NEW BOOKS.

A Catholic View of Buddhism and Christianity.

The alleged relations between Buddhism and Christianity are subjected to a searching examination from a Catholic viewpoint in a book entitled "The Dhamma of Gotoma the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ" by Charles Francis Aiken, Instructor in Apologetics in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. (Boston, Marlier & Co.) The work is in part the outcome of a series of lectures on Buddhism, the aim of which was to refute the attempts to lay the Gospel under obligations to Buddhist teaching. In the author's opinion most if not all of the Protestant writers who have vindicated the independent origin of Christianity, have dwelt somewhat too largely on the comparative superiority of Christian doctrine, and have not entered in sufficient detail into a critical scrutiny of the pretended proofs of Buddhist influence upon Christianity. It is to the latter function that the author of this volume has mainly applied himself.

After considering Buddhism in its philosophical, ethical, ecclesiastical and historical aspects, the author proceeds in the third part of his book to undertake his specific task, which is to answer the question whether Christianity has derived any of its features from Buddhism. There is no doubt that to this inquiry the majority of those most competent to discuss the subject have replied in the negative. Among these we find here cited the names of such Indianists as H. Oldenberg, A. Barth, E. Hardy, Rhys Davids, Monier Williams, J. E. Carpenter, E. W. Hopkins, Alexander Cunningham, James Burgess and R. Spence Hardy, as well as such distinguished scholars as H. Kuenen, Goblet d'Alviella and Bishop Lightfoot. Some again, like Christian Lassen, James Prinsep, A. Weber, F. Köppen and James Fergusson have thought it probable that certain secondary features, such as monasticism, the veneration of saints and relics, the use of bells, church steeples and rosaries, are of Buddhist origin. Of these last-named scholars the first two have abstained from positive assertions, contenting themselves with throwing out conjectures. On the other hand, what in the minds of those students was but surmise, has been treated as an established truth by a few recent writers. These have sought to prove that the Gospel narrative of the life and teachings of Christ is but a modified version of the Buddha legend embellished with extracts from the Buddhist sutras. Of this theory the principal champions are three, to-wit: Ernst von Bunsen, Rudolf Seydel and Arthur Lillie. The last named does not merit particular attention. Bunsen's book has been scored with deserved severity by Prof. Kuenen in his "Hibbert Lectures," as a mere tissue of worthless speculations, for which there is not a shred of historic proof and which are often in direct contradiction with facts. Much superior with respect to method and reasoning is Prof. Seydel's work, which is devoted to an exhaustive comparison of the points of resemblance which he finds in the two religions. These points, fifty-one, in number are distributed in three classes. The first class includes those which may be readily explained without the hypothesis of a borrowing on either side. The second class embraces such points as from their detailed agreement are less likely to be of independent origin. To each of these two classes are assigned twenty-three parallels. The five remaining parallels constitute the third class, being of such a nature that, in Prof. Seydel's opinion, they can be explained satisfactorily only on the hypothesis of a Buddhist origin, it being of course notorious that Buddha was some five centuries anterior to Jesus in respect of date. These five parallels are, first, the presentation of the infant Jesus in the Temple, which is compared with the presentation of the infant Buddha; second, the fast of Jesus and that of Buddha; third, the pre-existence of Jesus and of Buddha in heaven; fourth, the episode of Nathaniel and the fig tree in John, i., 46, which Prof. Seydel connects with the legend of the Bodhi-tree; fifth, the episode of the man born blind, (John, ix., 1-4) which is declared to have no place in Jewish thought. If Christianity has unquestionably borrowed these five points from Buddhism, then according to Prof. Seydel, the presumption is very strong that the twenty-three resemblances of the second class are likewise of Buddhist origin.

The author of the book before us concedes that, if Prof. Seydel had succeeded in making good his premises, his deduction from them would be irresistible. As a matter of fact, however, the five parallels which, as Prof. Seydel thought, point unmistakeably to Buddhist influence on Christianity, prove on examination to supply only the weakest sort of evidence, the resemblances exhibited being grossly exaggerated. For the proofs of the extent to which exaggeration has been carried, we must refer the reader to the book itself and especially to the second chapter of the third part. Then again, the medium through which the borrowing from Buddhism is assumed to have taken place, is purely hypothetical. Prof. Seydel postulated that at the time of the formation of the synoptic Gospels there existed a poetic-apocalyptic Gospel strongly colored by Buddhistic traditions, which the writers of our canonical Gospels made use of. Our author points out that of the presence of such a Buddhistic-apocalyptic Gospel in Palestine there is not a trace in apocryphal writings nor a mention of it in history. As for the twenty-three points of alleged resemblance grouped in the second class of parallels, the proofs that such of them as are not glaring exaggerations are anachronisms or fictions, will be found set forth in Chapters III. and IV. of the book under review. As for the existence of certain common features in the two religions, such as monasticism, the veneration of saints and relics, the use of bells, church steeples and rosaries, it is much more probable that Buddhism borrowed these elements from the Christians and especially from the Nestorians than that the transfer took place in the reverse direction.

Stress is laid by Prof. Seydel on the fact that the genealogy of Christ is paralleled by one applied to Buddha. Our author shows that Buddha's genealogy is not to be found in the northern Buddhist scriptures at all, and that even in the writings belonging to the Southern School of Buddhism it is drawn from sources too late to merit consideration. The authority cited for Buddha's genealogy is a Ceylonese work of a date not much earlier than 400 A. D.

In a foot note on page 214 it is pointed out that the mistake is commonly made of assuming the Buddha legend to be in all its details as old as the Bharhut stupa, the sculptures on which date, according to Cunningham, 250-200 B. C., and according to Fergusson, 200-150 B. C. The only features of the biography, however, to which the sculptures bear witness, are the descent of Buddha into his mother in the form of an elephant; the triple ladder by which he came down from heaven after preaching to the gods; the gift of the Jetavane Monastery and, possibly, the scene of the rishis arrested in their flight on the occasion of the ploughing match. What the extent of the Buddha legend was at that early period cannot be determined with any degree of certainty. In all probability it was very meagre. We have seen that Prof. Seydel reckons among the five most cogent pieces of evidence the parallel between the presentation of the child Jesus in the Temple at Jerusalem, and that of the child Buddha in a temple of the Hindu gods. Our author insists that the so-called parallelism is an anachronism. In the first place, it forms no part of the ancient tradition known to the Southern school of Buddhism and hence has no respectable claim to an age as old as that of the Gospel. In the second place, it is absent also from all the earlier versions known to the northern school. It is not to be found in the "Buddha Charita," nor in any of the Chinese versions belonging to the first three centuries of our era. There is thus good reason for denying to this parallel an origin earlier than the third century A. D.

We mark a few more among the many anachronisms detected in the alleged parallels. Prof. Seydel calls attention to the similarity of the miraculous gift of tongues attributed to St. Peter in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and the gift said to have been exhibited by Buddha in preaching his first sermon at Benares. As a matter of fact this incident is absent from the accounts of Buddha's sermon set forth in all the early forms of the story of his life; the earliest authority for it is a Ceylonese work of the thirteenth century of our era. Consequently it has no legitimate place in a comparison instituted to show the presence of Buddhist thought in Christian teaching. The same objection applies to the use made of the story of Buddha multiplying food at a marriage feast. The story is not found in the scriptures of the southern school, nor in the early biographies included in the northern canon. The sole authority for it is a Chinese book of the sixth century, the "Romantic Legend of Sakya Buddha." To the Gospel parable of the prodigal son a corresponding story is found by Prof. Seydel in the canonical book of the northern school, the "Lotus of the True Law." There is not a fragment of evidence that the "Lotus of the True Law" in which alone the story is found, is as old as the Gospel of St. John. Prof. Seydel himself, while trying to give the book as early a date as possible, has to content himself with the vague estimate of "before 200, A. D." The Chinese "Catalogue of the Tri-pithaka" records that the oldest Chinese translation of the work was made under the Western Tsin Dynasty, A. D. 265-316. How much earlier than this version was the original book, there is no means of deciding. Evidently it is not a proper source to draw from in an effort to prove the dependence of the Gospel on Buddhist thought.

We have said that one of the Gospel incidents which to Prof. Seydel's mind point unmistakably to Buddhist influence is the story in the first chapter of John about Nathaniel and the fig tree. As the new disciple came with Philip, Jesus said: "Before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee," whereupon Nathaniel recognized Him as the Messiah. "Here, then," observes Prof. Seydel, "we have the fig tree mentioned in connection with Christ's Messiahship and with the winning of two disciples. This association is so peculiar as to call for explanation. If we turn to the Buddha legend the mystery is solved, for Buddha attained to his enlightenment under the Bodhi tree which was a variety of fig tree. It was while sitting under the sacred fig tree, immediately after his enlightenment, that he converted the two merchants, Papussa and Bhallika. The winning of these first two converts under the Bodhi tree supplies the key to the explanation of the similar incident which in John has such an awkward setting." Closely analyzed in the book before us, this alleged parallel resolves itself into a series not of resemblances, but of contrasts. The sacred fig tree is associated with the Buddhaship, for beneath it Buddha attained to perfect wisdom. There is no connection of the fig tree with Christ's Messiahship. Christ did not after the alleged example of Buddha win over Philip and Nathaniel, while sitting under the fig tree; neither were these twain his first converts nor among his intimate disciples. Christ led Nathaniel to recognize Him as the Messiah by giving proof of His superhuman knowledge. He declared that when Nathaniel was under the fig tree, He knew him. The only thing in the two incidents that offers a basis for comparison is the fig tree. But, as our author reminds us, fig trees are common in Palestine, so that it is hardly needful to go to India to find an explanation of a trivial coincidence.

It seems to us that the author of this book has attained his purpose, which was to demonstrate that all the supposed resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity are either accidental coincidences, exaggerations, anachronisms or fictions.

M. W. H.

The Grapes of Wrath.

Count that day lost, and all the hours of it, in which a great war novel isn't writ. Sundays included. The novelists have discovered the Civil War and they are working their claims in it industriously. Apparently a great mass of readers deems it its duty to take the piff. History, in the bright capsule, Fiction. Or is it the case that the demand for novels is so vast that the literary ragpicker must walk through history with his bag and tongs, snapping up what he can find? In time the Civil War will be as squeezed an orange as the Trojan war. We shall have romances of the cave men, strange adventures of the lake dwellers; and hairy giants, naked and authentically antique, will hunt the pterodactyl and the megatherium as resolutely as Col. Bryan chases the Octopus. Then the novelists will have to read the early history of man, as now they have to read old newspapers and the "Rebellion Record." Mr. Winston Churchill of St. Louis and the multitudinous editions is the deftest reader of newspapers there is in the United States with the possible exception of Prof. McMaster, and if he had not been a novelist he might have been an exchange editor. His recipe for a war story must be something like this: "Three portions of steel from the newspapers, histories and biographies; one portion of wood of your own."

A simple method, but only a clever person can use it successfully. In "The Grapes of Wrath," by Mary Harriott Norris (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) the steel is perhaps a little rusty. The indolent reader rubs his eyes at times and wonders if he has stumbled upon a school history. For example:

"As events proved, Gen. Grant arranged his advance movement as Gen. Lee had foreseen. Three divisions, which had threatened Richmond from the north all winter, were now transferred to the south of Petersburg to assist in its reduction. Two corps were moved to the southwest in the line of Gen. Lee's sole possibility of escape, and supported by Sheridan's invincible cavalry. The Union defences opposite the Confederate lines were strengthened; the immense supply of stores at City Point, northeast of Petersburg and on the James River, was carefully guarded. Richmond had remained quiet since the sally to cut the Union lines in two."

This sort of thing is about as thrilling as the directory, but then fifteen men and seventeen women are now dramatizing the directory; and we have no doubt that the universal Mr. Charles Frohman will produce at least twenty-two versions of that fascinating work in twenty-two cities; and it will run for twenty-two months. The play-hunger is equalled by the novel-hunger only.

We must not be understood as complaining of the war history in this book. The born skipper knows what to skip. He will not skip Gen. Lee and Mr. Jefferson Davis, who here are seen, perhaps as a kind of companion picture to Mr. Churchill's Grant and Lincoln. The latter pair of worthies have been overworked. In the North at least Lee and Davis would "draw" better. There is an interview between them in this story, but it is not convincing. Perhaps it would be asking too much to ask that if it should be. These historical figures in the contemporary historical novel are not expected to live and breathe. They belong to a world of sawdust. They are a guarantee of good faith. The public expects from the historical novel a certain percentage of historical characters, but it doesn't expect much from them. Still, as the irrepressible Louis T. Wigfall of Texas, one of the most restless, humorous and original of Southern politicians, figures in the interview, more might have been made of him. He is not sufficiently in the foreground of history to be conventionalized and there was nothing conventional about him. We are going to put him, Sam Houston and Henry S. Foote of Mississippi in the next historical novel.

A New Jersey town is the main Northern scene of the book, a town rich in pretty girls. The Southern characters go North and the Northern characters go South with remarkable ease. The Southern girls are rather well meant than well drawn. Virginia Manners, for instance, who is meant to be charmingly wilful, is often vulgar and usually impossible. Hear her talk:

"Aunt Cornelia, is there any society in Mulholland, or have all the young men gone to war? Who is the belle here? I intend to cut her out, sho' as I live."

"Good gracious, Mary, you don't mean to say you can make bread. I never heard of such a thing. * * * There is never much occasion for such knowledge among the ladies of the South. Our time is occupied with our social duties, our amusements and our accomplishments."

"All you Mulhollanders seem to be in trade, and of course you have to go to bed early and rise with the lark. It is not what I am accustomed to, you know. * * * I don't see why more Northerners do not live on their land, as we do. That is the only way to live."

Young women in the South must not read about Virginia Manners before cold weather. She is kissed at a picnic by a clerk in a hardware store. It is a waste of words to say that she is destined to marry a Northern man, but not, thank Fortune, the hardware clerk. Innumerable writers of war novels, will you never give us a Southern heroine who marries a Southerner? But let us not be unjust to Miss Manners. Her uncle, Jared Manners, a Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, "tipped back the heavy mahogany chair in which he was sitting" at the dinner table.

Cursed be Canaan! and the worst bitterness of the curse is to be found in the negro "dialect" of almost everybody, except Uncle Remus, and falls upon the whites. Judith and Mose Plumdiddie are extraordinary negroes at the head of a collection of treasure-hiding negroes in a cave near a cataract. Ah, speaking of caves and colored folks, where is Mr. Trowbridge's "Cudjo's Cave," that delight of our boyhood? We dare say it is better to read than most of the war novels of to-day.

If sufficient encouragement is given we propose to apply the all-conquering modern method of combination to the historical novel. Dr. James Ford Rhodes will be asked to write the political history for our war novel. Gen. H. V. Boynton will attend to the military movements. The Southern dialect will be in the hands of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the Northern in those of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox will have charge of the Northern sentimental department; Miss Hallie Rives of the Southern. Maps, plans and a full index and a bibliography will accompany the work.

Primeval Adventures.

Strange things may still happen to a man in a century where everything has been discovered, as Mr. Philip Verrill Migheis shows us in "The Crystal Sceptre" (R. F. Fenno & Co.) When Mr. John Nevers set out from some place in Burma on a balloon trip with his friend Ford, a skilled aeronaut, whatever his anticipations of aerial navigation might have been, it is far to assume that he did not look forward to finding himself left on top of a tree in a tropical forest with nothing but a knife to aid him in a Robinson Crusoe existence. How he came to make the balloon trip, or how he, an American, happened to be in Burma, he does not tells us. Neither do we learn anything of the ascent or the beginnings of the journey, but we come at once on Mr. Nevers, though we do not know him by that name or any other till well toward the end of his adventures, clinging to the car of the leaking balloon at midnight fifty feet above a roaring sea, in a storm that has lasted he knows not how long and has driven him he knows not whither. Ford comes to grief in an attempt to repair the balloon and Mr. Nevers gets tangled up in the ropes and loses consciousness till he wakes up on a treetop with no idea of how he got there. The balloon was gone.

From the tree top he proceeded immediately to tumble to the ground, landing in the middle of a group of creatures that were neither men nor apes, but which Mr. Nevers at once named Missing Links. They were reddish brown in color, with feet much like hands and other not pleasing physical features, and were armed with clubs made of rocks lashed to the end of stout sticks. They were entirely naked, save one albino Link lady, with white hair and pink eyes, who wore a white gull's breast and a claw necklace, and a fat black Link who wore part of a skull as a head covering. The chief Link was more than six feet tall and carried a club made of a great chunk of rock crystal fastened to the end of a long straight, polished bone. This was the sceptre after which the book is named. The fat Link offered Mr. Nevers some luscious tropical fruit, which he gladly ate. The process of making friends was interrupted by the attack of a band of ourang-outangs and in the savage fight that followed the newcomer helped the Links with knife and club. He then accompanied them to their camp, where he found that they had fire by means of which they charred slightly the meat they ate. On falling asleep the females stripped Mr. Nevers of his clothing, rending it and using the fragments to adorn themselves. But he managed to recover his shoes, his shirt and enough of his trousers to make himself a breech-clout.

His efforts to acquire their language were not vigorous; at any rate, he at no time attained the stage when he could carry on a conversation with the Links, though he managed to get on in a way by means of signs and a few words. Among the terms he conveyed to them was "Gee whiz!" indicating that a crisis was at hand. He undertook to teach them and discipline them so that they would act in combination. He tried to improve their cooking, for instance, and to make some cook for all instead of each doing his own work. He made bows for them and found flints out of which he fashioned arrow tips and spear heads and hatchets. He led them in war against other Links, who were black, but stronger and more intelligent and with some idea of organization, and whose chief had a gold nugget for his club head. These black Links made things very lively for Mr. Nevers and his red Link friends. Once, when worsted by superior numbers he led his Links through underground passages in the bowels of a hill, he came to the edge of a precipice and saw fifty feet below him the floor of a subterranean chamber, with fissures through which mist came, and covered with bright yellow nodules and excrescences. He thus describes how he found out what it meant:

"Presently, while I was trying to study the odd features of the place, as well as to determine the source of the light, the rumbling and roaring we had heard before recommenced. It was louder, more awe-compelling, for it came from the fissures directly beneath us. It seemed to go booming upward and through the cavern as if the god of the under world were grumbling out a huge complaint. This noise increased, in wave-like volumes; the rock gave a tremor, and then with a seething and hissing, with a tumble of sound which issued from the depths of the earth-creature as if it were growling at having to work, a great geyser of boiling water and steam shot upward and toppled back to its bed. I reeled away, with an involuntary movement. Below, the water swashed about and foamed in mighty agitation. The cauldron heaved upswirling tides and the drowned murmur burst forth through bubbles. The giant below gathered anew a mighty strength and blew up a fountain as high as where I was standing.

"I saw a falling blob of the water strike on a small projection near my foot. Then the demonstration ceased, the roar became subdued, as if the grumbler withdrew to his realm of molten substance, and only great clouds of the vapor arose as before. The projection where the water had struck caught my glance, for assuredly it possessed a remarkable gleam. Stooping, I looked at it closely. It was a nodule of something metallic, shaped somewhat like a small pear. I touched it finding it barely warm; then I grasped it firmly and gave it a wrench. It came away from the rock in my hand.

"By its remarkable weight, its color and its lustre, I knew it instantly for gold. It was solid gold, Nature's own deposit—a nugget most peculiarly constructed. I knew in that moment that all those massive nodules below had a right to gleam with yellow color, for all were gold—the purest gold, from the great inscrutable laboratory of earth itself!"

Mr. Nevers managed to get a little of the gold before he left the land. He ingeniously made gunpowder into bombs of fearful destructive power and he induced his red Links to hollow out a canoe for him with which to sail on a lake he discovered, that he hoped would lead him to the sea. For the exciting incidents that followed in quick succession during Mr. Nevers's stay among the Links we refer the reader to the book. There he will find out how the pink-eyed albino Link lady made Mr. Nevers play the part of Joseph; how he won the crystal sceptre from the giant Link; how among the black Links, he came upon an Australian young woman whose adventures were as amazing as his own; he will hear of fights with tigers and alligators and other jungle folk, and will go on a water journey that is a perfect nightmare.

Mr. Migheis has succeeded in writing a thoroughly exciting book that is distinctly a tale of adventure alone. It is told as objectively and with as little exhibition of sentiment or emotion as are Mr. H. G. Wells's scientific tales. Whatever extravagance there is in the book comes from compressing so many adventures in so small a compass; each incident by itself is plausible enough and each step in the story is followed by the next in a perfectly natural manner.

Two Books About Music.

Mme. Mathilde Marchesi, who for some years has been the idol of American girls who are sure that they have great voices and yearn to use them on the operatic stage, has written a book called "Ten Lessons in Singing," which the Harpers publish. The book should sell well on account of the teacher's vogue, on account of the firm belief that every young woman has who can emit a loud note that she has the making of at least a Nordica or an Eames in her, and also on account of the title, which appeals to the human failing of hoping to attain by a short cut the knowledge for which long years of study and practice are needed. Mme. Marchesi puts that fact bluntly before her readers and makes suggestions and gives hints that should be useful to those reading with understanding. Her ten lessons, however, consist mainly of chats about herself and her pupils and the singers and musicians she has seen and heard. She is very flattering to her foreign pupils. She says very nice things of Melba, and Melba writes a nice little preface about her. There is a picture of the two standing side by side for a frontispiece. Mr. W. J. Henderson writes an introduction, in which he, too manages to say nice things about both Mme. Marchesi and Mme. Melba. They are all agreed, and most people will be of their opinion, that there is nothing that can come up to the Italian method of singing. Much that is of interest to musical people will be found in Mme. Marchesi's reminiscences; though she employs the fetich of Garcia's name almost to excess, there is no doubt that Garcia has been a very great teacher of singing. To some people the tone in which she addresses her pupils may savor of gush, but perhaps her pupils like it. The naive faith in her own system of instruction and management of her pupils is too genuine to be called self-advertising; but it is evident that a frame of mind resembling adoration is needed in approaching Mme. Marchesi. The book is sure to be read with enthusiastic awe by some, with a good deal of amusement by others.

To the proposition laid down by Prof. Hugh A. Clarke, Mus.Doc, in "Highways and Byways of Music" (Silver, Burdett & Co.) "that poets and literary people in general are not only ignorant of music, but singularly wanting in a due of appreciation of its position among the arts," it might be easy to join the corollary, based on no more sweeping a generalization, that musicians and persons of a musical temperament are as a rule ignorant of literature and unversed in the logical frame of mind which a literary training creates. One statement is as fair as the other. The desultory talks which Prof. Clarke has collected are too slight for university extension lectures, but would probably do for women's clubs as they deal pleasantly enough and with a show of erudition with various musical topics, but break out at times into a tone which a literary man might call flippant and a musician perhaps might designate as *schergando ma troppo*. In his first essay "Some Musical Myths," in which he puts together well-known stories about the origin of music in Greece and India and China and among the American Indians, Prof. Clarke tells of a belief in India which we are glad to learn, namely "that certain kinds of music are appropriate to certain seasons of the year, and that fatal effects will follow the performance of a piece of music at an inappropriate season." The Hindus are wise and the unmusical among us may regret that our civilization does not permit fatal effects for music out of place. A few pages further on Prof. Clarke is humorous: "There must surely have been some strange power in these old tunes that is not possessed by any modern tune, except that mysterious one that nobody knows, that is said to have caused the death of the old cow." Prof. Clarke has theories as regards the Teutonic element in music and also, apparently, as to modern tendencies in music.

Many Parasangs After Macaulay.

Every one knows that Macaulay was no poet. An older generation that had sputted with enthusiasm and delight about Virginia and Horatius and the great Twin-brethren blushed with shame when it found out from Mr. Matthew Arnold that those high-sounding lines were mere tawdry tinsel and that a man only began to understand what true poetry was when he could see through the shams of Macaulay. To a younger breed the Arnoldian aesthetic canons are antiquated and even more antiquated are the poets he criticised. Yet, somehow, schoolboys seem to be fonder of tinsel than of the genuine poetic metal. They are stirred more by lines like:

"Now who will stand on either hand and keep the bridge with me?"

or Aulus Clandius's cry:

"A thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."

or the refrain:

"And be your ordnance to-day the helmet of Navarre."

than by Mr. Arnold's forsaken merman or Mr. William Watson's political lamentations or the chirpings of latter-day artists, good and bad. The reprehensible old rhetorician's epithets stick too—it is "false" Sextus, and "dark" Mavernus, and "the tyrant's creature" Marcus, and can be nothing else. The episodes that Macaulay turned into his "jingles" are about all of Roman history that sticks to a boy through life, like the ablatives in e or i or the prepositions followed by the accusative. The teachers of Greek have ever been jealous of the advantage their Latin colleagues have in the Macaulay "Lays" and many attempts have been made to turn Greek history into equally popular song. Dr. William Everett, we remember, in the days before he was doctor or a Harvard tutor, wrote, and sometimes recited, a rattling good ballad of Salamis and Themistocles, with the right swing and fire to it. It was just as good as Macaulay. Other bards have tried the same task less successfully, some with well-nigh stringless lyres. The attempt now before us, "Lays of Ancient Greece," by "Eudemus" (Arliss Andrews), we fear will hardly drive Macaulay from the field, though the historic information is more minute and the proper names, we are glad to see, are correctly spelled. Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis and Plataea are the events celebrated; each as inspiring surely as any that Macaulay chose; yet something seems lacking in the execution. It may be we miss the tinsel. After the battle of Marathon we are told:

"Datis and Artaphernes and a hundred captains more
Succeed among the remnant there sane order to restore.
They weigh the anchors, set all sail and on the winged wind
Escape into the open sea, and leave their dead behind."

This, so far as we recollect, is a correct statement of the facts. Further:

"Only of Greeks the numbered few were swiftly gleaned away,
And in one common sepulchre interred hard by the bay,
And o'er them a gigantic mound and monolith were reared,
Commemorating those few graves to Grecian heart endeared.
And still the monolith remains, though centuries have fled;
Oft by degenerate Greeks, and by the wandering pilgrim, read."

There is a line, too, of "Where at the Cape of Sunium conflicting tempests roar" following close on a mention of Miltiades that brings to mind another arrangement of Sunium's marbled steep and of Miltiades, by an earlier poet that makes an altogether different effect upon the feelings. The metre selected for the other lays is of another sort. In the opening stanza of "Thermopylae" we call attention to the ingenious manner in which careful up-to-date classical learning is compressed into one parentnesis:

"Now great Darius (conqueror of the East,
And all the land of Asia, to the gate
Of Hindustan and China, land increased
By Thrace in Europe, tributary State,
And many an island in the Ægean, late
Small independent monarchies, but now
Compelled to bend to stern decrees of fate,
Compel'ed to Asia's conqueror to bow)
Felt gathering blackness on his wrathful, Jove-like brow."

Something Homeric breathes in the lay, the spirit of the catalogue of the ships in the Iliad. Geographical and personal names are recorded diligently, but we find it rather difficult to make out what the fighting was all about, or who were the heroes in it. Byron's

"Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae."

seems to cover the whole ground more adequately, though of course we miss in the lives much important erudition. We do not anticipate the overthrow of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" by these "Lays of Ancient Greece."

Filipino Tales.

Following upon the historical and geographical compilations about the Philippines come the personal narratives of correspondents and other persons called to the islands by the war, and these in turn are now succeeded by fiction in a Filipino setting. The ground is fertile and should yield a rich crop of adventures, of racial peculiarities, of Spanish and Tagal tradition and history. Unluckily in fiction as in the other arts it is not the material so much as the artist that counts. The field is open for a Kipling, but the fields are many and the would-be Kiplings more, and the Philippines may have to wait a long time for the real one to come. It certainly is not Mr. Sargent Kayme, whose "Anting-Anting Stories and Other Strange Tales of the Filipinos" are published by Small, Maynard & Co. That does not prevent his stories from being readable, with plenty of local color and picturesqueness. They present some aspects of our soldiers' lives in those strange lands that were well worth bringing out. Some are pleasant, others, like "The Fifteenth Wife" and "The Conjure Man of Siargao," much too hideous. Brutal things have to be told sometimes; but very often it is just as well not to tell them. There is talent in the stories, and the field is new. We wish the author were a little more careful with the English language.

The "Gun" as a "Fly Cop."

Those of us who deplore the extinction of the great race of bank robbers may be allowed to confess, without shame, a certain regard for burglars, so long as they limit their operations to the neighbors' houses and leave our own alone. A Gilbertian burglar who loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling and to listen to the merry village chime is the unlooser of the knot in Mr George E Walsh's "The Mysterious Burglar" (F. M Buckles & Co.). The Gilbertian burglar is not the man of mystery; as butler and detective he solves it. A story of hypnotism, not painfully elaborated but as entertaining as you need to pass a pleasant hour with. The hypnotists say, we believe, that you will not do, hypnotized, an immoral act which you wouldn't do in your normal state. Be that as it may, the hypnotism of the mysterious burglar is excellent for novel-writing and novel-reading purposes. In Denver the other day a youth, arrested after a course in burglary, alleged that he had burgled at the suggestion of a wicked hypnotist. It is partial proof of the reality of real life to find it corroborated by a novel.

Sir John and the American Girl.

The second volume of Harper's "Portrait Collection of Short Stories" is Lillian Bell's "Sir John and the American Girl," containing seven tales besides the one which gives its name to the book. With the exception of "The Junior Prize at St. Mary's," a rather goody-goody story of the girls' school magazine sort, everything in the book is readable and most of it is amusing. Egypt, the West, the South and the town are the backgrounds. "Miss Scarborough's Point of View," and "With Feet of Clay" are the most subtle and the richest in masculine and feminine psychology, and "With Mamma Away" and "The Chattahoochee Woman's Club" are the drollest. "The works of Rudyahd Kiplin' are barred," by "the Chattahoochee Woman's Club" on account of "the taking of Lungtungpen," which "speaks of takin' the city in thah—in thah *underclose*."

Other Books.

A Tennesseean echo of Oliver Wendell Holmes will be found in "A Summer Hymnal" by Mr. John Trotwood Moore (Henry T. Coates & Co.) The meditative youth who tells the story has some pleasant things to say about nature; he writes verse that is much better than his prose; he is weakest perhaps in his philosophic musings and epigram. He lets himself be carried away by his story in a way the "Autocrat" never dreamed of, and brings in adventure and villainy and melodrama into his pastoral. His flirting with two young women at once is reprehensible, and why should a pretty girl be branded with a name like Thesia? The humor is generally rather pointless and sometimes not in good taste.

Mr. E. F. Knight, who while correspondent of the London *Morning Post* was severely wounded in South Africa, had written before he set out an entertaining book on "Small-Boat Sailing," which John Murray (E. P. Dutton & Co.) publishes. Mr. Knight has a reputation as a yachtsman established by half a dozen volumes about adventurous cruises. He enlivens the didactic portion of his book, the instruction about ropes and sails and seamanship, with incidents from his own sea life. He has much to say about many kinds of rigs and of boats that are uncommon or unknown on this side of the water, but much of his sea lore, of course, is applicable anywhere.

We have also received

"New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud." Vol. I. "Tract Sabbath." Michael L. Rodkinson; revised by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise. (New Talmud Publishing Company.)

"American Diplomatic Questions." John B. Henderson, Jr. (Macmillans.)

"Reconstruction in Mississippi." James Wilford Garner. (Macmillans.)

"Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon." William A. Mowry, Ph. D. (Silver, Burdet & Co.)

"Octavia the Octoroon." J. F. Lee, M. D. (The Abbey Press.)

"An Odd Jewel." Warren M. Macleod. (The Abbey Press.)

"Peace or War in South Africa." A. M. S. Methuen. (Methuen & Co.)

"Ralph Waldo Emerson." The Beacon Biographies. Frank B. Sanborn. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

"John Gildart, an Heroic Poem." M. E. Henry-Ruffin. (William H. Young & Co.)

"Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." Vol. I. "The Emigrant Literature." George Brandes. (Macmillans.)

"The Ides of March." Florie Willingham Pickard. (F. Tennyson Neely.)

"The Flight of Helen and Other Poems." Warren Cheney. (Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.)

"Familiar Trees and their Leaves." Edition in colors. F. Schuyler Mathews. (Appletons.)

Secretary Gage Visits Norfolk.

NORFOLK, Va., July 5.—Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage came down from Washington to-day aboard the lighthouse tender Holly. He said at the Norfolk Navy Yard, where he was received by Admiral Cotton, that he came on a short vacation trip. He left for Washington on the Holly shortly afterward.

MARRIED.

RASMUS—HALE.—On Sunday, June 30, 1901, by the Rev. Lindsay Parker, at the rectory of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, Carl Gerhard Rasmus of New York to Helen Hale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hale of Philadelphia.

DIED.

NICOLL.—On Thursday, July 4, 1901, at his residence, 271 West 90th st., B. Herndon Nicoll.
Funeral services on Saturday, July 6, 1901, at 1 o'clock. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery. Savannah, Ga., papers please copy.

VETERANS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.—Members are requested to attend the funeral services of B. Herndon Nicoll (Ninth Company) in accordance with the notice by the family.
THOMAS DUCOND, Colonel.

PETERSON.—On Thursday, July 4, 1901, Henrietta, widow of the late Richard N. Peterson, and daughter of the late Joseph Brewster, in her 71st year.
Funeral services at the residence of her niece, Mrs. S. S. Wheeler, 107 East 40th st., on Saturday morning, July 6, 1901, at 11 o'clock. Interment at Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn.

VIDAL.—On Thursday, July 4, 1901, William Throckmorton, son of Julia M. and the late William R. Vidal, aged 36 years.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral on Sunday, July 7, 1901, at 4 P. M from St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Duncan av., Jersey City.

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