible to touch upon any subject, however lofty on the one hand or trifling on the other, in which he did not immediately prove himself at home. If by a rare chance he was not acquainted with every detail, he talked so readily and so agreeably that no one discovered where his actual knowledge of the matter ended. According to the author, all the talkers of the day were literally dumfounded before him. Nevertheless, Macaulay himself admitted that, though he always had his knowledge at hand, Wnewell and Brougham really possessed more universal knowledge than he. Whewell's fame for universality was European. It went so long undisputed that he at last joined in the belief in it himself. Dissenting voices on the subject were scarcely heeded, though Sydney Smith insisted that "omniloquence was Whewell's *forte* and omniscience his *foible*." Men of high pretensions, however, will in the end always find some to dispute their supremacy; so it came to pass that Sir David Brewster showed up in merciless terms Whewell's want of omniscience in his "History of the Inductive Sciences," and proclaimed him merely a clever bookmaker, but without knowledge of his subject or the patient industry of a compiler. He declared that, although Whewell had undertaken to write upon a profound and complicated subject, he displayed throughout his utter incompetence for the task. A story used to be told of Whewell illustrative of the transcendent opinion he, in common with all Trinity men, held of their superiority to men belonging to the rest of the University of Cambridge. It was said that he added the following clause to be used in the wedding prayer by all parsons hailing from Trinity College: "Pray we likewise for all 'small-college men,' for they also are God's creatures." Another brilliant talker was Henry Thomas Buckle. The author remembers once meeting him and Cardinal Wiseman at the same table, and the Cardinal's relating after dinner as a recent occurrence the incident of Buckle's discomfiture when, having been privately challenged to puzzle the great and admired master of Trinity, he disastrously pitched upon what he thought the abstruse subject of the history of Chinese music.

IV.

The glimpses of Charles Dickens in this book disclose a side of his character usually veiled by the biographer. It seems that once Dickens was the author's fellow traveller on the Boulogne packet. Travelling with him was a lady not his wife nor his sister-in-law, yet he strutted about the deck with the air of a man bristling with self-importance. Every line of his face and every gesture of his limbs seemed haughtily to say: "Look at me; make the most of your chance. I am the great, the *only* Charles Dickens; whatever I may choose to do is justified by that title." When the travellers landed, the luggage, after the fashion of that day, was tumbled in a long shed and placed on a counter to be searched. The author happened to be near the spot on which the great man's boxes had been deposited, and as he walked up to surrender his keys—"Owner?" inquired the Custom House officer briefly and bluffly. "I am," answered Dickens in a consequential tone. "Name?" said the official as bluntly as before. "*Name*," repeated the indignant proprietor of the same. "What *name*, did you say?" reiterated he, in a voice which meant "Why don't you *look* at me instead of asking such an absurd question?" But the man stood there stolcally, with his lump of chalk in his hand, waiting for the answer which *had* to come. "Why, Charles Dickens, to be sure!" To Dickens's mortification, the name and the tone failed to produce any attention on the preoccupied official, who continued to pursue unmoved the dull routine of his business. Had the *douanier* been one of the other sex, the result might have been different, as the following incident will show: A friend of the author, whose countenance—perhaps it was the cut of his beard—might by a stretch of imagination be said to bear some resemblance to that of Charles Dickens, recounted that, having lunched one day at a station refreshment bar, he had drawn out his purse to settle the account when the young woman behind the counter, with bashful gestures, absolutely declined accepting any payment; she had shown herself obsequiously attentive, and now begged that he would help himself to anything he required, "free, gracious, for nothing." His astonishment was great, and was not diminished when he found that he had been mistaken for Charles Dickens, and in that character was not required to liquidate his expenses. He hastened to assure the sentimental barmaid that if, which he begged to doubt, he resembled the people's novelist in feature he entirely differed from him in principle, and had no wish to avail himself of adventitious circumstances to shirk payment of a just debt.

The author acknowledges that, as a rule, the private life of a public man ought to be protected from the curiosity of the world; yet he holds that, when a public man has the bad taste to parade the unwarrantable acts of his private life so as to give public scandal, his conduct cannot escape criticism, and with it the censure it has earned. "It is very possible," the compiler of these recollections adds, "that the wife of Charles Dickens may, in consequence of his own proclivities and position subsequent to his marriage, have become unsuited to him, but should that have been visited upon her? None who knows the history of her outraged life can respect Dickens as a man, however he may admire him as a writer. The members of his family had their own views as to his heartlessness; for, even allowing for the lowliness of his origin and early surroundings, his deficient education and recognized lack of the instincts of a gentleman, no one can afford to overlook his immoral life, his unchastened vanity and selfishness, and the presumption with which he brazens forth his indifference to the feelings of those he injured, to the opinion of the world, and to the sacredness of his own vows."

V.

Among the guests who, in the author's time, used to frequent a certain beautiful villa on the Thames, were Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer. We are told that the host had a daughter named Emily, who, being an engaging child, was much noticed by the "author of Pelham," as he liked to be called. One day he took the child on his knee, which proved a not very comfortable seat, for, though much of a dandy, Bulwer was tall and gaunt and his knees were probably bony. Presently, therefore, the little girl shyly asked if she might get down. "Get down, my dear?" said Bulwer, "yes, if you wish it; but I can tell you there are a great many young ladies who would not at all object to find themselves where you are." One day when calling at the house later on, he found the mistress of it on the sofa deeply engaged in a book. "What have you got there that interests you so much?" said he. "The School for Husbands," she answered. "You don't mean to say that you consider it fine enough to waste it on such unmitigated trash?" "Oh, but I assure you, Sir Edward, I consider it very clever, very smart, and witty. You should look at it again, and you would discover that you have quite misappreciated it." "No, thank you; I have neither read nor do I intend to read that wretched book; and you may rely upon it that, if you have found any sense within the covers, those pages are not by the *real* author." The author in question was Lady Bulwer. The compiler of these recollections knew her, and he tells us that she had not a winning expression, though some may have considered her handsome. Her hair, as well as that of her little girl, might by courtesy have been called auburn, but had a stronger inclination to the ruddy than it ever always admitted in England. If Sir Edward was bitter against his wife, she on her side was not sparing of harsh terms when speaking of him; and she certainly lost some sympathy she might have won from the world by taking this line, although her sarcasms were often cleverly expressed. She did not shine as an author, nor did she publish more than two books, the one named above and one called though apparently it did not prove "Very Successful."

VI.

It is interesting to learn that in 1851 Lord Campbell wrote of the future leader of the Conservatives: "Disraeli is the rising man. A few years ago he was an attorney's clerk; now he is the leader of the landed interest, and for anything I know the Jew boy may cut out the heir of the Staniers, and perhaps even one day be Prime Minister himself on high Tory principles, after having been a violent Radical and having boxed the political compass round and round. He is the pleasantest speaker to listen to now living, and becomes rather a favorite with the House." The author says that few ordinary mortals who knew Disraeli when young would have ventured to predict—notwithstanding the startling termination to his maiden speech, which must have come back later to the memory of many—that the beringed, beringlotted, bechained, and generally bedizened youth, who presented himself at Gower House in green velvet pantaloons and a waistcoat the embroidery on which surpassed in richness that of D'Orsay himself, would during his later years command the respect and attention of the world by the calm self-possession and dignity with which he upheld the honor of his office. It appears that part of Disraeli's early years were passed at a boarding school at Walthamstow, where a first cousin of the author's had been temporarily placed. From her cousin the author used to hear that the boy who was subsequently to become so urbane and courtier-like was at that time such an overbearing little prig that he made himself most unpopular with his school fellows, and naturally became their butt, every kind of schoolboy trick being played off on him. Disraeli seems to have been brought up to the age of twelve without any definite religious ideas, nor did he, or perhaps even his father, know under what denomination he should be classed. His father appears to have belonged to a little sect of his own, being neither a Jew nor a Christian. Literary tastes brought together the elder Disraeli and the poet Rogers, and the latter (although by no means straitlaced in the matter of morality) not only suggested that young Benjamin should be baptized, but got the ceremony performed and stood godfather to him.

In this notice we have only brought together some of the references to men of letters in these anonymous recollections. The two volumes include many anecdotes about court and social celebrities, about men of the sword, about eminent lawyers and physicians, and about musicians, actors, painters, and sculptors. To this storehouse of entertaining gossip we may recur hereafter.

JAPANESE BRONZES AND POTTERY.

Eli Perkins Sees Them Make Cloisonne—The Beautiful Japanese Gardens—Awata and Awari Ware—Pottery for America.

KIOTO, Japan, Aug. 5.—The supreme pleasure of an American travelling in Japan is the lovely welcome given to him by the Japanese people. Everywhere, high and low open to him their hearts. They will never forget how, in 1854, Perry first opened their sealed port of Yeddo, not with grape and canister, as the English opened Shanghai, but with love and champagne. They will never forget how their first Japanese Embassy fell into our outstretched arms at San Francisco, and was fêted from ocean to ocean, and how little Japanese Tommy was allowed to fall in love with every golden-haired Yankee girl whose hand he touched in the grand chain of dances from San Francisco to Boston.

To-day at Kioto, this cultured seat of Japanese learning, while visiting Cloisonné and bronze factories, the bare mention of America has opened every door from the Mikado's old palace and the Shogun Castle to the cottages of the Kioto potters sitting crosslegged at their wheels.

The first pottery I visited was that of the old Kioto potter, Kinkozan. His pottery covers about half an acre. It consists of one-story buildings in the midst of gardens, lakes, flowers, picturesque rocks, and miniature brooks. These back yards are miniature parks and one of the beauties of Japan. The poorest workmen always have them.

Mr. Kinkozan tells me that they have about ceased to make the old Kioto ware.

"The Americans," he said, "demand something more showy and brilliant. So the new ware called Awata has taken its place. It is not porcelain, but simply white clay, baked, glazed, painted, and gilded. It is a cheap, gaudy ware, but the people want it, and America is taking ship loads of it."

The gaudy cheap vases seen in every porcelain seller's window in America is this cheap Awata ware. It is made from similar clay to that used by the Rookwood pottery of Cincinnati, only it is white. It is as porous as terra cotta until glazed.

Here were hundreds of men,